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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 4, 1890.

LAW AND RELIGION.

The question is often asked, Why are our attorneys so indifferent to the claims of religion, and such poor patrons of the church? Why do they so completely ignore what should really be the higher wisdom of the clergy? The clergyman has the benefit of an education equally with the lawyer. He is supposed to make a profound study of the "Book of God." He is thought to live a holy life, apart from those sins and that strife which the lawyer cannot avoid. And he implores God to endow him with an elevated and heavenly wisdom; nay, he is supposed to acquire by his ordination a sort of authority to understand and teach what pertains to God, and man's salvation. With all these advantages why does the law student neglect his advice?

Because at the very roots the two systems—law and religion—point different ways. The law school and the divinity school are as wide apart as light and darkness. No sane man can accept both. No sound mind can find room for the two systems. One or the other must be extinguished. They stand opposed. Religion sets up these positions: "God is an absolute despot, bound by no rule of right. His will is law, which we have only to obey. He has sent his book, his son, his prophets, and his priests, to man, to instruct, to guide, to rule. If you believe, obey, and pay the priest, God will smile, and prosper and reward you in heaven. If you refuse, he will frown on you, bring disaster, death, and hell."

This is the sum of all religion. It is not merely Christian alone, but the essence of all the religions of the world. Sift them to the bottom and you find this. Each has its own book, prophet, and priest; but the one idea of all is contained in the foregoing words.

Now the law student has this foundation for his starting point: "There is a great moral obligation resting on all rational beings in their relation to each other—the father to the child, the husband to the wife, the citizen to the state, and *vice versa*. Indeed, all obligation is mutual, as there can be no valid contract without a consideration.

"The human mind is subject to certain laws of evidence, and cannot, and should not, accept belief without that evidence. All

mere opinions should be free. The man, to be free, must think, and to think is to be liable to error. But errors of judgment are not crimes, and cannot rightly be punished as such. Crime, to deserve punishment, must be a wrong done with intent, with deliberation, with malice, with no sufficient provocation, and not in self-defense. The rules of evidence alone are safe guides in sifting testimony and establishing facts. No man should be convicted of any offense unless the proof is conclusive in the light of these rules. All punishment should be adjusted to the offense, neither unusual nor cruel, and should carry with it the purpose of reform and paternal kindness."

Now, when the propositions of religion, as above set out, are presented to the law student, he finds an absolute incongruity. His law is rational, just, and useful, while the religion presented lacks every quality of mercy, justice, and reason. As compared to the God of the preacher, the judge on the bench is an oracle of wisdom and beneficence.

It is not possible to conceive of a great and good God to whom man owes duty and devotion, without at once admitting that God owes reason and right in return. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" is a sort of admission of this fact. God cannot do wrong, in the same sense that George Washington could not lie. God cannot be foolish or unlearned. He cannot be ignorant of any great principle of justice or truth; if he were, he would not be a god.

With these truths in view, let us suppose an unbelieving soul called before one of our earthly judges for final trial. Would it be conducted on orthodox principles? By no means. If the indictment set up the probative allegations of the Christian religion, they would all be ruled out. Were the pope to put in his plea that he is the vicegerent of God on earth, the vicar of Christ, the head of the church, that he holds the keys of heaven, and is altogether infallible, the court would decide that he was an impostor.

The law student cannot set aside the laws of evidence, the rules of justice, and the dicta of common sense, and accept such a system, and he is not alone. The doctors are equally debarred from any possible acceptance. Their knowledge of the human body and mind, with all its liabilities to error, forbids. Even clergymen are only kept in the magic circle of faith by the severest discipline. The Bible teaches nothing certain. There is not a point that is not in debate with themselves. There is nothing so certain as this, that there is not a solitary tenet of the Christian faith that is not in dispute among those who pretend to be orthodox believers; and the whole learned world has ceased to quote either scripture or catechism or creed, in support of any practical project.

The governments of the civilized world, which three hundred years ago were guided by theologians, have discarded them as wholly impracticable and incompetent. Crowded out of civilization they are seeking followers in barbarous realms, as a last

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refuge; and intelligent people no longer look to the clergy for either grace or guidance.

CONVERSION AND WIFE-BEATING.

Richard L. Cochran was in jail across the bay on the day following Christmas, on a charge of beating his wife, and when the judge inquired if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him he responded briefly: "Your honor, the only plea I make in extenuation of my offense, is that I didn't beat her very hard.

Richard's mother was in court, and when her son made his confession she shouted: "No, you didn't do your duty by her, you ought to have beat her within an inch of her life. She is worse than a fiend of the infernal regions. She refused to be converted, and she ought to be killed. I say to you, judge, that my son's wife deserves no mercy. Richard and I have been born again, and we are the Lord's children; but she, Richard's wife, refuses to believe in the visions and the trances. He believed in them, but through her influence he lost his faith and was ruined. On Christmas day he was again drunken Dick Cochran, and when he went home he grabbed the Christmas dinner turkey from the table and struck her over the head. But did she not deserve it? Has she not refused to be converted? Glory to God! Dick and I have been born again, and he shall not live with an unbeliever."

The judge could not see that unbelief was a sufficient excuse for wife-beating. He imposed the usual sentence, "Fifty dollars or fifty days," and the convert was led below. Later in the day old Mrs. Cochran appeared at the prison. "Tell Dick that I am here," she said, "and I will pay his fine on condition that he never returns to that unconverted woman. If he refuses to leave her tell him he may rot in his cell before I pay a dollar to secure his release." The officer who conveyed the message to the wife-beater returned with the answer: "He says he will jump into the bay before he ever returns to his wife." "Glory to God!" shouted the mother. "Here is your \$50 and I'd pay it if it were a thousand." And a few minutes later Cochran, the wife-beater, departed with his mother. His unconverted wife will commence divorce proceedings. Verily, religion is doing a blessed work!

A WISE MOVEMENT.

It will be seen from the letter of Mrs. Gage, printed in this issue of FREETHOUGHT, that a split has taken place in the National Woman Suffrage Association, and that the proposition is made to form a new society on more Liberal principles than govern the old organization. There has for some time been noticeable a growing conservative tendency on the part of the national association, culminating in the union with the American Woman Suffrage Society last January. Mrs. Gage was among the inaugurators of the National Association. She wrote its constitution twenty years ago, and has worked for it since that period, but now finds it impossible to longer affiliate with the organization. Many of the younger members, from motives of business or social policy, or from blindness, cater to the church; while some of the older ones are not able to bear the crucial test of social recognition in place of the contempt with which they had long been treated. The "American Society" was always a more conservative body than the National Association, and the union of the latter with the former is considered a backward and downward step. After due consideration, therefore, Mrs. Gage has

decided to call together the more Liberal thought women of the country for the purpose of forming a national society of women fearless enough to speak the truth, not alone in reference to their own emancipation, but to show the destructive aim of the church with regard to the government, both state and national. In this project hearty co-operation is met in many parts of the country. The formal public call, which has been deferred until success was assured, will soon be issued. In the mean time we wish the new movement the greatest prosperity, and hope the West will send a large body of delegates to the convention.

THE LECTURE AT UNION SQUARE HALL.

Do not forget that next Sunday evening, January 5, there will be a Liberal meeting at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, addressed by S. P. Putnam. Admission is free, and all are invited.

THE AMENITIES OF THE SITUATION.

We are able at the beginning of 1890 to extend to our readers the compliments of the season and to assure them that this promises to be a happy new year for FREETHOUGHT. After two years of arduous labor the publishers of this paper find for the first time in its history that they may for a brief period put off the burden of anxiety for the immediate future, knowing that their charge is safe. If Sisyphus, who was "doomed to toss the rolling stone that got no moss," had suddenly found hundreds of willing hands seizing and supporting his burden, so that it no longer rolled back upon him, and that his work thereafter would be merely to aid and direct, he would doubtless have felt a certain sense of relief. Those who can appreciate his sensations at such a moment may apprehend to some extent the placid and quiet restfulness which we are permitted to enjoy at the present time. To a paper struggling for its weekly existence, with debts incessantly threatening to rival its assets; to men with a constantly increasing load which they can scarce carry and yet must not lay off, what could be more gratifying than to find themselves all at once relieved of the weight, their responsibilities taken from them as by magic, their burden upheld by stronger hands, and wider and pleasanter paths opening to their feet?

This beatific state of affairs being exactly the condition of FREETHOUGHT and its publishers, why should we not send to every reader, to every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth a hearty New Year's greeting? Such a greeting to all, singly and severally, we do hereby extend. May they enjoy with us long life and good luck!

Mrs. WOODWORTH, the Oakland revivalist, has placed another lunatic to her credit—a young man who tried to kill himself on a ferryboat a few days ago—and the people are beginning to think that something should be done. This has been our position all along, that something ought to be done, namely, instruct the popular mind that religion is principally ignorance touched with insanity, and that its preachers are mainly impostors. When this truth prevails, there will be no more religious lunatics.

It is hoped that correspondents will be indulgent with us for a brief time. The task of moving and settling down has fallen heavily upon the active parties in the work, but we are laboring diligently to overtake the rush of business. This explanation, we trust, will be accepted as an apology by those who fail to hear from us personally.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE is blessed with a governor that would have done credit to the colonial days of New England. His name is Goodall, and he has just issued this extraordinary proclamation:

"In view of various and heinous crimes within the past few weeks, directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sales of which the criminal laws have been flagrantly violated:

"Now, therefore, I warn all persons engaged in the illegal and deadly traffic to desist therefrom immediately, and I call upon the attorney-general, solicitors, and sheriffs of the counties, mayors of cities and selectmen, and all other officers throughout the state, and upon all good citizens of every party to unite in one supreme effort to close up and suppress every liquor saloon of every description within our borders.

"Let no guilty man escape.

"I cannot refrain from urging all churches, temperance organizations, and all persons who desire the best good of the commonwealth to redouble their efforts to promote personal sobriety and temperance among our people."

Something is the matter with New Hampshire. The state is not prosperous, and the temperance people imagine that only prohibition is necessary to restore her lost prestige. The fact has to be admitted, however, that less liquor is consumed by her people now than fifty years ago, and that the tighter the screws are turned on individual freedom, the greater the decrease of business in city and country.

FREETHOUGHT is safely landed in its new quarters at 838 Howard street. Messrs. Schou and Gierisch have done their work well in fitting up shelves and partitions, donating the larger part of their services, and Mr. Breuer has performed a great deal of gratuitous painting. Fifty dollars' worth of work should be credited to these gentlemen. When things are settled down a trifle and we have regained our bearings, the paper may be expected to appear with less of incompleteness than marks this issue.

THE insanity and suicide of John Taggart at San Mateo are due to religious influences. He was a Catholic by birth, and when John Slater introduced him to the "spirits" he took the Catholic view that they were devils, and acted accordingly. Taggart did business as a phenologist on Kearny street a few doors from our former office, and was often to be seen standing in his doorway waiting for "subjects."

GEO. H. DAWES, of North Yamhill, Or., desires lecture engagements in Oregon and Idaho during the spring and summer, and will go into Wyoming and Utah if calls are loud enough. He holds a six-nights' debate with the Rev. James Campbell at McMinnville in April, and has engagements at Prineville, Corvallis, Eddyville, Wilsonville, Mulino, Lone Rock, and Lost Valley in Oregon.

THE rainy weather preceding Christmas ruined the holiday trade with San Francisco merchants. One firm alone is reported to have lost more than twenty thousand dollars from this cause. Perchance an offended heavenly father has adopted the above method as a rebuke to those who would make merchandise of the birthday anniversary of his only begotten son!

THE beginning of a New Year is always a good time to renew. Those who hold the publisher in kind remembrance cannot make him a more appropriate gift than the name of a new subscriber.

READ OUR Premium List on page 13.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The old Jesuit church on Market street, in which the Spiritualist paper, the Carrier Dove, is published, has been again gutted by fire. Three women lost their lives by suffocation from the smoke and flames.—The floods have cut off communication by rail with the southern part of the state.—John Taggart, laboring under the delusion that devils were after him, committed suicide by cutting his throat in a Catholic church at San Mateo last Sunday.—A special from Walla Walla, Wash., says: A few days ago a stranger hailing from Minnesota appeared here and claimed to be hunting for his runaway wife and child and exhibiting the photograph of the man who he supposed had taken his wife from him. It was soon discovered that the face was that of a Methodist minister going by the name of Bond and stationed at Dixie circuit. Somehow the minister got an intimation of trouble being ahead and with the derelict wife immediately disappeared.—Col. J. D. Stevenson, the man who brought the famous Stevenson's regiment to this coast in 1846-47, was ninety years old Jan. 1. His friends gave him a reception in the Pioneer building.—Robert J. Stevens, U. S. consul at Victoria, died at Seattle Dec. 25.

Chu Fong, the Chinese Napoleon of finance, who was arrested in New York Dec. 27, proves to have been even more of a gay Lothario than was at first reported. He was found in a house on Fifteenth street in the midst of a circle of pretty American girls whom he was supporting, one of whom was his former Sunday-school teacher. His forgeries reach \$50,000 fully.—Influenza is making its appearance in many American cities.—Eight negroes were lynched by a mob at Barnwell, S. C., last week. They were accused of committing several murders, but had not been convicted.—The recent decisions against the Mormons are said to have produced a lively business boom in Salt Lake City.—A daughter of Sam Jones, the revivalist, ran away from her parents and married a stenographer at Chattanooga, Tenn., the other day. The Rev. Jones opposed the match.—The Rev. J. B. Goodall, Baptist, of Orange, N. J., was lately forced at the muzzle of a breach of promise suit to marry a young lady whom he had deceived. He was at the same time engaged to another young lady with whom he will also have to settle when he gets back from the South, whither he has gone in haste.

Parnell, the Irish leader, is co-respondent in a divorce suit brought by one Captain O'Shea.—The influenza epidemic in Paris is growing more serious and the disease is in many instances accompanied with fatal results.—Gladstone was eighty years old last Sunday.—The emperor of Germany has lately pardoned an editor convicted of libeling a Socialist.—The wife of Dom Pedro, late emperor of Brazil, is dead. She died of heart disease, her death being hastened by the late troubles in the new republic.—Robert Browning, the English poet, was buried Tuesday in Westminster Abbcy. The grave is just below Chaucer's tomb and within a few feet of Spenser's sepulchre. The poet lies side by side with Abraham Cowley, who died in 1667.

MR. CRUZAN AGAIN.

The Rev. John Cruzan, pastor of the Third Congregational church, gave another "plain talk" last Sunday night from his pulpit, the subject being "Wage-working Women." The church was well filled. He began by comparing the condition of the working-women of the East with those of this city and coast. We take our report from the Examiner.

"In some respects," he said, "the working-woman of this city is far better off than her sister in the East. Anyone noticing the statistics of the laboring classes could not but be struck by the fact that so large a proportion of our working-women live in their own homes and are provided for by friends and relatives:

"At first glance this will be seen to be a great advantage to the woman that has a home, but a disadvantage to the one who has not. And for these reasons:

"In the first place she who does not need to work takes the bread out of the mouth of one who does. She lowers wages, be-

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cause she has not the same necessity as her less fortunate sister; and, more than all the rest, she is largely responsible for the sneer with which we hear the characters of working-women discussed. Not because of any immorality or looseness of character on her part, but because she is enabled with the wages she earns, and which are not required to keep body and soul together, to dress better and more expensively.

"People see this and are apt to draw the conclusion that she has other and degrading sources of revenue. The wage-working women are the purest of women. To find immorality you must go a grade higher in the social scale or a grade lower. But this does not lessen the fact that people talk, and the doubt which attaches to the characters of some in time comes to attach to all.

"Another point in which our working-women have the advantage over those in the East is found in the fact that she works shorter hours—from eight to ten hours in a day—while the Eastern women are compelled to work from nine to sixteen hours. Still another advantage is the higher wage. The average here is from \$4 a week, which is earned in canneries and wineries, to \$11, which is the average in umbrella making. The average from all trades is from \$5 to \$6. And the commissioner of the labor bureau states that the tendency on this coast for all manual labor performed by women is for a daily wage of a dollar. But owing to the increased cost of living it is a question whether our women will be able to buy more of the necessities of life than the Eastern women on the smaller wage.

"While the conditions under which our women work are in some respects better than those under which some women work in the East, yet there is much to be remedied. Her quarters for the most part are much better.

"Yet I have read in the report of the commissioner of the labor bureau of a place on Kearny street where fifteen women are packed in a basement under the sidewalk where the only natural light and ventilation comes through the grating in the sidewalk. The air is vitiated by the presence of so many human beings crowded into one small place, by the damp stone walls, by the sewer gas and by the illuminating gas constantly burning up the supply of oxygen. Think of a delicate woman working from morning till night in such a hole! And this is only one of many instances.

"Again, she is compelled to stand upon her feet from the time she goes to work till the time she leaves. Some men become brutalized by their lust for gold. I was told of one man who, upon being visited by a committee of the Women's Protective Union, which asked him to furnish seats for his girls, brutally replied that he would not put a seat in his place, and if the girls didn't like it they might leave. If that man's name had not been given me in confidence, I would inaugurate a boycott on him from this pulpit.

"It is by these means that such men are enabled to furnish us with 'bargains.' It is in the avoidance of all 'bargain' counters that the remedy lies. When you see a bargain be sure that some poor woman has slaved for little or nothing under the lash of the sweater to enable him to sell it cheap. Avoid the bargain counter as you would something evil, and let those who have a means of livelihood refrain from competing in the labor market with their poorer sisters. In this lies the remedy of many of the wrongs of the working woman."

DRIVER IN UNION, OR.

The Rev. Mr. Driver, a notorious preacher of Portland, has been extending his uselessness into the country. Amos K. Jones, editor of the Union Scout, gives him the following notice:

A series of "holy shows," as they are called, under the management of Rev-enue Driver, the comedian, is now progressing at the Methodist church. While the staid thoughtful members of the church look on in solemn disapproval at the antics of the monkey in the pulpit, the show is highly enjoyed by the unregenerated sinners who like to have fun wherever they can find it. The beefy sky-pilot wears side-whiskers, which, by a slight exertion of the imagination on the part of the spectators, are transformed into wings, and as his rubicund face beams with heavenly rapture, and streams of execration pour from the hole in his

countenance, the effect is comical indeed. He is a great advertiser and makes it a rule to write out a synopsis of his sermon—or we should say a programme of his show—and reads it in the barber shops, livery stables, and on the street corners, assuring all who will listen to him that no admission is charged at the door; that salvation is free, and urging them to "come to Jesus right now." We understand the subject of his discourse next Sunday evening will be: "The Scout Scrunched, or a Skeptical Skunk Skewered and Skun." It is thought the heavenly harp-ster will be able to extract a vast amount of spiritual consolation and soul-satisfying peace out of the text. In a recent sermon his attention was about evenly divided between Jones and Jesus, with Jones leading a little in point of importance. This flattery to Jones (that's us) is beginning to make us feel pretty hefty, and we are liable to assume complete control of the earth hereabouts at any time. If we do, it need not alarm Mr. Driver. He can just transfer his allegiance from Jesus to Jones and his salary will continue right along.

AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

In reviewing the political situation in Australia in a former letter, I took occasion to mention Anarchy as one of the so-called fads of the day, but when we come to consider that it is based on a philosophy of the highest order and looked on with favor by some of the most celebrated writers of the day, among whom not the least was Ralph Waldo Emerson, it must not be regarded with contempt. But the ideal, or Anarchy in its entirety, is an utter impossibility until organized monarchy shall have disappeared from the face of the earth—an occurrence which naturally would be followed by universal republicanism. Then Anarchy may fit in as a medium in lessening the evils of government, as was shown by its short reign in California nearly forty years ago, a reign too short to give it full development, but long enough to prove that it is quite practicable under a government endowed with the functions of diplomacy. If, then, it was practicable in one state, why not in every state subject to similar conditions? It is not deficient in war—it will be remembered that the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington were fought by Anarchists—every man was his own commander and hit straight out from his own shoulder, forming no organized front for the enemy to strike at; and history furnishes us with the result. Thus far we have seen it successful in war, but we fail to see how it could have negotiated a peace or maintained friendly relations with other nations. It is just possible that Paine, Jefferson, and others, would have contemplated such a form of government but for the reasons above assigned.

I have thus endeavored to show how Anarchy may be made practicable and advantageous to the working classes by lessening government, viz., by curtailing expense and doing away with all government officials, law courts, judges, lawyers, jails, etc., and I was just going to say churches, but I suppose churches and lunatic asylums—which may be placed in the same category—will be needed until evolution shall have polished the human race down to the consistence of common sense, when Anarchy may be expected to have acquired its full development.

This brings me home to Australia, where I shall briefly review the position of my Anarchical or Anarchistic friends in these colonies. They are battling against evils which we all wish to see overcome. Their theories may be plausible and praiseworthy, but practical evils demand a practical remedy, and no one has yet suggested a practical scheme to that effect. Can they lessen a monarchical government by Anarchy? I think not. I think they would be very bad neighbors; it would be like putting the goose and the fox in the same cage. Then what do they want? Do they each mean to have, individually, a lick at Great Britain, and do they think that such a course will be sufficient to establish their claim to independence or individual liberty? If they do I think they are mistaken. Great Britain is not likely to be choked off by a scratch from a flying jackdaw or withdraw her iron hoof from this sunny land without organized force.

I am not accusing my Anarchical friends of insincerity, but I earnestly wish that they could see and clearly see that their scheme is premature and purposeless. When Mr. Symes remon-

strated with them on the prematurity of their arguments and urged the necessity of united effort in consummating the one grand end of independence of these colonies they abused him like a pickpocket. He pointed out the necessity of supporting the republican platform until they had gained their independence, when government might be lessened to suit the wishes of the people, which strikes me as the most wise and politic course to be taken.

T. W. HARRIS.

Upper Yarra, Victoria, Australia.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

BY JUDGE J. W. NORTH.

IV.

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola in Italy about the year 1548. In his fifteenth year, the historian tells us, he entered the order of the Dominicans, at Naples, and soon found the restraints of that order intolerable to him.

He spent two years in England, and traveled extensively through the chief cities and seats of learning in Europe, everywhere lecturing, writing and publishing the burning words that stirred to their depths the ancient prejudices of medieval ignorance, and brought upon his own head the terrible malignity of the church.

In 1593 he accepted an invitation to Venice; he was there arrested, taken to Rome and imprisoned for seven years. This long imprisonment failing to crush the brave spirit of Bruno, on the 9th of February, 1600, he was excommunicated, and on the 17th of that month was burned at the stake.

It was on the demand of the "spiritual authorities" that he was removed from Venice to Rome and imprisoned by the Inquisition. The special charge against him was that "he had taught the plurality of worlds, a doctrine repugnant to the whole tenor of scripture, and inimical to revealed religion, especially as regards the plan of salvation." He was then handed over to the secular power to be punished "as mercifully as possible and without the shedding of blood." This was the horrible and hypocritical formula of ordering a victim to be burned at the stake.

But mark the sublime fortitude of this calm man as he received his sentence, only saying, "Perhaps it is with greater fear that you pass the sentence upon me than I receive it."

When, at the stake, the flames enveloped and consumed the shrinking flesh, he stood in calm grandeur, uttering no murmur of complaint, no cry of agony, apparently unconscious of physical suffering, the embodiment of sublime exaltation and conscious triumph.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

This event transpired two hundred and eighty-nine years ago. As the anniversary came round, on the 17th of last February, a statue of Bruno was set upon a high pedestal in Rome, upon the very spot where he was burned. The pope and cardinals had stormed and raved to prevent it, but the people of that city had voted overwhelmingly in favor of it. The Freethinkers of Europe, Great Britain, and America had contributed to procure it, and a Roman senator delivered an oration on the occasion, in which he told the assembled thousands, that "a movement is this day inaugurated more fatal to the papacy than even the loss of the temporal power." The pope, in the meantime, retired to the Vatican, not showing his face in Rome for three days. But the pope has revived his courage sufficiently to revile Bruno with all the ancient malignity; and the Protestant church has never abandoned its attitude of earnest, though diluted, hostility to science.

And while we mark the extreme hostility of the church to all true science, let us notice the instruction that even the Protestant church of this period furnished to her obedient children.

In 1612 Dr. Wolfgang Franz, a professor of theology at Wittenberg, the university that Luther attended, and long after Luther's time, published his "Sacred History of Animals," in which he describes dragons with three ranges of teeth, and calmly adds,

"the largest of these is the devil." This book claims to be "designed for students of theology and ministers of the word;" and it is said "to have had much influence on thought for 100 years."

Sir Isaac Newton, who lived from 1642 to 1727, the most distinguished scientist of his time, was restrained from publishing important truths, for many years, through fear of the church. In 1690 he wrote a letter to his friend, Mr. Locke, the distinguished philosopher. It gave an account of two notable corruptions of the text of scripture, and invalidated two passages in favor of the Trinity; for Sir Isaac wrote much on theology, as well as science.

At first he was anxious to have his letter published, but fearing to publish it in Protestant England, he asked Mr. Locke, who was then going to Holland, to get it translated into French and published on the continent. As Locke did not go to Holland, he sent the letter to Mr. Le Clerk, who, fearing to get it published in French, was having it translated into Latin, when Sir Isaac interfered and stopped the publication entirely.

This letter was never published until twenty-seven years after Sir Isaac's death, and sixty-four years after it was written. So fearful was the greatest scientist of the age of the church, in Protestant England, that he dare not publish what he knew to be true.

Joseph Priestley, a liberal minister of England, and a distinguished scientist, deserves more than a passing notice in this list of persecuted men of learning. A man of gentle and kindly spirit, but a remarkable scholar, he became so distinguished as a man of science that in 1771 he was about to be appointed to accompany the celebrated Captain Cook expedition to Otaheite to observe the transit of Venus; but the government of Great Britain was shocked at the idea of giving a man a position who was not orthodox, and he was rejected.

In 1774 he made several valuable discoveries in science, among which was that of oxygen, the basis of all life and of combustion; but he was not orthodox, and his very discoveries were enough to condemn him in the minds of the enemies of science. So, a few years later, in 1791, while he was quietly attending to his duties at home, the mob wanted a victim and they sought him out, burned his house and his chapel and destroyed his valuable manuscripts that represented the earnest labor of many years. Three years after this terrible exhibition of orthodox malignity, this gentle, peaceful man gathered the fragments of his manuscripts, and with his family in 1794 left England and came to the quiet little town of Northumberland, in the interior of Pennsylvania, where he spent the remaining years of his life in peace.

But when the centennial anniversary of the discovery of oxygen came round the world had learned the value of this quiet, modest man. On that day, in 1874—only fifteen years ago—learned scientists of Europe, Great Britain, and America were seen wending their way to the quiet little village on the banks of the Susquehanna, there to place flowers on the grave of the world's benefactor, and to pay their devotions at the shrine of this recent victim of religious hate.

But let us turn from these sad scenes of cruel wrong and melancholy mistakes to a brighter picture, before which even ignorance and orthodoxy were powerless.

Benjamin Franklin, our great patriot, statesman, scientist, and philosopher, happily lived at a time when his patriotism, statesmanship, and usefulness compelled men to forget that he was an Infidel, and to remember only the great services he had rendered to mankind.

As one of these, Doctor Franklin, in 1752, discovered that simple electricity, which pervades the atmosphere, was the cause of thunder and lightning, that had for ages so terrified mankind. "St. Jerome, as well as the other Christian fathers, maintained that the air was full of devils that caused the lightning, wind, and hail, basing their theory on the prophecies of Isaiah and the Epistle to the Ephesians." St. Augustine maintained the same view, as did Luther and the later reformers. Even the celebrated Increase Mather, president of Harvard University, and the other leading ministers of New England as firmly believed in the "devils that caused the hail and lightning" as they believed in witches, and they believed with John Wesley that "we might as well give up the Bible as to give up our belief in witches."

But Doctor Franklin, with his simple kite and key, demolished the theology of ages, and took from the clergy a large share of their stock of terrors with which they had been accustomed to alarm mankind. He also showed the people how, by a simple iron rod, he could ward off the lightning and save property from destruction. Here theology was placed at a disadvantage. If the old theory of devils in the air was adhered to, the tall steeples were struck by lightning and were destroyed. If the "heretical rod" was adopted, the priests had to admit that "an Infidel's remedy" was better than that presented by the saints of the church.

Doctor Franklin had only to smile and look on, and wait to see how long it would take ministers to adopt common sense, in place of absurd mythology, when their interests were on the side of common sense. The result showed that it took some of the most prominent of them from ten to sixteen years, and some from twenty to twenty-five years.

The first rod put up in England was ten years after Franklin's discovery. In Austria and Italy they waited much longer. At length they began to protect their churches by the "heretical rod," as the people called it, and several that had been repeatedly struck and badly damaged were thus placed out of danger.

But some hesitated to adopt this "Infidel's remedy," and these were instructed by some severe calamities. Among others was that of the church at Brescia, near Venice. Seventeen years after Franklin's discovery, the republic of Venice had stored in the vaults of this church over 200,000 pounds of powder, and had provided no lightning-rod. A storm came, the church was struck, and the powder in the vaults exploded. One-sixth of the entire city was destroyed, and 3000 lives were lost. The result was that their theology gave way, and the churches generally obtained Franklin's remedy. Science and theology became reconciled in the precise way they always have been, viz: by theology abandoning its foibles and accepting the lessons of science.

Humboldt, the illustrious German savant and traveler, had the good fortune, like Franklin, to live at a period when his services to mankind could protect him, in some measure, from religious hostility. And yet even this great man, who had crossed the mountains of South America and the desolate plains of Siberia in search of knowledge for the human race, says in a letter to a friend that the ministers would have driven him from Berlin if it had not been that the king was his friend.

The French priests who objected to common table forks because no such instruments were mentioned in scripture, and the Scotchman who objected to the common fanning mill as an ungodly implement because "it created a wind when the Lord willed a calm," need only be mentioned as illustrations of the religious ideas of the time.

I have but to name one instance more and I have done:

So recently as 1846—less than fifty years ago—Doctor Simpson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, one of the most learned physicians of his time, invented or discovered chloroform, and used it to relieve suffering in his medical and surgical practice. One would naturally suppose that so great a blessing would be hailed with joy even by bigots. Far otherwise. The ministers of the Scotch church raised a serious objection, and one of the bitterest controversies of our time ensued.

Doctor Simpson had used this anesthetic impartially, to relieve the sufferings of women as well as men; and at times when the ministers feared he was relieving them of a part of the original curse. They were quite willing that men should be relieved; but women must suffer the full penalty originally inflicted on Eve.

Incredible as it now seems, these men were thoroughly in earnest, and doubtless thoroughly sincere; and they fought Doctor Simpson with all their energy.

The great Doctor Chalmers, more enlightened than his brethren, took the part of Doctor Simpson, but even his great influence was not likely to turn the scale. At length a happy thought occurred to Doctor Simpson, and he told the ministers that he was simply following the method of the Creator, that when God had made man and wished to perform the surgical operation of taking a rib from his side with which to make woman he put him to sleep.

"This," said the doctor, "is precisely what I am doing. I am

only following the example of my maker." The ministers could not bring anything to bear upon that, and so the victory was gained for Doctor Simpson and chloroform.

That such an instance of ministerial bigotry could have occurred in our day is simply inexplicable. But such has been the contest of ages, and such the hostility shown to science through the whole history of the Christian church.

For nearly sixteen hundred years the church has fought science and never gained a victory; science has won in every contest. The church has been driven backward into civilization, step by step, step by step, but always backwards. Will it never turn round, open its eyes, and welcome the glowing dawn? The future will determine.

NATIONALISM.

To the Writer of "Observations:."

I am glad you do not feel struck. I plead "not guilty" to the impression. My object was not to strike any body. I am a Secularist myself, and am proud of the good work you do for the cause. I am also a Nationalist, but not one of the "razzle-dazzle" kind.

My object in writing to you was to get a fuller statement of your views about Nationalism. You had touched upon it several times, but in a way to make me think you saw something fundamentally wrong with its principles.

On referring to the article, which was the cause of my first writing to you, I find you are correct in not giving a definition of Nationalism. But somehow I got the idea that you classed or defined it as a sort of semi-religious craze.

You said it was the biggest thing that had struck San Francisco since Moody was there. You also spoke of it along with the paradise beyond Jordan, and declared you had little faith in either. You also report it as a razzle-dazzle order, and say they run it in San Francisco on the principles that prevail in revival meetings, and go on with the comparison until it looks quite like a religion, only that religion refers to man's relation with God, while Nationalism does not, judging from the platform of it you so kindly gave us.

Of course, "the quality of this world depends upon the people in it," and the people in it ought to depend a good deal upon themselves; but in doing so, I cannot help thinking we may also depend a good deal upon one another, and Nationalism or Bel-lamism is the most perfect order of self and interdependence I have ever seen formulated.

And so far as I can see, we have precisely the same people to build a Nationalist party out of that we have to build Secularism out of, that is, the people of this world. And the process must be educational also.

You are right about the robber class. But there is also another class that neither wants to rob or be robbed, and my notion is that that will be much the larger class one of these days. When people once see clearly that there is a way to provide for and protect themselves against this robber class, I have confidence enough in human nature to believe they will do it. It is because the good things of this world are mostly enjoyed by the said robber class that many of the robbed are ambitious to become robbers themselves. It is the system they are acquainted with. It is the one they have been taught, and the only one they know. But I think Nationalism will not be made up out of the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care kind of people altogether. There are a few basic principles involved in the order, and it will take people of nerve, knowledge, honesty, and perseverance to make a success of it. There will be people ready to attach themselves to the cause who are unworthy of it, just as there are to any other cause. There will be schemes to divide its power whenever it has gained power, and then is when the tug of war will come.

But a republican form of government was established in this country, and a good many true-hearted sons and daughters of America are glad of it; and if an industrial republic can now be established there will be a good many more true hearts gladdened by it. In fact, I see but little use to tinker with the hands of the clock while the trouble lies back of them; but in this case, as in every other of its class, we have to get from the face down to

where the works are before we can compel the hands to indicate the truth of these principles. There is just where Nationalism proposes to go, and when it gets there a good deal of Secularism will be there too.
J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

ANOTHER STEP BACKWARD PROPOSED.

"The annual report of the assistant attorney-general for the post-office department recommends several changes in the postal laws, and he further recommends a radical change concerning 'obscene' newspapers and publications so as to bring all filthy and indecent publications found in the mails (whether published or pretended to be published in the interest of science or not) within the scope of the law. This, in his opinion, has become necessary by the rulings of the courts on such publications, under which anything not intended to excite lust or that may be construed as not doing so cannot be excluded. The license granted by these rulings is abused by characterless persons who issue pamphlets of a gross character, some of them as advertising circulars of so-called remedies for loathsome diseases, and send them indiscriminately and in immense numbers to young people of both sexes and often to all the inmates of boarding schools for young ladies."—Buffalo Express, Nov. 25, 1889.

The above bit of telegraphic news from Washington is the first little shadow of coming events, and though the voice appears to be that of the assistant attorney-general of the post-office department, it is easy to see that the hand directing is that of the wily agent of the Vice Society. The last sentence is one of his old "gags," manifestly a lie, but he sticks to it and always works it for more than it's worth were it true. No matter how "characterless" the proprietor of a specific for loathsome diseases might be he would gain nothing by sending advertisements "indiscriminately," and he would certainly not waste them on the inmates of boarding schools for young ladies.

Probably the first case in which the Vice Society found its mail law inapplicable to the suppression of popular medical books or pamphlets was the prosecution of Dr. Heath, of this city, for mailing a paper-covered book treating on venereal diseases, with crude and offensive illustrations, though not more disgusting than those to be found in the most authoritative works on the same subjects. Prosecutions against this pamphlet failed both in the United States court and the New York state court. Then an attempt was made to remodel the state law so as to cover all publications, except text-books for students, treating of private diseases of either sex, and all medicines or specifics for the cure of such diseases. This sort of a bill failed to become a law, though twice backed by all the power of the Vice Society. Now it is evidently the intent to so remodel the obscene literature postal law as to render unmailable any book giving instruction for the ordinary (unprofessional) reader upon the physiology or diseases of the procreative organs, "whether published or pretended to be published in the interest of science or not." Either the United States laws are to be made to render one domain of science taboo, or if some exceptions be made for "text-books," the mail laws are to render professional men a privileged class, and discriminate against the common people by limiting their privileges of using the mails for the obtaining of such information on important subjects as they believe they have a right to have. We have always tried to make this journal do service in the way of maintaining in practical force the words of Professor Agassiz, as kept standing on the editorial page, "The time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few—when it must be woven into the common life of the world." There may be some ills and abuses attending the popularizing of science in the realm of sexual affairs, but it is just as true that in the broadening of knowledge relating to poisons, explosives, etc., evil has gone hand in hand with the good. Let all people have equal access to all science, and then hold them responsible for the use they make of it. There is no other just and constitutional method possible in this democratic republic.

The editorial, "More Light on a Dark Subject," in the October number of the Health Monthly is all appropriate to the discussion of this matter, commenting, as it did, on the conclusion of the Medical Society of Kief, Russia, that in view of the ill success of attempts to suppress the spread of venereal diseases, it is time to try the "popularizing (vulgarization) of correct knowledge" in cheap pamphlets for gratuitous distribution. Yet this is just

what our government proposes to suppress. Russia has had a surfeit of loathsome diseases and no books to enlighten people as to how to avoid them, so it proposes to try the "vulgarization of knowledge as a remedy." We have less of the diseases and more of the "filthy" books about them; so we propose to abolish the books and encourage more disease by ignorance. Since Russia has found no bliss in ignorance shall we indulge in the folly of abolishing wisdom?

The ostensible object of the Vice Society in this move for more law is that it wants machinery for the suppression of the pamphlets on private diseases which are gratuitously distributed through the mails, but we predict the impossibility of framing a general law which will give such power without at the same time covering a large variety of very useful and respectable pamphlets and books, which even ultra-moral and conservative persons would hesitate to interfere with, and probably any fair, indiscriminating application of such a law would render unmailable many of the tracts used by the White Cross Societies, organized for the promotion of "social purity." Of course the agents of the Vice Society would claim that they would have sense enough to discriminate as to what ought to be prosecuted and what let alone, but we are unaware of any provision in our form of government for the enactment of laws to be enforced at the discrimination of private star-chamber inquisitors, and we know full well that the existing postal law has been enforced with unjust discrimination, by individuals and classes, for the injury of their opponents or enemies; and we shall be greatly surprised if the new law, when formulated, shall not prove to be in the main a means for widening black-mail operations, and for providing a new weapon for the use of the "old school" in its crusades against the "new schools" of medicine. We have in our possession copies of a "regular" medical journal, of large circulation, which came through the mail and which contains articles about the prevention of conception which if we were to quote in our paper would entitle us to five years imprisonment, according to the existing law. Editors of such journals take all the liberties they please under the present law without fear of trouble, and would continue to do as they please with a more stringent law, while the liberties of the non-conformists among medical publishers would be greatly curtailed, and the martyrs to persecution for opinions' sake would have new recruits. Once more we say that if the United States government is to consider the moral qualities of mail matter, and legislate thereon, it should provide also a responsible body of censors with powers to interpret the relation of the law or its applicability to printed matter submitted to them, so that publishers need not be in doubt, or may have some one to appeal to when in doubt, and not be subject to the bigotry, malice, or caprice of a self-constituted body of prosecuting censors. The broader such a law is made in its scope, the more imperative is the necessity of a commission of authoritative censors with power to give decisions that submitted matter is or is not mailable under the law. If we, the people, are ready for any increase of Comstockian postal legislation we are ready for a general censorship of the press.—Foote's Health Monthly.

The Freie Gemeinde.

The nineteenth annual festival of the Deutsche Freie Gemeinde was held on the eve of the closing year. Mr. Schuenemann-Pott, head of the society, delivered a short opening address reviewing the work of the school, the occasion being especially a school festival. Then the children, the smallest first and the largest last, were called upon to give the recitations they had learned, and their performances were proof of the faithful labor of Mr. Schuenemann-Pott and his associates. After the recitation the children received their prizes, and the well-attended festival closed with a ball.

Not a Paying Business.

A—Who was that shabby looking man you stopped to speak to?
B—He is a lecturer, just returned from a trip in the West.
A—But do lecturers look as seedy as that after a trip?
B—Not generally, but he has been giving "A Reply to Bob Ingersoll."

JUDICIAL OATHS.

IV.

The Roman oath was of a promissory character—a ceremonial contract. The church borrowed and preserved the idea of ceremony, gave it greater solemnity, clothed it with supernatural power to discover the truth, buttressed it with a threat of the visitation of God's wrath here or hereafter, and empowered its priesthood to punish as treason to God the violation of the oath in the courts ecclesiastical, exclusive of the civil courts.

Whatever superstitious idea in regard to the oath may have existed prior to the time of Juvenal, 83 to 100 A.D., the apprehension that perjury was punishable by the avenging gods had lost much of its effect in his day. The codes of the Christian emperors of Rome preserved the maxims of the early law in regard to the sacredness of truth, and the duty of man to tell the truth. But in the definition of an oath the codes incorporated the ecclesiastical dogmas, and invested the oath with a superstitious character. The Christian ceremonial oath, which, like the civil law of Rome, was local and designed for the members of the church only, was, like the faith of Christ, required of all. The law of nations, then also known as the law of nature, accorded to every man the right to take an oath in the manner binding on his conscience—a rule of the Aryan nations—but this was rejected by the church, and the oath was defined in the emperor's codes as based on a superstitious fear of God.

The literatures of other civilizations have been only preserved in part from the vandalism of religious bigots; and recently the efforts of scholars have been devoted to the translation of the sacred books of the east. As the European nations are now held to be off-shoots of the Aryan stock of India, the laws and ethics of the Oriental nations have an important bearing on the usages, customs, and ethics of the Celtic, Scandinavian, and Germanic races. The study of Sanscrit has been industriously pushed by European scholars, and the results of their researches show more clearly than was known a century ago, the real faith of the people of India, and the characteristics of their laws. This fact has an important bearing, as the leading case in the English Reports cited as excluding Infidels from being competent witnesses, is that of a Gentoo witness in a case where the objection that he was an Infidel was made by a Christian to prevent the collection of an honest debt. The Gentoo code provides: "If a man brings a suit against another, who answers: 'I am in doubt about the affair; such plea is not to be admitted as an answer. In that case the plaintiff shall prove his claim by deed, by witnesses, or by usufruct on the part of the defendant. If he fails in these three modes, he shall take his oath, or perform the Purrikeh (trial by ordeal). In every affair where a deed, witnesses, or proof of usufruct, cannot be produced, an oath must be taken, or the Purrikeh performed.'"—Gentoo Code, Ed. 1776, p. 118.

It was also provided that "if a person who hath brought a suit against another, can ascertain his claim by the evidence of witnesses, by writing, by proof of usufruct, by opinion of arbitrators, by the Purrikeh, or by an oath, the suit shall be given in his favor."—Ibid, p. 122.

The principal test of competency in male witnesses was veracity and reputation for telling the truth. As in cases of murder, theft, adultery, and false abuse, "one single man of veracity, and good conduct, with whose good disposition and love of truth men are well acquainted, may alone be a witness." Minors under fifteen years of age, a woman, a man of bad principles, a father, or an enemy, could not be witnesses. (Ibid, p. 124.) Giving false testimony was severely punished.

The Monona Dharma Sastra prescribed the oath as satisfactory evidence in default of other testimony, but requires it to be reinforced. It was an oath of purgation. "In cases where there is no testimony, and the judge cannot decide upon which side lies the truth, he can determine it fully by administering the oath."

"Let the judge swear the Brahmin by his truth, the Kshatriya (noble) by his horses, his elephants or his arms; the Vaisya by cows, his corn, and his gold; the Sudra by all crimes."

Among the ethical sayings of the Hindoos are the following:

"Iniquity committed in this world, produces not fruit immedi-

ately, but like the earth in due season, and by advancing little by little it eradicates the man who committed it."

"Justice being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve; it must never therefore be violated. Beware, O judge! lest justice being overturned, overturn both us and thyself."

"The only firm friend who follows men, even after death, is justice; all others are extinct with the body."—Moner.

"He who speaks the truth with all his heart, is superior to those who make gifts and practice austerities. If a man abstain from falsehood, and practice no other virtue, it shall be well with him. Truth will lead to every other virtue."

"Purity of body comes by water; purity of mind by truthfulness."

"The lamp of truth is a lamp of the wise."—Cural II.

"The majority of people say that there can be no religion without definite belief in a personal God. The majority, as usual, is wrong. The Confucian religion has no god. Buddhism, the greatest religion in the world, has no god."—Conway's Apologia.

Sir Thomas Strange, in his work on the "Elements of Hindoo Law," vol. 1, p. 310, says: "...credit is to be given to the pregnant brevity of the Hindu oath, viz: 'whaf ye know to have been transacted in the matter before us, between the parties reciprocally, declare at large and with truth;' as also to the noble warning with which the subject as detailed by Menu, is ushered in, that "either the court must not be entered by judges, parties, and witnesses, or law and truth must be openly declared."

The Buddhists inculcated absolute veracity. At the fortnightly confessions of the Buddhist priesthood the monk who led in the confession charged the brethren present not to conceal by silence any sins they had committed, for silence is lying; and intentional lying, O brethren! leads to destruction; thus hath the Exalted One said.*

Another doctrine of the Buddhists was that no man could escape the effects of his actions. "Not in the heavens, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest away in the clefts of the mountains wilt thou find a place on earth where thou canst escape the fruit of thy evil actions."†

The crime of giving false testimony was punished in the Gentoo Code by penalties varying with the character of the suit or thing upon which the suit was based. The idea of an avenging god and special punishments hereafter was not the foundation of the sacred obligation of a witness to tell the truth. Buddha did not teach that the perfected saint lived after death. "Orthodox teaching in the ancient order of Buddhists inculcated expressly on its converts to forego the knowledge of the being or non-being of the perfected saint."

But Buddha impressed upon his followers that "five-fold uprightness" is the path of salvation, the substance of the requirements being—

1. To kill no living thing.
2. Not to lay hands on another's property.
3. Not to touch another's wife.
4. Not to speak what is untrue.
5. Not to drink intoxicating drinks.

It is evident from this that the reliance in the Hindoo courts against perjury was the truthful character of the witness in the higher castes, and in the lower castes the severe penalties of the law and the social degradation which would be visited upon him. The belief in miracles, or the divine intervention upon the perjurer, was not relied upon as the basis of the sanctity of the promise of the witness or party to speak the truth. This is shown in the directions for examining a witness and the punishment for false swearing. "He who means to take an evidence shall separately explain the religious merit of faithful testimony and the horrid nature of false witness."... "And the crime of false witness is the same as if a man had murdered a Brahman or had deprived a woman of life or had assassinated a friend... Whatever crime is incurred in such actions as above mentioned is incurred by giving false witness."

"When a man is appointed a witness, if he will not give his

*Oldenberg's Buddha, 76.

†Dhammapada verses, 127, 219.

evidence, whatever guilt is incurred by false evidence the same guilt is imputed to him; and the magistrate shall exact from him the same fine as from a person giving false witness."—Gentoo Code, pp. 128, 129.

These citations show that the Gentoo Code was based on the same general principles of the merit of truthfulness which is inculcated in the Buddhist ethics. The character of the Hindoos to-day, as well as before the time of Christ, shows that truthfulness was a marked characteristic of the race. Sir Sohn Malcom says of the Hindoos of the district of Behar: "They are brave, generous, humane, and their truth is as remarkable as their courage." Colonel Sleeman, who has had large acquaintance with the village life of the Hindoos of the present day, says that "in their punchayets men adhere habitually and religiously to the truth." "I have had before me hundreds of cases in which a man's property, liberty, and life has depended on his telling a lie, and he has refused to tell it." He states that witnesses in Hindoo courts may be divided into three classes:

"1. Those who will tell the truth without oath. 2. Those who would tell a lie if they had a motive for it, unless restrained by an oath. In taking an oath they are afraid of the anger of God and the odium of men. 3. Those who will lie when they have a motive, whether sworn by the Koran or Ganges water." That the first class is large, but the second class the largest; that three-fourths of those who do not scruple to lie in the courts, would be ashamed to lie before their neighbors or the elders of the village.

From the fourth century before Christ up to modern times the concurrent testimony of Greek, Chinese, Mohammedan, and European authorities is that love of truth is the most prominent feature of the Hindoo character—that no one ever accused them of falsehood.

Max Muller says: "The whole of their literature from one end to the other is pervaded by expressions of love and reverence for truth. Their very word for truth is *sat* or *satya*, *sat* being the participle "as," to be. "True," therefore, was with them simply "that which is."*

"Now one of the highest praises bestowed upon the Gods in the Veda is that they are *satya*, true, truthful, trustworthy, and it is well known that in both modern and ancient times men always ascribe to their gods those qualities which they value most in themselves." Other words applied to their gods as truthful beings are *adrogha lit*, not deceiving. *Adrovhanak* means he whose word is never broken. Thus Indra, the Vedic Jupiter, is said to have been praised by the fathers "as reaching the enemy, overcoming him, standing on the summit, true of speech, most powerful of thought."

The Brahmanas, or theological treatises of the Brahmins, contain, among other passages, the following: "Whoever speaks the truth makes the fire on his own altar blaze up as if he poured butter into the lighted fire. His own light grows larger, and from to-morrow to to-morrow he grows better. But whoever speaks untruth he quenches the fire on his own altar as if he had poured water into the lighted fire; his own light grows smaller and smaller, and from to-morrow to to-morrow he becomes more wicked. Let man, therefore, speak truth only." Again: "A man becomes impure by uttering falsehood."†

"In the plot of the Ramayana, one of the great epic poems, Rama, the son of the king, who refuses to let his father break a rash promise, says: "It is good conduct that makes a man to be noble, or ignoble, heroic or a pretender to manliness, pure or impure. Truth and mercy are immemorial characteristics of a king's conduct. Hence royal rule is in its essence truth. On truth the world is based. Both sages and gods have esteemed truth. The man who speaks the truth in this world attains the highest imperishable state. Men shrink with fear and horror from a liar as from a serpent. In this world the chief element in virtue is truth. It is called the basis of everything. Truth is lord in the world. Virtue always rests on truth. All things are founded on truth; nothing is higher than it."‡

(To be Continued.)

*India, by Max Muller, 79.

†India. What Can It Teach Us? p. 73.

‡Satupatha Brahmana II, 2, 2, 19, and III, 1, 2, 10.

VOLUNTARY DURANCE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Did it ever occur to you or to your readers or the police judges of the city and county of San Francisco that very many sentenced during the winter months to our county jail and the House of Correction seek the opportunity to be so sentenced? It is so. Coming from the interior without means, with no other place of shelter and without food, they commit a seemingly petit larceny with no intention of depriving the owner of his goods, as in his sight he removes coat or boots from the owner's doorway and places them under his arm, to be immediately collared—caught in the act—as the whistle is blown, and a burly policeman in triumph bears off his prey to the city prison.

The next day the thief is found guilty, the goods are restored to their owner, and the culprit is sentenced to three or six months in the county jail as the judge swells up and looks at the admiring and approving reporters about such courts as if he would say, "Note that in what short order I put that fellow through," and then the offender finds a winter home at the expense of the taxpayers in comfortable quarters, supplied with substantial food, and while away his time in cards with his room-mates or in reading good books until the storm is over, when he comes out fresh as a daisy and none the worse for wear as he again hies himself away to the green fields and pastures new.

Perhaps you don't believe all this. I do. Yours, S.

DYING.

"Speaking generally," says Dr. Shady, "the instinct for life is strong in man, and the teaching of the present day, as well as the writings of our novelists, do not make the majority of men any the more ready to die. Hell fire is not preached as much as formerly; it is an unpopular doctrine; but it is, nevertheless, taught, and often adds to the torture of dying people."

"What people are the most afraid to die?"

"My own experience, strange as it may seem, has taught me that Christian people are, as a rule, the most afraid to die. My profession has brought me into contact with all sorts of men, and I have made a study of death from a psychological standpoint, and have found that the best Christians are the most willing to step out of heaven as long as possible. They all want to get there, but they are in no hurry. The scientific philosopher who weighs the chances, who knows that death is inevitable, who recognizes that there is no way of escape, since every one before him has had to meet the grim visitor, meets death as bravely as any. He knows that the necessity of dying is the penalty of living. He regards it from a purely matter-of-fact standpoint, and he is fully aware of the fact that no argument or theory will take off its edge."

"I am talking like an Agnostic, and I am not," broke in the doctor parenthetically; "but I am a believer in Christianity for all that, and what I have told you is the result of my own experience as a physician, and quite apart from my own preferences. I had to attend a short time ago, a noted revivalist, who was living, I suppose, in a state of religious exaltation, and who was terrified at the thought of approaching death."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MESSRS. PUTNAM AND MACDONALD are to be congratulated on their success in the formation of the Freethought Publishing Company in San Francisco. I see that the amount of the capital stock of the company is fixed at \$20,000, divided into four thousand shares at a par value of \$5 each. It was voted that two thousand and five hundred of these shares be placed on the market, and one thousand five hundred reserved. The Freethought Publishing Company is therefore now in working order, and all subscribers for capital stock are invited to forward their money to the office, 838 Howard street, San Francisco, Cal., addressing and making all drafts, checks, and money orders payable to The Freethought Publishing Company. We tried to form the same kind of a company here, but for some reason signally failed. I trust that the new venture will be all that its advocates desire it to be. FREETHOUGHT is one of the brightest and best written Secular papers on our exchange list.—Secular Thought.

WOMAN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Arrangements have been perfected for organizing a woman's Liberal association of a national character. Woman's political enfranchisement does not advance because women themselves are no longer progressive. The tendency in existing societies towards conservatism, apparent for some time, has now reached the point when it has become imperative that a new society should be formed of women brave enough to say of her own slavery, as the old abolitionists did of negro slavery, that the American church is its bulwark.

Second. The Christian party in politics, composed of both Catholics and Protestants, whose aim is union of church and state, were never so aggressive as at the present time, it having already succeeded in securing the introduction of several bills of that character in Congress.

One of the most efficient aids of this party is the W. C. T. U., which at its recent Chicago convention resolved that Christ is the King of Nations, and as such should be recognized in our government and laws. This resolution is of the same character as Article II. of the constitution of the National Reform Association, a body largely officered by clergymen, its avowed purpose an amendment to the federal constitution which shall destroy the secular nature of the government and prevent individual rights.

It is thus high time the Liberal thought women of the country united in work for their own enfranchisement, and also to arouse public thought to a sense of the impending danger of a destruction of all liberty.

Already have arrangements been so far perfected that a convention for this purpose will be held in Washington, D. C., Feb. 24 and 25, 1890. Persons in sympathy with this design are invited to correspond with Matilda Joslyn Gage, Fayetteville, N. Y., to whom contributions in furtherance of this object may also be sent.

Editors are invited to copy the above announcement.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

THE SCOPE OF CONVENTIONS.

This question ought to be settled if we have the wisdom to settle it.

In Mr. Underwood's letter, printed in your paper Oct. 26, the idea is advanced that there should be "co-operation of all, irrespective of religious belief." "See that the speeches, discussions, and the action taken are confined to this purpose." "Opposition to Christianity or Judaism is no part of the work of the organization."

It is clear that a convention should not go outside its "call," which should be explicit. The God-in-the-Constitution "reform" conventions make their call narrow enough to include discussion of Christianity on one side. In their earlier conventions they admitted opposing speeches from Jews and Infidels. But it was discovered that this plan was too broad and seriously injured the Christian movement.

If "the discussion of Secularism," as friend Underwood says, is as much outside the Union as the discussion of Spiritualism or Calvinism, this fact should be plainly set forth in the call. Perhaps it was; but in the Oregon convention it was practically disregarded. "It would be clearly inconsistent and even dishonorable to make the convention an occasion for advocating or assailing theological belief and institutions as such," says Mr. Underwood. His thought is clear cut. There should be no discussion of church dogmas.

The elegant banner presented by Miss Blaisdell, skillfully by her own deft fingers embroidered with gold, eagle, stars, "noble names of Freethought." "On the reverse side of the banner the Stars and Stripes float above the prostrate cross."

The thrilling speech of presentation by this modern Hypatia would have been missed; the noble hymn, "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," eloquently recited by Mrs. Seip, "sung by the whole vast audience, with accompaniment by the orchestra," would have been omitted if the call meant state secularization

and not Secularism. "An exposition of Adventism by Mr. Jones would be just as appropriate" (Underwood).

Notwithstanding there was so much Secularism, Rev. Jones did not get a fit of saintly sulks, but joined the assembly, made a strong speech in behalf of liberty; said, "I am a Christian; I believe in Christianity; I believe it is a divine and supernatural religion." All of which shows that the convention was more liberal than the call.

Now the question is, Should the call be made broader, or the convention narrower? If the Secular Congress and State Secular Unions exist for the "sole purpose" of secularizing the state, then I think there is urgent necessity for Liberals all over the United States to organize Liberty Lodges. When sufficiently numerous in a county, say four lodges, to hold regular quarterly assemblies at various points in the county. When there are six counties organized call a State Liberty Lodge. When there are fifteen, or even a dozen, state lodges call a National Liberty Lodge. The state lodges to meet once a year, the national once in three years. Such societies would strengthen the Secular Congress and State Secular Unions. The calls of all Liberty Lodges should be as free as liberty, fraternal as humanity; the discussions should exclude no question appertaining to the welfare of the race, and should include all subjects covered by science.

Des Moines, Iowa.

W. F. JAMIESON.

RELIGION AS A MORAL NECESSITY.

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

You may take a hundred infants in the cradle and train them to any religion in the world; or to be soldiers, sailors, lawyers, tradesmen, or thieves.

No one knows this better than the priest, preacher, and sectarian. They all insist on taking charge of the children. They all declaim against the common school, because it does not permit them to capture the young mind, and make sure of it for what they call religion.

In every land on earth this great truth is practically understood. Give us the training of the children, and we can make them of any religion we please! Go where you will from Dahomey to Turkey, Russia, Rome, Britain, or the United States, and you will find each training the rising generation to follow their fathers, and maintain the national religion and habit.

Go where you may and you will find it a success. No matter how absurd, the great mass vote that it is correct, and to be a heretic is a crime; and the more educated and respectable the people are, the more certain and persistent they are in the assertion that their religion is the one thing needful, and all other religion so much error and crime. The priests are perhaps the best theologians in the state; and they are the most certain of all that their religion is right; and he who rejects it is a scurrilous wretch, without loyalty to truth and destitute of moral principle.

Collect the clergy of the whole earth in one grand conference, and each would vote his religion the best, the only true saving faith. There would be no exception in any of the great bodies. The vote would confirm the religion they have been trained to believe; and they would all declare that without that religion moral goodness is impossible.

Now, from this fact two conclusions may be drawn which cannot be disputed:—

That the vote of all the clergy of the state is no test or proof of true religion. There must be something else to prove that one is right, and all the rest are wrong. That something else must consist of the facts of the case, the scientific, historic, and moral facts. These alone can distinguish the right from the wrong religion.

The second is this; "That as a man's religion is the direct result of his training and surroundings, it would be absurd for either man or God to hold him responsible for being of the faith to which he has been trained."

This last strikes at the root of all religion, because it takes away the possibility of the awful hell, which is the solid bedrock of every religion on earth. It shows that simple justice makes hell impossible, an absurdity, a fable.

Our fathers, in their constitution of the United States, virtually abolished hell, when they declared that the mind should be absolutely free, that no opinion should be a crime, and no religion have any preference in this government.

How, then, did this unjust and preposterous fable of hell come to be common to all the religions of the world?

By a natural evolution of the mind, humanity is the same in all lands. It tends to the same groupings, the same forms of government, and the same means of acquiring, maintaining, and perpetuating government. Those who find themselves in power, no matter by what accident, cast about at once for the best means of sustaining themselves. Those in power are always conservative. Things as they are seem sweet and nice to them. They dread change, lest it should hurl them from the throne; and they seize upon every means at hand to confirm and steady their possessions.

Religion has ever been one of the great factors in government. As a general thing it begins a rebel. It seeks the aid of those out of power. It converts only those out of power, for the reasons above stated. Those in power are not generally convertible.

It teaches for the most part a revolutionary system. Christ did this to a large extent, as did most others. But either the religion is crushed and dies, or it grows and becomes powerful; and on succeeding to power, the clergy at once seek the alliance of the state, for their own emolument and importance.

A most unholy compact follows. Church and state are combined for the benefit of both, the extinguishment of liberty, the oppression of the people, and the aggrandizement and security of the emperor and the priest. The religion may have had some undefined place of torment for wicked heretics; but now it is defined, fixed inexorable; hell is born. The emperor kills the body for rebellion, and the priest damns the soul for unbelief.

Such was the compact made between Constantine, emperor of Rome and the Holy Roman Catholic church, three hundred years after Christ. Prior to that time the bishops were no more in Rome than Methodist bishops are now in the United States. They were rather opposed to the government, and inclined to denounce its tax-collectors and soldiers as publicans and sinners; and the emperor regarded them as dangerous schismatics disposed to rebellion.

But after the compact, the emperor professed to be a Christian and the church became loyal and imperial. All the powers of the two were strained to maintain both. The emperor proclaimed himself the servant of God, as the head of the church. He ordered all heads to be stricken off of those who persisted in rebellion or heresy; and the church consigned all to hell fire after the emperor had put them to death.

Look round the world and you will see this compact, almost word for word, in Turkey, Russia, China, India, Africa, and with the pope, in some of the republics in America. It is the natural evolution of man, of savage man, to despotism. It is the consummation of the despotic idea. In the name of God the emperor condemns all heretics and rebels to death, and the church consigns them to eternal torment.

This compact once made, the church ceases to be of the people, ceases to be just, moral, or for liberty or just government, or for anything that may imperil the power of the state and the church. Its so-called sacred books are tampered with. Its catechism is revised. The faith is made imperial. Its discipline is all abject royalty. It declares that the powers that be are of God, and obedience to king and priest the whole duty of man. It gives heaven only to obedient slaves, and hell to all who dare to think for themselves.

Yet these men, these clergy of all these religions and despotisms, call themselves the conservators of all moral principles, and those who reject their dogma as wholly given over to a reprobate mind and vice and crime.

It is true that in the great republic most of our churches have seceded from the Catholic and Protestant churches of Rome and England and have no compact with the state. But whose fault is it that they have no compact? Not theirs. Our wise fathers refused to indorse them. They are out in the cold; but not of their own will. They are clamoring for recognition. Each of them is eager to be the established church. They want a part in

the constitution. They want to educate the children. They want to creep in anywhere for money, power, and means to strengthen themselves and persecute heretics. Who knows if one of them would be one jot better than Rome if they had the power Rome once had? When have the churches demanded a just government for the people? When have they denounced the monstrous injustice of kings and nobles? When have they demanded the land for the people, and not for landlords and monopolists? Or equality for the people? Or education for all? Or care and plenty for the little ones? Or fair wages for workers? Or punishment for rich criminals?

Who have been the salt of the earth, the leaders in science, the champions of freedom, the evangelists for a better age for man? The free minds, the doubters, the thinkers, the Infidels, if you please. These tore down Rome. These gave a partial freedom to England and France. These led the van in our own revolution. These made the constitution of the United States. These declared all men are free and equal; all shall think for themselves; opinions shall not be crimes; the people shall rule; no kings, nobles, or priests; no hereditary succession; no special privileges. All who said these things are called infidel.

No church on earth would say them. No conference of clergy would say them. No religious body would even indorse them. But the Congress does, the courts do, the lawyers do, and all free-men do. The political parties both declare them. They are the will of the American people. And these are the very essence, the first principles of true morality. Without them there is no moral government, no just government, that a sensible man should submit to or support.

In San Francisco there are 300,000 people who rely upon these rules and laws alone for their good conduct. They never go to church. They ask no priest for his advice. These laws and moral philosophy are their guides; and they live decently and well because they follow the laws of nature and of right. The police, the courts, and the jails know them not, for they cheerfully obey the laws made by a just and rational government.

The other 50,000 attend church more or less. They are mostly believers. They are ignorant of these benign laws. They know literally nothing of natural facts. They have no moral philosophy. They rely on the preacher to pray for them and to see that their sins are forgiven. And they fall into the hands of the police continually. Go to our jails and see who are there. What do you find? Believers in this hell of the churches. All of them believers. Your true American, the disciple of Jefferson, the follower of the constitution of his country, is not there.

Still these men tell us there is no true morality without their religion! They themselves are the men who do not know what morality is. Morality is a science that needs no religion for its basis. It is the true guide of human life and points out the path of duty wherever a man may be placed. H. L. KNIGHT.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

LIJE AND LISHE, THE TWO PROFETS.

In the days of the profets there was profets and profets, some bein' all talk and no cider, and uthers a good deal of talk and a little more cider, too, of which Samuel was one, and Elijah a corker, and Elisha, too, with uthers that was some tar on a stick, so to speak. These profets hired out to kings, the most of 'em, and it was a snide monark that couldn't aford to keep a profet or two, you bet. These profetic ducks belonged to both parties, Zion Hall and the oppersishun, and made a pretty good thing of it, I guess, the oppersishun antein' up the most liberal, I expect.

Of the Zion Hall profets, Elijah and Elisha were the most dashin' and dazlin' and startlin', I guess. It was a cold day when these two profetick sharps and wunderful magishuns couldn't profesy something dizzy, and work the magic racket in a way to make a feller's hare stand up; and, if it was very, very cold, they cood ring down fire from heaven and warm their feet! You can bet they wasn't all talk, like some of the mouthin' muffs, but a good deal of cider, too!

Yes, Lije and Lishe were corkers, and no mistake, and when they plade with fire somebody got warmed, and don't you forget it, and them somebodies wasn't them. Lije was the fust of the

two in the feeld, but didn't exost it, Lishe, who inherited his magic mantle, findin plenty to do, and doin' it clean up to the handle, you bet! Them two sharps didn't think nuthin' of bringin' stiffs to life agen, and when it come to utilizin' the fire of heaven, they was there every time, but some uther folks was missin', shortly subsequently, so to speak. Oh, they was dandy neckromancers and seersuckers, and don't you fale to remember it.

The fust thing Lije done, to bring himself afore the public, was to cure a widder's son of deafness, soon's he seen him, and no tomfoolin' round with pills and powders for a month, and no sendin' in a big bill for the job, he makin' the corpse a well man free gratis for nuthin', shamin' the doctors of our day! The next thing on Lije's program was a cheeky thing to do, which it was to challenge the four hundred and fifty profets of the oppersishun to a roastin' match, the fire to be supplide by the two gods, or no roast! It is unnessessary to say that Lije won—Great Scott! what a pile of scads he mite a won, and p'r'aps he did, we don't know—not only his offerin' of bullock's meat bein' burned, but the stone altar and a trench full of water! Cracky! but that was corkin' magic, burnin water, warn't it? It must a made them uther duffers sick to the stummuck to think what snides they was, and what a penny-whisle god they blowed for!

But Lije warn't satisfide with this blazin' victory, for his blud was up and nuthin' but blud wood down it; so he ordered the people, who had all joined his party, soon's they seen the water burnin, and nary fire comin' to their altars, to do up the snide seersuckers, and they was slewed on the spot. This was fust blud for Lije! The next fire racket that Lije worked was a scorcher, roastin' fifty sojers of an oppersishun chief in jest about three shakes of a lam's tale, and anuther fifty, comin' up to see what the matter was, jest as quick, and wood a done up a third party, only the cap'n was smart, and went over to Zion Hall then and there, bag and baggage!

Lije then jumped from fireworks to waterworks, so to speak, dividin' the river Jordan by slappin' his blankit on it, he and Lishe walkin' over without wettin' the bottoms of their trousis! The Lord was now so well pleezed with Lije's performances that he concluded to take him up to Blissville, fearful, p'r'aps, that the oppersishun mite seduce him from Zion Hall, and so trouble him to find a match for him. Any how, he h'isted Lije into Blissville the same day and hour the two profets crossed the Jordan, and done it in shape, too, with a chariot and hosses of fire knowin' that Lije's strong holt was fire!

Lishe now comes on the scene, and, with Lije's magic blankit, works the same racket on the river, and recrosses without wettin' his feet. Then Lishe doctored the stinkin' water of Jericho with salt, and went on his way rejoicin', but had'n't got far 'fore some kids guyed him and hollered out, "Go it, old Baldy!" This made Lishe mad's a hornet, and he cussed the kids, when two bears rushed out of the woods and grabbed 'em, Lishe lookin' on the picnick and free lunch with plesure, no doubt, though the sacrid book don't say so—it don't need to, for, as he let the feed go on, when he mite a stopped it, it's dollars to donuts he liked it! I've allus been down on Lishe for this, 'cos there warn't no need of it; and it was jest orfle, havin' two bears chaw up forty human kids, jest 'cos they had a little fun hollerin', "Go it, old Baldy!" Lishe was a bluddy chump, that's what the matter was with him! Any man that wood do what he done ain't no company for me!

The next thing he done was a fraud on the peepke, though it helped 'em out of a water famine. You see, he told 'em to dig ditches, and when they struck water, a dead sure thing, they tho't it was his magic, and he let 'em think so, the fraud! The next thing he done wasn't so bad, he makin' barrels of oil out of a pint for a poor widder, which give her a stake, you see. Then he cured a dead kid for a woman who had given him a lodgin' room for nuthin'. Then he fed a hundred people with twenty five-cent loaves, and the sacred book says they coodn't get away with it all—p'r'aps 'twas sour and mouldy, eh? It jest occurs to me how the Standard Oil Company wood like a man like Lishe, to set some of their dry wells runnin' with oil! Oh yes, I guess yes!

Lishe then knocked leprosy out of one man and into anuther

—one of his servants who wanted to make a dollar or two aginsf a rainy day—which made honors easy on the leprosy lay. Then he done a cute trick by makin' an iron ax swim and cavort on the water; but this was for a man who had dropped it, and felt bad about it, so it wasn't for show. Then he got up some grand fire works, fillin' the mountins with hosses and chariots of fire, which must a looked bully! Then he made a whole army blind, but it was after him, and all's fare in war, you know. Lishe done more or less uther magic and then goes to sleep with his fathers; which was a good thing, on the whole, I think. He warn't no such grate shakes as Lije was, and the Lord knowed it, for he let him croak like any ornery rooster, and didn't send no fiery chariot after him! As I said, I've allus been down on Lishe for that bear racket and free lunch he got up, and he never cood make oil enuff for me to forgive him—unless he made it 'speshally for me, you know! It's ruff, I spose, to sour on a profet, but I can't help it; and if there was any one profet wuth sourin' on, Lishe was that one, for he was a mean cuss from the word go, the cussin' of them kids which bro't the bears onto 'em to gobble 'em up, provin' what I say.

I dunno's the ed. of Gabe's Horn wood a printed this pece in our colums or not, and don't care. He's a snide, and I didn't show it to him, and send it on to FREETHOUGHT.

ROBERT THE DEVIL, of Gabe's Horn.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

All who are in favor of the total separation of church and state; of the American Republic founded upon the Declaration of Independence; of equal rights and impartial liberiy, are cordially invited to meet in Convention at San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday, January 25 and 26, 1890, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, for the purpose of discussing the issues forced upon the people by ecclesiastical encroachments, and preparing measures for the establishment of a purely Secular government in the state of California, and throughout the nation.

The main question which is now presented to the Liberals of California, and which demands, on their part, persistent and united action, is the Sabbath question. "At a recent meeting of the American Sabbath Association of California it was resolved to proceed at once with a vigorous and well-directed campaign to restore, by state legislation, the weekly day of rest to its proper position." This is the declaration of the ecclesiastical party. The California Liberal Union is opposed to any Sabbath legislation, and the purpose of its Convention is to arouse the people to the threatened danger and, by the force of an enlightened public opinion, to guard against the passage of any laws by the state legislature for the enforcement of the Sunday as a Sabbath.

All Liberals of other states who are visiting San Francisco at the time are cordially invited to be present; and will be welcomed as members of the Convention if they so desire.

There is no creed, no religious belief or non-religious belief in the platform of the Liberal Union. It stands simply and solely for human rights irrespective of creeds, and it expects the co-operation of every American, without regard to belief or non-belief.

RANFORD WORTHING,
W. F. FREEMAN,
PHILIP COWEN,
WM. SCHROEDER,
W. S. RODGERS,
JOHN ROBINETT,
MRS. KATE PARKER,
J. E. CLARK,
L. MAGENHEIMER,

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President,
EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary,
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Executive Committee.

"TO COMPEL a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves is sinful and tyrannical. Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever."—THOMAS JEFFERSON in General Assembly of Virginia, 1785.

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ARABIAN NIGHTS.—The oriental fairyland, over which Queen Shehrazad reigns, is now and always will remain a classic.

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The Song.

Two maidens read together,
All in the autumn time,
A little love-sick poem,
Some humble poet's rhyme.
One glanced it lightly over—
"Oh, what a love-lorn wail!"
One hid it in her bosom—
She understood its tale.

There came another autumn;
Oh! it were passing strange
If any year departed
That left no solemn change,
For Love, the tireless hunter,
Is shooting night and day,
And some of his barbed arrows
Are sure to go astray.

Like some lost leaf of autumn,
The little rhyme once more
Was blown unto the maidens,
Who read it as before.
But she who called it love-lorn
And laughed the laugh of youth,
Cried, "Oh, the sweet, sweet verses,
They are as true as truth."

So poets write forever,
And when the song is sung,
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And he interprets fully
The meaning of the song.

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Don't lean on an editor's shoulders when he's at work. Distribute your weight more generally by straddling his neck.

Don't ask a political candidate to give you a ride on his breath. Throw him into the sewer and pursue the even tenor of your way.

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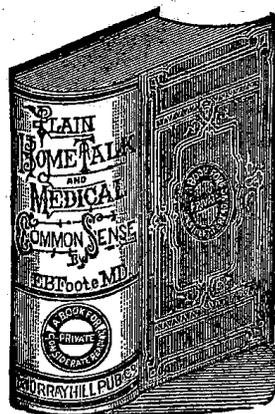
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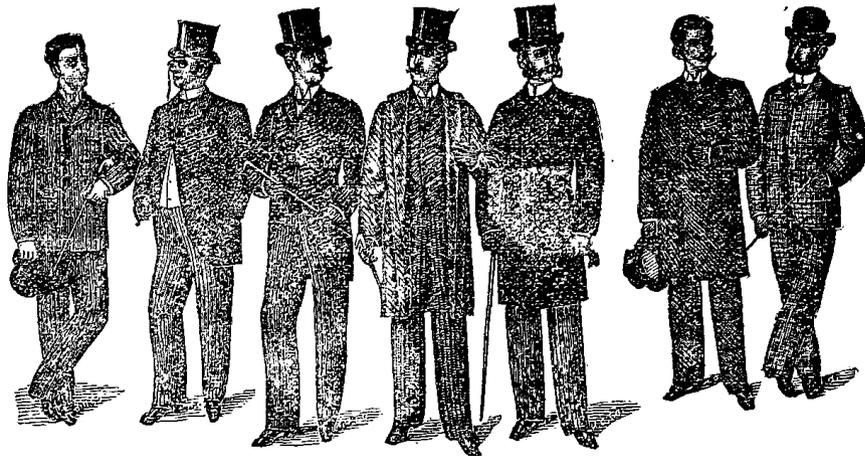
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Whenever she looks down the aisle
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I feel that she sheauxs
Her preference for me all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Fur-trimmed at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day I'll complete my design,
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If she's not a coquette
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 11, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Rain, rain, rain every day, and no prospect of clearing off on this the Christmas day. I went to the station on Monday, the 23d, to take my departure for Perris and San Jacinto. But there were no trains that day, nor since, going out or coming in, no mails and no passengers since Sunday. We are practically shut out from the world; and still it pours. The melancholy skies and the melancholy sea, and the shadowy houses and muddy thoroughfares are all that meet the view. Hundreds are detained, and the hotel corridors are crowded with anxious inquirers as to the state of the weather. It is an unquestionable case of trusting in providence. Man can do nothing. The elements are in full control. Bridges are down, the iron-horse is idle, and the only consolation is the Christmas turkey, which is just as palatable here as elsewhere, and will no doubt enable us to forget our disappointment. Bad weather can be endured so long as there is good digestion.

I am at the New Carleton Hotel, W. A. Dorris, proprietor, and one could not find a more hospitable place of sojourn while the storms are raging. Mrs. Dorris is thoroughly Liberal, and the home atmosphere prevails. The traveler rejoices in sunshine within, if not without, and Merry Christmas is sparkling, even if the heavens are gloomy. The stranger in San Diego will enjoy his visit whenever he drops into the New Carleton, and may it ever flourish.

There were three days of blessed sunshine after my arrival in San Diego, and Sunday morning was as resplendent as one's heart could possibly desire. But Sunday noon it began to cloud up, and the winds blew from the south, and since Sunday night there has been but little cessation of the rain. It is impossible now to tell when the railroad will be in a condition to allow of our departure.

The Lafayette Hall was filled on Sunday afternoon, and almost as many were present in the evening in spite of the threatening skies. There is a large Liberal element awaiting to be developed in San Diego. A committee with Ranford Worthing as chairman was appointed to take the steps for organization and undoubtedly, as times grow better, there will be a large

Freethought association here. I should like nothing better than to stay for a month or so, and see what could be done. I always find a cordial reception at San Diego, and am certain that as the city grows, Freethought will find a prosperous field. Considering all the circumstances, I was quite encouraged with the attendance Sunday afternoon and evening.

Ranford Worthing is well known for his labors in behalf of co-operation and Freethought. He is a born reformer and can't help going ahead. He is thoroughly interested in various plans for social and industrial improvement. He believes in making things better, and that Freethought should be something more than an idea; it should be life and progress in the world. I had the pleasure of spending Sunday in his agreeable home, where culture gives its blessing to toil. He has a violin made in 1617, and its wonderful sweetness of tone is indeed an inspiration for the battle of life. There are times when one must revel in these beautiful strains, or give up the struggle, and friend Worthing knows how to touch the according string.

H. L. Shaug is building a lovely residence at Chule Vista, where one looks out upon the broad sea and superb mountains. I went down on Friday to catch him at his work, but he had disappeared, gone for the Christmas turkeys, and I missed his jolly congratulations, and am afraid now that I shall have to wait sometime for a hand-shake. However, I found W. A. Allen on the spot and Hugh Shaug, and as it was most dinner time when I arrived, Hugh did the cooking in royal style, and the tea and bacon and beans went to the spot. It was like camping-out times, for the house is not yet finished, and we took our meal amidst the implements of labor, with the shavings for a carpet and a box for a seat. Allen has had some awful hard luck since I saw him last. He came near being smashed up by a fall of eighteen feet upon a hard floor. He has recovered and bates no jot of heart or hope. But he doesn't trust in any deity.

I was over to National City to see A. N. Burgess, Watts Burgess, etc. The Burgesses will stick to the ship and keep the colors waving. They are a jolly company, no matter what happens. Under their pilotage I went to see Slater on Thursday evening. I knew I wouldn't lose my balance in such level-headed company, no matter what Slater did. It is remarked that Slater is the wonder of the nineteenth century. I do not see it in that light. Nothing that he does needs to be ascribed to spirits. His private sittings are entirely unsatisfactory, at least to the skeptic, and there is where the test avails; not with the believer, but the unbeliever. The believer accepts upon almost any evidence, but the unbeliever demands unquestionable evidence, which evidence only has scientific value. Slater is a kind of mental telephone, as Worthing says. He has such a sensitive organization that he can, to a certain extent, feel what is going on in a person's mind and sometimes picture it. In combination with this *en rapport* he has a wonderful knack of acting. He can make the most of every coincidence. He is a master of what in stage parlance is

called "business." He has much magnetism and what the French call "chic." He has no gift of language; his grammar is that of a child ten years old, but the very recklessness of his delivery throws a spell upon the audience. Is he a fraud? I am not prepared to say that. With Hamlet I am ready to affirm "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Nature is not measured yet, nor our humanity. The full relation of mind and matter is unknown. Neither has yet been defined. Slater may be a link to something new. He is a curiosity, however; not a force. He perplexes, but he does not inspire. He is like a minstrel show. There is no symphony, no eloquence. He offers \$5000 to be proved a fraud. The demonstration isn't worth that, for no matter how sincere he is, he does not give a particle of evidence of the immortality of man. He does not solve one social problem. He gives a very interesting entertainment, and it is worth twenty-five cents to see it.

The latch-string is always out at James Bidwell's, and the Secular Pilgrim can linger here the pleasant hours away. For over half a century our friend walked outside the churches in the sunshine and flowers of reality, and Mrs. Bidwell has accepted the same way of life and thought, and so I could not find a better companionship while waiting for the storms to blow over. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rowe are always ready to bear the brunt of the battle and give good cheer, no matter whether fortune smiles or frowns; and their door is open wide for the pioneer, and music greets the wayfarer. Miss Etta Hinman, of Poway, a Liberal young lady, whose parents are also in the advance ranks, helps to make the Saturday evening delightful with melody, while Mr. H. Rodgers and Miss Bertha Rodgers and Miss Lilla M. Rowe gather around the circle. Rodgers is an old soldier and throws in his war reminiscences with brilliant effect. His adventures while escaping from the rebel prison would make a notable romance. How the heart thrills as the drama of war is brought to the mind's eye with flashing and strange colors.

Mrs. Mary A. White is discouraged at no fortune whatsoever. She works on with the calmness of a philosopher and the enthusiasm of a poet. If one thing does not succeed, then she tries another, and the march of improvement is unimpeded. She will never fall from the ranks at any summons, except of death, and that will be a summons to action still, she says. It does one good to meet with such a deathless reformer.

The thanks of Liberals is due to Miss Lulu Pelton, who charmed the audience with exquisite music on Sunday evening, the mystic song that from the unfathomable world evokes the imageries of that which is undying.

Thus though storm-bound, and dark days wheel their battalions along the frowning heavens, I find animation and courage among these many and cordial friends of San Diego. The world moves, hope grows, and morning shines.

Thursday, the 26th.—I have waited from Monday, the 23d, to Thursday, the 26th, for a chance to get away, but the reports are worse than ever, and if I travel by Saturday or Sunday, I shall think myself lucky. I shall have to give up the lectures at Peris and San Jacinto; in fact, about one-half of my lectures have had to be postponed on account of the bad weather. I hope to be more fortunate another time. Nature, however, is impartial. The churches have not had the favor of a divine providence any more than myself. I am willing, therefore, to take the chances.

I have been fortunate while at the New Carleton to strike acquaintance with A. F. Cate, of Fallbrook, a staunch Liberal. He

is a noble six-footer, and the churches are extremely desirous to make him a pillar of the church. They have organized a Bible class for his especial benefit, and the discussion has become so important that they have a special meeting on week days to carry on the battle. This is a good sign, and I sincerely hope that the clergy will stick to the fray. But I much fear that the Bible class will give up the ghost the moment it is discovered that the old creed cannot stand the attacks of modern criticism. My coadjutor Cate is doing a splendid work by thus putting the spirit of investigation into the very heart of the church.

Fallbrook is one of the finest fruit-growing sections in the state. I went with Mr. Cate to the chamber of commerce, San Diego, where there is a large exhibit of the productions of the country. Almost anything can be raised in this country, from the apple of the northern clime to the guavos of the tropics. Fruits, berries, vegetables, grains, and grasses can be grown here. Garden stuff is abundant all the year round. Tomatoes on the highlands become perennial. Strawberries, potatoes, and green peas may be had in midwinter. Among the exhibits of the chamber of commerce is a pumpkin weighing 150 pounds, a sweet potato weighing 36 pounds, a watermelon, 103 pounds, a beet, 80 pounds, and nine pears, all from one tree, together weighing 18 pounds. I wonder if any of my Eastern friends will think this is a California lie. However, let them come and see. The pumpkin weighing 150 pounds is seen at W. H. Doud's, D street, where the best guesser of the number of seeds it contains will be entitled to a \$200 set of furniture. I guessed 491 seeds, and Mr. Cate guessed 479. I thought I would go him twelve better. One man, however, was so overcome by the majesty of the pumpkin, that he guessed 580,000 seeds. Such a guesser as that must believe the story of Jonah and the whale, and that Jonah swallowed that whale. This tremendous pumpkin is the production of Fallbrook. Fallbrook would be a good place for a Yankee to spend Christmas. But Mr. Cate, like myself, had to eat his turkey in San Diego. The New Carleton is not behind hand when it comes to a Christmas dinner. The well-laden tables presented a brilliant appearance.

There is a spicy little paper published here every Monday morning, entitled "The Enterprise." It is radical to the core. Its editors are Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Biddle, both devoted to the Liberal cause. Success to the "Enterprise." It is a sparkling ally.

A. McCrimmons, of the San Diegan; Joseph Ryan, removed from National City to San Diego, formerly of London and the English Secularists; his wife, an excellent artist; R. Swaile, whose fortunes are now in Okaloma, at present residing in San Diego; Mrs. S. M. Brady, Fred Hamman, Mrs. S. W. Garwood, Mr. and Mrs. Parse, F. F. Wright, Val. Fink, and many others in the ranks of Freethought, have made my labors in this vast field, where sea and land are radiant with promise, labors of hope; and the glowing outlook is brighter as the spirit of comradeship drops its magnetic influence upon the advancing world.

Saturday, December 28, the clouds roll off and it is a brilliant day. But the railroads are impassable, and I must take my chances on the freight boat, Santa Maria, which being lightly laden, tosses over the waves much like a little skiff, and it is with the utmost difficulty that I can prevent my head from swimming. However, B. A. Stevens, of Los Angeles, is with me, and by our combined exertions and a species of "Christian science," that is, making up our minds that we won't be sick, we endure the changeable sea. Others, however, were not quite so successful,

and it was amusing to see how quickly they retired. As we roll over the vast and sparkling billows, the prospects are enchanting. We always keep in sight of land, and the mountains present an ever-varying aspect, while the illimitable ocean plays and dances on the curving shores. The sea-gulls follow us persistently, as if they had an idea that we might fall overboard and give them a chance for "pickings and stealings," if the sharks were not too numerous. The dolphins heave their glittering sides along the ship's pathway, and the pelican, with one straight dash from aloft, catches the fish and swallows it at a gulp. The long day passes, but the panorama is never the same. The sweeping sea, like a deft magician, is continually charming the world to new beauty. The night comes and the stars make brilliant our course. At eleven o'clock the light of Redondo Beach gleams upon the view. Here, after waiting an hour for transfer, we take the cars and arrive in Los Angeles at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. I didn't awake very early, but when I did, I found that the heavens were almost cloudless, and that a California day in all its glory was marching from the gates of the east. The evening for the lecture was one of unsullied splendor; the moon and stars were all out on full dress parade, and at Illinois Hall quite a large audience was present, between three and four hundred; and so amidst the storms I had some bright experiences. I am not discouraged at the outlook of Los Angeles, but there is plenty of hard work to be done, and it is "the sweet by and by" for the time being. There are earnest workers and Liberals here who do the best they can under the circumstances, and it is always a pleasure to greet these comrades. I enjoy the hospitality of John Riggin until Tuesday morning, when, there being no prospect of railroad transportation, I take the boat for San Francisco. I enjoy the passage very much. The weather was delightful, and while the whales were blowing in the distance, I ate the New Year's turkey with a salt sea appetite.

With its haps and mishaps, and infinite variety of locomotion, the month's journey in Southern California has been one of progress. The pulse of freedom is beating.

Now for the Convention. I hope that as many as possible will attend and aid in every possible way. The organization of Freethought is absolutely necessary as a measure of defense.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

ST. JAMES ON TRIAL.

It is claimed that all civil law is based upon the Bible. Every Christian minister makes that statement and regards it as an argument in favor of retaining the Bible in the public schools and making it the supreme law of the land. We notice, however, that when civil law and so-called divine law come in conflict, the Bible is thrown out. A case in point is at hand. Some days since, a man was arrested in Brooklyn, N. Y., charged with having caused the death of his child through neglect. He was a firm believer in the prayer cure, and had refused to administer to his sick child the medicines prescribed for her relief. The laws of New York make such neglect a criminal offense, and, when death results, attach the penalty of manslaughter. But when the accused was brought into court he pleaded the duty he owed to the higher law which he found in the Epistle of St. James, as follows:

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him."

Now, what do the Christian judges intend to do about this case? The "divine" law prescribes one thing, and the civil law another. It is of course very easy to tell what ought to be done. The man should be set at liberty and informed that he is merely a victim of popular religious superstition. He should be instructed that the epistle of James was written by some fanatic who was governed by his imagination instead of his knowledge. All the judges, lawyers, and most of the ministers know that the prayer (if faith will) will not heal anybody who is really sick. It may in some cases quiet the nerves of the one who does the praying, but it can have no permanent effect on another person. Common sense teaches all but religious people that the healing of sickness requires the administering of such material remedies as experience with similar cases has shown to be efficacious; and intelligent clergymen adopt this method until health is restored, when they again begin preaching the efficacy of prayer, which they have not sufficient faith in to give it a trial in their own cases. This incongruity is so conspicuous that everybody ought to be able to see it. Probably the fact that it is an every-day occurrence is the reason why it does not excite comment. People long habituated to humbugs accept them at last as truths until they reach the point of putting them in practice, when, unless fanaticism has supervened, as in the case of the Brooklyn man, they quietly ignore their faith and rely upon knowledge and experience.

The Brooklyn father who permitted his daughter to die for want of medical treatment has acted consistently with his belief; and for a Christian community to condemn him would be like a father administering liquor to a child and then punishing him for being intoxicated. In this case it is not the poor fanatic but the Christian religion that is on trial.

WEAK ARGUMENT.

The editor of the *Argonaut* says that "many random and careless readers and thinkers, who have never devoted an hour of patient thought to the study of revealed religion in their lives, inveigh against the Bible, and wage a crusade of malignant traduction against the Christian religion." The writer also states that "Tom Paine confessed that when he wrote his 'Age of Reason' he had not read the New Testament through."

We will venture to say that when the editor of the *Argonaut* wrote the foregoing he had not read the "Age of Reason" at all. Paine's "confession" was that when he wrote the first part of the "Age of Reason," he had "neither Bible nor Testament to refer to," but having afterwards provided himself with both, he "found them to be much worse books than he had conceived." Supposing, therefore, that Paine had not read the New Testament through (though we have no evidence that he had not), what has the *Argonaut* gained by stating that alleged fact? Nothing at all. It has simply stated the sort of half truth which it so unsparingly condemns in others. If a man tastes an apple and finds it bitter, he is under no obligation to eat the whole of it in order to convince himself that it is not sweet.

"WOMAN AND FREETHOUGHT."

This is the subject of Mrs. Addie Ballou's lecture next Sunday evening at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, before the Freethought Society. Music will be furnished by Miss Evangeline Ballou, Miss Mate Hildebrande, and Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark, for this and the succeeding Freethought meeting. Also for the Convention and the Paine Celebration. All are cordially invited.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S LECTURE.

The San Francisco Freethought Society opened the season of 1890 with a well-attended meeting last Sunday evening at Union Square Hall. Mrs. Eugenia Clark played the piano brilliantly and sang sweetly. Mr. Schou presided, and introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. S.P. Putnam, who was cordially greeted. The lecturer proceeded in an extemporaneous manner to review some of the proceedings of the late convention of Catholics at Baltimore, and to point out the significance of the resolutions there passed. He also, by quotation from both Catholic and Protestant writers, showed the tendency toward a union of the two branches of the church for the avowed purpose of suppressing their common enemy, the Agnostics and unbelievers.

At the close of the lecture a committee consisting of Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Lemme, and Mr. Putnam was appointed to make arrangements for the Paine celebration on the 29th.

Next Sunday evening the meeting at the same place will be addressed by Mrs. Addie Ballou on the subject of "Woman and Freethought."

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST.

When the good Mrs. Elizabeth H. Church died the only relative near was her nephew, the Rev. Edward B. Church, principal of the Irving Institute of this city. It was Mrs. Church's wish that her funeral services should be of a purely secular character, and that Mr. S. P. Putnam should conduct them. Her wish was confided to her nephew, and he has been faithful to the trust. He at once notified Mr. Putnam, and in every way showed himself the fair-minded gentleman. He was present at the services, and has been generous enough to write the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5, 1890.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, *My Dear Sir:* I wish to express to you my sincere appreciation of your kind words and the tasteful manner in which all exercises of to-day were conducted. I am sure if the dear, good lady had been living to witness them she could not have wished them otherwise. The music throughout was in perfect harmony with the occasion and exquisitely rendered. Please express my grateful thanks to all who so generously assisted.

The bequest of \$100 to yourself, the editors of the Twentieth Century, the Secular Thought, and the Freethinkers' Magazine will be paid as soon as I can get the authority from the probate court.

Again thanking you for your great kindness and expressing my appreciation, I am
Very sincerely yours,
EDW. B. CHURCH.

We have not heard of nobler or more generous action on the part of a clergyman than that of the Rev. Edward B. Church.

A VICTIM OF FAITH CURE.

Advices from Attleboro, Mass., state that a seven-year-old girl lies at the point of death in her father's house in that town. She is sick with malignant typhoid fever, and for fourteen days has been unable to sleep or eat and at times to speak. To increase her misery an abscess has formed on her side. She is slowly but surely dying, the physicians say, for the want of medicine, which she cannot have, because her father, the Rev. George R. Perry, trusts in God to drive away the terrible disease. He believes that prayer and anointing with oil are more efficacious than drugs, and he means to let the disease run its length. His fellow townsmen are much exercised over what they claim is a case of absolute cruelty. Doctors without number have offered their services free of charge, but only to have them refused. Mr.

Perry says he has been cured by faith divers times and instances a number of cases of similar character, which had come under his observation. He receives letters from all over the country from ministers urging him to accept the advice of physicians. He is also a member of the Christian Alliance, and has received several letters from fellow members upholding him in his position.

It is about time that this sort of thing was stopped, not by law but by common sense. A cure is needed for the "faith-cure," and that cure is at hand, namely, Freethought and reason. How long will it be before people adopt it, and how many more innocent lives must be sacrificed to the Moloch of Christian superstition?

ON FOR WASHINGTON!

The Liberals of Washington desire the services of Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel at the Seattle Convention, and the word is that she must go and the Liberals of California will wait until March and April. It is only fair to divide up, and when the time comes the golden state will give a cordial welcome to this lecturer. In view of the rainy weather perhaps it is better to postpone until spring. Old Pluvius by that time will undoubtedly come to the conclusion to take a vacation. We hope he will get *la grippe*, or the ministerial bronchitis, and take a trip to Europe.

Meanwhile the Liberals of Washington are marching on and will no doubt have a rousing convention. Miss Blaisdell of Portland is preparing for them a beautiful banner. May this be the emblem of enthusiastic interest throughout this new state whose future is so brilliant.

As soon as arrangements are completed notice will be given of Mrs. Krekel's lecture tour in California.

COME TO THE CONVENTION!

Arrangements are being perfected for one of the most interesting Liberal Conventions ever held in the country. Good speeches will be made and good music will be given. It will be a social gathering, as well as intellectual. It will be for humanity and reform. The new FREETHOUGHT headquarters will be open for inspection. The shelves will be laden with the newest and best publications. "Freethought" is now being printed in gold letters on the front window. All are invited to these spacious rooms. Let there be a rally and hand-shake that never was before.

WHEN the Unity Society of Fresno was organized on a purely Liberal basis, and people of all shades of religious belief were invited to co-operate in the search for truth, we were in hopes that it would prove a permanent success and a valuable educator. We were all the more hopeful because the society had a good Liberal for president in Judge J. W. North. But it seems that the Unity Society was too good a thing for Liberalism. It grew and flourished and became respectable, and religious people, who were afraid to attend its meetings at first, finally came to think they owned it. The result is that sectarianism has got in and Liberalism has got out. Judge North has resigned the presidency, and the Unity Society is off the track. The brief experience of the organization seems to prove that Jesuits are Jesuits, whether Unitarians or Catholics.

A COUPLE of misguided people were united in the bonds of matrimony at the Spiritualistic meeting in Metropolitan Temple last Sunday night. Mrs. J. J. Whitney officiated, and after plac-

ing the ring on the bride's finger, remarked: "By this act of joining hands you solemnly promise before God and the spirits who witness this marriage, to love, honor, and cherish each other as long as you live." So it appears that the spirits witness marriages. It must be embarrassing to the contracting parties until they get used to it.

OBSERVATIONS.

I hinted a few weeks ago that if I received sufficient encouragement I might collect some of the vagrant pieces which I have written and publish them in the form of a book—at the request of Many Admiring Readers. Only one admiring reader has as yet taken the hint, and his interest is contingent if not commercial. Here is his letter:

GEO. E. M., S. F., Cal.: Your gentle hint is cognized. Yes, publish "Some Casual Observations," by all means. We will gladly notice a copy, and will also sell the very valuable work if you will give us a sufficiently generous discount. Fraternally, E. C. WALKER.
Valley Falls, Kan.

Putnam came back from the southern part of the state last week by boat. His clothes looked as though they had been rained on, but he was in good health and spirits and claims to have made expenses during his absence. He does not explain, however, why he walked up from the ferry instead of taking a car. He didn't know that we had moved, but when he found our locality he appeared pleased because it was so near the Palace Hotel. Then when night came he yanked an emigrant mattress out of the closet and camped on it. I surmise that the trip south was not a financial success.

Two days before he left San Diego Mr. Putnam mailed his "News and Notes," and two days after he arrived the manuscript had not got here. In discussing the matter he was more profane than I had ever known him to be previously. Said he: "If I have to write that copy over again I shall be put out about it. And if just after I have rewritten it the first copy gets here, I shall be still more deeply disturbed. But if I don't rewrite it, and the mail don't bring it, then blank the enchanted mail service, and hurrah for anarchy!" He was saved to law, order, and the republic by the ultimate arrival of the belated manuscript.

It may not be generally known that the Rev. John Jasper, the colored theologian of Virginia, is now in San Francisco; and I am not certain of it myself, but I met a man the other day who answers his description, and I think his name must be Jasper. He was discussing religion with Newton Parnell in front of the Sentry Box on Market street. Said he:

"You gentlemen" (including myself) "are all go'n to hell and burn forever suah, an' doan you make no mistake."

Parnell said: "How do you know?"

"Bible says so."

"Do you believe it?"

"Every word on it, sah! Bible's all the authority I want for faith or works."

"Do you accept its astronomy?"

"'Stronomy, geometry, barometry—all on it. Bible's good nuff for me."

"You think Joshua knew more than Copernicus, eh?"

"Never heerd of Coterminus. Some fool, I suppose. Used ter be er fool myself, but got over it."

"Are you sure you got over it?"

"Huh?"

"Do you think the Bible is authority in all branches of science—better authority than Darwin, for instance?"

"Darnin, Darrun—oh, Darwin—nevah heerd of hi n, sah. What fool thing does he say?"

"He holds that men are descended from the lower forms of animal life."

"Well, he must be a fool, wuss'n old Tom Paine. Live in San Francisker, does he?"

"No; he died several years ago."

"Well, that's the curusest thing I ever heerd on, and I've

heerd a good deal of curus preachin'. So they's some folks be-
leives that, is they? Hi, yi, yah, yah—wow!"

The Rev. Mr. Jasper was so happy at Darwin's expense that we withdrew and left him enjoying himself. He expects to attend the meetings of the Freethought Society this winter and refute the sophistries of Infidelity. Meanwhile he will instruct a local colored congregation in the truths of religion and science.

A valued subscriber residing in Oregon—a school teacher, and no doubt a good one—sends FREETHOUGHT a poem of eight stanzas, with the request that, if worthy, it be published in these columns. The lines are entitled "Mind's Day," and have poetry enough in them for a volume, but they haven't any more rhythm than a boiler factory. I will quote the first two stanzas:

Alone! The enchanting scene broods
O'er mind's deep contemplative moods,
And the carol of force, silent and soft,
Searchingly draws the attention oft.

Hill and mountain, cone covered peak,
Whereon crystalline dewdrops bespeak,
With jeweled valley's variegated green
Of beauty in consummation seen.

Of these eight lines there is but one—the second—that has anything like a rhythmic swing. That line is written in the style called iambic, and has four iambs; thus:

O'er mind's | deep con | templa | tive moods.

It will be observed that in this style of verse the accent falls on the second or last syllable of each foot. Now let us throw our correspondent's rhyme into the fourth form of iambic verse, and see what advantage he might have taken of his moment of poetic inspiration:

Alone! The enchanting aspect broods
O'er mind's deep contemplative moods,
And songs of force, sung low and clear,
Attract the attentive listener's ear.

On hill and mountain's conic peaks
The crystal dewdrop shining speaks;
In jeweled valley's varied green
Is beauty's consummation seen.

That the writer of "Mind's Day" had no conception of the stern necessities of versification is shown by his concluding stanzas:

Emerald vistas, lovely near and far away
Make more glorious the dawning day
When into sublimity man is of science born
And cradled by intelligent love o'er life's morn.

Beauty and splendor now are all around,
If character forces base passions aground,
While science turns evolution's wheel
And gives birth to love and life that are real.

Merely pausing to remark that "wheel" and "real" do not rhyme, for the reason that the latter is not pronounced "reel," we will see if the above lines can be made rhythmical:

Bright vistas near and far away
Lend added glory to the day
When, great and noble, man is born
And love and judgment 'tend his morn.

With beauty's splendor clothed about,
The baser passions put to rout,
The wheel of evolution turns
And life with real lustre burns.

I do not claim to have made immortal verse out of the foregoing lines. I am not a poet, and rhyme and rhythm are not poetry; they are merely the mechanical arrangement of words so that they can be read in a sing-song tone of voice. Neither can poetry be dashed off hit or miss in a blaze of inspiration. Impromptus are generally poor stuff. So also it is a mistake to

Dem the framing of a deathless lay
The drowsy pastime of a summer's day.

Poetry, as I regard it, is mathematics illuminated by the imagination—the figures of speech, so to say, instead of the figures of arithmetic. No teacher who expected the school committee to give him a certificate would attach his name to the solution of a problem incorrectly worked out, nor would he attempt a sum until he had looked at the rules for doing it. If intelligent writers who contemplate dropping into poetry for the edification

of our readers will get an ordinary six-bit grammar and familiarize themselves with that portion of it which comes under the head of "Prosody," their rhymes will find their way into the paper instead of the basket.

I get the hereunto appended letter from a clergyman in Montana:

DEAR SIR: I have observed from reading your writings that you are heavily loaded with religious thought, and that you sometimes give advice to correspondents. Now, dear sir, I am an inventor and I want to do something to fetch the sinners down from the perch of Infidelity upon which they have recently lighted onto, and at the same time make an honest dollar out of the scheme. Do you know whether any patent has ever been taken out on methods of salvation? I guess not. Probably if Talmage, Sam Jones, or that feller Small had thought of it they would of took out a patent on their style, but I don't believe they ever thought of it, ary one of them. It strikes me that the old methods are getting played out. The boys are all dead onto them here. We have lots of back number orthodox preachers that are fat and charming, but they are looked on as passay. They haven't made a patentable improvement on their system of heading off sinners for a hundred years, and they never will unless we get John Wanamaker in at the head of the patent office.

My scheme is to get out of orthodox grooves as much as possible, and if I make a success off of it, I believe I am entitled to all the money there is into it. Then, gentlemen of the cloth, just pack up and mosey off my claim, while I pile up dollars to your cents.

I call my method the Come-off-the-Perch system. I am a violinist after a fashion—not that I tackle Baytoven or Vogner's compositions, but ordinary every-day fiddlin. I can play her up brisk and call off, so that the swarays I have performed into has always been described as enjoyable occasions.

After I have put in my application for a patent I expect to go out as an itinerant. When I approach myself into one of the jay towns around this country I shall put out a lot of dodgers announcing the advent of the only Patent Right Preacher of the world, the intellectual repository of the latest discoveries of science and revelations of divine truth. I shall probably slosh round and slop over some in the usual way in opening up the services. Oh, I am a roarer to exhort, and you can gamble on it; and when I get the congregation all on their feet ready for conversion, out comes the fiddle and gives a squeak or two; that will attract their attention. Then I shall address the intelligent audience which I see before me something after this fashion:

"LADIES AND GENTS: This is a religious revival, and it is my duty to distribute to you the bread of life, the proofs of amazing grace, and the glad tidings of great joy. But effete methods is played out. That is what the word effete means—played out—and I am among you, dearly beloved, to interjuce something new. The offertory will be a march, and every gent that desires to participate in subsequent events will now come forward and drop something in the hat, and have his name wrote in the lamb's book of life. You will then take your partners for a cotillion, and dance off your pent-up religious enthusiasm. Meetings will be held every evening this week, providence permitting, beginning at early candle-lighting to give time for the experience meeting. And may the grace of God, the love of Christ, and the fellowship and communion of the holy ghost be and abide with you now and forever. One more side wanted. There you are. Sets all full. Amen. Address partners. Go it, you ransomed heirs of perdition, and know that your redeemer liveth."

When the contrite sinners have conducted their devotions as long as I think they ought to, I shall give them the doxology and send them home a saved multitude. So I send you my scheme to see if you think it is a good one and worth taking out a patent on. If you say go-ahead I'm going to put her through, or down goes McGinty. Yours in the bonds of Christian endeavor,

(Rev.) WHOOPLA GEWHILLIKENS.

"The Story of an African Farm," a good Freethought novel, by Olive Schreiner. Price, 25 cents.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Seven persons were killed and several buildings were destroyed by an avalanche at Sierra City on Friday morning of last week. Among the structures demolished was a Catholic church.—The San Francisco Turn Verein had its yearly festival last Sunday afternoon and evening. The afternoon was devoted to an exhibition of the work accomplished during the year, and the evening to merry-making and dancing.—Heavy gales have greatly delayed incoming vessels at this port, and nearly wrecked some of them.—The coldest weather ever known has prevailed in the northern part of the state. At Truckee twenty-five inches of snow fell in twenty-four hours. Trains have been blockaded and passengers nearly frozen.—The Single-tax Society has appointed a committee, consisting of James G. Maguire, David Farquharson, Joseph Leggett, A. H. Sanborn, James H. Barry, Thomas Watson, and John A. Maynard, to make arrangements for the reception of Henry George, who is expected to arrive in this city on the 3d of next month.—Dr. H. W. Harkness has been re-elected president of the Academy of Sciences.

Paul Blouet, known to literature as Max O'Rell, is in America and will deliver fifty lectures.—There has been an increased death rate in New York city on account of the mild weather, coupled with the filthy condition of streets and sewers. The death list last week reached 1202.—A Brooklyn, N. Y., man whom the papers describe as an Anarchist, a Swede 40 years old named Francken, killed his wife and child last week, and then shot himself. He was doubtless insane.

Tirard, the French premier and minister of commerce, has sent a circular letter to the Chamber of Commerce throughout France asking if they would support a bill giving women engaged in any trade the right to vote at the elections for the judges of commercial tribunals.—The divorce suit in which Parnell, the Irish leader, is involved as co-respondent is making a good deal of talk, but it is thought that the case will not come to trial. The question is being asked, however, Who will succeed Parnell in the event of his downfall?—A Toronto special says: The separate school election for trustees, which took place Wednesday, caused much comment in Canada. The Roman Catholic clergy opposed the use of the ballot for the election of trustees for their schools, and all who offered themselves for election on the ballot platform were defeated. Several priests were returned as trustees, defeating men who were in favor of the ballot. Against the return of one of these, Father Gibbons, his defeated opponent entered a protest on the ground of undue influence by priests.—The Rev. Francis Bying, chaplain to Queen Victoria, has disappeared. His flight is due to pecuniary difficulties. He had indulged heavily in betting and leaves many creditors to mourn his absence.

THE MOVEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

As secretary of the central committee on state organization of Washington Liberals, I desire to call the attention of all the advocates of our principles to the fact that the active workers in this grand new state of Washington have determined to hold a state convention in the city of Seattle on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of January, 1890.

In forming a practical organization, money and talent are very essential, and we hope all who have enough and to spare of the above necessities will prove themselves Liberals by showering their accumulated stores in liberal quantities upon us, that our efforts in behalf of equal rights, equal taxation, and free speech may gloriously triumph.

Right here I must say I have very little respect for the believers in our principles as laid down in the "Nine Demands" who will not do all in their power to have them enforced.

Let all who have a mite to spare towards helping our convention inclose the same by letter to Peter Wickstrom, Treasurer, corner Eighth and Columbia streets, Seattle, Washington.

C. B. Reynolds is working night and day, might and main, to make the coming convention a success, and any word of encouragement will be thankfully received by him at 1214 Second street, Seattle.

The hall has been secured, and a fine programme arranged,

and all who can come will find it both pleasant and profitable; besides, it will more than pay any one to visit the coming great city of the Northwest.

Arrangements are being made with the railroad companies so that delegates may have reduced rates to and from the convention.

Geo. M. Boman is doing as much good, solid, practical work for our cause as any man in Washington, and should receive the thanks of every Liberal in the state. His "wood cut"—designed by that genius, Watson Heston—"The Taxed and the Untaxed" is a splendid and happy thought and will set all classes to thinking.

I shall close this short letter by earnestly appealing to all the Liberals in Washington and elsewhere to aid us in permanent organization.

Address all communications to R. J. WILSON, secretary State Central Committee, box 816, Seattle, Washington.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF MRS. ELIZABETH H. CHURCH.

Freethought friends gathered together Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock in Union Square Hall, to honor the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth H. Church. The coffin was placed in the centre of the hall, upon it a simple wreath of flowers. The services began with music by Miss Mate Hildebrande, a funeral march. Miss Evangeline Ballou rendered the beautiful song, "Tired:"

The shadowy gloaming draweth nigh,
'Tis time for the evening light,
I am ready to go to rest at last,
Ready to say good night.

"Thanatopsis" was then read by Samuel P. Putnam, and "The Lost Chord" sung by Miss Ballou.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of a mighty psalm,
It lay on the fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

The following memorial address was then given by Samuel P. Putnam:

Death is the sublimity of life, the heart of its mystery and glory. Without death there would be no birth, as without night there would be no day. It is the inevitable sorrow, but the sorrow that jewels life with infinite possibilities. It opens the realm of the boundless. It mingles eternity with time.

We must meet death. It is in the pathway of all. Its majesty is for the humblest. Its stroke is for the greatest. The king is nothing to its sceptre. All earthly honors fail in its presence. But the lowest is crowned with its mystic splendor. None can escape its gloom. None can avoid its wreath of glory.

Having passed the day, let us meet the night with hope and courage. Let us not fear the unknown journey, but walk with royal step to the sepulchre of the mightiest. Let us greet the stars with lofty brow beyond the sunset's sea of gold.

The morning comes with its wondrous fire and exquisite joy, but it passes. Youth is too sweet, too beautiful, to endure. Because so fleeting, it gathers all the colors of heaven in its rainbow of promise.

The noonday comes with soft and solemn tenderness, and peace, and rich music of achievement. The flowers are blooming then in radiant content. The shadows are bright, for the sun is high in heaven.

The evening flows on, and takes in its bosom the fruit and excellence of toil. The accumulated wealth of day shines in its ranks of gold. The flame of life is tipped with a thousand colors.

The sunset goes out in night, as the morning into noonday, and the noonday into evening. But what is the night? Who

has measured its realm, who has counted its stars, who has reached its measureless heights?

We wait in the humility of knowledge, in the wonder of ignorance. We claim nothing, we deny nothing. But we sink not to the ground in despair. The glory of life shall interpret for us the gloom of death. Upright and with no coward heart we confront the destiny of all.

Memory and hope are our angels, memory clothed with morning hues and noonday radiance, memory laden with golden hours. Memory fills us with delight.

Hope is the child of love. We hope because we are not alone, because our life mingles with the life of others. It is love that binds death to life and creates within it the star of immortality. We love and we hope and hope ceases not amidst the shadows of the tomb. Love is married to eternity, and gives eternity to every object of its passionate adoration.

Our humanity is the supreme divinity. It is our humanity that conquers death. It is human love and human justice and human virtues that shine beyond the grave. It is in our humanity that we trust, in the spirit that nature gives it, in the wisdom with which science endows it, in the deeds which make memorable the ages gone before—our humanity, not that which is in ourselves alone, but in the millions that lived and toiled yesterday, in the millions that live and toil to-day. We live together, we labor together, we hope together, we die together, and in that unity of life and labor and hope and death we find the immortal joy. It is not given to us from above. It springs from that which is within.

Out of human sympathy flow the fountains of consolation. It is eyes that we see, hands that we touch, and voices that we hear that make endurable the pain and suffering of life, that make endurable the awful calm of death. We come together to the grave, and the flowers bloom from our mingling tears.

Our friend is dead. We pay to her the last sad rites of respect and affection. The body returns to the dust, but our hearts retain the life that has been lived. That passes not away; that is not dead; there is no tomb for that.

Truthfully, nobly, bravely our friend has lived. The crown of age is upon her brow. Peacefully the last hours came. Peacefully her eyes closed in slumber. She saw the morning, the noonday, and the evening. She was not cut down in the midst of her duties. She saw the harvest ere she took the hand of death.

She was a woman without superstition. She dwelt in the clear light of reason. She recognized the limits of human knowledge. Her faith was faith in man. The truth to her was sacred, but not the baseless creeds of ignorance. She dared to disbelieve, and to assert the dignity of her own nature. She was loyal to herself, to her own convictions. She would not condemn any on account of differences of opinion. She did the right for the right's sake, because she loved to do it. She was philanthropic. She was devoted to humanity, to progress. She sacrificed for liberty and justice. She defended the cause of labor. She was an ardent supporter of democracy, a friend of the people. She would like to make this world a happy world, to abolish poverty; She would consecrate wealth and leisure to the removal of vice and crime and falsehood. She was kindly in her judgments of men and women, but unbending in her allegiance to Freethought, and unswerving in her condemnation of those savage systems of theology which sprang from fear. Whatever was humanitarian touched her deeply.

Thus we can remember her with honor and with joy. Thus we can place upon her grave the tribute of heartfelt respect. Her example shall be an inspiration. Born of noble and Freethought ancestry, true to the bright inheritance, she passes from life to death a beautiful influence. She now belongs to humanity, to its immortal part; she has passed to the heavens of thought, of aspiration, of accomplished virtue, the heavens which overarch our earthly toil, which makes our pathway blessed here, which gives music and love to home, and glory to the harvest field.

Farewell, comrade, brave and cheerful worker in the varied path of life. We place upon thy last resting-place the flowers of hope and sympathy. The light of remembrance is on thy grave, and dissipates its gloom. Thou hast been true to humanity, and

humanity shall bear thy spirit on its boundless course. Farewell thy body mingles with the dust, it vanishes in the blue dome, it becomes a part of the flower and root, but on the measureless stream of time that which makes the world nobler, happier, sweeter, shall keep the deathless record of thy life.

Friends, from the voiceless dead let us go forth to the living with loftier spirit. It is for us to make death glorious with the earnestness of our own work. We cannot abolish death. It is universal; but we need not crouch before it as the king of terrors. With magnanimous soul, with hands that have labored for the welfare of humanity, that have committed no wrong, with eyes that look onward still, we can meet death with unshaken manhood. We stand before the unknown, not with savage fear, but with the confidence that comes from truth, sincerity, honor, and consecration to the good of all.

Like our dear friend who has gone, let us believe in the progress of mankind, in the victory of the truth, in the sacredness of humanity; let us strive to make the evil less and the good stronger; let us feel deeper than ever the bond of fellowship; let us look into the ever-brightening future of this world, and through the glory of our living now set the stars of hope in the untraveled hereafter.

The services were closed with music by Miss Hildebrand and Miss Ballou, "The Heart Bowed Down:"

The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.

The body was then borne away to become a part of nature's frame in the purifying touch of fire.

Elizabeth Hannah Church was born in Paris, France, on the 24th day of April, 1809. Her father, Edward Church, Jr., was U. S. consul at L'Orient and ports adjacent in Brittany, and her grandfather, Edward Church, was U. S. consul-general at Lisbon, Portugal, during Washington's administration, and wrote a number of Liberal tracts in which Freethought was ably advocated.

The subject of this sketch, at a very early age, refused to accept the generally received views of those about her. Coming to America with her parents, as a young lady, she resided with them in Lexington, Kentucky, and in Northampton, Massachusetts, till 1858, when she was married to an Italian gentleman of culture and refinement, but of unbalanced mind. Being deserted by him after several years of married life, she was divorced and took back her maiden name. Returning to Paris, her native city, she resided there until the close of the Franco-Prussian war, always an ardent and radical republican, using her utmost energies to bring about the downfall of the empire, and favoring earnestly the object of the commune, not as falsely and generally represented, but with the true and patriotic aim of giving to Paris free and liberal municipal self-government.

Feeling the effect of age, she sought a milder climate, and made her home in the little principality of Monaco, lodging in close proximity to the Monte Carlo Casino, where she could enjoy the finest of music twice a day, during the entire season.

Detesting, however, the gambling table, and seeing the vast harm wrought by it, she often asserted that she had never placed even a five franc piece on the table, nor had any desire to do so.

Finding the infirmities of age coming fast upon her, she came to San Francisco, in 1886, to spend her last days with a relative. She was interested to the last in all of the leading questions of the day, and ever hopeful that the advance of Liberal ideas should reform all abuses and bring in the highest happiness of which mankind are capable. To express in an humble way her approval of their work, she has made small bequests to the editors of several of the leading Freethought periodicals, and requested that her funeral services be purely secular, and that they be conducted by Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, of the San Francisco FREETHOUGHT. Believing, also, that the dead should be so disposed of as to do the least injury to the living, she requested that her remains be cremated at Los Angeles, in hopes that the day is not far distant when every city shall have the same facilities for disposing of their dead.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Under this appropriate heading Mr. George Boman, of Seattle, has collocated the wise remarks of many eminent men on the subject of church exemption. The various extracts read as follows:

"In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."—WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address.

"Every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable alone to God for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Treaty with Tripoli, 1793.

"To compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves is sinful and tyrannical. Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever."—THOMAS JEFFERSON, in General Assembly of Virginia, 1785.

"Religion is not in the purview of human government. Religion is essentially distinct from government, and exempt from its cognizance. A connection between them is injurious to both."—JAMES MADISON.

"When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; when it cannot support itself and God does not care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one."—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, October 9, 1780.

"I would also call your attention to the importance of correcting an evil that, if permitted to continue, will probably lead to great trouble before the close of the nineteenth century. It is the acquisition of vast amounts of untaxed church property. In 1850, I believe, the church property of the United States, which paid no tax, municipal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1860 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was \$354,483,587. By 1900, without a check, it is safe to say this property will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum, receiving all the protection and benefits of government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay taxes.

"The accumulation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally."—Gen'l GRANT'S Message, 1875.

"The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state, or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community."—President GARFIELD to Congress, June 22, 1874.

"I would like to see all church property throughout this land taxed to the last dollar's worth, not merely as a matter of justice, but in the interest of religion itself."—Rev. DR. SHIPMAN, rector of Christ's church, New York city.

"We have never been able to see the slightest difference in principle between the appropriation of a certain sum of money raised by tax to a particular church, and a release of that church from a tax on its property to the same amount. The cost of the benevolent act in either case falls upon the tax payers generally. In the one case the sum is levied directly upon all but the church property. In the other case all property but that of the church is obliged in consequence of this exemption to pay a larger share of the expenses of the government."—WM. CULLEN BRYANT, editorial in New York Evening Post, commenting on above extract from sermon of Rev. Dr. Shipman.

"It cannot be denied that wealth gives political power, and such power is all the more dangerous to the public safety when it is in the hands of corporations whose business in life it is to promulgate opinions."—Rev. G. E. GORDON, Church of the Redeemer, Milwaukee.

"Depend upon it, we shall never worship God in the true fashion until we bear our just share of the public burden, and so earn the protection we now enjoy without paying for it."—Rev. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Reader, please answer the following leading questions from a Baptist paper:

"Has civil society a right to give the public money outright to a religious or ecclesiastical body, to a missionary or tract society, or to a church?"

"Is there any difference between releasing one from a debt of ten dollars—which he is bound to pay—and giving him ten dollars?"

"Is there any difference whatever between paying out money from the public treasury and remitting taxes that are coming into the public treasury?"

It is an astonishing fact that the total value of all the property invested in school-houses in the United States, amounts to only \$212,252,491, while the exemptions of church property, in the state of New York alone, amount to more than double that sum.

LETTERS ON THE LAND QUESTION.

The following letters, reprinted from the London Times of recent dates (from November 7 to 15, 1889), are of great interest on account of the light they throw upon some of the more important aspects of the question of land nationalization, and on the problems of Socialism in general.—EDITOR.

MR. SPENCER'S FIRST LETTER.

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR: During the interview between Mr. Morley and some of his constituents, reported in your issue of the 5th inst., I was referred to as having set forth certain opinions respecting land-ownership.* Fearing that, if I remain silent, many will suppose I have said things which I have not said, I find it needful to say something in explanation.

Already within these few years I have twice pointed out that these opinions (made to appear by those who have circulated them widely different from what they really are, by the omission of accompanying opinions) were set forth in my first work, published forty years ago; and that, for the last twelve or fifteen years, I have refrained from issuing new editions of that work and have interdicted translations, because, though I still adhere to its general principles, I dissent from some of the deductions.

The work referred to—"Social Statics"—was intended to be a system of political ethics—absolute political ethics, or that which ought to be, as distinguished from relative political ethics, or that which is at present the nearest practicable approach to it. The conclusion reached concerning land-ownership was reached while seeking a valid basis for the right of property: the basis assigned by Locke appearing to me invalid. It was argued that a satisfactory ethical warrant for private ownership could arise only by

*Extract from the Morley Interview.

MR. LAIDLER said their method of dealing with the land would be that the present owners should hold it for their time, and that it should revert back to the state. They remembered that Mr. Herbert Spencer had said that the land had been taken by force and by fraud. That gentleman had also said that to right one wrong it takes another.

MR. MORLEY.—Has Mr. Spencer said this?

MR. LAIDLER.—Yes; we all know.

MR. MORLEY.—You are aware that he has recalled some of the things he has laid down?

MR. LAIDLER.—If he has stated truth and recalled it, the truth will prevail.

MR. MORLEY.—Do you include houses?

MR. LAIDLER.—We include land, not houses. In houses there is labor, but in land there is not.

MR. MORLEY.—Not?

MR. LAIDLER.—There may be labor exerted in land, but as far as the labor is in the land we believe it ought to belong to the laborer. As the land has been obtained by the method I have named—by force and fraud, as Spencer says—we contend that the land ought to be taken back by the community and handed over to the municipalities and county councils to be used in such democratic manner as the people may elect those bodies for.

MR. MORLEY.—I can not think that what is commonly called nationalization of the land is anything but what it was called the other day—either robbery or folly. I have really no more to say on that subject,

contract between the community, as original owner of the inhabited area, and individual members, who became tenants, agreeing to pay certain portions of the produce, or its equivalent in money, in consideration of recognized claims to the rest. And in the course of the argument it was pointed out that such a view of land-ownership is congruous with existing legal theory and practice; since in law every land-owner is held to be a tenant of the Crown—that is, of the community, and since, in practice, the supreme right of the community is asserted by every Act of Parliament which, with a view to public advantage, directly or by proxy takes possession of land after making due compensation.

All this was said in the belief that the questions raised were not likely to come to the front in our time or for many generations; but, assuming that they would some time come to the front, it was said that, supposing the community should assert overtly the supreme right which is now tacitly asserted, the business of compensation of land-owners would be a complicated one:

One that perhaps can not be settled in a strictly equitable manner. . . . Most of our present land-owners are men who have, either mediately or immediately, either by their own acts or by the acts of their ancestors, given for their estates equivalents of honestly earned wealth, believing that they were investing their savings in a legitimate manner. To justly estimate and liquidate the claims of such is one of the most intricate problems society will one day have to solve.

To make the position I then took quite clear, it is needful to add that, as shown in a succeeding chapter, the insistence on this doctrine, in virtue of which "the right of property obtains a legitimate foundation," had for one of its motives the exclusion of Socialism and Communism, to which I was then as profoundly averse as I am now.

Investigations made during recent years into the various forms of social organization, while writing the "Principles of Sociology," have in part confirmed and in part changed the views published in 1850. Perhaps I may be allowed space for quoting from "Political Institutions" a paragraph showing the revised conclusions arrived at:

At first sight it seems fairly inferable that the absolute ownership of land by private persons must be the ultimate state which industrialism brings about. But though industrialism thus far has tended to individualize possession of land while individualizing all other possession, it may be doubted whether the final stage is at present reached. Ownership established by force does not stand on the same footing as ownership established by contract; and though multiplied sales and purchases, treating the two ownerships in the same way, have tacitly assimilated them, the assimilation may eventually be denied. The analogy furnished by assumed rights of possession over human beings helps us to recognize this possibility. For, while prisoners of war, taken by force and held as property in a vague way (being at first much on a footing with other members of a household), were reduced more definitely to the form of property when the buying and selling of slaves became general; and, while it might centuries ago have been thence inferred that the ownership of man by man was an ownership in course of being permanently established, yet we see that a later stage of civilization, reversing this process, has destroyed ownership of man by man. Similarly, at a stage still more advanced, it may be that private ownership of land will disappear. As that primitive freedom of the individual which existed before war established coercive institutions and personal slavery comes to be re-established as militancy declines, so it seems possible that the primitive ownership of land by the community, which, with the development of coercive institutions, lapsed in large measure or wholly into private ownership, will be revived as industrialism further develops. The *regime* of contract, at present so far extended that the right of property in movables is recognized only as having arisen by exchange of services or products under agreements, or by gift from those who had acquired it under such agreements, may be further extended so far that the products of the soil will be recognized as property only by virtue of agreements between individuals as tenants and the community as land-owner. Even now, among ourselves, private ownership of land is not absolute. In legal theory land-owners are directly or indirectly tenants of the Crown (which in our day is equivalent to the State, or, in other words, the community); and the community from time to time resumes possession after making due compensation. Perhaps the right of the community to the land, thus tacitly asserted, will in time to come be overtly asserted and acted upon after making full allowance for the accumulated value artificially given. . . . There is reason to suspect that, while private possession of things produced by labor will grow even more definite and sacred than at present, the inhabited area, which can not be produced by labor, will eventually be distinguished as something which may not be privately possessed. As the individual, primitively owner of himself, partially or wholly loses ownership of himself during the militant *regime*, but gradually resumes it as the industrial *regime* develops, so possibly the communal proprie-

torship of land, partially or wholly merged in the ownership of dominant man during evolution of the militant type, will be resumed as the industrial type becomes fully evolved (pp. 643-646).

The use of the words "possible," "possibly," and "perhaps" in the above extracts shows that I have no positive opinion as to what may hereafter take place. The reason for this state of hesitancy is that I can not see my way toward reconciliation of the ethical requirements with the politico-economical requirements. On the one hand, a condition of things under which the owner of, say, the Scilly Isles might make tenancy of his land conditional upon professing a certain creed or adopting prescribed habits of life, giving notice to quit to any who did not submit, is ethically indefensible. On the other hand, "nationalization of the land," effected after compensation for the artificial value given by cultivation, amounting to the greater part of its value, would entail, in the shape of interest on the required purchase-money, as great a sum as is now paid in rent, and indeed a greater, considering the respective rates of interest on landed property and other property. Add to which, there is no reason to think that the substituted form of administration would be better than the existing form of administration. The belief that land would be better managed by public officials than it is by private owners is a very wild belief.

What the remote future may bring forth there is no saying; but with a humanity anything like that we now know, the implied reorganization would be disastrous.

I am, etc., HERBERT SPENCER.

Athenæum Club, November 6.

(To be Continued.)

PRACTICAL WORK IN WASHINGTON.

One of the most able and successful business men and earnest Liberals of Washington is George M. Boman, of Seattle, member of the Central Executive Committee for the convention to effect practical organization of the Liberals of Washington, to convene at Seattle, January 28, 29, and 30. Realizing the need of prompt action to defeat the subtle schemes of the combined church organizations, and that delays are dangerous, he has anticipated some of the work of the state organization. He commissioned Mr. Heston to design a cartoon to show most forcibly the gross injustice of exempting church property from taxation, and under the title of "Taxed and Untaxed," most ably has Mr. Heston filled the order. Then, compiling "Words of Wisdom" from the most distinguished statesmen and churchmen, he has had five thousand of the cartoon and compilation printed as leaflets, and I am helping in the good work of distributing them throughout the entire state.

Mr. Boman desires that every Liberal in the state of Washington shall be supplied free with a sufficient number of copies to send one to each member of the legislature from their precinct, and to supply copies to all intelligent Christian friends who will so send them. Each leaflet should have written on it the name and address of the sender.

Whenever Liberals of the state can induce friends, not known as avowed Liberals, to judiciously circulate copies of the leaflet among Christians, they can be supplied postpaid, by writing me the number of leaflets they require.

There is no word in the leaflet that can offend Christians, no intimation of its emanating from Infidel source, yet it is a wonderful educator, a grand thought provoker.

Mr. Boman, during the Constitutional Convention at Olympia, had handsome photograph copies made of a cartoon published in the Truth Seeker, of the same title, "Taxed and Untaxed," and mailed a copy to every member of the convention, and it had powerful influence in defeating the church organizations in their endeavors to engraft exemption from taxation of all church property on the constitution.

Now, with every member of both houses of the legislature deluged with this new "Cartoon Leaflet," signed by voters of their respective precincts (a gentle hint that if they fail to work and vote for right and justice, the voters sending the leaflets will fail to work and vote for them next election), and with the more intelligent Christians thus educated on the facts, the victory for

right and justice is insured. If one man can thus accomplish so great and grand a work, what may we not effect when all the Liberals of this young giant state of Washington are effectively organized.

It would be almost impossible to circulate these leaflets, and send copy to every Liberal in the state, as I have done, only for the initiative work done by the Wala Walla Liberal Club; they obtained names and addresses of all the Liberals of the state. There is great enthusiasm in regard to the convention, and earnest purpose to effect real practical organization.

Now is the time for action, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," salvation from the despotism and tyranny of priestcraft, from misrepresentation, injustice, denunciation, hate, and ostracism.

By the memory of the noble, brave hearts that suffered so much to secure for us the liberty we do enjoy, let us prove worthy of the priceless heritage of freedom. Let us unite in self-sacrificing endeavor to secure freedom to our children, and earn the plaudits of generations yet unborn, because by our zeal and self-sacrifice we secured for them the eternal elevation of "The Flag above the Cross." C. B. REYNOLDS.

JUDICIAL OATHS.

In the plot of Ramayana, one of the great epic poems, Rama, the son of the king, who refuses to let his father break a rash promise, says: "It is good conduct that makes a man to be noble or ignoble, heroic or a pretender to manliness, pure or impure. Truth and mercy are immemorial characteristics of a king's conduct. Hence royal rule is in its essence truth. On truth the world is based. Both sages and gods have esteemed truth. The man who speaks the truth in this world attains the highest imperishable state. Men shrink with fear and horror from a liar as from a serpent. In this world the chief element in virtue is truth. It is called the basis of everything. Truth is lord in the world. Virtue always rests on truth. All things are founded on truth; nothing is higher than it."*

Max Muller also says: "Were I to quote from all the law-books, and from still later works, everywhere you would have the same key-note of truthfulness vibrating through them all. . . . I say once more that I do not wish to represent the people of India as two hundred and fifty-three millions of angels, but I do wish it to be understood and accepted as a fact that the damaging charge of untruthfulness brought against that people is utterly unfounded with regard to ancient times. It is not only not true, but the very opposite of truth. As to modern times, and I date them about one thousand years after Christ, I can only say that after reading the accounts of the terrors and horrors of Mohammedan rule, my wonder is that so much of native virtue and truthfulness should have survived. You might as well expect a mouse to speak the truth before a cat as a Hindoo before a Mohammedan judge."†

In the religion of the Hindoos the controlling ideas were truth and manliness of character. The modern doctrine, that men, especially Christian men, will tell the truth only when they imprecate divine vengeance on themselves here or hereafter, was no part of their belief. Whatever the form of their oath, if oath was required of their witnesses at all, it was no doubt but a simple promise to tell the truth. As is well known now, the Germans descended from Aryan stock, and the high regard for truth in the tribes that conquered England shows that the oaths, if any, taken by the ancestors of the English nation were of the same character as those of the parent Aryan race. Witnesses were not considered competent because superstitious, and belief in hell-fire was not the key that unlocked the witness box.

Max Muller, in his Science of Religion, says: "The fact cannot be disputed away that the religion of Buddha was from the beginning purely atheistic. The idea of the godhead, after it had been degraded by endless mythological absurdities, which struck and repelled the heart of Buddha, was, for a time at least, en-

*India, by Max Muller, 79.

†India, What It Teaches Us, 81.

tirely expelled from the sanctuary of the human mind; and the highest morality that was ever taught before the rise of Christianity was taught by men with whom the gods had become mere phantoms, and who had no altar, not even to the unknown God."

It was the opinion of Lord Bacon, who was no Atheist, that "Atheism leaves men to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation, all of which may be guides to outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore Atheism never did perturb states, for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to Atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times; but superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile* that ravishes the spheres of government."

"Belief in future punishment" is not essential to competency in witnesses. This is expressly held in *Omichund vs. Barker*, 1 Atkyns, 41.

"Belief in God" as a test of competency varies with the individual. The Presbyterian believes in a God of vengeance, capable of avenging himself now or hereafter at his option. The Jew believes in the god of Moses; the Catholic in a god influenced and controlled by Christ, by the Virgin Mary, by the intercession of the saints, and by the offices of the priesthood—a god propitiated by masses, penances, and gifts. The Mohammedan has faith in one god, whose prophet is Mohammed, and whose revelation is the Koran. When the belief of other than Christian people is examined, it is found to differ from the Christian faith and definition. Herbert Spencer says: "To say that the words which in various languages are the equivalents of our word God are originally descriptive words will be a startling proposition to those who, unfamiliar with the facts, credit the savage with thoughts like our own; and will be a repugnant proposition to those who, knowing something of the facts, yet persist in asserting that the conception of a universal power was possessed by man from the beginning. But whoever studies the evidence without bias will find that the general word for deity was at first a word expressive of superiority. . . . Applied alike to animate and inanimate things as indicating some quality above the common, the word is in this sense applied to human beings, both living and dead; but as the dead are supposed to have acquired mysterious powers of doing good and evil, the word becomes to be more especially applicable to them. Though god and ghost have with us widely distinguished meanings, yet they are originally equivalent words, or rather there is but one word for the supernatural being. Besides being shown this by missionaries, who have found no native word for god which did not also mean ghost, demon, or devil; besides being shown this by the Greeks and Romans, who used for the spirits of deceased relatives the same word which they used for their great deities; and besides being shown it by the Egyptians, in whose hieroglyphics the same 'determinative' means according to the context, god, creator, august person; we are shown it by the Hebrews, who applied the word *elohim* not only to their supreme supernatural being, but also to ghosts; indeed, giving as they did the same name to living persons of power, they show us, just as primitive people at large do, that superiority of one or the other kind is the sole attribute ascribed." (*The Evolution of Ceremonial Government*).

As the judicial oath is of an international character, to be taken according to the views of the witness, who may believe in a god or may not, belief in a deity is not essential to competency—manhood is the test.

It was made a question in the age of Grotius whether treaties made by Christians with heathens were obligatory upon Christians. "This discussion," says Vattel (book II, ch. 12, sec. 161) "might be necessary at a time when the madness of party still darkened those principles which it had long caused to be forgotten; but we may venture to believe it would be superfluous in our age. The law of nature alone regulates the treaties of nations. The difference of religion is a thing absolutely foreign to them. Different people treat with each other in the quality of men, and not under the character of Christians or Mussulmans. Their common safety requires that they should treat with each other, and treat with security. Every religion that should in this case

clash with the law of nature would bear upon it the marks of reprobation, and it would not come from the author of nature, who is always constant and faithful. But if the maxims of religion tend to establish by violence and to oppress all those who will not receive it, the law of nature forbids the favoring of that religion, or our uniting ourselves without necessity to its inhuman followers; and the common safety of mankind invites them rather to enter into an alliance against madmen and to repress the bigoted fanatics who disturb the public repose and threaten all nations."

This doctrine of the supremacy of the law of nature over the dogmas of religion is no less true in the law of a republic than in international law. The men who impose religious tests as the measure of the competency of men to enjoy civil rights are no less fanatical, and their bigotry no less cruel, no less in conflict with the law of nature, than the creed of the priesthood condemned by Grotius and Vattel. The competency of witnesses is to be determined by manhood, not by their beliefs about religion. In a free government no man is authorized to decide for his fellow-men whether there is a god and what his nature is; nor to compel belief in his own conception of deity. The rule of the Dark Ages is not the rule of to-day. With the fall of the crown in America perished the dogma that the chief business of the government was the regulation of the religion of the people. The government created was not a joint partnership between the crown and the cross, but a government of the people, where men met as men and legislated for the equal rights of all men. Christians are protected as men, not as Christians. Infidels and Atheists have an equal right not only to free thought and a free press, but to the enjoyment of all civil rights, without regard to their beliefs. Under such a constitution the true form of judicial oaths is a simple promise to tell the truth under the pains and penalties against perjury. This is recognized in section 1, Revised Statutes of the United States, that "a requirement of an oath shall be deemed complied with by making affirmation in judicial form."

W. S. BUSH.

JAMIESON'S WORK.

The lecture by W. F. Jamieson was attended by a large audience on Sunday evening in the court house. The speaker said he maintained the right of every man to his own religious opinions, but that no man had the least right to break up our free school with his religion. The common schools, where the children of the rich and poor are on a level, should be guarded by the American people. The free common school is absolutely necessary to the prosperity of this republic, the best and freest under the shining sun. If it is to be preserved secular education must be protected; the common school, the corner stone of the republic, must remain. All religions and no religions stand on the same level, which ought to satisfy every citizen. But this equal right of all does not satisfy some. Glad am I there are Christians like Rev. Alonzo T. Jones, of Oakland, Cal., who ask no right that they are not willing to grant. If the free schools are saved, the Protestants must be willing to omit Bible-reading and religious hymn-singing in the school-room, which should never be made a debating arena on the subject of religion. Let the schools be forever free from religious interference. As much as I love debate, and I fully believe in it, I say there is room enough outside for debates. Religious parents have a right to teach their own children religion in their Sunday schools, in their churches, or at home. Is this not enough? Why should anyone try to force his religion upon the children of other people? Why should the Jew, the Infidel, the Catholic, be compelled to listen to religious exercises in which they do not believe? The Catholic has as much right to his religion in this country as the Protestant. My fight is not against persons. I concede the equal right of all. This is why I claim no right above a Catholic, a Jew, or a Gentile. For justice I plead; and so I say to the Protestants, while yet they are in the majority, do the magnanimous thing: omit Bible-reading and Protestant hymns in the free common schools of our country. Do not give Catholics the least excuse for dividing and breaking up our common school system. Reasonable Catholics will help save it; although I am

sorry to say the Roman Catholic church is against our common schools. But lay not the entire blame on them. You Protestants have endangered the schools by furnishing the astute, logical Catholics their premises. If majorities rule in matters of conscience—which should never be admitted—then the time is rapidly approaching when the Catholic church will take you at your word and by majority vote exclude your religious exercises and substitute their own, even the mass. How will you like that? You have insisted when you are in the majority that King James's Bible must be read to the children of Jews, Infidels, and Protestants alike. Does this not outrage your conscience to trample on theirs? When the change comes, how then? When Catholics, who now number nearly ten millions, gain the majority, as they are likely to do, and read their Douay Bible in place of your King James, and require your children to recite their catechism, will you submit? You will do as Catholics are now doing, establish separate schools. That will be the death of our splendid free school system. There is now an army of six hundred thousand children in Catholic parochial schools. Cardinal Antonelli said "he thought it better that the children should grow up in ignorance than be educated in such a system of schools as the state of Massachusetts supports," the best in the world with the exception of our young state of Colorado; "the essential part of education was the catechism; and while arithmetic and geography and other similar studies might be useful, they were not essential."

Let that principle prevail, and our republic will cease to exist save in name. Any man who places his religion above his duty as an American citizen stands ready to wreck this nation, which, with outstretched arm, has welcomed to her protecting bosom the oppressed and persecuted of all nations. The state has a right to educate all its citizens to preserve itself. Ignorance and immorality are twin evils. If either must be destroyed, the church or the state, which must it be? The state, this American nation, never oppressed any church. The church always oppresses, when given power. All should stand together, shoulder to shoulder, as was done to preserve the Union, to maintain our free school system, free from the dominion of a church. We say to any church, if you will not submit to the right of this government to self-protection, to diffuse secular education, to insist that all its children should be trained to make good citizens, you will be made to, just as sure as secession was buried deep. Compulsory education is necessary to secure efficient labor, general thrift, and wide-spread intelligence.

The moral well-being of the people is shown by facts and figures to be best secured by secular education, the surest preventive of pauperism and of crime of all sorts. Ten times the crime is committed by illiterate over those who have received only the elements of a common school education.

The speaker gave abundant figures to substantiate all his statements, gave copious quotations from General Grant to show that in order to avoid a strife, which Grant said may have to be settled "through blood," but which the lecturer hoped might be settled by appeals to the reason of the masses, the church and state must be kept separate.—Democrat, Seward, Neb.

DAN. DOUGHERTY CORRECTED

Daniel Dougherty, in his address at the Baltimore centennial, said that in colonial times "the only religious martyrs in America were Catholics. They were spurned, slandered, vilified, and the highest honors of the republic denied them by a prejudice as strong as a constitutional enactment." It is true that the Puritan governors of Massachusetts, Belcher and Endicott, persecuted the Catholics, but the Puritans persecuted the Quakers even to the extent of hanging some of them. Anne Hutchinson and Mary Dyer were persecuted by the Puritans; Roger Williams was driven into exile, Corey was pressed to death by the Puritans for refusing to testify. There was nothing done to the Catholics in colonial days that was worse than these cruelties. In later times a Catholic religious asylum was burned by a mob in Charleston, Mass.—a foul deed but not worse than the sacking of the home for colored children by the Catholic mob during the draft riots of 1863. The truth is that the bigotry, ignorance,

and brutality in America have not been confined either to Protestant or Catholic circles. Abner Kneeland was mobbed and jailed in Boston for editing a deistical newspaper; Garrison was mobbed for publishing an anti-slavery journal. Both in Europe and America bigotry, brutality, superstition, and ignorance have committed awful crimes, and neither the Protestant nor Catholic church can show clean hands in this respect. Where power and opportunity have been present persecution has done work in both churches.—Oregonian.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

All who are in favor of the total separation of church and state; of the American Republic founded upon the Declaration of Independence; of equal rights and impartial liberiy, are cordially invited to meet in Convention at San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday, January 25 and 26, 1890, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, for the purpose of discussing the issues forced upon the people by ecclesiastical encroachments, and preparing measures for the establishment of a purely Secular government in the state of California, and throughout the nation.

The main question which is now presented to the Liberals of California, and which demands, on their part, persistent and united action, is the Sabbath question. "At a recent meeting of the American Sabbath Association of California it was resolved to proceed at once with a vigorous and well-directed campaign to restore, by state legislation, the weekly day of rest to its proper position." This is the declaration of the ecclesiastical party. The California Liberal Union is opposed to any Sabbath legislation, and the purpose of its Convention is to arouse the people to the threatened danger and, by the force of an enlightened public opinion, to guard against the passage of any laws by the state legislature for the enforcement of the Sunday as a Sabbath.

All Liberals of other states who are visiting San Francisco at the time are cordially invited to be present; and will be welcomed as members of the Convention if they so desire.

There is no creed, no religious belief or non-religious belief in the platform of the Liberal Union. It stands simply and solely for human rights irrespective of creeds, and it expects the co-operation of every American, without regard to belief or non-belief.

RANFORD WORTHING,
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PHILIP COWEN,
WM. SCHROEDER,
W. S. RODGERS,
JOHN ROBINETT,
MRS. KATE PARKER,
J. E. CLARK,
L. MAGENHEIMER,

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President,
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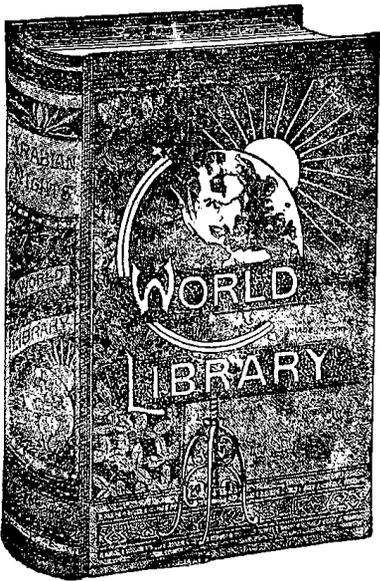
Executive Committee.

Mr. Gardner Again Communicates.

Dear Mr. George Macdonald,
I trust you'll be so kind
As to send Truth Seeker Annual,
To read which I'm inclined.
Inclosed you'll find a two-bit piece
To buy Havana good,
Or any other brand you wish,
According to your mood.
Then while you are consuming it,
In answer to your pardner,
You'll smile and say you got the price
Of this from old Fred Gardner.
May you enjoy your New Year's gift,
While cares dissolve like vapor,
And may you live a century
To guide the Freethought paper.

FRED GARDNER.

COL. J. D. STEVENSON, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, takes his whisky at regular intervals every day. In making this statement, he remarked that he never tasted intoxicating liquor until he was nineteen years old. Then he has been a "drinking man" for only seventy-one years. We commend his case to W. C. T. U. who may prevent the "habit" growing on him.—Weekly Star.



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BENJ. FRANKLIN.—Never was the Arabian Nights read with greater zest than Franklin's Autobiography, and when I had finished it I began and read it all over again. It is this book that had the most influence upon my life.—J. L. GILDER.

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The Punchtown blacksmith stands;
A small "goatee" on his chin
And corns upon his hands.
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And hammers all the day;
He cares not how the wide world goes,
Nor what the preachers say.
He has his maxims, just and old.
They are plain, but mighty true,
"A damned tough horse, I'll tell you boys,
That Becker fails to shoe."
—B. W. Huffman.

Thoughts On the Late War.

I was for the Union—you, agin it.
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.
Le' 's kind o' jes set down together
And do some partnership forgettin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Er somepin fittin'.
The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int's o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.
The old farms and the old plantations
Still occupies the's old positions.
Le' 's get back to old situations
And old ambitions.
Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal,
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we're awaitin'.
Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When women does my cookin' for me.
Ther' was n't overly much pie eat
Durin' the Army.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in The Century.

A KENTUCKY gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new administration, was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous. "Bibulous!" said the Kentuckian; "bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole state!"

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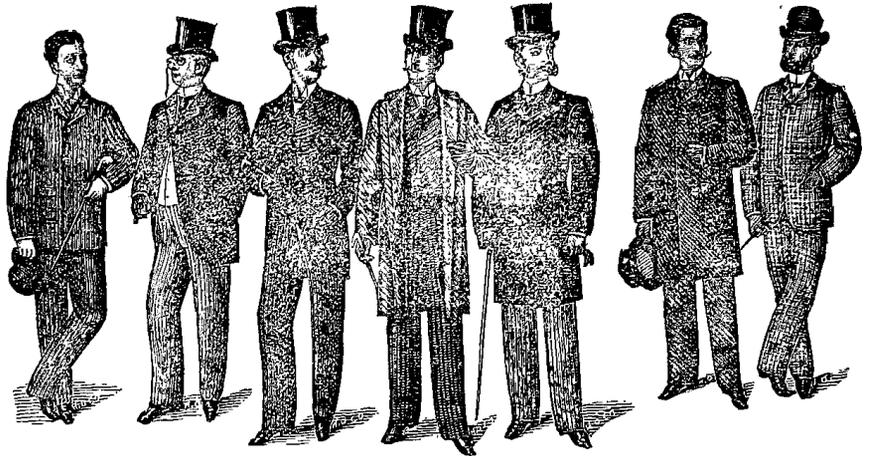
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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 18, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The pulse of Nationalism still beats high. The meeting at the Metropolitan Temple on Friday evening, January 10, was a magnificent affair. Every seat was occupied, and as the newspapers said, "There were two thousand sensible people present." The programme was exceedingly interesting and held the attention of the vast audience for over two hours. The questions were discussed in an able and eloquent manner. The opening chorus by the German Maennerchor of fifty voices was given with brilliant effect, and the soft and exquisite strains of the violin under the skillful touch of Prof. Otto Blankart, with the piano accompaniment of Miss Lizzie Blankart, was a pretty marriage of art to industry; and the vocal solo by Mrs. Percy Ross was a delightful prelude to a plain business talk by T. V. Cator. Mr. Cator was thoroughly interested in his subject, "Nationalism and Spring Valley." There was no vituperation, but a statement as to how about twenty-five million dollars might be saved to the city. In making this issue the Nationalist Club is certainly benefiting the community. After Cator's animating speech a recitation was given by Walter Leman, a famous actor of the old Pacific coast times, who always drew crowded houses. He is much like Warren of the Boston Museum, and his rendition of "The Love Chase" was received with tremendous applause, so much so that he was obliged to break the rule and recite the story of the heroic captain who gave his life-preserver to a poor castaway and himself perished in the billows, a noble contrast to the infamy reported of Captain Healy.

Hon. E. D. Wheeler then made a most stirring address. He is a young-looking man, but he is a forty-niner for all that, and his eloquence had a good deal of the vim and color of early California life. I don't think he is a full-fledged Nationalist, but he is in favor of cheaper water and the governmental control of transcontinental railroad and telegraph lines. So far as these questions are concerned the Nationalists would have the support of an immense number who would not indorse as yet the whole platform.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Hymn of Labor" was given by Miss Evangeline Ballou, accompanied by Miss Mate Hilde-

brandt. This aroused the audience to the utmost enthusiasm. The singer fitly voiced the glory of the hymn. Music made a shining wreath for the pathway of toil.

Burnette G. Haskell gave his "word or so" with his usual vivacity, and the audience responded with cheers. "The Tramp and the Millionaire" was a surprise indeed. The tramp came on the stage just as we see him in real life, and the jaunty millionaire also, as happy as a full stomach and a fifty-cent cigar could make him. The tramp sang his song and the millionaire responded. Finally as the music rolled on in its glorious melody the tramp and the millionaire walked off arm in arm, a grotesque but happy prophecy of the good time coming. The Maennerchor then gave a magnificent closing chorus, and the vast audience dispersed.

There was no religion and no theology in all that was given in this varied and splendid programme. It was humanity and work in the place of deity and prayer. So far it is a good thing. So far it helps to the solution of pregnant questions. So far it stands for unity—not for sectarianism. I hope that it will not hereafter crystallize into any creed, but remain a broad and comprehensive movement, an industrial agitation free from any outside issues whatsoever. Mrs. Addie Ballou, the president, realizes the genius of the movement, and would interpret it as an effort for the rights and dignity of labor, in which all who believe in justice and improvement can join hands without reference to any belief on other matters.

On Saturday evening Metropolitan Temple was again filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were obliged to go away. But few women were present, but there ought to have been as many women as men at a meeting of this kind. It was a protest against a huge injustice perpetrated by Captain Healy upon three seamen. These seamen did not belong to Captain Healy's vessel, and he had no right to inflict punishment upon them. All that he had a right to do was to confine them for trial. But he inflicted the most barbarous tortures. If such things are tolerated in the United States service, then the rules and regulations of that service need a pretty thorough overhauling. Is not the "thumb screw" out of fashion yet? These American citizens, without trial, no charges made against them, were "triced up," that is, shackles were put upon their wrists, so that they penetrated the flesh; the arms are thus tightly bound behind. A rope is fastened about the manacled wrists, and the victim is lifted almost from the floor. The whole weight of the body presses upon the iron-bound limbs. The torture is inexpressible, and would produce death if the victim was not released in a few minutes from the atrocious punishment. After this outrage they were bound to the ship's stanchions for forty-two hours and then landed upon a desolate shore to take care of themselves.

No wonder that the Coast Seaman's Union gathered together this immense audience to protest against a wrong like this. The workingmen's organizations were represented in great numbers,

and at the head of the several delegations was a band of music, and flags and banners were placed along the stage, and in the centre a picture representing the victim as he was strung up by this brutal commander. It was an imposing assemblage, and must have great influence upon public opinion. The speeches were of the first order, among the best I have ever heard, and there was a sufficient variety to make the display of oratory as interesting as a drama.

J. B. McCabe, editor of the *Coast Seaman's Journal*, called the meeting to order, read the history of the outrage, and made some pointed remarks. He said it was the first time he had ever addressed an audience; but he did it well. He had something to say and he said it. The Rev. Dr. Cruzan followed him, and made an excellent plea for the American sailor. Speaking of a vessel in a storm when the captain was scared and ran down into the cabin and fell upon his knees and went to praying, Cruzan said, "I believe in prayer, but that was no time to pray. The captain ought to have been at the helm instead of on his knees." That was a good bit of Secularism, and was received with round after round of applause.

Charles A. Sumner was the next speaker, and he has a good deal of the splendid earnestness of his namesake, and he can talk too, with a rugged eloquence that carries the audience. Herman Gudstadt, of the Cigarmakers' Union, spoke next, and was followed by the Rev. Dr. Harcourt. The doctor is a dude clergyman indeed. He looked as if he had just come out of a band-box. There wasn't a particle of dirt on him, or a wrinkle either. His eye-glasses were most delicately poised, and the way he beamed upon the audience through their crystal clearness was captivating. He was master of himself. He knew he was going to make a good speech, and he did it, too, and a downright liberal speech it was. He said he didn't believe in any religion that wouldn't make a man better. He believed in God, in the flag of our country, in humanity, and the rights of all. He is a good story-teller, has much dramatic ability, and looks like a jovial companion. He has studied the art of oratory. He makes the "rhetorical pause" to perfection. He holds his audience in hand as easily and as gracefully as he does his eye-glasses. He closed with the following story:

The boy is like a good many theologians. Said boy was vehemently thrashing a dead dog. "What are you doing that for?" inquired an old farmer who happened along. "Because," said the boy, as he continued the thrashing of the defunct canine, "I would have every living dog know that there is such a thing as punishment after death."

Robert Ferral is a newspaper man and lawyer, and he spoke after Dr. Harcourt; his manner was as opposite as the poles to the reverend orator, but it was equally effective and brilliant. Ferral speaks right on like Mark Antony, with no graces of speech, but he is as breezy as the north wind, and stirs like a trumpet. The other addresses were good, too, and the resolutions passed unanimously by the audience called for a thorough investigation and punishment of the outrage.

A couple of sailors who witnessed the punishment and were compelled to aid in the matter gave an account of the occurrence, a "round, unvarnished tale." There can be no doubt of the cruelty inflicted. There can be no doubt also that in many cases sailors are treated like brutes, and, as Dr. Cruzan says, this really makes them brutes.

I hold that these public meetings are a benefit. They call attention to abuses. While there should be an impartial trial for

all parties, these indignation meetings are a method of enlightenment that gives a force to the common sentiment which otherwise could not be. There should be a fair trial for Captain Healy, but should not the sailors also have the same privilege? Many sailors were present at this meeting, and they were a fine-looking set of men—stalwart and brave, as if they could meet any storm. These are men whose rights should be respected, for in them is the manhood of the race.

How the rain did pour down on Sunday evening! It was a struggle to get to 421 Post street, and the umbrella was scarcely a shield against the driving storm. A few gathered at the hall, and it was decided that the lecture of the evening, "Woman and Freethought," should be postponed until the next Sunday. Mrs. Ballou, however, was present and gave a very interesting discourse upon Nationalism, its objects and methods, and Mr. Putnam delivered a few observations upon the problem of government, and in spite of the tempest outside and the great fire that made red the heavens a profitable hour was spent. All Secularists will agree that the problem of government, of industry, is one of supreme importance. When the government has become purely Secular, what then shall we do with it? Make it merely a police force, as Herbert Spencer says, or shall it to a certain extent be an economical power, and aid the industry of the world? To my mind these questions are not to be settled in a moment, or by mere theory. After all, we must keep trying, "and if at first we don't succeed, try, try again." The lesson of the boy is also the lesson of the man.

The efficiency of the post-office is not always so good as it might be. Perhaps if Wanamaker would have less religion and more business, arrangements might be better. Over two months ago some letters were mailed to me from San Francisco to Waldo Hills, Or. The officials should have known at once that the address was wrong and returned the mail according to the directions plainly printed upon the envelope. Where the letters went to I guess nobody knows. They must have wandered about like Noah's dove, not knowing where to drop. Finally after more than two months they come back to the original starting-point, where they ought to have been five days after mailing. I suppose some of my correspondents will wonder why I haven't answered their letters before. The reason is now stated. Among these belated communications is one from my valued friend, Colonel Kelso, of Longmont, Colorado, and I am sorry on account of the nature of his letter that it was so delayed, for I might have been of some service in carrying out his wishes, and perhaps now it is not too late. He desires on account of his health and the health of his wife, Mrs. Etta Dunbar Kelso, to come to California; but to do so he must dispose of his beautiful home in Colorado, Glen Etta Home. I have been there myself, and it is one of the loveliest places along the Rocky mountains, a farm of 320 acres of the finest land in the state, a paradise for those who can enjoy the climate. There is every convenience on this farm—fine buildings, furniture, library, etc. Perhaps some of our subscribers are thinking of Colorado for a home where they can look forever upon the splendor of the hills, while the fruitful plains are spreading before them in the glittering sunshine. If any one wants an ideal home, and is rich enough in this world's goods to pay the price, I should say to such a one, Write to John R. Kelso, of Longmont, Colorado, and they will get a statement of what the farm is, terms, etc. They can not find a better place to buy, nor a better man to deal with on the square than comrade Kelso.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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It is hoped that every California Liberal will send what he can at the earliest moment for the expenses of the Convention.

WOMAN AND FREETHOUGHT.

This lecture, which was to have been given by Mrs. Addie Ballou last Sunday evening, was postponed on account of the weather. It will be given next Sunday evening at 421 Post street, Union Square Hall. All are cordially invited. Music by Mrs. Evangeline Ballou and Miss Mate Hildebrandt and Eugenia Wheeler Clark.

HOW IS THIS ?

An Oakland subscriber writes:

To the Editors of Freethought:

"Inclosed in my copy of FREETHOUGHT of January 4 I found a paper called The Word, which I found to be a smutty, obscene sheet, containing things unfit to be read by my daughters, or any decent woman, for that matter. Perhaps you were not aware of its contents, or else you would not have put our standard-bearer into such bad company."

We would assure our correspondent that we have never mailed copies of the Word to anybody. Our explanation is that Mr. Heywood, publisher of the Word, observed our subscriber's name in FREETHOUGHT, and mailed him a sample, which the letter carrier shoved into the wrapper with FREETHOUGHT for convenience of delivery. If this theory is correct, the fault is not ours or Mr. Heywood's, but the carrier's, and complaint should be made at the Oakland post-office.

We receive the Word monthly, and regard it as unnecessarily offensive to the average reader, though assured by the publishers that they mean well.

OUTRAGEOUS PERSECUTION.

Captain Otto Thomson, the associate of Victor E. Lennstrand in the publication of "Fritankaren," the Swedish Freethought paper, writes us as follows:

ESKILSTUNE, SWEDEN, Dec. 19, 1889.

MESSRS. PUTNAM & MACDONALD, *Dear Gentlemen:* I have the painful duty to inform you that my friend and partner, Mr. Victor E. Lennstrand, has been sentenced for one of the three remaining prosecutions for blasphemy to six additional months' imprisonment. Three months is no longer sufficient, for each time they have now taken to the geometrical progression. My feelings are lacerated on account of the prolongation of my friend's sufferings in prison; but I am not depressed, but rather more invigorated and determined to continue and in front of the battle. In a day or two I shall remove to the metropolis, Stockholm, to be able to work more for "Fritankaren." The flag of Freethought in Sweden shall not be lowered. "Fritankaren" can be starved to si-

lence, but never scared. I hope our friends will sustain our endeavors and that we shall not be forsaken by our friends at home and abroad.

Yours sincerely, OTTO THOMSON.

There are many of Mr. Lennstrand's countrymen on the list of FREETHOUGHT, and they will not be alone in sustaining their brother in this time of persecution. We shall be glad to see a general movement in the way of expressing material sympathy for Victor Lennstrand, and will receive, acknowledge, and forward donations for his benefit, or subscriptions to "Fritankaren."

ADVERTISE.

William Noble, 1222 Stockton street, merchant tailor, has agreed on behalf of the coming Convention, to see that it is thoroughly advertised in the Call, and to pay what expenses are necessary. This is a splendid help for the Convention. Now who will take charge of each of the other papers, the Chronicle, Examiner, Alta California, Evening Post, Report, etc? There ought to be one volunteer for each of these journals. To advertise thoroughly is requisite to success—to large meetings. There are thousands to be reached. Will not every subscriber in California see that a notice of the Convention is put into his own courtly and city paper? A little personal effort, and there can be a good deal of advertising done with but little outlay of cash.

JOB PRINTING.

The FREETHOUGHT office is supplied with a large assortment of display type and one of the best job presses in the state. We are therefore prepared to do any work in the line of letter-heads, bill-heads, business cards, programmes, circulars, etc. Of course the prices will be reasonable, and the work guaranteed satisfactory. Let us have your orders—anything from a visiting card to a full-sheet poster.

THE Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches of Flemingsburg, Ky., decided to observe last week as a week of prayer in a series of union meetings. They got along very well until the Presbyterian clergyman was called upon to pray, but instead of praying for general results he proceeded, in the course of his invocation, to introduce some of the doctrinal points peculiar to his denomination. The Baptist clergyman, following, laid down the doctrines of his church as the only ones worthy of credence or sufficient for salvation. The Presbyterian interrupted him, and received a sharp retort, when the two began bombarding each other with scripture texts, and, without rising from their knees, were about to clinch and have it out, when the audience interfered. The Methodist clergyman, meanwhile, took the pulpit and ruled the proceedings out of order. The congregations of the two dissident preachers stand by their respective pastors and are ready for the fray, while scoffers assert that the church members of Flemingsburg need converting to the ways of humanity and brotherly love.

IN a late sermon, the Rev. Mr. Sasia, head of the Jesuit organization of California, speaking of the Catholic church, said: "The Catholic church is a splendor in the world. It is a beacon light for generations. Outside of it men are groping in the dark. Who can gainsay its wonderful unity and evidence of divine power when 250,000,000 rational beings live up to the teachings of the same supreme being? In the church are 1,000 bishops, subject to the one head; 10,000 priests, subject to the bishops, and millions of faithful ones who are subject to the priests." He also remarked that the Roman Catholic church

was a divine institution, and that "it alone can enable man to reach eternal life in heaven." According to these figures and the appended statement there are but 250,000,000 people in the world who are destined to reach heaven, and they are all subjects of the pope of Rome. And yet there are people who believe this nonsense, some of whom are regarded as reasonable beings!

An exchange prints this paragraph and credits it to the Catholic Banner:

"Thank God, we at last have turned towards the times when those who propagated heretical doctrines were punished with exemplary punishment. The re-establishment of the holy tribunal of the inquisition must soon take place. Its reign will be more glorious and fruitful in results than in the past. Our Catholic heart overflows with faith and enthusiasm; and the immense joy we experience as we begin to reap the fruit of our present campaign exceeds all imagination. What a day of pleasure that will be for us when we see anti-clericals writhing in the flames of Inquisition!"

This has the true Catholic ring to it. There is no doubt that a revival of the Inquisition is what the church really desires, but we did not suppose that any Catholic would be candid enough to say so.

THERE was a debate in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city last week on the question, "Does Protection Tend to Keep up Wages?" The association furnished the orators for the affirmative side, and the Single-tax Society sent two representatives to present the free trade argument. Leaving the merits of the question out of consideration, the single-taxers had the best of it all the way through, and the audience by a rising vote gave them the victory. The result shows the superiority of labor clubs over religious organizations as a means of education.

THE Freethought Publishing Company is indebted to C. P. Farrell (Colonel Ingersoll's publisher), Helen H. Gardener, H. L. Green, and Peter Eckler for gifts of valuable books.

PAYING UP FOR SHARES.

We give this week several scores of letters from shareholders in the Freethought Publishing Company. The number of those who have invested is now not far from one hundred and forty, whose investments aggregate about \$2,200, or four hundred and forty shares. There are, however, a great many more who have promised to take shares, but who have thus far failed to remit. We hope to hear from these soon.

There has been no delay about inaugurating the business enterprise for which this money is subscribed. The location, as previously announced, is selected. Fixtures are in place. Nearly one thousand thousand dollars' worth of printing material occupies the room set apart for that purpose, a new press and an assortment of type having been purchased during the past few days. Also nearly a thousand dollars' worth of books, stationery, and fancy goods are either on the shelves or on their way from the publishers. The Freethought Publishing Company is therefore in the swim, and prepared for business, but it has scarcely as large a stock as should be carried in order to insure a good trade. We would like to have such an assortment of books that anything in the Liberal or scientific line could be found upon

our shelves and supplied without delay. To do this it is necessary that a few more shares be sold, and that those who have already agreed to take shares should forward the money for them. We are sure that none who have promised or who intend to invest will need a further reminder.

Now therefore, friends, let us make another rally—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Some who have taken shares are able to take more; many who have not subscribed may do so at once, and those who have given us their promise to subscribe are invited to forward the amount set against their names. We are entering upon the largest enterprise in Liberal work ever begun upon this coast. Let us make it a glorious success.

Please enroll myself and wife for one share each of the Freethought Publishing Company.—W. M. ANDERSON, Stella, Wash.

I send you herewith \$25 for five shares of stock.—W. S. BUSH, Seattle, Wash.

Inclosed find post-office order for \$5 to pay for one share of stock in your company.—S. CRUMRINE, Orient, Iowa.

Inclosed find \$20 to pay for my four shares of the capital stock of the Freethought Publishing Company.—GEORGE G. SVENSSON, Kalama, Wash.

To fulfill my promise I hereby send you \$5 for one share.—CHAS. L. HOTTENDORF, Escondido.

Inclosed find \$10 for two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company—one for myself and one for P. B. Davis, both of Prineville, Or.—C. ROGERS.

Please put me down for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company. Inclosed find \$5 for same. I believe the age of reason is coming.—V. G. COSTON, Calpella.

Please find inclosed \$10 for two shares of the capital stock of the company, and in return please send me certificate as a stockholder. With my best wishes for the success of Pacific coast Freethought.—PETER RAUCH, Silverton, Or.

Please find inclosed \$20. Send me shares in our book concern to the amount. Hope to do more in the near future if necessary, for Freethought and Universal Mental Liberty must progress. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you all.—B. B. ROCKWOOD, San Pasqual.

Please find inclosed \$10 as my subscription for two shares in the book and publishing company. I would have responded earlier, but owing to washouts, etc., on railroad we have been cut off for over a week. Wishing you much success.—ALFRED H. SMITH, Del Mar.

Inclosed please find \$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company. I am more than pleased with the success you have had, for I know it will be a great help to the Pacific slope. With highest hopes of great success.—ALMIRA SWEET, Hamilton, Oregon.

You will find inclosed \$6—\$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company and \$1 for books.—JONAS MYERS, Christine, Cal.

Inclosed please find money order for \$5 in payment for one share of stock in your company. I hope the enterprise will prove a grand success.—G. W. DOANE, Bloomfield.

Inclosed find \$5 for one share of stock.—CHARLES BARTA, McCanna, N. Dakota.

Inclosed please find check for \$25 to pay for five shares of stock in your company.—O. R. HARMON, Boulder Creek.

Please find \$10 for two shares to Freethought Publishing Company.—E. C. BRAINARD, Union, Or.

Please find inclosed \$5 for one share in your company.

Wishing you unlimited success, I remain yours truly, Mrs. M. PEPPERLE, Caldwell, Idaho.

You will find inclosed \$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company. I cannot but feel proud of your success.—Mrs. L. P. LANGLEY, Santa Barbara.

Please find \$5 as payment for one share of stock in the Freethought Publishing Company.—M. L. SIMS, Stockton.

I inclose \$5 to pay for one share of the stock of the company.—JOS. M. DOAN, P. M., Boca.

Inclosed find postal order for \$5 to pay for my share in the Freethought Publishing Company.—JOHN MEWHINNEY, Pomo.

Inclosed please find \$10 to pay for two shares of stock. I am pleased to see so much interest taken in the enterprise, and from the outlook I think success will meet our most sanguine expectations. Long life to Freethought.—R. H. ENDICOTT, Oakdale.

Inclosed you will find \$10 to pay for two shares. I shall take more shares after a while, and will put money, as I am able, from year to year, into the business of publishing and distributing Freethought literature.—A. H. HOYT, El Monte.

I have only time to express a hope that the Freethought Publishing Company will have become a reality when this reaches you. I wish that Colonel Ingersoll could arrange his business to take a month off, and go out and give your people half a dozen broadsides and make the company a success from the start. Inclosed find \$500 for one hundred shares.—N. F. GRISWOLD, Meriden, Conn.

Please find inclosed a check for \$50. If I can I will do some more to help the good cause. Three cheers for the Freethought Publishing Company and all the good Infidels who help along the cause.—H. F. EBERS, Cazadero.

Inclosed please find \$5 for one share in the company. Please send certificate of stock. Success to the enterprise.—CHAS. M. JEFFERIS, Helena, Mont.

Inclosed find order for share of stock in Freethought.—L. SCHLEGEL, University, Los Angeles Co.

Inclosed herewith please find \$5, my subscription to the stock of the new company. Wishing it every success.—L. F. LONG, Largo.

Inclosed please find \$10 in payment for the respective shares taken by Geo. Hinrichsen and the undersigned.—HENRY DOPMAN, San Lorenzo.

Herewith is check for \$10, for the establishment of a Freethought Publishing Company, for which you will please send me the certificate. My best wishes for success.—L. MAGENHELMER, San Jose.

Inclosed find draft for \$10 to pay for two shares of stock.—H. C. COMEGYS, Snohomish, Wash.

Inclosed please find \$25, covering five shares at \$5 each in the Freethought Publishing Company. Success in all your undertakings is the wish of your fraternal friend.—JOHN ENGSTROM, Aspen, Col.

Please find inclosed \$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company. Would like to invest more.—CHARLES G. CASPARY, Wagner, Or.

Inclosed find \$27—\$25 to be applied on five shares of Freethought Publishing Company, and \$2 for my subscription for 1890.—JAMES A. GREENHILL, Clinton, Iowa.

Inclosed find \$5 in payment for one share.—C. W. SAUNDERS, Portland, Or.

Inclosed please find \$25 for five shares, and if there is nothing in your by-laws to prevent it, I desire that the five shares shall be issued in my boy's name, Adolphe Bessette, who is a little over two years old now. And if Adolphe and FREETHOUGHT live fifty years, the boy will then be a man, and the oldest share-

holder in Freethought in the Rocky mountains. I, for one, expect to keep those shares in Freethought, pay assessments, if need be; or receive dividends if declared in the future, as the ship of Freethought happens to sail along.—A. BESSETTE, Argenta, Mont.

Find inclosed \$25 for the cause. Jas. Wardwell, \$10; Andrew Kelley, \$5, Wm. Sayne, \$5, Geo. Deitz, \$5.—Emmett, Idaho.

Please find inclosed \$30 for shares for myself. The other parties will send in soon.—ROBERT LARAMORE, Fresno Flats.

I send inclosed check, \$5. May do better later.—A. W. POOLE, Grub Gulch.

I send you this day \$5 for the share.—JOE CRANE, Fresno Flats.

I inclose \$16 to cover payment on A. Wickersham's subscription to your paper of which \$1 has been paid, \$5 to pay his share of stock, and \$10 to pay my own subscription to stock.—COKE EWING, Buckley, Wash.

Inclosed find \$10 for two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company; and \$2 to renew my subscription to FREETHOUGHT. With my best wishes for the success of the new company, I remain—CHAS. DE LA BAUME, Uintah, Utah.

Inclosed please find \$5 for one share. I am very sorry that circumstances will not permit me to take more.—ANDERS CARLSON, Randolph, Or.

Inclosed find \$7 to pay for one share of your company, also \$2 for paper for one year.—F. SHODL, Romley, Col.

Find inclosed \$5 for one share in your Freethought Publishing Company.—HENRY C. YAEGER, Helena, Mont.

Please find inclosed \$50 for stock in the new company. I will send you another \$50 on my return to Denver. I was sorry to have missed Mr. Putnam here. I was stopping at Lakeside, and could not get to town on account of the railroad track being washed out.—AUSTIN W. SMITH, San Diego.

You will find inclosed \$5 for a share.—J. D. KAUFMAN, Boulder Creek.

Inclosed you will please find my check for \$50. I have not the least doubt the higher up the Publishing Company will get, the better showing it will make. My best wishes accompany you and the Company.—A. SCHELL, Knight's Ferry.

Inclosed please find check for \$50 to pay for ten shares in the Freethought Publishing Co.—ED. WEGNER, Sonoma.

I am very much gratified to see the stock company so well supported. It shows that Liberals as a whole begin to tumble to the fact that union makes strength. Inclosed find my remittance of \$20, which squares my pledge. Hoping you will meet deserved success.—DE LESPINASSE, M.D., Orange City, Iowa.

Please find draft for \$25 for five shares, two for Mrs. Mark and three for me.—F. MARK, Marshfield, Or.

Within find \$10 for two shares in the Freethought Publishing Company.—JACOB NEWMAN, No. Powder, Or.

I will take one share, and herewith inclose \$5 for the same. A Freethought publishing house is just what we need on this coast. It will bring our forces together, and will act as an influential organizer. I am pleased to see the Liberals take such active interest in this movement, and hope every Liberal who can afford it will join this grand company. Sincerely hoping the Freethought Publishing Company will thrive and prove most successful, I remain yours most respectfully for truth and justice.—ELVA E. DAVIDSON, Oswego, Or.

I am half pleased and half angry at the evidences of success which I see by FREETHOUGHT has attended you since casting anchor on the far-off Pacific coast. Pleased because I can't help being pleased at the success of those who deserve success; angry, or half so, because I have never yet become sufficiently Christian to fully eliminate that wicked trait of selfishness born in me. The truth is, "Put" and "Mac," I have never quite

forgiven you for putting three thousand miles of earth between you and the friends you left behind. I wanted you close at hand where I could hear "Put" laugh, and get my eyes on George's badge pin now and then. But I see now that there is no use "kicking against the pricks" any longer, so will accept the inevitable as gracefully as possible, and hereafter wish you that success you so justly deserve. You are making a good paper and a strong fight in a glorious cause, and hereafter my blessings shall attend you. I hear you both say, "Can't live on that," so I inclose subscription for FREETHOUGHT, and a \$50 check. As ever your friend—A. VAN DEUSEN, New York.

Inclosed you will find \$5 for one share of stock in the Freethought Publishing Company.—JOHN KRUSE, Wilsonville.

Inclosed find \$25, paying for five shares in the Company.—A. ROSENOW, Walla Walla.

Inclosed is \$10, which please place to credit of Mattie Blaisdell, Portland, Or., one share, and Mattie P. Krekel one share. When I am able will do more.—MATTIE P. KREKEL, Portland, Or.

Inclosed find \$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company.—W. S. BIRKETT, So. Butte, Mont.

Inclosed find \$10 for my two shares in the Freethought Publishing Co.—JOHN DUMBACHER, Calistoga.

I inclose \$10 for two shares of the Freethought Publishing Co. Success to the Company.—I. K. GARRETT, Stockton.

Please find inclosed \$50, the amount for ten shares of Freethought Publishing Company stock.—JOSEPH BLABON, JR., Crescent City.

Inclosed find \$5, for which please send me certificate for one share of stock in the Freethought Publishing Company.—A. K. COWARD, Norwalk.

I herewith send you money order for \$5 for one share in the Freethought Publishing Company.—J. P. MILLER, Deep River, Wash.

Mr. Willard T. Jones has given me a draft on Wells, Fargo & Co. for \$10 for two shares of stock. Inclosed I send you \$10 for two shares. Please make out certificate to J. C. and Clara Keep Gage.—J. C. GAGE, Stockton.

Inclosed please find \$10, subscribed by me for the new departure of FREETHOUGHT. Hoping that it will prove a grand success, yours.—R. W. BARCROFT, Hornitos.

Inclosed please find \$27—\$25 for shares and \$2 for FREETHOUGHT for 1890. I am very much pleased that the plan has been successful, and fondly hope to see grand results, even in the near future, of the unselfish and energetic pioneer work of Mr. Putnam and yourself. Indeed, I think we are already seeing the beginning of such results.—JOHN ROBINETT, Nipomo.

Inclosed please find \$12—\$5 for one share for Joseph Van Hoeter; \$5 for one share for Mrs. P. Van Hoeter, and \$2 for one year's Freethought. If after a month or two you have not disposed of all your stock, please let me know. I may perhaps take some more.—MRS. P. VAN HOETER, Grass Valley.

I received your circular announcing that the Publishing Company is ready for business. Inclosed please find my check on the El Paso National Bank for \$50. You can forward certificates to my address below. Let me congratulate you on the prosperity of the enterprise and wish you eminent success.—P. F. GARRETT, Roswell, N. M.

I inclose herewith post-office order for \$25 to pay for five shares of stock subscribed by W. F. Freeman one, Mrs. M. D. Freeman one, Chas. Haas one, Mrs. Chas. Haas one, and Mrs. J. E. McKenzie one. I expect to be down on the 25th and think we shall observe the 29th inst. here.—W. F. FREEMAN, Stockton.

Inclosed please find \$33, which apply as follows, viz: J. Henry Schroeder, four shares stock, \$20; Jas. McNaughton, one share stock, \$5; J. Henry Schroeder, W. C. Ballard, Matt Johnson,

Jas. McNaughton, each \$2 renewals to FREETHOUGHT. We are preparing for a Paine celebration at Coquille City, and hope to make it as successful an event as the one at Myrtle Point last year.—J. HENEY SCHROEDER, Arago, Or.

Your favor of the 6th inst. states that you have got fully organized and ready to receive subscriptions. Please find \$5 inclosed.—A. B. KLISE, Molalla, Or.

OBSERVATIONS.

I cannot conceal that the below printed communication expresses my own thoughts quite forcibly:

This new nonsense known as Nationalism must, like *la grippe*, have its run and monopolize attention until something else is sprung upon the general public. It is now having a mild rage in this section, and many whose hopes and emotions affect their judgment profess to see the millennium rapidly approaching. Having read the dream on which great expectations find a basis, I was influenced by mild curiosity to attend several of the weekly meetings held in this city to enlighten the people and save the world from impending ruin. On each occasion I was so completely nauseated with the religious nonsense and Bible foolishness there dispensed by the speakers that I sought and found relief, when I went out, in expressions of profanity.

On a recent Sunday the opening speaker chose for his subject, "Nationalism in the Light of Prophecy;" and going back to the book of Isaiah, he satisfied himself that the "good time coming" was there predicted thousands of years ago. During his wearying efforts to mix Bible and Nationalism he let drop some expressions not strictly orthodox, though I failed to detect it, and a Christian member of the society, who had just joined it, could hardly wait for the discourse to end before he jumped on the speaker with both feet—figuratively speaking—and said he was told before he joined the society that Infidels and Agnostics would not be permitted to speak in the meetings, and if they were, he should withdraw at once. Oil was then poured on the troubled waters, and his organ of religious combativeness resumed its normal placidity before the next speaker closed, for his remarks, with slight changes, would have been very appropriate at an evening prayer-meeting or a Sabbath-school convention.

Thus is Nationalism being placed before the people of this city, and the foundation laid for industrial changes that shall insure plenty to all; and from time to time the public is invited out by the advertisement that the next lecture will be, "The Relation of Christianity to Nationalism," or "The Teachings of Christ in Harmony with Bellamy's Dream," etc. Such subjects naturally make an Infidel jump to get there, and Nationalism assumes an importance second only to the salvation of his soul. But don't it beat sheer how hard it is for people to loose their grip on the dead Jesus and what somebody declares he said centuries ago! Starve the people; grind them down by conditions which the exercise of common sense would remove; force them to suffer and endure, and still they neither want nor seek relief unless it can come in accordance with opinions held by the long-lamented myth from Nazareth.

I fully agree with the junior editor of FREETHOUGHT that Nationalism is a "semi-religious craze," and have no faith in its ever producing desirable or beneficial changes. Even were it possible to eliminate the religious insanity which seeks union with it, the visionary theories then remaining would never materialize in practical results. The scheme is too utopian to fit the inharmonious and incongruous elements in human nature; and one of its greatest defects is its failure or inability to provide a plan for action among the great majority of American people—the scattering but ubiquitous farmer. For some reason he has been entirely ignored and the scheme confined to thickly settled communities, where, if individuality could be crushed out, and mortal man be made to assume the characteristics of a puppet, the thing might work. The race question in the South is one that the "dream" offers no solution for, and this country is yet to be convulsed with both race and religious conflicts which industria

conditions will neither hasten nor prevent. A happy, harmonious family-nation is too bright an expectation to realize this side of an orthodox heaven; and, as man is a fighting animal whose sluggish blood was never stirred by anything nameable as martial music stirs it and visions of conquest, we can safely conclude that history will continue to repeat itself and the world will as now and heretofore be the abode of endless strife in the human family, where the serious and perpetual struggle for existence is varied by alternate periods of peace and warfare under the blessed consolation derived from religious superstition and the cheering thought that we may possibly live again in another and a better world. *Sic est vita.*—C. SEVERANCE, Los Angeles.

Mr. Eugene Hough has written a poem and had it published in a contemporary journal. I have not seen it, but Bierce of the Examiner quotes one stanza; thus:

In the bosom of a continent wide,
Leagues and leagues from the sand of ocean's tide,
While delving far beneath the light of day—
There in a niche, curious and rare, lay
A shell!

These lines are a trifle off in their mechanical construction, and standing alone their significance is not apparent, but that their author did the best he could there is no reason to doubt. It was therefore unkind in Mr. Bierce to add:

On a continent—on the western side—
In a cooler place than he'd find if he died,
While writing his rot, with his pride for pay—
Lived (though all wished he was under the bay)
A fool.

That is no way to deal with an amateur poet. If a man writes verse and writes it incorrectly, he should be instructed how to improve his style, and not be pronounced a fool off-hand. It is the province of the journalist to instruct or amuse, and to call a man a fool is neither edifying nor funny. In order to convince reasonable people like Mr. Hough that they are wrong, we must point out their error. It would have been a very easy thing for Mr. Bierce to show Mr. Hough that his first line could not be scanned, for the reason that he has introduced three unaccented syllables, namely, “-som of a;” that the second line has an excess of accented syllables; that in the third line he has dropped into a style of verse wholly different from that of the two preceding; and that the fourth line is prose.

Being himself a rhymester, Mr. Bierce would have had little difficulty in making rhythmical if not lyrical verse of Mr. Hough's stanza; as, for instance:

In the bosom deep of a continent wide,
Leagues and leagues from ocean's tide,
And fathoms away from the light of day,
Rich and rare, in a niche there lay
A shell.

Thus arranged, the lines offer no violence to the ear of the reader, and present their leading idea in a manner calculated to excite poetic reflection. A seashell discovered leagues away from the shore and at the bottom of a shaft raises at once the question how it got there, which was no doubt the object Mr. Hough had in view when he wrote the verse under criticism.

The superiority of my method of dealing with defective poetry is shown by the fact that Bierce has made an enemy of Mr. Hough, while I have written his name on the subscription list of this journal.

A Canadian lady has looked across the continent to find a vehicle for her thoughts. She writes:

Since you have opened your columns to all, I desire space to give my views on religion. My only creed is the fatherhood of the Eternal and the brotherhood of man. And my belief in this rests on this—that I have felt His power in my soul so powerfully that I cannot doubt. But others can feel it as well as I, if they will wait for it and listen to its teachings and obey them. For He speaks to all. If any have not heard the voice it is because it is not heard so easily in the tumult of life, and they are not looking for it. But look backward for a little and think. Have you not sometimes had an impression that if followed brought some good or averted some evil? If any one will watch, these little beginnings will grow into a teacher that will teach as no man or mortal spirit can teach.

I speak not as one ignorant of the teachings of Materialism, Spiritualism, or modern theology.

Whitby, Canada.

SARAH A. ORVIS.

If there is anything new or startling in the foregoing, those who recognize it will doubtless be glad to see the letter in print. The fatherhood of the Eternal is to me an aged chestnut with wool on it, and the brotherhood of man has grown whiskers since I first heard it propounded as a declaration of principles. The Eternal is perchance our primitive male ancestor, the Everlasting being his conjugal partner. If so, we may look back with pride, if not with filial affection, to our respectable progenitors. So the Eternal speaks to all, does he? What has become of the old lady, Everlasting? Has her conversation mill been closed down? That all mankind are brothers naturally follows from the common parentage above established, and the way they quarrel proves it. I have often noticed that brothers fight each other with an enthusiasm rarely shown toward strangers, and that slight differences which would not lessen their courtesy to others, will bring them to the verge of a knock-down and result in life-long coolness if not enmity. There is a good deal of humbug about brotherhood; and while I esteem my own brother above other men, I am confident that, other things being the same, I should have an equal regard for him if our parents had never been introduced to one another. I am inclined to rebel against the obligation to like any one better on account of consanguinity. The fact that a man is a man is sufficient excuse for dealing fairly with him. He is our brother, of course, and so, saith the poet, is the insensate clod.

Speaking of impressions, I would say I never had any. I have not felt the “power.” If I ever do I shall regard it as the premonitory symptoms of an epileptic seizure, and consult a physician.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Six convicts, one of whom is a murderer, dug their way out of our county jail last Saturday night, and some of them are still at liberty.—The Girls' High School building at Hyde and Bush streets was burnt Sunday night. The building and contents foot up a loss to the city of about \$36,000.—Snowslides have interfered with railroad travel in Oregon and Washington.—The fact has just come to light that in September last, J. L. Patterson, of Calico, San Bernardino county, was held up and robbed of \$10,000 in cash, and that the robber, one Dodson, was tracked and shot to death in the Mojave desert.—A missionary lately returned from China reports that the opium habit is rapidly spreading among the Chinese.—C. R. Bennett, of the Vice Society, is happy over the seizure of some walking-sticks with horrifying pictures in the heads of them.—The Nationalists are holding crowded meetings of late, and public interest is being attracted to Socialism.—There were 124 deaths in this city last week.—It is believed that mails from Boston, New York, Washington, and St. Louis were burned at Sidney, Neb., Jan. 10.

The usual worst storm of the season was reported from St. Louis and Kansas City the first part of the week. Communication with the South was cut off by a cyclone destroying telegraph wires. In Tennessee, several lives were lost and four churches demolished.—Specials from eighty-three towns in Ohio outside of the large cities showed four thousand cases of la grippe and 86 deaths Jan. 12.—Hamilton Carter, a Sunday-school man, a church-member, and a professor in a religious institute, has been arrested at Cleveland, O., on a charge of burglary. He broke into a drug store, and also stole a missionary contribution taken up in a Presbyterian Sunday-school.—The W. C. T. U. will memorialize Secretary Windom to make officers who drink ineligible to command vessels, and Postmaster Wanamaker not to employ drunken letter-carriers.—Dolly Dutton, the famous midget, is dead. She has been an inmate of the Worcester, Mass., insane asylum for seven years. Her weight was fifteen pounds.—The wind overturned a church in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, and several people were buried in the ruins.

A Paris dispatch says: It is a sad and demoralizing feature of the influenza epidemic in Paris that ladies and gentlemen very partial to alcohol escaped, while those leading temperate lives

were the worst sufferers. Physicians noting this immediately advised the use of warm alcoholic drinks, with the result that 1500 persons were arrested in the streets within three days for drunkenness. Of this number 1200 declared that they were simply following the treatment prescribed for the influenza

INGERSOLL ON CHRISTMAS.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has written an essay on Christmas. It appears over his own signature in the New York Tribune. "My family and I," he says, "regard Christmas as a holiday—that is to say, a day of rest and pleasure—a day to get acquainted with each other, a day to recall old memories and for the cultivation of social amenities. The festival now called Christmas is far older than Christianity. It was known and celebrated for thousands of years before the establishment of what is known as our religion. It is a relic of sun worship. It is the day on which the sun triumphs over the hosts of darkness, and thousands of years before the New Testament was written, thousands of years before the republic of Rome existed, before one stone of Athens was laid, before the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt, before the religion of Brahma, before Sanscrit was spoken, men and women crawled out of their caves, pushed the matted hair from their eyes, and greeted the triumph of the sun over the powers of the night.

"There are many relics of this worship—among which is the shaving of the priest's head, leaving the spot shaven surrounded by hair, in imitation of the rays of the sun. There is still another relic—the ministers of our day close their eyes in prayer. When men worshiped the sun—when they looked at that luminary and implored its assistance—they shut their eyes as a matter of necessity. Afterward the priests looking at their idols glittering with gems shut their eyes in flattery, pretending that they could not bear the effulgence of the presence; and to-day, thousands of years after the old ideas have passed away, the modern parson, without knowing the origin of the custom, closes his eyes when he prays.

"There are many other relics and souvenirs of the dead worship of the sun, and this festival was adopted by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and by Christians. As a matter of fact, Christianity furnished new steam for an old engine, infused a new spirit into an old religion, and, as a matter of course, the old festival remained.

"For all of our festivals you will find corresponding pagan festivals. For instance, take the eucharist, the communion, where persons partake of the body and blood of the deity. This is an exceedingly old custom. Among the ancients they ate cakes made of corn, in honor of Ceres, and they called these cakes the flesh of the goddess, and they drank wine in honor of Bacchus, and called this the blood of their god. And so I could go on giving the pagan origin of every Christian ceremony and custom. The probability is that the worship of the sun was once substantially universal, and consequently the festival of Christ was equally widespread.

"As other religions have been produced, the old customs have been adopted and continued, so that the result is this festival of Christmas is almost world wide. It is popular because it is a holiday. Overworked people are glad of days that bring rest and recreation and allow them to meet their families and their friends. They are glad of days when they give and receive gifts—evidences of friendship, of remembrance and love. It is popular because it is really human, and because it is interwoven with our customs, habits, literature, and thought.

"For my part I am willing to have two or three a year—the more holidays the better. Many people have an idea that I am opposed to Sunday. I am perfectly willing to have two a week. All I insist on is that these days shall be for the benefit of the people, and that they shall be kept not in a way to make folks miserable or sad or hungry, but in a way to make people happy and to add a little to the joy of life. Of course, I am in favor of everybody keeping holidays to suit himself, provided he does not interfere with others, and I am perfectly willing that everybody should go to church on that day, provided he is willing that I should go somewhere else."

READ our Premium List on page 45.

PRIEST AND SCIENTIST.

These two characters lead and direct mankind. They are in the front ranks as instructors, authorities, and benefactors, or supposed to be.

The scientist goes to nature for his facts. He is careful that they are facts. He knows well that the least error is fatal. A railroad train will not move unless all the principles of its construction are clearly observed. Fact brings success, and error failure. There is no deception. He relies on no miracle, no mystery, nothing but demonstrable truth. He regards all else as of no value. It will not work. It gives no good results. It is useless.

The priest is of another stamp. He has no facts. He is devoted to some revelation from some other man, to some God, that he regards with awe, serves with fear and trembling, and teaches others to bow and kneel to the unknown, the mystery, the miracle, the paradox that asserts the absurd, and protests that the more absurd, the more sacred and true.

The priest never looks at science only to oppose and destroy. He is afraid of facts. He abhors the light of reason. He dare not let the sunshine in upon his mysteries, lest they all appear as cobwebs, flimsy and worthless. He is inclined to be morose, to seek the shade, to keep out of the light; for even his garments lose their sacred tints when too well-known.

He has been educated to his peculiar faith. He was selected as a priest, because he never raised a doubt of its truth. He has been promoted from a mere acolyte to a priest, bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, because of his sturdy faith. He is sure that his religion is true; and when the human mind will not accept it, he declares that that mind is perverse, crooked, obtuse, and reprobate. He would quench the sun, rather than its beams should expose his ignorance.

Science is his abhorrence, and the scientist a "devil's imp" in his estimation. He quenches the light wherever he can; and the scientist too. If nothing else will do, he cuts out his tongue, puts him in a dungeon, ties him to stake, piles the fagots around him and makes a burnt offering to his deity.

The scientist never looks upon the priest's religion but to find it "the baseless fabric of a vision," all the same, or cross, or crescent, differing but in name. He finds no facts at the bottom. A vision, a dream, a network of the imagination, all proven "by competent false witnesses," entered into the sacred books to be believed forever; and he cannot believe a word of it.

There is nothing morose about your scientist. He just revels in the sunshine. He invents telescopes and microscopes to get a better view of things. He is not afraid of the light; he loves and covets the most brilliant rays. He may be a lawyer, doctor, soldier, statesman, or traveler. No matter! he is all the same, rational, polished; he is easy of access and open to reason.

The two characters are perfect antipodes. The scientist is a rational and practical being, while the priest is either insane or educated out of all sense and all humanity. One of them is a perverted human being, soured to man, under the pretext of serving God.

Look at the conduct of the two, the world over, and you will find a demonstration of this fact in every page of history. The priest, under the mask of serving God, is trained to become the enemy of his fellow-man. He is the enemy of truth, liberty, progress, cheerfulness, and general happiness. He stands at the gate of our paradise, and says, "Enter not! God forbids!"

The spirit of the two is well illustrated in the proceedings of a council, and a convention, both of which met within the past hundred and ten years, for a business of the utmost importance to all the world.

The council was the grand ecumenical council at Rome, in Italy. It consisted of priests, bishops, and cardinals, the quintessence of priestly rank, learning, and religion. All of them were chosen vessels of rank, talent, and faith. There was not a heretic there. All were Christian priests. The council came sixty or seventy years after the convention, and had all the additional light of those years, besides that shed by the convention.

The convention was the constitutional convention of the United States in 1787. No priest was there. The scientists had

LETTERS ON THE LAND QUESTION.

MR. GREENWOOD'S LETTER.

To the Editor of The Times:

SIR: Mr. Herbert Spencer's letter in the Times of to-day carries with it a heavy lesson to political philosophers. They are taught to remember that this is an age of popular education, as well as of social unrest; that their books are read not only by students like themselves, who often find their chief interest in a display of intellectual subtlety or athleticism, but by thousands of men who are ever on the alert for warranted theories of social reform that will better their condition. And if such theories should happen to be ill-considered before publication, or unaccompanied by a strong and clear recital of whatever reasons are fatal to their application in this work-a-day world, the mischief they may do is enormous. How clearly Mr. Spencer himself must see this now! And how sorry he must be for having so terribly misled, not Mr. Laidler and the Labor party of Newcastle alone—that is not imaginable—but many other poor men also who habitually hang on the authority of great men like himself.

It was when Mr. Morley was so delicately heckled at Newcastle that a member of the Labor party deputation asked him what he thought about the nationalization of the land. Mr. Morley demurred. Mr. Laidler said the Labor party had its own plan. "They remembered that Mr. Herbert Spencer had said that the land had been taken by force and fraud; that gentleman had also said that to right one wrong it takes another." "Why," replies Mr. Morley, "has he said this?" "We all know he has," rejoins Mr. Laidler. "But you are aware that he has recalled some of the things he has laid down?" "Yes," rejoins Mr. Laidler; "but if he has stated truth and recalled it the truth will prevail." There we are. This little bit of conversation is precious beyond many pages of "absolute political ethics," judged by the standard of usefulness; and it will be useful to nobody so much as to writers like Mr. Herbert Spencer.

For what has he to say to it all? He says that the opinions quoted by Mr. Laidler were set forth forty years ago in a work "intended to be a system of absolute political ethics; or that which ought to be, as distinguished from relative political ethics, or that which is at present the nearest practical approach to it." These opinions were accompanied by others which forbid the interpretation sometimes put upon them. But yet, on reflection, they satisfied Mr. Spencer so little, he thought them so little guarded or corrected by those other opinions of his, that for the last fifteen years he has not allowed the book that contained them to appear in any language. "Though I still adhere to its general principles, I dissent from some of the deductions"—those, perhaps, which Mr. Laidler regards as truth once uttered and never to be recalled. Besides, what Mr. Spencer said on this subject "was said in the belief that the questions raised were not likely to come to the front in our time or for many generations;" and it did include the statement that, if the community took the land, the necessary business of compensation would be a complicated one. "To justly estimate and liquidate the claims" of our present land-owners "is one of the most intricate problems society one day will have to solve." Since "Social Statics" was published, however, Mr. Spencer has come to revised conclusions; and these he now sets forth in the Times. Permit me to quote a few sentences from this statement:

Though industrialism has thus far tended to individualize possession of land, while individualizing all other possessions, it may be doubted whether the final stage is at present reached. Ownership established by force does not stand on the same footing as ownership established by contract; and though multiplied sales and purchases treating the two ownerships in the same way have tacitly assimilated them, the assimilation may eventually be denied. . . . There is reason to suspect that, while private possession of things produced by labor will grow even more definite and sacred than at present, the inhabited area, which can not be produced by labor, will eventually be distinguished as something which may not be privately possessed. . . . Possibly the communal proprietorship of land, partially or wholly merged in the ownership of dominant men during evolution of the militant type, will be resumed as the industrial type becomes fully evolved.

After quoting these and similar passages from his revised opinions, Mr. Spencer makes the following observations: "The

full control. The delegates were elected by the people. They were lawyers, doctors, soldiers, statesmen, and farmers. They were elected by men to serve men. They were directed by science and common sense, and not by religion. They met for the service of man, and not of any deity, unless it were the eternal spirit of right, reason, and justice. This convention proclaimed, for the first time in the world, as the foundation of government, these principles:

"All men are by nature and right free and equal. All men have an equal right to think, speak, write, print, and act their own thoughts, respecting an equal right in all others; and to seek their own happiness in their own way. All men have inalienable rights which no man, and no government may infringe or set aside. All government should rest upon the will of the people. All law should be just and equal to all; and all have an equal protection of the law. No man shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, save by due process of such just and equal law. Government should control no man's opinions. No thoughts are crimes. Government shall neither encourage, nor discourage any religion. Let truth and error grapple, and the fittest survive. When we adjourn we step down into plain citizens, with no rank, no place, and no pay, only as our equal fellows may select us for office."

This is all in the constitution, and is to-day the supreme law, though not strictly observed.

The council, sixty years later, decreed as follows:

"The pope, our high priest, is God on earth, infallible, the fountain of all power, and to be obeyed in all things. It is a damnable heresy to believe that government should rest upon the will of the people. Man has no inalienable rights; but God is supreme, our pope is God, and man has no rights he is bound to respect. Free thoughts are crimes, when they oppose our church, and should be severely punished. Laws should not be just and equal to all men. Our priests are above the law; and heretics should have no protection of law. Government should favor our religion, support it, and protect it by law. When we adjourn, we do so to be and remain the anointed and appointed priests of God, whom all men are bound to listen to, to obey and support. We alone can forgive sins, and hold the keys of heaven. And it is a crime to deny these rights of ours."

It is thus seen that this council of priests, sixty years later, distinctly denied every word spoken by the convention.

The convention adjourned without a word, a favor, or a privilege for themselves.

The priests claimed all for themselves; that they were the servants of God to be obeyed and paid forever.

Now one was right, and the other was as clearly wrong. How does it stand?

The convention was right, and the priests were wrong. Scientists set up truth and justice, and religion declared the opposite; science was modest and generous, religion was impudent and selfish!

The scientists of that convention were led by Thomas Paine. They enthroned his principles, but left out the man. They were no hero-worshippers.

The council was led by the infallible pope. They enthroned Christ, and the pope as his vicar; but left out all the principles of Christ.

The convention was the best that ever sat in this world, and the council of priests was the worst. It installed a despot, and declared the rights of man null and void forever.

Such are priests and scientists. H. L. KNIGHT.

Schiller at the Grave of Rousseau.

Mute relic of an age abhorred, disgraced,
Of genius, love, and noble worth misplaced,
O grave of Rousseau, dear thou art to me.
Repose be to thy ashes, loved and blest,
For in thy life thou vainly sought'st the rest
That here at last has been vouchsafed to thee.
Ah, when will ancient wounds be covered o'er?
The wise men died in heathen days of yore—
Now, though 'tis lighter, yet they die again.
Brave Socrates was slain by Sophists' hate,
Rousseau through Christian venom meets his fate—
Rousseau, who fain would make of Christians—men.

use of the words 'possible,' 'possibly,' and 'perhaps,' in the above extracts shows that I have no positive opinion as to what may hereafter take place." But of this Mr. Spencer feels sure: Nationalize the land on righteous principles of compensation, and the interest on the purchase-money would exceed the sum now paid in rent. Moreover, it is a "wild belief" that the land would be better managed—i. e., more profitably managed—by public officials than by private owners. "With a humanity anything like that we now know, the implied reorganization would be disastrous."

Weil, we have only to do with the humanity that we now know; and being what it is, surely Mr. Spencer should have taken pains from the beginning to consider its manifold weaknesses and temptations. Yet still he repeats that the individual ownership of land was established by force, the assertion that Mr. Laidler and the Labor party of Newcastle stand upon. While, as for his perhapses and possibilities, they are in fact expressions of doubt as to whether the community will or will not resume ownership of the land, but they are not necessarily to be taken in that sense, and any Mr. Laidler might be forgiven if he saw in them a suggestion of the right thing to do, or a prophecy the fulfillment of which it would not be wrong to precipitate. All the more reasonably might he think so when he sees that in these same revised conclusions Mr. Spencer likens the acquisition of property in land by individuals to the old-time "ownership of man by man." "The ownership of land was established by force;" it originated in robbery; at the root it is robbery still. That is the point for Mr. Laidler; and, writing for humanity as we know it, and as the next generation is likely to know it, it is a pity that Mr. Spencer did not guard at once and in the strongest way against the probable use that humanity, as we know it, would make of the assertion. The possible resumption of the land by some totally different generation of humanity, one that we know not of, should not have been committed to print as the righting of a wrong, without the clearest warning that, till that generation comes, land nationalization must be an exceeding great folly, amounting to absolute disaster. For the good of humanity, that was always the most important point to insist upon. It is to be feared that some thousands of Laidlers will not think so much of it now. So much does it become political philosophers to be careful. Some medicines are also poisons; such medicines should never be issued over the counter to any and every purchaser without a warning label; and this I hope I may say without seeming disrespect for Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

PROF. HUXLEY'S LETTER.

To the Editor of "The Times:"

SIR: I have read with very great interest the "heckling" of Mr. Morley, the letters of Mr. Spencer and of Mr. Greenwood, and your editorial comments on this triangular duel. But, if I may speak in the name of that not inconsiderable number of persons to whom absolute ethics and *a priori* politics are alike stumbling-blocks, permit me, borrowing a phrase which a learned judge has immortalized, to say that "you have not helped us much."

Let me explain the nature of the further help we require by putting a case which is not altogether imaginary:

A score of years ago, A. B. bought a piece of land; he paid the price asked by the vender, and all conditions required by the law were fulfilled in the transference of ownership. The transaction was as much a free contract as if A. B. had gone to market and bought a cabbage. At the time that A. B. handed over his money he believed that the state was a copartner in the contract, in so far that it undertook to maintain his rights of ownership against everything and everybody who should attempt to invade them, except an act of the legislature, or the orders of the commanding officer in war-time, or a police officer legally authorized. A. B. has gone on paying his taxes to the state all these years, in full conviction that the state contracted, among other things, to afford him the protection thus defined.

A. B.'s lawyers assured him that the title to the land was perfectly good. This means that, for several centuries at least, neither force nor fraud has intervened, but that the land has

passed from owner to owner by free contract. At the same time, A. B., who is somewhat pedantic in the matter of historical accuracy, admits that, for anything he knows to the contrary, in the reign of King John his bit of land may have belonged to Cedric the Saxon; and that possibly the son-in-law of that worthythane, after the quarrel with Rowena, related by a historian of later date than Scott, may have taken forcible possession of it, and, in virtue of his favor at court, kept it for himself and his descendants.

Now, my friends and myself, having no better guides than common morality and common sense, are of opinion that, supposing Ivanhoe to have behaved in this scandalous fashion, the fact makes not the smallest difference in justice or in equity to the title of A. B.; and that, if it did, the state, which has contracted to defend A. B.'s title without the least reference to such antiquarian contingencies, would commit a gross fraud if it broke its contract on any such flimsy pretenses.

The right to compensation is not in question; what we deny is the right to disturb A. B. on such a ground.

It would appear, however, that there is some better guidance than that of common morality and common sense; "absolute political ethics" is an unfallible indicator of what we ought to do—whether the action indicated is possible or impossible.

Now, what we want is this very light as to what we ought to do in such a concrete case as that I have mentioned. The dictum that "ownership established by force does not stand on the same footing as ownership established by contract," I must repeat, "does not help us." Construed strictly, it is a mere truism; construed broadly, it may cover Mr. Laidler's view.

What we want to know is this: According to "absolute political ethics," has A. B. a moral as well as a legal right to his land or not?

If he has not, how does "absolute political ethics" deduce his title to compensation? And, if he has, how does "absolute political ethics" deduce the state's right to disturb him?

No question is raised here as to the right of the state to deal with A. B.'s land or anything else he possesses on grounds of public utility or necessity; nor do we want to know what may be done by the wisdom or the folly of future generations. "Absolute political ethics" should be independent of time and space; and it ought to be able to tell us whether, *in foro conscientiae*, A. B., if he continue to hold his land under the circumstances supposed, is an honest man or a receiver of stolen goods.

I intervene in this discussion most unwillingly, but I have long been of opinion that the great political evil of our time is the attempt to sanction popular acts of injustice by antiquarian and speculative arguments.

My friend Mr. Spencer is, I am sure, the last person willingly to abet this tendency. But I am afraid that, in spite of all Mr. Spencer's disclaimers, the next time Mr. Morley visits his constituents his pertinacious "heckler" will insist that, after all, the younger and the older philosopher are not disagreed in principle; and that the difference of "footing" between ownership primarily based on force and other ownership can not be cured by efflux of time, and justifies the state now, or at any future period, in dealing differently with the two.

In Ireland confiscation is justified by the appeal to wrongs inflicted a century ago; in England the theorems of "absolute political ethics" are in danger of being employed to make this generation of land-owners responsible for the misdeeds of William the conqueror and his followers.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. H. HUXLEY.

SUPERSTITION AT TABLE.

The talk of Brussels, and also of Paris, has been the very remarkable dinner given by the Prince Joseph de Chimay, who is King Leopold's minister of foreign affairs, to the Antislavery Commission and the members of the diplomatic corps of the different nations stationed at the Belgian capital. The Prince de Chimay is a most devout Catholic, and is rigorous in his observances of the rules and regulations of the church. Unfortunately the only day on which the banquet could be given was Friday. The serving of meat to his Catholic guests on that day would

have been an act of discourtesy and disregard of their prejudices of which the prince was incapable. At the same time, it was difficult to ask his non-Catholic guests to content themselves with a fast-dinner. The difficulty was at length solved in a singularly happy manner. Two tables were set in the great dining-room. Both were loaded with massive plate and decked with a profusion of flowers. At one a diner maigre alone was served, the menu comprising eight courses, in which the finny tribe were the principal ingredients of many a delicate dish. At this table sat the host and his Catholic guests. The other table was reserved for the "heretics," to whom a magnificent repast was given, at which meats of all kinds were on the elaborate menu. At dessert the guests were asked to rise and adjourn to another room, where Catholics and Protestants united at one large table, on which were served the ices, entremets, and dessert.

THE INQUISITION.

Spain had a handy implement, planned and perfected on her soil, which enabled her to deal in a way of her own with these learned, noble, but pernicious heretics. It was for the benefit of Jews and Mohammedans that the Inquisition had been set up. In its earliest days it had done a large and successful business in them. Torquemada, the first inquisitor-general, is said in sixteen years to have burned 9,000. His successor, Diego Deza, was a less active man of business, for in eight years his murders were only 1600. But he induced Ferdinand and Isabella to expel the Moors as Torquemada had caused them to expel the Jews. Nearly 2,000,000 of the most industrious and able subjects were thus driven by these sovereigns from their country; a blow was self-inflicted on Spain from which she has never recovered; indeed, the whole policy of the Inquisition was the means of dragging down Spain from the highest to the lowest place among the kingdoms of Europe.

Their highnesses of the Inquisition saw that to put down the rising spirit of Protestantism they must bend the whole resources of their institution, in the most merciless and relentless fashion, to stamp out at once and forever every spark and vestige of heresy. And their resources were simply appalling. They had lately received a great extension of powers, and were practically able to arrest, confine, torture, convict, and burn whomsoever they pleased and perpetrate upon them the most inhuman cruelties. Once within their clutches their victims were practically helpless. Attempts have been made to show that it was otherwise, but historians of their own confirm what we have said. No doubt in their prisons there were cells that were fairly comfortable, but these were reserved for adulterers, pirates, smugglers, or political offenders who were not very dangerous to the church. But for heretics the places of confinement were usually underground dungeons, dark, damp, and dreary, never warmed by the comfortable glow of a fire, hardly reached by a straggling sunbeam, uncleansed and putrid, breeding disease that, perhaps in mercy, ended the life of many a prisoner before he was condemned to the fire.

At the dead of night the victim would be summoned to stand his trial in a dismal chamber where his merciless judges would be found, while the "familiar of the Inquisition" moved about, executing their orders, their faces covered by garments with two holes opposite their eyes, as if to disguise their very humanity. If the accused person would not confess his guilt, or would not disclose the names of others whom he knew to be heretics, he was ordered to the torture. The forms of torture were varied, but two obtained pre-eminence—the rack and the pulley.

The rack was a hollow machine of wood, with no bottom, but a bar against which the body lay, while the limbs were fastened by tight cords that often cut through the flesh to the bone, and on the mouth a cloth was placed on which water slowly descended, causing a most irritating sensation and a struggle for breath that often broke blood vessels in the lungs. In the pulley the victim had heavy weights attached to his feet, his arms were bound behind, he was hoisted by a rope to the roof, then by the slacking of the rope allowed to drop with a jerk so violent that sometimes every joint was wrenched from its socket. If the first application of the instruments of torture was ineffectual the victim was flung back into his horrible cell to digest his agony as he

might, and called out perhaps next day to undergo a repetition of the process. Sometimes it would be repeated day after day for many days in succession, and sometimes years upon years would be spent in captivity with an occasional touch of torture to break the monotony of the confinement.

Then there was the auto-da-fe—a sort of masterpiece of inquisitorial terror. In a large square in some important city a platform was erected, covered with tapestry and other luxurious appliances for the accommodation of the inquisitors, and of such bishops, nobles, or members of the royal family as might desire to enjoy the spectacle. In front of the platform was a raised scaffold, on which the burning was to be done. An imposing procession of military with flowing banners first appeared, then the condemned, in single file, barefooted and ragged, their bodies seamed with the effect of tightened cords, or distorted by the pulley, each covered with a loose frock, called the sanbenito, bearing figures of devils and busts consuming in the flames, to denote the destiny of the worst class of heretics. Following the prisoners came the magistrates, the nobility, a crowd of ecclesiastics, and finally the inquisitors, followed by the familiars. The next part of the performance was a sermon on the awful sins of heretics by some distinguished preacher. The inquisitor then administered an oath binding all present to honor the inquisition and defend its privileges to the very uttermost. The offenses of the heretics were next read out and those who were prepared to recant knelt down, confessing their most grievous and unnatural sin, and received absolution, accompanied probably with confiscation of their goods, perhaps imprisonment for life. Then came the men and women destined for the fire. No brutality of treatment could altogether destroy the bearing of men who fear not those that kill the body. In a little while they were fastened to their several stakes, the pile of fagots was kindled around them, and the sudden cry of anguish was met with the exultant yells of the savage crowd.—The Quiver.

TO THE LIBERALS OF CALIFORNIA.

All who are in favor of the total separation of church and state; of the American Republic founded upon the Declaration of Independence; of equal rights and impartial liberiy, are cordially invited to meet in Convention at San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday, - January 25 and 26, 1890, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, for the purpose of discussing the issues forced upon the people by ecclesiastical encroachments, and preparing measures for the establishment of a purely Secular government in the state of California, and throughout the nation.

The main question which is now presented to the Liberals of California, and which demands, on their part, persistent and united action, is the Sabbath question. "At a recent meeting of the American Sabbath Association of California it was resolved to proceed at once with a vigorous and well-directed campaign to restore, by state legislation, the weekly day of rest to its proper position." This is the declaration of the ecclesiastical party. The California Liberal Union is opposed to any Sabbath legislation, and the purpose of its Convention is to arouse the people to the threatened danger and, by the force of an enlightened public opinion, to guard against the passage of any laws by the state legislature for the enforcement of the Sunday as a Sabbath.

All Liberals of other states who are visiting San Francisco at the time are cordially invited to be present; and will be welcomed as members of the Convention if they so desire.

There is no creed, no religious belief or non-religious belief in the platform of the Liberal Union. It stands simply and solely for human rights irrespective of creeds, and it expects the co-operation of every American, without regard to belief or non-belief.

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|--|---|--|
| RANFORD WORTHING,
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PHILIP COWEN,
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W. S. RODGERS,
JOHN ROBINETT,
MRS. KATE PARKER,
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EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary,
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J. W. NORTH, First Vice-President.

Executive Committee. |
|--|---|--|

REDUCTION OF FARE.

Delegates to the Washington Convention, Seattle, January 28, 29, and 30, are earnestly requested to assemble at Freed's Hall, on Ninth street, between Olive and Pine streets (electric street-cars run within a few steps of the hall), on Tuesday morning, Jan. 28, at 9:30 sharp. The sessions will be held at 9:30 A.M. and 2 P.M. each day. There will be a banner presentation and an address by ex-Senator R. Winsor at 3:30 Tuesday, the 28th. Evenings will be devoted to public lectures. An admirable and most attractive programme has been arranged.

All coming over the Northern Pacific railroad will purchase regular ticket, and ask for certificate for delegates to the "Washington Convention of Secularists at Seattle." Such certificates, when signed by C. B. Reynolds at the Convention, entitle bearer to return ticket for one-fifth fare. Be sure to get "delegate's certificate" when purchasing ticket. The same reduction is promised on the Hunt system. R. I. WILSON, Sec.

In the Nick of Time.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I received yours of December 6, yesterday. I assure you I am glad that everything works so well. The time to strike is when the iron is hot, and I think you improved that time. I intended to take more shares in case that the cause should lack assistance, but seeing that the cause is supported freely, I will only take what I promised. I would much rather that every Liberal on the coast would take a hand in the enterprise, than that the company should be made up of a few, as it forms a kind of bond of union. I think the idea was a most fortunate one. Of course I intended to send my mite again in case you ran behind last, or rather this year, but this is much the better plan, as many who will take shares would not have contributed one cent toward making up a deficiency.

I, for my part, do not care whether the company ever will declare a dividend or not; but as the majority are not situated as I am, I should be glad for their sake if the venture proved remunerative. I consider the forming of the company as the raw material, and the profits as the cement to hold it together.

I inclose draft on Pacific Bank for \$52, for which please send me certificate for ten shares, and subscription to FREETHOUGHT for next year. Eureka, Cal. ROBERT GUNTHER.

Mrs. Waisbrooker.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Our society, the Portland Secular Union, has recently had the pleasure of several lectures by Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Helen Harlow's Vow," "Perfect Motherhood," and other works. These lectures were delivered at Central Hall and in her usual forcible, convincing, and at the same time pleasing manner. They must make a deep impression on all thinking persons who hear them. For depth of thought, for clearness of expression, and for the information contained, these lectures we have seldom, if ever, heard excelled.

We hear she intends taking a lecturing trip through Oregon and Washington, and we think any societies wishing to advance the cause of Liberalism cannot do better than to engage her for a course of lectures. Her address at present is box 269, East Portland, Oregon.

MATTIE BLAISDELL, Secretary.

The Wagner Liberal Club.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The Liberal club of this place promises to be a success. Meetings are held every second Sunday with C. N. Wagner, chairman; Miss L. Wagner, secretary; Miss M. Hayden, treasurer; W. Collins, editor of paper. A library of Liberal tendencies will be established out of common funds and private donations of Freethought publications.

Wagner, Or. CHAS. G. CASPARY, Correspondent for Club.

It is reported that the Topolobampo colony has reached a final collapse. The land grant to the colony has been revoked by the Mexican government, and all the forfeit money of the company is lost. This report comes through the daily papers, and may be erroneous.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION,

UNION SQUARE HALL, 421 POST St., SAN FRANCISCO,

Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25 and 26, 1890

PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 8 P. M.

MUSIC,	Mrs. Eugenia Clark.
SONG, Ada and Violet Wheeler, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS OF WELCOME,	Samuel P. Putnam.
ZITHER DUET,	The Misses Haelke.
BUSINESS—Appointing of Committees, etc.	
SONG,	Miss Lillie Arper.
ADDRESS,	W. S. Bell.
CLOSING SONG,	Mrs. Eugenia Clark

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 10 A. M.

PIANO SOLO,	Miss Mate Hildebrandt.
ADDRESS,	Laura deForce Gordon.
SONG,	Miss Evangeline Ballou.
ADDRESS,	Hon. F. B. Perkins.
MUSIC,	Prof. Gustav Schultheis.
SONG, Ada and Violet Wheeler, Mrs. Eugenia Clark, and Mr. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS,	J. L. Hatch.
ZITHER DUET,	The Misses Haelke.
SONG,	Miss Evangeline Ballou.

2:30 P. M.

MUSIC.	
REPORT OF SECRETARY,	Emil S. Lemme.
REPORT OF TREASURER,	A. H. Schou.
REPORT OF COMMITTEES.	
ELECTION OF OFFICERS.	
MUSIC.	
ADDRESSES, H. L. Knight, W. F. Freeman, Jas. Battersby, Mrs. A. Lindal.	

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 8 O'CLOCK.

MUSIC,	The Misses Haelke.
SONG, Mrs. Clark, the Misses Wheeler, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS,	Hon. A. Schell.
SONG,	Miss Lillie Arper.
ADDRESS,	Mrs. Addie Ballou.
SONG,	Miss Evangeline Ballou.
CLOSING REMARKS,	By the President.

GRAND PAINE CELEBRATION

UNION SQUARE HALL, 421 POST STREET,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1890,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

PROGRAMME.

1. GRAND CHORUS, United German Singing Sections of San Francisco, under the leadership of Prof. F. Fischer.

San Francisco Turn Verein,
San Francisco Krieger Verein,
Germania Club,

Harmonie Gesang-Verein

Vorwärts Verein.

2. ADDRESS, Herbert Miller.

3. SONG, Mrs. Clark, the Misses Wheeler, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.

4. ADDRESS, Mr. F. Schuenemann-Pott.

5. RECITATION, Miss Lillie Arper.

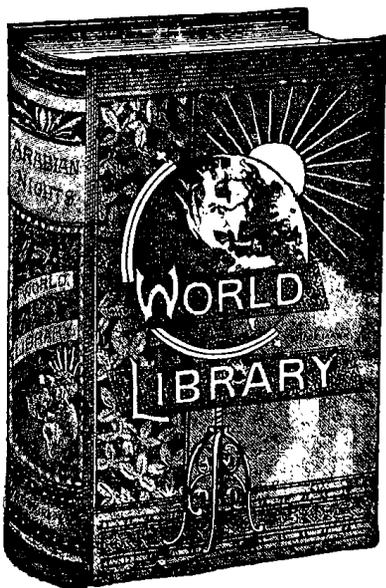
6. ADDRESS, Thomas Curtis.

7. RECITATION, C. F. Burgman.

8. SONG, Miss Evangeline Ballou and Miss Mate Hildebrandt.

The exercises begin at 8 o'clock sharp, and will be closed with a sociable and dance from 10 to 12 o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF INTRODUCTION.—Mr. and Mrs. Schou, Mrs. Grace Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eastman, Mr. Emil S. Lemme, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Faust, Geo. E. Macdonald, F. L. Browne.



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KING SOLOMON'S MINES.—A story of wild adventure in the diamond fields of Africa. Holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end.

JESU.—Haggard. An intensely dramatic story of South Africa, mentioning the Zulu war, the uprising of the Boers in the Transvaal English settlements, war and rapine, and at last an heroic sacrifice of one sister for another.

WITCH'S HEAD.—Haggard. A novel of English life, combined with adventures in Zululand, written in the author's best vein; readable from cover to cover.

ALL AN QUATERMAIN.—Haggard. A story of marvelous adventures in the heart of Africa. Our heroes having heard of a white race of great beauty living in the unknown wilds of the center of this country, resolve to and finally succeed in discovering the country, Zu-Vendis, full of amazing wealth, and ruled by beautiful women.

TENNYSON.—A very pretty edition of the works of the greatest of living poets.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.—Stevenson. Collection of short stories; The Suicide Club; The Rajah's Diamond; The Pavillion on the Links, &c. Stories now very much admired.

POE'S POEMS.—The flow of all Poe's verse is remarkable for ease and gracefulness, and have placed him in the front rank of the poets of the world.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.—The poetry of Mr. Longfellow is marked by a very vivid imagination, great susceptibility to the impressions of natural scenery, and a ready perception of the analogies between natural objects and the feelings of the human heart.

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BRYANT'S POEMS.—His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth called the religion of the woods. This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades all his verses, and imparts to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.—The oriental fairyland, over which Queen Shehrazad reigns, is now and always will remain a classic.

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN.—The original Munchhausen was a German officer in the Russian service, who served against the Turks. He told the most extravagant stories about the campaign till his fancy completely got the better of his memory, and he believed his own extravagant fictions. The wit and humor of these tales are simply delightful.

WAVERLY.—Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose and verse) of whom one never wearies just as one can listen to Beethoven, or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight.

IVANHOE.—(By Sir. Walter Scott.) At first Ivanhoe proved hard reading. But when at last the portal was passed, and entrance was had into the enchanted palace of delight, which the Wizard of the North has created by his Aladdin's lamp of midnight oil, who could resist the magic of the wonder-worker?

ROB ROY.—(Scott.) Everybody's favorite. Scott speaks of Rob as "The Robin Hood of Scotland, the dread of the wealthy but the friend of the poor."

COOPER'S THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.—In his productions every American must take an honest pride; for surely no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American character, or has given such glowing and eminently truthful pictures of American scenery.—W. H. PRESCOTT.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.—Never was the Arabian Nights read with greater zest than Franklin's Autobiography, and when I had finished it I began and read it all over again. It is this book that had the most influence upon my life.—J. L. GILDER.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—How happy that this the most moral of romances is not only the most charming of books, but also the most instructive!—CHALMERS

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.—(By Lewis Carroll), with 42 illustrations by Tenniel, 1 vol.

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TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.—By Jules Verne. Perfectly enchanting story, full of the most exciting incidents, relates travels partly under the water, and around the globe, etc. The writer's wonderful imagination has, in many instances, anticipated late scientific discoveries.

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GULLIVER.—The most original and extraordinary of all Swift's productions. While courtiers and politicians recognized in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England, the great mass of readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative.

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She Assisted.

Mr. Profoundly sat at the breakfast table, and between sips of coffee discoursed ponderously as follows:

"It is the silent forces of nature that are most potent. The silent streams run deep, the silent power of solar heat brings forth the flower and grain, the silent moon heaps up the ocean tides, and—and——"

"The silent sow gets the most swill," said Profundity's wife, helping him out as he hesitated for similes, and spilled a soft-boiled egg on his manly bosom.—Arkan-saw Traveler.

A Poser.

Bennie—Mamma, do people really buy babies?

Mamma—Of course, child, of course. Run out now and play.

Bennie (in a brown study)—Then why is it, mamma, that poor people buy more of 'em than anybody else?—Northwest Magazine.

A tipsy Scotchman was making his way home on a bright Sunday morning when the good folk were wending their way from the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the intoxicated man, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he returned with that solemnity of visage which only a Scotchman can assume, "woman, this is no day for whustlin'."—Ex.

A LADY tells us that she heard a colored preacher say: "De fo' part of de house will please sit down, fo' de hind part cannot see de fo' part if de fo' part persists in standing befo' de hind part, to de uttah obsclusion of the hind part by the fo' part."—Christian Advocate.

SHE put on my hat;
Did she know what it meant?
On the sofa we sat
As she put on my hat
(It was long ere I went);
Yes she knew what it meant.

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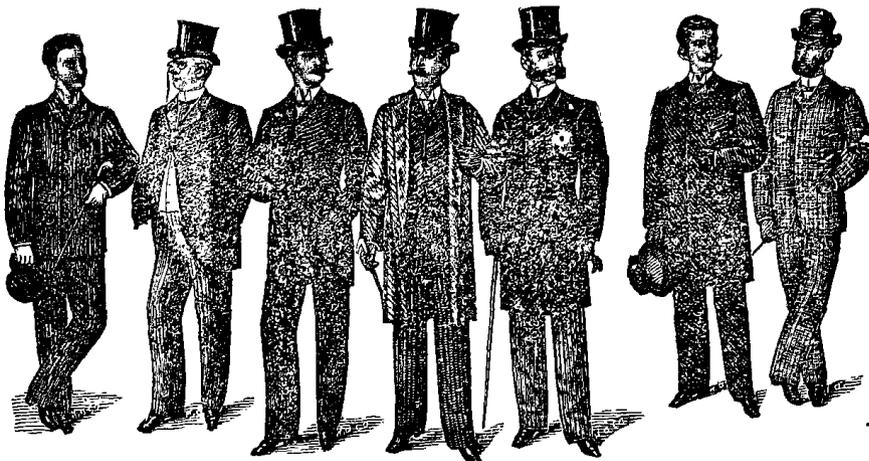
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JANUARY 25, 1890.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBERAL UNION,

UNION SQUARE HALL, 421 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 25 and 26, 1890

PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 8 P. M.

MUSIC, - - - - -	Mrs. Eugenia Clark.
SONG, Ada and Violet Wheeler, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS OF WELCOME, - - - - -	Samuel P. Putnam.
ZITHER DUET, - - - - -	The Misses Haelke.
BUSINESS—Appointing of Committees, etc.	
ADDRESS, - - - - -	W. S. Bell.
CLOSING SONG, - - - - -	Mrs. Eugenia Clark

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 10 A. M.

PIANO SOLO, - - - - -	Miss Mate Hildebrande.
ADDRESS, - - - - -	Laura deForce Gordon.
ADDRESS, - - - - -	Mrs. R. H. Schwartz.
SONG, - - - - -	Miss Evangeline Ballou.
ADDRESS, - - - - -	Hon. F. B. Perkins.
MUSIC, - - - - -	Prof. Gustav Schultheis.
SONG, Ada and Violet Wheeler, Mrs. Eugenia Clark, and Mr. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS, - - - - -	J. L. Hatch.
ZITHER DUET, - - - - -	The Misses Haelke.
SONG, - - - - -	Miss Evangeline Ballou.

2:30 P. M.

MUSIC.	
REPORT OF SECRETARY, - - - - -	Emil S. Lemme.
REPORT OF TREASURER, - - - - -	A. H. Schou.
REPORT OF COMMITTEES.	
ELECTION OF OFFICERS.	

MUSIC.
ADDRESSES, H. L. Knight, W. F. Freeman, Jas. Battersby, Mrs. A. Lindal.

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 8 O'CLOCK.

MUSIC, - - - - -	The Misses Haelke.
SONG, Mrs. Clark, the Misses Wheeler, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.	
ADDRESS, - - - - -	Hon. A. Schell.
RECITATION, - - - - -	Miss Lillie Arper.
ADDRESS, - - - - -	Mrs. Addie Ballou.
SONG, - - - - -	Miss Evangeline Ballou.
CLOSING REMARKS, - - - - -	By the President,

There is a tendency among some reformers to insist upon a creed of method—to put the emphasis upon one line of effort to the neglect of others. If their particular plan is adopted, the world is saved at once, they declare. Give us the single-tax, says one. Give us the greenback, says another. Give us Bellamy, says a third. Give us Socialism, says a fourth. Give us Anarchy, says the next, and so on. Thus Reform is apt to narrow itself, to get into “ruts,” to become machine-like. Now, there may be a partial good in all the “isms” of Reform, but as there is no universal remedy for disease, so there is no universal solvent of the problems of life. The difficulties in the way of progress are immense. It is only by constant effort in every direction that advancement can be made. Sometimes one reform has an opportunity that others do not possess, attracts attention, and seems to be the only reform. But that is only for the time being, and what is popular to-day ceases to be popular to-morrow.

The true reformer must recognize that methods as well as ideas must be manifold, that the application of truth is as varied as its original perception. As we do not see things alike, so also we cannot do things alike. The work of one man is not always the work of another. Reform, as a whole, is a sphere, rather than one line. There are a thousand lines reaching to the ultimate goal. He who thinks the line he is pursuing is the only line makes the same mistake as he who thinks that his idea of the universe is the only idea worth having.

The single-tax is no doubt a valuable aid towards reform; it is a help, provided other things are also attended to. But many, in their ardor for single-tax, overlook the other necessities of the situation and neglect if not condemn other methods of procedure. The single-tax might be worse than the present tax if there was a union of church and state in the government. The single-tax might be an arbitrary impost under ecclesiastical domination. The single-tax, to be an improvement on present methods, must be according to purely secular principles of government. But many in their eagerness for single tax ignore the necessity of secular reform.

The Nationalist movement of to-day is a splendid impulse. It deals with great ideas and great sentiments. It appeals to many a dream that has haunted the mind of man. So long as it remains a broad and general movement, cultivating sympathy and brotherhood, and representing the dignity of labor, it will undoubtedly carry the world onward. But if it crystallizes into a creed, if it insists upon a certain method to the exclusion of other methods, if it does not allow for the infinite variety of human nature and the many-sided qualities of civilization and improvement, if it becomes a political machine instead of a free and open movement, it would lose the “promise and potency” of its fair beginning.

One should guard against narrowness of method, as well as

against narrowness of idea. The demands of life are enormous. Each man can only do a little, can only know a little; but he can do and know that little in the spirit of universal wisdom. If he sees only his own work and his own way, with no bond of sym-

AN OPEN COURT PETTIFOGGER.

The "Open Court," a weekly journal published in Chicago and "devoted to the work of conciliating religion with science,"

OBSERVATIONS.

The San Francisco Freethought Society held a meeting last Sunday evening under the auspices of rainy weather and *la grippe*. Every seat was filled, however, and it was an enjoyable occasion. Vice-President Lemme occupied the chair. Mr. Putnam opened proceedings with some remarks upon the approaching convention. He apologized for the absence of the singers, who were suffering from influenza. His own remarks were impeded by a severe cold in the head, so that his language flowed intermittently like molasses from a cask when the vent is closed. Mrs. Addie Ballou followed with the lecture of the evening on "Woman and Freethought." Mrs. Ballou spoke of the popular malady wherewith she was afflicted, and was answered by a sympathetic cough from various persons in the audience. She began her address upon the higher part of the platform, and when Mr. Knight, who is hard of hearing, requested her to come forward where she would be more audible, she did so with the remark that men had been asking women to step down ever since she could remember. She told a story, however, of a woman who stepped up. It was the wife of Andrew Jackson Davis. Speaking in a church where the pulpit was so high she could not see over it, Mrs. Davis placed the large Bible upon the floor and stood on it while delivering her discourse. Mrs. Ballou thought that other women should follow this example of Mrs. Davis's and rise by placing the Bible under their feet. The speaker referred to the services of women in bringing about all kinds of reforms, and said that she, though a Spiritualist, and a believer in heaven, liked the Freethinkers and Secularists because they were in favor of equal rights for both sexes. When she got to the next world she would see to it that a warm corner was reserved for the Freethinkers. According to popular orthodoxy such a corner is already reserved for heretics, but the audience let that point pass and accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made.

Mrs. Ballou referred to Annie Besant as a victim of religious opposition to woman's equality—a woman who had had her child taken from her because she was an Atheist. The women in the colonies of Australia, she said, were as steadfast as the men in defending freedom of thought and speech. One of them was Mrs. Symes, who had uncomplainingly seen her household furniture sold to pay the fine of her husband for conducting Freethought meetings Sunday nights in a hall to which an admission fee was charged. The women in the late war did quite as much for the Union as the men, for though they did not carry a musket they preserved the lives of those who did, and thus answered the argument of opponents of woman suffrage who held that if women voted they must also bear arms.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Schou received the offerings of the people. Dr. E. B. Foote, of New York, made a brief address in which he spoke of Mrs. Annie Besant, whom he had met. He described her as a woman with all the gentleness of a lady and the force and strength of a man.

Mrs. Julia Schlesinger was introduced as the editor of the *Gleaner*, a paper devoted to women's rights. Mrs. Schlesinger stated the objects of the publication and said she expected to glean much material from the Freethought press.

Adjournment was then had till Saturday night, when the Convention opens.

OBSERVATIONS ON STREET CARS.—A Montgomery-avenue street car bowls and wobbles along up the hill by the Cogswell fountain. A heavy man wearing a badge-pin and a large bundle under each arm desired to ride in the car. The gripman slows up perceptibly, and the heavy man steps on the dummy. In doing so he places his foot on the smooth head of a bolt, and is flopped suddenly upon the seat. The gripman gives a twist to his wheel; the car goes ahead with a yank. The seat is formed of half-round pieces of wood, laid transversely, and the heavy man goes bobbling over them to the end of the seat, as though running the scale on a xylophone, bringing up suddenly against a leather bag of United States mail at the side of a letter carrier on his way to the North Beach. The letter carrier looks surprised but not angry, and kindly remarks that if the new passenger desires the whole seat he will get off. As aforesaid, the

car bowls and wallops along up Montgomery avenue. The gripman takes a fresh turn at his wheel; the conductor conceals his joy at the rear platform, and, in reflecting upon the rapid movement of the heavy man, quite forgets to collect his fare, though the latter rides a mile.

It is another day. The prematurely corpulent man enters a horse-car where the only available room is occupied by a sombrero-covered, lanky, wild-west looking person who wears no suspenders or waistcoat over his gray-flannel shirt, and whose boots reach to his knees outside his trousers. He sits cross-legged, resting his arm on the window-sill, and covers seat room enough for several persons. The heavy man touches the stranger's knee gently, indicating a wish that he should move up. The stranger rouses himself slightly, glances at his disturber coolly and somewhat impudently, and says: "If you want me to move, move me—that's all, pardy." Thus affectionately addressed, the other places his foot underneath the lanky individual's legs and swings them out of the way. He then takes a seat. Mr. Sombrero thereupon hauls himself together and subsides. This shows how a man who refuses to yield his point altogether can sometimes be induced to accept a compromise.

It is another day later than the one of which we have previously spoken. The wide man is in a front seat of a Powell street cable-car, and feels as though he were on the bow of a yacht, as the vehicle rises and pitches over the hills. The seat is just his size, though ostensibly built for two persons. The car stops, and a large Spanish beauty with high and upholstered front climbs aboard. She carries an umbrella, a satchel, and a shawl. She sits down partly beside but more upon the party heretofore mentioned, and in the same seat. He is enveloped, extinguished, obliterated. He endeavors to grow small without material success. He places his arm over the side of the seat, but withdraws it when the gripman bangs that member with the lever of his brake. The senorita is unconscious of his presence, and knows naught of the great drops of perspiration she is squeezing out of him. He would escape if he could, but cannot, so he resigns himself and prays for a railroad disaster. Just before he is fatally smothered the towering and overwhelming beauty gets off and lets him up. Thereafter he never takes a front seat on the car.

Once again, it is a rainy day. This description fits all days this winter. The subject of these memoirs is in a Montgomery street horse-car, seated midway, with others beside him. Opposite him a dozen people are wedged together. Gradually those upon his side of the car drop off, until he is left alone, seated midway as aforesaid, while the people opposite remain wedged together, and all gaze critically at their solitary vis-a-vee. He realizes that he is in the position of a Sunday-school teacher facing an intelligent class of potential angels, and contemplates drawing the catechism on his pupils and inquiring what is the chief end of man, but the car stops, they break ranks, and the agony is ended. Such is life to him who goeth down to the city in a street-car to save the expense of walking.

In these observations I do not often seek controversy or intentionally say aught calculated to offend; but when I run across anything so obviously idiotic as an editorial which appears in the *Pacific Union*, the Nationalist organ in San Francisco, I become reckless, and would be pleased rather than otherwise to have the writer know that I regard him not only as a man without reason, but also as a man without education or literary ability enough to teach a district school in Arkansas. I know it will be wasted space, but I am going to put this brainless man's slush in right here, where people can see what sort of hog-wash the readers of Nationalist papers have to swallow. Mr. Hines, editor, drools and drivels thus:

In the last number of the *Arena*, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll gets in his periodical confab with God. Many of his admirers had been supposing that the redoubtable Robert had pulverized his great adversary long, long ago, but since Priest Lambert gave him such a fearful dressing down, the colonel, it seems, has been greatly tormented with foreboding fears, that, after all, there may exist something or somebody superior to himself. This time he thinks he sees a plan to elevate his ancient enemy into undue prominence, so he mounts his fiery war-steed and rushes in to head off the divine coup d'état. This is the way he heralds the grand onset: "If God is allowed in the constitution, man must abdicate. There

is no room for both." Well, for a small bit of superlative Agnostic twaddle, that surely caps the climax. What horrible hobgoblins fill the air before the excited imagination of this great Bombastes! [sic.]

We will suppose a case, and then leave it to Mr. Ingersoll himself to say if it would have made the least difference in the meaning or form of the document. Suppose, when Thomas Jefferson wrote the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, he had added one word and put it thus:

"We hold this truth to be self-evident, that God has created all men free and equal." That this form of statement would not in the least have done violence to either the opinions of the man or the import of the document itself is obvious to every candid and well-informed student. That Jefferson believed in a supreme lawgiver is evidenced by his well-known statement when speaking thus of the institution of slavery: "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just."

We are inclined to the opinion that Robert has been sorely disappointed sometime when he really thought a little divine help might have saved him from defeat and mortification. If we mistake not, it was about the time Brother Lambert was prodding him with his invincible logic, until, in a fit of despair, he concluded to go off to Europe, "and give up theological controversy."

Look at this little bit of profundity: "Government is founded upon force, and force should never interfere with the religious opinions of men." We had formed the opinion that our constitution and government was founded upon reason and justice. Force is not the fundamental principle in government, either human or divine. Force may be incidental to the administration of government, an element of conservation; but there is no place found for force in government until its functions are antagonized by the exercise of personal will. Here it is again, as smart as ever: "If a nation is Christian, will all the citizens go to heaven?" Why of course, Robert, where should they go? Hope you are not so hard-hearted as to wish them to go to the other place. Turn the question a little and see how it looks. Put it in this form: If the citizens of a nation are Christians, will they go to heaven? Well, that surely is profound; none but a simon-pure Agnostic could measure up to such wonderful heights. And thus rattles on the ship-shod reasoning, confounding proper and well-known definitions and distinctions, brushing aside the most obvious and settled principles of interpretation, all to show what a man can be when he says "in his heart there is no God." The main thing which should concern the people of this country at the present time is not so much to put God in the constitution as to keep the devil out. It will be found, we have no doubt, that God is abundantly able to take care of himself.

The reason why I judge that Mr. Hines is ignorant and illiterate is because he does not appear to know what he is talking about, or how to express the childish fancies which he mistakes for ideas. Hear the infant talk about Ingersoll's confab with God! I will risk a doughnut against Mr. Hines's life (which is giving him tremendous odds) that when he wrote that sentence he did not know the meaning of the word "confab." Then we have "foreboding fears," two words never used in that way by anyone but Mr. Hines? The writer doesn't seem, either, to understand ordinary military tactics. If Ingersoll is merely heading off a *coup d'etat* (not a *coup d'tat*) he is not making the onset; the attacking party does that. Nor can the word which "heralds" cap a climax. The heralding precedes, while the climax follows. A climax cannot be capped until it is reached. It follows the argument, and is not introduced in the proposition.

I beg leave to submit that if Mr. Jefferson, when he wrote the preamble to the Declaration of Independence (provided he is its author), had declared that "God has created all men free and equal," he would have done more than to add one word; he would have added a theological declaration for which he had no authority. There is a vast difference between saying that men are created, and telling who created them. The preamble, as it stands, leaves the reader free to decide whether men are created by God, nature, or their progenitors. To say that God created them is to say that neither of the others had a hand in the process. It does not require a "candid and well-informed student" to recognize this, so that even Mr. Hines ought to see it. But I beg leave, further, to submit that the Declaration of Independence is not under discussion. Colonel Ingersoll was objecting to God in the *Constitution*, an entirely different document. It differs from the Declaration as a legal statute differs from a general indictment. Mr. Hines, confounding the two, shows, as I said, that he does not know what he is talking about.

Government is founded upon force. If Mr. Hines thinks it is not, let him break a law, and then meet the judges with the plea that reason and justice are on his side. Was there reason or justice in the institution of slavery? Certainly not, yet our government once upheld it. Is there reason or justice in monopoly?

Our government certainly protects it. If our government is founded upon reason and justice, why replace it with Nationalism. Behind every law is the policeman's club and the convict's cell, and behind the ballot is the bullet. A government not founded upon force would be a mere system of ethics, a moral code, a chapter of beatitudes. It would be to our present government what the ideal is to the real; that is, what the plan of a house is to the building itself. As a general proposition, a clear-thinking person will write clearly. When a man muddles his words it is a pretty sure sign that his ideas are muddled also. So when we find Mr. Hines saying, "Well, that surely is profound; none but a simon-pure Agnostic could measure up to such wonderful heights," we recognize at once that he is ignorant of the meaning of the words he is using. He should know before writing for others to read that the profound reaches downward, and does not "measure up." He should know that the slipshod does not rattle; that the confounding of the proper and the well-known is not necessarily an offense against good morals, and that "brushing aside the most obvious and settled principles of interpretation" is a meaningless phrase.

As to God in the constitution, Colonel Ingersoll is right, for if God is the supreme ruler the people are not. The rule of God is a theocracy; of the people, a republic. In the one case government derives its powers from a source supposed to be higher than man, and public officials are servants of God, not of the people. It is the Catholic church over again. In the other case "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Of course a man who cannot distinguish between profundity and height cannot be expected to recognize this important distinction.

Mr. Hines's closing remarks, that the main thing which should concern the people of this country is not so much to put God in the constitution as to keep the devil out, and that God can take care of himself, are a good example of the *non sequitur*. They have nothing to do with the case, though they form about the only coherent portion of the whole article.

But I grow weary. Mr. Hines makes me tired. Such defenders of the faith would fatigue the infinite.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Snow continues to fall in the vicinity of Dunsmuir near Mt. Shasta, and all appliances for clearing the railroad tracks make small impression on the immense drifts. Roads are blockaded so that freight from the East is likely not to reach this coast for a month. For several days no mail arrived in San Francisco over the Central Pacific or from Oregon.—The disease known as influenza or *la grippe* is still spreading and is attended with fatal results in some cases where complicated with heart disease or pulmonary affections.—Three of the county jail breakers have been recaptured, among them the murderer McNulty.—The celebration of the Chinese new year began last Monday. It lasts about a week.—The rainfall for the season in California now amounts to 30 inches.—The Senate committee on appropriations at its meeting Jan. 18 agreed to report favorably the bill by Senator Hearst appropriating \$1,000,000 for the purchase of a post-office site at San Francisco. This bill, it is generally understood, will supersede the Morrow deficiency bill for making good the \$800,000 appropriation.—Gen. M. G. Vallejo, the veteran and pioneer, died at Sonoma Jan. 18, at the age of 82 years.—The University regents are discussing the proposition to erect a hotel on Mt. Hamilton for the accommodation of visitors to the Lick Observatory.—The influenza has attacked our Chinese population, and the sufferers complain of "too much hot inside."

An attempt was made to close the saloons of Denver last Sunday, but proved a failure, as 411 out of 418 of the saloons remained open.—A scheme is afoot to introduce Chinese hod-carriers and street workers in New York city to replace white men.—Walker Blaine, son of Secretary J. G. Blaine, died last week at Washington.—General Master Workman Powderly was arrested at Scranton, Pa., on the 18th charged with conspiracy. He will prosecute his prosecutor, Callighan, for malicious libel.—William Whitney Seymore, a prominent Gentile ranchman in Ashley valley, Utah, has been found dead in his bed, where

he evidently had been shot while asleep. It is believed that the murder was committed by the Mormon Danites.

John Ruskin, the famous English critic, is pronounced insane.—It is now said that the scandal in which Sir Charles Dilke was implicated was a conspiracy, and that Dilke may yet be cleared and reinstated in politics and public esteem.—The German Parliament has rejected the bill proposing to exempt theological students from military duty.—Premier Crispi of Italy has caused the national legislature to pass a law secularizing some 2400 charitable institutions which have heretofore been in the hands of the Catholic clergy, and which have enjoyed an annual income aggregating \$30,000,000. The pope is wild over the affair.

LETTERS ON THE LAND QUESTION.

SIR L. MALLET'S LETTER.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Mr. Frederick Greenwood's letter, and the leading article in "The Times" of to-day, on Mr. Herbert Spencer's recent letter upon this subject, leave little more to be said on several aspects of the question, but there are one or two points upon which I should be glad of an opportunity of adding a few remarks.

The passage in the "Political Institutions" quoted by Mr. Herbert Spencer has been long familiar to the students of his writings, and to some of them, who, like myself, are among his sincere admirers, has always been a subject of surprise and regret.

The whole extract should be read, but to save your space I confine myself to the concluding sentences, which are enough for my purpose:

There is reason to suspect that while private possession of things produced by labor will grow even more definite and sacred than at present, the inhabited area, which cannot be produced by labor, will eventually be distinguished as something which may not be privately possessed. As the individual, primitively owner of himself, partially or wholly loses ownership of himself during the militant *regime*, but gradually resumes it as the industrial *regime* develops; so, possibly, the communal proprietorship of land, partially or wholly merged in the ownership of dominant men during evolution of the militant type, will be resumed as the industrial type becomes fully evolved.

The analogy here suggested between the ownership of man by other men, or slavery, and the private ownership of land, with the inference drawn from it, that as the first has been abolished in civilized countries, the second may possibly share its fate, has always appeared to me essentially fallacious.

The principle of private property, so far as the term is applicable to human beings, has not in their case been abolished—the contrary, it has been signally vindicated.

The destruction of slavery asserted the right of every man to property in himself, while prohibiting the ownership of man by other men, both individually and collectively. It was the restitution of a right of property from a wrongful to a rightful owner. In order to render Mr. Spencer's analogy applicable, it seems to me that the right of ownership in one man by another, instead of being abolished altogether, should have been transferred, as it is proposed to do in the case of land, from the individual to the state.

But, however this may be, it seems clear that the principle which excludes the ownership of one man by another, rests upon the same grounds as that which includes private property in land—viz., that the general interests of society are best promoted by personal freedom.

There seems to be sufficient evidence that compulsory labor is less productive than free labor; and if this is so we may conclude, even setting aside all considerations of humanity or morality, that the interests of society are better promoted by free labor or property in one's self, than by slavery or property in others.

This is usually admitted, but it is necessary to insist upon what is always forgotten by those who declaim against private property in land—that this last institution also is an essential condition of personal freedom, as by no other means short of coercion can a due relation be maintained between demand and supply.

Whoever holds the land holds that which, being limited in ex-

tent (the only assumption on which the question arises), imposes on its possessor the function and duty, which he is bound in the interest of society, no less than his own, to perform, of restricting an undue pressure on the soil, whether for agricultural or urban purposes, whether for food or shelter, by the increasing wants of the population.

If the family is the economic unit, this object may be effected by the exercise of the personal responsibility and authority of its head in regulating supply, and by a gradual augmentation of its price and rent in restraining demand. When the limits of production or supply are reached, any additional population must migrate or be supported, if possible, by charity.

But whenever the economic unit is extended so as to include a whole community, this personal responsibility, and with it personal liberty, disappears. In a small district (a village or canton) where the conditions approximate to family or patriarchal life, the evil is mitigated; but in a large and complex society, to vest the property of the soil in the state—i.e., in a central government removed, as it must be, from all personal contact with individuals—is to throw upon it the paramount obligation of either regulating the increase of population or of providing food and shelter for increasing numbers by progressive inroads upon the accumulated capital of the country—in short, upon the net product, which is the only source of a progressive civilization. The first of these alternatives cannot be better described than in the words of Bastiat:

* Ce serait créer le plus faillible, le plus universel, le plus immédiat, le plus inquisitorial, le plus insupportable, et disons, fort heureusement, le plus impossible, de tous les despotismes que jamais cervelle de pacha ou de mufti ait pu concevoir.

The second course could only lead to the gradual pauperization and ultimate bankruptcy of any country which had the folly to embark in it. Such an experiment would be only comparable to that of a vast joint-stock company in which all comers were entitled to shares without paying for them.

The distinction drawn by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in common with the late Mr. Mill, between private property in land and private property in things produced by labor is one which I believe to have no economic justification whatever. It ignores the fundamental principle, on which the institution of private property is grounded—viz., that a due relation between demand and supply can be maintained in no other way consistently with personal freedom.

From this point of view the fact that the supply of land is practically limited, and that it is, therefore, a natural monopoly, renders it not less but more necessary that it should be allowed to be the subject of private appropriation.

Sir Henry Maine has summed up the whole question in a few words, which cannot be too often repeated:

There are two sets of motives, and two only, by which the great bulk of the materials of human subsistence and comfort have hitherto been produced and reproduced. One has led to the cultivation of the Northern States of the American Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the other had a considerable share in bringing about the agricultural and industrial progress of the Southern States, and in old days it produced the wonderful prosperity of Peru under the Incas. One system is economical competition, the other consists in the daily task, perhaps fairly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. So far as we have any experience to teach us, we are driven to the conclusion that every society of men must adopt one system or the other, or it will pass through penury to starvation. ("Popular Government").

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
LOUIS MALLET.

THE new government of Brazil is said to be largely Masonic, and the Monitor (Catholic) thinks this state of affairs is bad for the country. Perhaps the Monitor would hold up Catholic Spain as a model nation.

THE widely read and popular list of books, the Humboldt Library of Science, is for sale at the office of FREETHOUGHT; single numbers, 15 cents; double numbers, 30 cents.

* That would be to create the most fallible, the most universal, the most immediate, the most inquisitorial, the most insupportable, and let us say, very fortunately, the most impossible of all the despotisms that ever the brain of pacha or of mufti has been able to conceive,

CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS.

Before the ninth annual convention of the State Bar Association at Albany, N. Y., last Monday Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered an address upon the subject of "Crimes Against Criminals," in which, at the outset, he demonstrated that punishment by torture and death have failed to abate crime. Crimes were committed, said he, to punish crimes, and crimes were committed to prevent crimes. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented. Colonel Ingersoll said: We know that diseases of flesh and blood are transmitted from one generation to another. Are diseases of the brain, deformities of a soul or mind, also transmitted? I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of people incapable of committing certain crimes, and it may be true that there are millions more incapable of practicing certain virtues. We do not blame a man because he is not a sculptor, a poet, a painter, or a statesman. Are we certain that it does not require genius to be good?"

Coming down to the question of what can be done for the reformation of the criminal, Colonel Ingersoll said he should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him consistent with the safety of society. He should neither be degraded nor robbed. Why should the state take without compensation the labor of criminals, and why should they, after having been imprisoned for years, be turned out without means of support? Would it not be far better to pay these men for their labor, lay aside their earnings, put this money at interest, so that when a convict is released he would have not merely enough money to pay his way back to the place from which he was sent, but enough to keep the wolf of crime from the door of his heart.

Referring to the question, What shall be done with hardened, habitual criminals? the speaker said: "Put one thousand hardened thieves on an island, compel them to produce what they eat and use, and I am almost certain that the large majority would be opposed to theft. Such a community would be self-supporting. Keep the sexes absolutely apart. Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the power to reproduce themselves. They should dwell apart, and dying, leave no heirs.

"The death penalty inflicted by government is a perpetual excuse for mobs. The greatest danger in a republic is a mob, and so long as states inflict the death penalty mobs will follow their example. If we are to change the conduct of men we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Tenements and flats and rented lands are, in my judgment, enemies of civilization. They put a few in palaces and many in prisons."

In closing, Colonel Ingersoll said:

"Ignorance, filth, and poverty are missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest effort, as long as society bows and cringes before great thieves, there will be little thieves enough to fill the jails."

IMMORTALITY A PRINCIPLE OF NATURE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I through the favor of a friend several copies of FREETHOUGHT have fallen into my hands, and while I approve of its motives, allow me to say the "Materialistic" limits to which it is confined seem too narrow, hard, and finite to suit facts of infinitude which everywhere in nature do abound and speak unto our minds.

While the various laws of motion, change, and progress are everywhere in activity, evolving the higher from the lower, still there is nothing lost, even of the cruder elements and substances which we call real. Matter is immortal. And whether it always remains matter or is, in accordance with the evident tendency of all things, evolved into finer and more subtle, but none the less real, elements and forces of nature, such as the imponderable agents, vital energy, intelligence, and spirit, still we must believe, to be consistent, that the same immutable law of immortality preserves all

And if we admit, as we must, that matter in its lower or cruder forms is immortal, why should we doubt that the finer, the higher, the nearer perfect forms are obliterated? Is nature itself a fail-

ure? Are its laws trifling? Is reason a falsehood? If not, why this floundering in the dark?

In the light of natural law, in the face of instinctive truth, how can the enlightened reason or man doubt the immortality of that power, intelligence, wisdom, and will, which are the most evident and manifest of principles and realities within the comprehension of the living mind of man?

Now as to man's spirit. Is it not real? Is it not something? Is it not the superior of all earthly things, the real man himself? Materials have been called crude spirit, and the law of evolution seems to bear out the assertion.

In man's living body spirit is individualized. Though the body must resolve back to its elements, it is no proof that the subtle spirit will lose its individuality and identity, and be reabsorbed into the substances or vital forces of cruder nature. Even were such the case it is none the less immortal in principle and in fact, for nothing is lost.

Now, as to the religion of the Bible or any other book, creed, or ism, it is true or false just so far as it accords or is at variance with nature in fact, principle, or law. And just so far as you, my friends, aid in refuting error and in establishing truth you are doing what is duty and right. But remember your nature is just as human as others', and while we condemn in others superstition, intolerance, bigotry, narrowness, etc., see that ye bear no malice to others while you strive to avoid what in them you blame. Ditto your obedient servant,

S. H. HERRING.

Summit Santa Cruz Mountains, Los Gatos, Cal.

BIERCE ON THE CONSTITUTION.

As a coquette surviving her charms becomes a prude; as a rake shorn of his powers sets up as a moralist; so the Argonaut, outlasting its Pixley, has experienced religion. It is making a fight for the "recognition of God in the constitution;" but after reading what it has to say in the matter, God will, I think, regret that he has obtained recognition in the Argonaut.

The quality of the logic employed by the infinite ass conducting God's case in the Argonaut may be judged by the following sentence with which he concludes his latest, and let us hope his last, plea for the petitioner:

While we do not believe that it was necessary to raise this question at all, yet, now that it is raised, we hold that to exclude God from the constitution, by refusing to recognize him there, would be unconstitutional inasmuch as it would be giving a constitutional and governmental recognition of and pre-eminence to the no-God religion of the Atheists.

Let us analyze this. Acts of individuals are neither constitutional nor unconstitutional; nor can one "refuse" to do what he has not the power to do. We must assume, then, that this extraordinary writer means that it would be unconstitutional for congress and the state legislatures (I shall speak of them for convenience as the amending power) to refuse so to amend the constitution as to recognize God. But until the amending power is asked to amend it cannot "refuse;" that is to say, until an amendment is introduced and rejected, the constitution, as it stands, is constitutional. But not afterward; the rejection being unconstitutional, the constitution, lacking the unconstitutionally rejected amendment, would be unconstitutional!

The refusal to amend, being unconstitutional, would be void, invalid, inoperative; therefore, the rejected amendment would be a part of the constitution! By following the Argonaut person's logic to its legitimate conclusion we come to this interesting proposition: Whenever the recognizing amendment shall be formally submitted to the amending power, whatever action that power may take or not take is affirmative and adopts the amendment, or rather, submission and adoption are the same act and the amending power has nothing to do with it. Yet this measureless idiot, thinking that way and partly conscious that he so thinks, regrets the raising of the question! This is abnegation itself, but is it not also a hardy and indignant betrayal of his client?

I cannot willingly let go my hold of this uncommon animal—*rhinaughtycurio innominatus*: he seems all tail. Observe: The reason that it would be unconstitutional to refuse to "recognize God in the constitution," if asked to, is that the refusal would favor "the no-God religion of the Atheists." As no one can have a religion who does not believe in a God, there can be no such

thing as a "no-God religion" to be favored. The refusal, therefore, would be unconstitutional because it would give "a constitutional governmental recognition of and pre-eminence to"—something which has not the advantage to exist!

INGERSOLL ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

The clubs at Washington are laughing over a remark attributed to Colonel Ingersoll, that this administration reminded him of a dispute between a man and his wife as to what they would have for their Christmas dinner. The man wanted turkey and the wife demanded duck, so they compromised on cabbage.

"I told Mr. Harrison the other day," the colonel is quoted as saying, "what I thought of his way of running things. He has been wasting the people's time in examining into the claims of every applicant for a place, from the cabinet secretaries down to the door-keepers. He has been in office more than ten months now, and he is still worrying over some of those cases that were laid before him the day he entered the White House. The longer he waits the more applicants arise, and when there are twenty applicants for one place the effect of his final decision is to make nineteen enemies and one friend, and what a friend that is!

"Why, a neighbor of mine who was among the first applicants for a certain office was kept waiting so long that he finally forgot all about it. The other morning I met him on the street and he called out: 'What news do you suppose I got to-day? That fool Harrison has appointed me.' When I told that story to the president he inquired, solemnly: 'Colonel Ingersoll, who was that man?' 'Mr. President,' I replied, 'you don't need to have me tell you. You've appointed a couple of thousand men, more or less, to office; just think that over and make a guess; you can't fail to hit the right one.'"

THE CLERGYMEN AND THE LEGISLATORS.

The clergymen of Washington, D. C., seem to have a notion that if they are diligent in business they will stand before congressmen if not before kings. A Washington paper says that one of the surprises the new congressman encounters upon his arrival in Washington is the interest manifested in his spiritual welfare. The surprise comes with the Saturday evening or Sunday morning mail. When the member picks up the big tinted envelopes, carefully superscribed, he is liable to imagine that social duties are about to be thrust upon him. The stationery is built upon the order of that used for receptions, dinners, weddings, and events of such character. But when the envelopes are opened and the heavy pasteboard is unfolded the congressman reads a cordially-worded invitation to attend church. The sanctuary, the hours of worship, the name of the pastor, and not infrequently some information about the subject of the discourse are set forth.

Leading churches of the various denominations in Washington maintain the invitation bureau as a part of their organization. The zealous officials in charge of this work keep track of all the prominent arrivals at the hotels and see to it that they receive invitations to attend church, if they are to be in the city over Sabbath. How well the work is done may be illustrated by the experience of Congressman Frank, of St. Louis, who arrived only yesterday. When he came down to breakfast this morning he found beside his plate five invitations from as many churches, and no two of them from the same denomination. Each inclosure assured the new member of the pleasure it would afford the church to see him in the congregation at to-day's services.

The Bookstore is Opened.

Our live and Liberal contemporary, FREETHOUGHT, has found more commodious quarters at 838 Howard street, where it is the intention to open a Liberal bookstore in connection with the paper. The office is on the ground floor, and the handsome sign in the window enables friends to find it readily. This change in the affairs of FREETHOUGHT indicates a prosperity which Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald well deserve.—Carrier Dove.

THE YOUNG PREACHER AND THE FREETHINKER.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones recently preached a sermon in Chicago on "A Search for an Infidel," in the course of which he said:

Some eighteen years ago, in the earlier years of my ministry, I was in the way of hearing much of a famous Infidel, who lived in the southwestern part of Wisconsin. He was an old pioneer, who had endured the privations of territorial life, acquired position and influence, drawn to him the free-thinking element of the county, and they were accustomed to gather for many years on each Fourth of July in a great Infidel picnic, to commemorate the life of Thomas Paine and to study his words. These picnics became famous throughout that part of the state. The ablest speakers available were always employed. Something like this were the reports that came to me through the lips of an old neighbor and admirer of this famous Infidel. Preachers, after years of praying for him and arguing with him, had learned to leave him alone, to avoid him. I felt a growing curiosity to see this man. I wanted to look into his eyes, to feel of his hand, to see and hear for myself how a real Infidel would look and talk. And so I started out on a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, forty or more of them over land, by one of those rickety old stages that are rapidly passing out of the world. Well do I remember the tremor and hesitation, the inward quaking with which I traveled over the beautiful rolling prairies of his county. How my inexperienced heart dreaded to meet him, and how I cudgelled my brain that long day, trying to find out what to say to that group of Infidel farmers. For I was to speak in the evening, in the little hall at the cross-road. This famous Infidel was to be my deacon for the evening. For miles before I reached my destination, I encountered, to my consternation, hand-bills tacked up on school-house doors and on the guide-boards, heralding my coming. When the stage arrived at the little village, the platform of the one tavern in the place was occupied with quite a group of curious people who had come to see what kind of a preacher it was that Father Weatherly would be interested in. It was a chilly but bright and beautiful autumnal evening, the sun was just setting in the west. They showed me the home-like farm-house in which my Infidel dwelt, and I lost no time in finding my way to him. I see the Infidel now in his white shirt sleeves, tall, erect, venerable, for he was nearly eighty; his long white hair gave him a prophet-like appearance. I found him in his barn-yard, with the sheep, cattle, and horses pressing around him with the fearless familiarity that bespeaks kind attendance. So he came to me—his penetrating blue eye seemed to pierce quite through me. He did not quite feel at ease evidently in the presence of a preacher not bent on polemics, but when he found how much worse scared I was than he, his voice became very tender and his ways so fatherly. "Come to the house," he said, "I think you and I can talk without quarrelling." They were precious hours, and all too few, that I spent in the presence of that independent soul; hours in which he revealed to me his loneliness, and disclosed his rich humanitarian interests, his love of liberty, which evidently had hardened in many spots into a stalwart defiance to conventionalism, and a severe intolerance of the intolerant. That evening's discourse was a poor enough affair. I only remember that I had a keen sense that I did not succeed in saying the word most needed by such a man; he had lived deeper, longer, and in many directions broader than I, but I found a sermon in seeing how the young girls and boys loved the old man, how they snuggled up to him for a word, or a caress. It was like reading a chapter out of the gospel of St. John, to see how he knew by name each one of the turbulent raft of boys that come and go at such meetings. Sore with dissatisfaction with myself, his words fell as a benediction when he said, "If somebody had told me when I was a boy that a preacher would be permitted to talk like that, I think I would have been a preacher myself." "You would have been a good one if you had, I tell you," responded a neighbor. "When I was a boy," he continued, "they read one out of the church because he thought it more important to prove that a black man had a soul than to sing hallelujah tunes; because a few weren't going to be burned forever with the great

crowd." I have never been at that town since, but a dozen years later, or so, I assisted in the dedication of a soldier's monument at the country-seat of that county, and I remember what a magnificent record the town had written for itself during the war. Father Weatherly had been gathered to his rest, I was told, for many years, but I fancied that between the lines of that record I could hear the ringing sentences of Paine's "Rights of Man." I fancied that those Fourth of July picnics that enforced the searching principles of the "Age of Reason" must have had something to do with the enkindling of that love of freedom in the hearts of the young men who marched away so willingly to die for the "equal rights of men."

I went to see an Infidel but didn't find him. The very colts in the pasture denied the charge. However others on that noble prairie may have showed their faith without works, Father Weatherly showed his faith by his work. I have taken many a missionary trip since that one of eighteen years ago, but never one that left a more sacred and helpful memory, for there I learned with something of the surprise of Peter in the centurion's house, "that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation, they that work righteousness are accepted by him," although I had supposed I had known it before.

THE EXPLANATION.

FREETHOUGHT, a Liberal paper published in San Francisco, says:

Are not the Mormon church, the Catholic church, and all other churches perfectly consistent in claiming supreme power? If God is supreme and if the churches are the custodians of his word, why should they not speak with authority? That is the question.

No church calling itself Christian is consistent in claiming supreme power. God alone has such power, and he has never delegated it to any man or to any body of men. The church can of right, as a church, have nothing to do with earthly governments. The great head of the church himself declared, "My kingdom is not of this world," and his followers cannot go beyond his word without forfeiting the right to call themselves by his name. Christ gave but one commission to his church, namely, to go into all the world and make disciples; this the apostles did by persuading men, and that is as far as the authority of the church extends. Any church which claims more than this is not Christian, though it may be so called, but anti-Christian. God has promised this world to his people, that is, to the meek (Matt. v, 5), but he has not yet made them lords over it, much less has he authorized them to take it for themselves. The true Christian is a missionary, not a politician.—American Sentinel.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BOULDER.

When I read in the Argonaut of January 6 the criticism on Ingersoll's recent article, "Why I am an Agnostic," I was at a loss to surmise whether the able and distinguished editor had been seized with a severe attack of "la grippe," had been to Oakland, heard Mrs. Woodworth and got "the power," or, which is most probable, the many hundred masses he boasts of having purchased had begun to take effect while he is yet in the flesh. A favorite Sunday pastime with me when a boy was to climb a lofty peak of the Sierras, and with pick or bar detach a block of slate or granite boulder, and watch it roll and crash down the mountain side. I could roll a boulder down that a thousand men could not roll up the mountain. The ability of the editor aforesaid is frankly conceded, but from my standpoint he seems to be on the wrong side of the boulder. He says, "Man is under obligation carefully to collect and calmly consider all the evidences in the case;" that he should get his "mind in that state of mental polarity," etc. This is also admitted. But I would like to ask him if after having carefully collected and calmly considered all the evidences in the case, he finds it possible to reach that state of mental polarity that enables him to believe the New Testament account of the birth of Christ, and is the polarity sufficiently vivid to make his faith strong in the Gadarene miracle, on which occasion devils enough were extracted from one man to demoralize and drive into the sea two thousand

hogs. I presume it is because I am so wicked, but my sympathy has always been with the poor fellows that lost their pork; and as I gaze at my scantily furnished larder, and think of that amount of deviled ham buried beneath the "sad sea waves," sadness comes o'er my spirit, and I exclaim in the language of the psalmist:

What a pile of bacon there might have been,
If those devilish pigs had been kept in a pen!

Mr. Pixley having assumed the character of "defender of the faith," I would like to ask him by what course of reasoning he reaches the conclusion that man's morals are improved and civilization promoted by a belief in an absurdity? Does he find in his study of history, the civilization produced by sixteen centuries of Christianizing influence much superior to that prevailing in Greece and Rome prior to the advent of Christ, when gods were much more numerous than at present, and apparently fully as powerful to avert calamity and alleviate human suffering?

Would he be willing to exchange the skepticism that produced Humboldt, Darwin, Ingersoll, Pixley, for Christianity that produced Constantine, Torquemada, John Calvin, Henry the Eighth, Father Gleeson, and Sam Jones? Does he consider it evidence of ignorant depravity that the largest halls of our great cities will hardly accommodate the audiences that invariably greet the man, the "hight and front of whose offending" is that he earnestly advocates human liberty?

He closes his criticism with the assertion that "God still lives." Was that fact apparent during the long, gloomy night of terror, the reign of the Inquisition, when devout believers in the same God whose cause he so ably defends were exercising their ingenuity to extract all the agony possible from the bodies of their helpless victims? Was it quite evident to Servetus, while being slowly roasted by command of that pure Christian, John Calvin?

Was the power and loving kindness of the God that "still lives" conspicuous in the Johnstown disaster?

Could he have averted that calamity, and would not, or would he and could not? As one or the other must have been the case, will Mr. Pixley kindly inform us which horn of the dilemma he takes; and then state the points of superiority in his God to some of the ancient deities that have ceased to exist? Other holy men have hurled their little boomerangs at "liberty's champion." Father Lambert accuses him of both mendacity and plagiarism. The Rev. Patrick Cronin, in a very dignified manner, calls him "the little fraud." The G. O. M. hurls thunderbolts at his devoted head; and now comes their most powerful ally. The invincible Frank couches his lance, and the "pope's Irish" get a rest for a week. We tremble for the fate of our noble leader, while there is a malignant grin along the whole saintly line. Father Gleeson sends a pressing invitation to the recent convert to come over and partake with him a glass of "rale ould poteen." His holiness Leo XIII. ceases making faces at the Bruno monument long enough to cable his blessing with the earnest injunction to hurry up and die while his zeal is yet warm and his salvation certain. The G. O. M. expresses his gratitude for so able a coadjutor. Sankey sings with renewed fervor, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" while the angelic host in harmonious unison joyously respond, "213 Grant avenue."

Quoting again the illustrious editor, Ingersoll "still lives;" his eye has the same merry twinkle, and his girth diminisheth not. Try the other side of the boulder, Mr. Pixley, and see how much easier it rolls.

A. W. P.

HENRY GEORGE will deliver a lecture on the Land Question, in Metropolitan Temple, corner Fifth and Jessie streets, on Tuesday evening, February 4, 1890, under the auspices of the Single Tax Society. Tickets can be procured from any member of the Single Tax Society, or from any of the following committee of arrangements: James G. Maguire, 334 Kearny street; H. L. Pleace, Nineteenth and Castro streets; David Farquharson, corner Powell and Eddy streets; Jos. Leggett, 420 California street; A. H. Sanborn, county surveyor's office; Thos. Watson, 945 Howard street; Jas. H. Barry, Weekly Star, 429 Montgomery street.

GRAND PAINE CELEBRATION

UNION SQUARE HALL, 421 POST STREET,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1890,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

PROGRAMME.

1. GRAND CHORUS, United German Singing Sections of San Francisco, under the leadership of Prof. F. Fischer.

San Francisco Turn Verein,
San Francisco Krieger Verein,
Germania Club,
Harmonie Gesang-Verein
Vorwärts Verein.

2. ADDRESS, Herbert Miller.
3. SONG, Mrs. Clark, the Misses Wheeler, and Mr. E. T. Hannaford.
4. ADDRESS, Mr. F. Schuenemann-Pott.
5. SONG, Miss Lillie Arper.
6. ADDRESS, Thomas Curtis.
7. RECITATION, C. F. Burgman.
8. SONG, Miss Evangeline Ballou and Miss Mate Hildebrande.
The exercises begin at 8 o'clock sharp, and will be closed with a sociable and dance from 10 to 12 o'clock.

COMMITTEE OF INTRODUCTION.—Mr. and Mrs. Schou, Mrs. Grace Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eastman, Mr. Emil S. Lemme, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Faust, Geo. E. Macdonald, F. L. Browne, Mrs. C. A. Frost.

ONE, TWO, THREE, AND THERE YOU ARE.

Mr. Bertram Keightly, the London disciple of Madam Blavatsky, has recently been lecturing in San Francisco, where he has found large audiences. His last lecture was on the "Three Stages of a Theosophist's Life," in which he discoursed as follows:

"The Theosophical Society is not a school of magic and has nothing to offer to those bent on purely selfish ends. Yet it must not be supposed that we expect the Theosophist to be free from selfishness at the beginning of his membership. There are three stages of his life.

"We find in the first stage students who have joined through finding in Theosophy a clue to much that is dark in the Western system of metaphysics; students of science who have joined for the sake of light on the genesis of man and the elements, on the relation of the moon to the earth and kindred topics; together with others who have joined through interest in its teachings as to religious symbolism. These find in one another's society sympathetic and elevating influence, yet they gradually become satiated with intellectualism, with words and phrases, and come to think that they are making no headway and that Theosophy is all empty talk. They are to blame for this satiety. When a man has taken a certain amount of knowledge he cannot receive more without giving out some of his store.

"When they come to understand this truth and to act upon it they progress to the second state. In this state the Theosophist desires to experience a love of the universal brotherhood of mankind, and, therefore, wants to serve his fellows and to learn how best to do so. To this end it is that he now seeks for broader knowledge. And just as he works for others does he improve spiritually. His sympathies quicken, his grasp of spiritual truth grows firmer, and his consciousness of spiritual joy grows more acute. Then it is that possibilities of usefulness to the human race productive of pure delight superior to worldly wealth and honors open more and more clearly to his view. The most of our members are in this state, and for them the dawn of spiritual perfection has come. The results of the Theosophist's life in this stage are calm self-study, growth of charity, increase of tolerance and a readiness to take truth wherever found. With the deeper insight into spiritual law comes less resentful feelings as to the trials and sorrows of the world. Hope grows as he comes to see the true path more clearly, and there comes besides determination to so prepare conditions as to increase his usefulness to others in the lives that are before him.

"Progressing, he passes by self-study into the third state, where

the main object of life is not his fame, fortune, family, or the like, but the service of the whole human race, life being dedicated to duty. In this stage the Theosophist must neglect no duty to his fellows even to promote his own spiritual welfare. Few have yet attained to this stage, and few of the few—perhaps only one or two—have reached the true unselfishness, which is the desideratum of Theosophy."

"LOGIC IS LOGIC."

The Jesuit father, Joseph Sasia, lectured in St. Ignatius College Hall, the other evening, on "Modern Warfare against Catholicism," before a very large audience.

Among other things, as reported in the Chronicle, he said:

Lately a new enemy has entered the lists to combat the church. Scientists dispute divine revelation as taught by the church of Rome. Her Christianity, they say, had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They say if we would study the wonders of this world we must renounce all hope of the possession of a better. But from them Catholics had nothing to fear. There was no conflict between science and religion. Those who maintained that there was no God, had to admit that there was no religion, which was the worship of God. Therefore, if there was no religion, science could have no conflict with it.

Here is logic for you. It forcibly reminds one of a proposition made by a down East crank to keep the squirrels from poaching on the corn-fields. He said he had noticed that the squirrels invariably began with the outside rows. He proposed to circumvent them by having no outside rows!

Later in his lecture, Father Sasia said: "Science and religion (Catholicism) are twin-sisters and go forward hand in hand." The logic of facts, which is the logic of this age, shows that these "twins" have been and now are anything but amicable. History demonstrates that for hundreds of years science and religion instead of walking forward together, hand in hand, have faced each other threateningly with clenched hands, fighting ever by the way, and that while science has gone forward, religion has retreated and is fast being driven to the wall.

"Logic is logic," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "One Hoss Shay;" but there is no logic like the logic of facts. Father Sasia, like many another lecturer, in the church and out of it, draws upon his imagination for his facts, and not upon passing events or the pages of authentic history. In short, Father Sasia, while a popular lecturer and a brilliant rhetorician, is no logician. So far as facts are concerned, and legitimate conclusions founded on those truths, he is all at sea. He either does not aim at telling the truth, or he shows an admirable skill in missing the mark. Being a Jesuit, he probably does not aim at it, but considers it not only allowable but commendable to lie—lie publicly and emphatically—for the glory of God, or what with him is the self-same thing, the good of the Catholic church.

J. L. H.

PREACHING TO PREACHERS.

Every Sabbath morning the preachers of the various denominations, says the Salt Lake Tribune, assume the right to tell their congregations of the love of God and the wickedness of the world. While that is just the thing for them to do, the thought hardly ever strikes any one that a layman has as much right to preach to a preacher as the preacher has to preach to the laymen. Taking advantage of that right we have thought best to preach a little to the preachers to-day.

Just now, brethren, you have in your thirst to hunt out sin and strangle it, discovered that the Sunday newspaper is one of the children of Satan and must be downed. We read that in one eastern city the clergy have combined; they are going to boycott all who advertise in or subscribe for the Sunday paper; they are going to hire carriages and rush from church to church on Sunday evening and deliver half a dozen sermons each on this theme, and try to rouse the people to a sense of the awful sin of reading the daily newspaper on the Sabbath day.

Dear brethren, permit us to assure you in advance that you will ignominiously fail. The reason is because you ought to. In the first place, your method is both cowardly and unlawful. The boycott comes from lands that have been priest-ruled and king-ruled until the people are utterly wretched. There is noth-

ing American about it, and when you invoke it the result will be a boomerang. You will singe your own pulpits. You will never hit the mark you fondly aim at. In the next place, your hiring carriages and rushing around like mad, on a Sunday night and trying to unload one sermon upon half a dozen congregations will be a failure, for it betrays an arrogance and intolerance on your part which the American people are too fair to approve of.

Again, brethren, you are revealing a narrow-mindedness which is pitiable. You cannot, if you try, stifle the thoughts of people; you cannot lay a spell on men's minds on Saturday night and hold it there until after the clock strikes at midnight on the next night, and the Sunday morning paper is the breakfast which the man of affairs enjoys as much on Sunday morning, as he does his beans and hot brown bread. If you but knew it, the ordinary mortal goes to hear one of you preach on a Sunday morning in a great deal better frame of mind after reading the morning paper than he would without it.

Again, brethren, you have been a long time trying to convert the world, and still there is a vast host outside who belong to the church universal. As you have in your churches some hypocrites and cowards, so outside are a good many men and women in the great host, who have hearts as gentle as your own, impulses as tender and generous, and to many thousands of these the Sunday paper comes like a balm. If they did not have it they would read something worse. Not having it would not induce them to go and listen to you, but having it they might run upon one of your sermons and read it with pleasure and profit.

Again, brethren, did you never stop to think that, maybe, as the steam engine, the magnetic telegraph, the electric light, and the labor saving machine were given to man in these latter days for his good, so, perhaps, the daily paper was permitted to be born for a like reason. Now in the first years of the steam engine many boilers exploded, many lives were lost and much property destroyed. Was the engine boycotted and ruled out on that account? Hardly, but the efforts were to learn the habits of the invisible fluid and to improve the mechanism of the boiler. So now many a line-man is killed in using electricity through imperfect knowledge. But the use of it is not abandoned; rather the effort is to master what is still a secret about it.

So, brethren, would it not reveal more wisdom on your part to struggle to make the Sunday paper better until it should become a supplement to your work in making mortals better in this life, and in giving them more hope for the life to come?

(While the collection is being taken up, we will read the hymn commencing—

Of all God's gifts to sinful man,
Sweet charity is best;
It fills with grace his narrow span,
It makes his life most blessed.
He sees but good in every plan
That promises more light to man.

Benediction).

—Salt Lake Tribune, Sunday, Jan. 5.

WHY I AM AN AGNOSTIC.

In an editorial of the Argonaut, Jan. 6, I find some remarkable statements. It seems almost incredible that a journal so widely read should contain such unmitigated rot as I shall now lay before the readers of FREETHOUGHT. Among the first sentences of the editorial criticism we find this:

"This article (Why I am an Agnostic), like all of Mr. Ingersoll's articles, smacks more of the won't believe than the don't believe spirit. . . . There is such a thing as color-blindness, and there is such a thing as truth-blindness, and the sadness and danger of it all is that in both cases the victim is unconscious of his deprivation.

"Mr. Ingersoll opens his article with the following: 'The same rules or laws of probability must govern in religious questions as in others. There is no subject and can be none concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence.'

"But," protests the Argonaut, "men are under obligations to carefully collect and calmly to consider the evidence in the case. Tom Paine confessed that when he wrote his 'Age of Reason' he

had not read the New Testament through." A Daniel come to judgment! This falsehood about Thomas Paine has been exposed and exploded a thousand times in the Liberal journals of the country. Mr. Paine never said that he had not read the New Testament through when he wrote the Age of Reason. He never wrote anything like it.

There is no excuse for repeating this mouldy chestnut of orthodoxy. Especially is there no excuse for it by a writer who preaches to us the necessity of duly finding out the truth before making affirmations. Hear him: "But men are under obligation carefully to collect and calmly to consider the evidence in the case."

The writer who can thus stultify himself in two sentences is certainly overworked. He should have a vacation. The verdict against him is in his own words: "There is such a thing as color-blindness, and there is such a thing as truth-blindness, and the sadness and danger of it all is that in both cases the victim is unconscious of his deprivation."

Among other brilliant utterances of this writer is the following: "The existence of an intelligent Being who transcends our comprehension is quite demonstrable."

It did not, however, occur to the writer as of sufficient importance to shed the power of his electric light on the subject, nor did he even kindly refer us to any writings of other men similarly endowed with himself who had made the demonstration. Is it a matter of wonderment, then, that orthodoxy should remain what it is, when it must subsist upon such pabulum as this—slander and stupidity?

W. S. BELL.

Oakland, Cal.

ELDER CRUZAN'S PLAIN TALK.

"The Cry of the Children" was the subject chosen by Rev. J. A. Cruzan for his sixth lecture in the "Plain Talk" series at the Third Congregational church last week. He prefaced his remarks by saying that the neglect of children produces physical results that are alone begetting a race of pigmies.

In the English armies it has been found necessary to reduce the standard of height because the yeomen are not the class they were fifty years ago. At the last French conscription one-half the men drawn from the factories were rejected as unfit for service.

"The same physical conditions," he continued, "exist in this country. Visit the jute mills and observe the boys engaged there. Their ages range from eight to sixteen years. Few have received any education, and the work makes them poor physically.

"The moral and physical decay among girls employed in mills is driving them into saloons. They come out of the mills so tired in body and mind, that all their thoughts are concentrated on something to drink. There are shops where the air is redolent with tobacco smoke, and it is a disgrace to apprentice little ones in these places.

"Listen to the cry of children that comes out of the slums of every great city. What is to be done with this lowest stratum of society? We must act on these children or they will act on us. If children grow up in squalor and neglect they will form armies of brazen women, and besotted, stunted men. These will take possession of our society. There is a terrible force in depravity. The well-being of each individual is the vital well-being of all individuals.

"Between the greed of employers for cheap labor and the poverty of parents, millions of children are deprived of an education. If we are to have a good support for our government, these children should be in public schools.

"Our public-school system needs revision. For fifteen or sixteen years the state puts your boy through all the grades of the grammar and high school. Then what does he know? Can he earn his living? Of the inmates of the state prison 22 per cent are illiterate, while 53 per cent never learned a trade. There are three ways of getting a living: Working, begging, and stealing.

"The first and second methods are closed in our public schools, and the third means San Quentin or Folsom. There is no such thing as a boy learning a trade now as he did twenty-five years ago. The state prison seems the place for that."

A PIOUS LUNATIC.

News has been received at Raleigh, N. C., that Carson L. Powell, a Baptist missionary to Algiers, North Africa, has murdered his daughter. He went out distributing Bibles on December 21, returned to his house, took up a Bible and began reading. Little Ruth, his three-year-old daughter, sat on his knee, as was her custom, and was prattling to him, when he suddenly took a knife from his pocket and cut her throat.

Dr. Leach, of New York, who is also a missionary working with Powell, happened to be in the house at the time, and did everything possible to save the life of the child, but without avail. Powell is now confined in a French hospital in Algiers.

Powell had frequently given evidence of possessing an unsound mind. Once at a Baptist state convention here, he demanded that he be sent to Africa as a missionary, but his application was refused. He procured some gayly colored calico, ribbons, and hairpins, returned to the church, went into the basement, stripped himself of his clothing, wrapped the calico and ribbons about him, fastened them to his body by sticking pins deep into the flesh, and then walked into the auditorium while the convention was in session.

He secured some work as a missionary in North Carolina. While traveling he met a young woman and they became engaged. The day preceding the one set for the marriage he tried on his wedding suit and found the coat too small. He regarded this as an indication from the Lord that he should not marry, and positively refused to fulfill the engagement. His fiancée became insane over this, and afterward died in an insane asylum in Raleigh.

It is Still in Progress.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Without committing myself to any popular craze (especially woman suffrage), I am willing to do all in my power against holy treason, and for the protection of personal rights and individual liberty. I hope to see FREETHOUGHT a permanent success. The bookstore enterprise I conceive to be a grand idea. To my opinion, such an establishment, which can restore to the reading public all the old poetical and infidel writings which have been suppressed by the venality, cowardice, and religious toadyism of the times, will do more for the advancement of Liberalism than anything yet undertaken. If the enterprise is still in progress, you can call on me at any time, for \$10—the price of two shares. Yours very respectfully, J. C. P.

From Utah.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is so long since I saw in FREETHOUGHT, whose weekly visitations are indeed welcome, a line from Utah, that a few items may not prove wholly without interest, so if you can find anything readable in the following notes, they are at your disposal.

Last Friday one of our hit-'em-from-the-shoulder Liberals walked up to the court house with a gracious smile on his honest face and a loving form leaning on his manly arm. The purpose of the visit was matrimony, and the interested parties were H. S. Brooks and Emma Keyte, of Lake Shore. Our gentile probate judge tied the knot that made the twain one, but the writer refused to sign the marriage contract, because he was not allowed to kiss the bride. Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, as they tread the rugged path of life. May love be their constant companion, and reason their never-failing guide!

This winter, Dave Clarke, whom Mr. Putnam will doubtless remember as the foremost Liberal at Payson, has, with his family, removed to Provo. Mr. Kinison, also of Payson, has likewise cast his lot with us. A number of other Liberals from Colorado and Kansas settled in the town, but they don't seem to be intensely active in the cause. We have no organizations here, which is very much to be regretted.

Provo is booming just now. It is a beautiful place—a veritable gem of the mountains, as it is facetiously dubbed. The gentiles are pouring in, and we expect within two years to redeem the town from the rule of Mormon priestcraft.

Liberalism seems to have gone to sleep since the campaign of 1888-1889. During those two years we had with us, for a season, such bright

Liberal lights as Messrs. Putnam, Underwood, Reynolds, and Bell. Dr. York and Mr. Ellis labored many weeks in the territory. The work of those men bore good fruit, but not a single voice has been heard for months in the advocacy of Freethought and its principles.

It was, therefore, all the more refreshing to read in last Sunday's Salt Lake Tribune, the great gentile paper in Utah, a sound and splendidly written editorial entitled "Preaching to Preachers." I have clipped it from my paper and inclose herewith, in the hope that you will think it of sufficient merit to reprint it in FREETHOUGHT.

Before closing, I wish to express my good wishes for your sturdy paper, and may it grow in circulation, power, and influence during the coming year, E. M. 290. Yours fraternally, A. B. TOMSOM.

Provo, Utah, January 7.

Not the Last nor the Least.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find a money order for \$25, the amount of my subscription to the Freethought Publishing Company. I suppose I am about the last subscriber to pay up; wish I could have done it sooner, but we can always draw some crumbs of comfort from our disappointments. So I console myself with the thought that if I am the last to pay, there must be some money in the Freethought treasury by this time. I received a copy of Secular Thought a few days ago and wish I was able to subscribe for it. I was born near where it is published, fifty-seven years ago. As I sit here writing and look out on the mountain covered with snow I can imagine that I am back in Canada this Sunday morning and hear my father's command, "Come, get ready and go to church." No matter how deep the snow or how cold the weather might be, I had to go. How little he thought that at fifty-seven his son would be standing on the very outposts of the advanced thought of the age. Had our friend Watts undertaken to publish Secular Thought in those days he would have found the climate of Toronto too hot for him. Well, thanks to the fearless courage of a few, the human race is improving. Even the Canadians will get there after awhile.

With my best wishes to all in the FREETHOUGHT office, and a hope that it will prove a success in every way, I remain yours in friendship. Felton, Cal. I. H. CURTIS.

[Mr. Curtis is by no means at the rear of the procession in the matter of remitting for shares. The long siege of rainy weather and the consequent hard times have had a serious effect upon the Liberals of the coast, as upon others; but as the skies brighten again we hope there will be a corresponding brightening of the financial horizon.—ED.]

San Jose Secular Union.

To the Editors of Freethought:

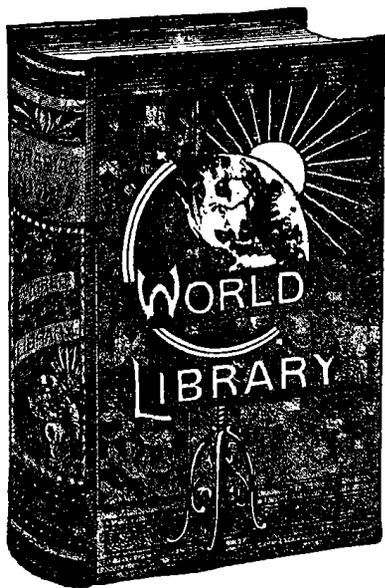
A very enthusiastic meeting of the San Jose Secular Union was held in our city last Sunday. Upon motion of one of the members, the same officers, who have so faithfully served during the past year, were re-elected for the year 1890, as a whole, viz., R. H. Schwartz, president; A. R. Woodhams and L. R. Titus, vice-presidents; L. Magenheimer, treasurer; Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, secretary. A great deal of interest is felt in your new enterprise, the Freethought Publishing Company, as well as the convention to be held in your city, the 25th and 26th inst. With the best wishes of our society for the success of this convention, we inclose \$5 toward the expenses of the same.

San Jose, Jan. 18.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ, Secretary.

Plain Home Talk.

The Freethought Publishing Company has on hand a large number of these books, "Plain Home Talk," in both English and German (Offene Volks-Sprache und Gesunder Menschen-Verstand). And our present stock has a history. Some time ago a Catholic publishing house in this city ordered a large lot from the Murray, Hill company, and received the books. Before selling them, however, the proprietor submitted a copy to his priest, who at once placed it on the *index expurgatorius* and prohibited its sale by Catholics. Under the circumstances, the Catholic dealer never paid for the books, and they have fallen into our hands. As we do not enjoy the benefit of a priestly censor, we shall send the book to any address at the regular price, \$1.50, postpaid. We may add that "Plain Home Talk" is a splendid work and deserves the circulation of hundreds of thousands which it has attained.



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WITCH'S HEAD.—Haggard. A novel of English life, combined with adventures in Zululand, written in the author's best vein; readable from cover to cover.

ALL A QUARTER IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—Haggard. A story of marvelous adventures in the heart of Africa. Our heroes having heard of a white race of great beauty living in the unknown wilds of the center of this country, resolve to and finally succeed in discovering the country, Zu-Vendis, full of amazing wealth, and ruled by beautiful women.

TENNYSON.—A very pretty edition of the works of the greatest of living poets.

NEW WAR BIAN NIGHS.—Stevenson. Collection of short stories; The Suicide Club; The Rajah's Diamond; The Pavillion on the Links, &c. Stories now very much admired.

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LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.—The poetry of Mr. Longfellow is marked by a very vivid imagination, great susceptibility to the impressions of natural scenery, and a ready perception of the analogies between natural objects and the feelings of the human heart.

WHITTIER'S POEMS.—Whittier is the most thoroughly American of all our native poets. Few poets have written so entirely for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

BRYANT'S POEMS.—His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth called the religion of the woods. This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades all his verses, and imparts to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.—The oriental fairyland, over which Queen Shehrazad reigns, is now and always will remain a classic.

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN.—The original Munchhausen was a German officer in the Russian service, who served against the Turks. He told the most extravagant stories about the campaign till his fancy completely got the better of his memory, and he believed his own extravagant fictions. The wit and humor of these tales are simply delightful.

WAVERLY.—Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose and verse) of whom one never wearies just as one can listen to Beethoven, or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight.

IVANHOE.—(By Sir Walter Scott.) At first Ivanhoe proved hard reading. But when at last the portal was passed, and entrance was had into the enchanted palace of delight, which the Wizard of the North has created by his Aladdin's lamp of midnight oil, who could resist the magic of the wonder-worker?

ROB ROY.—(Scott.) Everybody's favorite. Scott speaks of Rob as "The Robin Hood of Scotland, the dread of the wealthy but the friend of the poor."

COOPER'S THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.—In his productions every American must take an honest pride; for surely no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American character, or has given such glowing and eminently truthful pictures of American scenery.—W. H. PRESCOTT.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.—Never was the Arabian Nights read with greater zest than Franklin's Autobiography, and when I had finished it I began and read it all over again. It is this book that had the most influence upon my life.—J. L. GILDER.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—How happy that this the most moral of romances is not only the most charming of books, but also the most instructive!—CHALMERS

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.—(By Lewis Carroll,) with 42 illustrations by Tenniel, 1 vol.

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TRIP OF THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS.—Entertaining story of an English gentleman, who made a wager to make a trip around the world within eighty days. It is as exciting a story as ever was written, as our hero experienced hair-breadth escapes and had to overcome serious obstacles.

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALOON.—Of all writers for the young, Verne occupies the first rank. He is always interesting on account of his wonderful flights of imagination, which just touch the borderland of truth.

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ÆSOP.—Æsop, born in the sixth century before Christ, while traveling through Greece, recited his home truths. He did not write his fables, but they were easily remembered, became universally popular, and were passed on from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation.

ÆSOP'S TALES.—Are admired very much for their ingenuity and powerful though morbid and gloomy painting.

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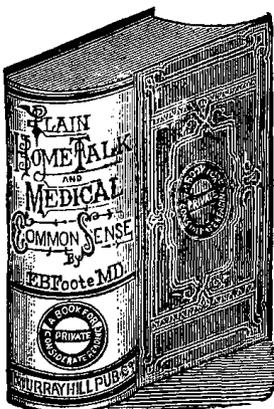
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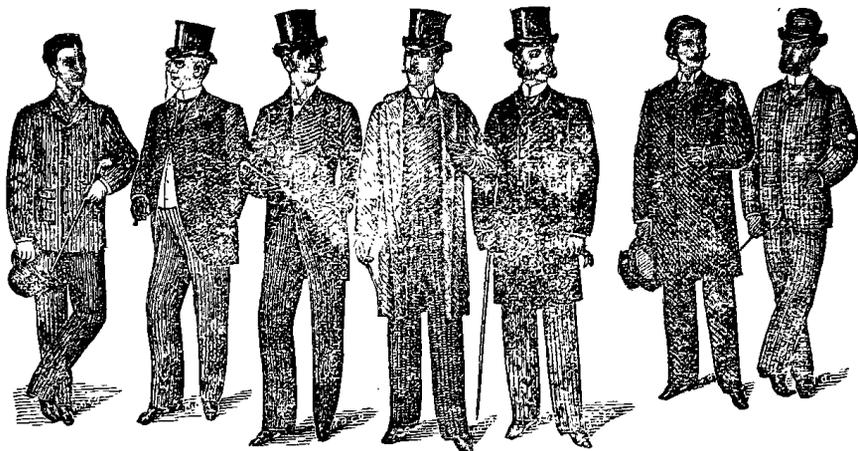
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And my darling, oh my darling,
When I oftentimes think of thee.
It will be indeed a pleasure,
If you erstwhile think of me.
Thus my darling, oh my darling,
Should you erstwhile think of me,
Whilst my darling, oh my darling,
I shall oftentimes think of thee,
We will think about each other
Till the bright eternity.

SECOND VERSE.

It is fun to write a poem
While I pause to think of thee,
For I know you'll not forget me
While you pause to think of me.
Thus adown life's sunburnt pathway
Loiter I to think of thee,
For I hope and trust that also
You may sometimes think of me.

THIRD VERSE.

It is not so very wearing
On the thinker, I can see,
Just to think of you, my darling,
As you doubtless think of me.
So, my darling, as I stated,
If your thoughts are true to me,
I will do some heavy thinking,
Oh my darling, just for thee;
And we'll think about each other,
Till the bright eternity.

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"Ah," replied the good man, severely, "you must remember, deacon, that there is one higher than I, who sees every act you commit."

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

THE CONVENTION.

The Second Annual Convention of the California State Liberal Union held its sessions in Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, San Francisco, on Saturday and Sunday, January 25 and 26. The first meeting—that held on Saturday evening—was not largely attended by members from outside of San Francisco. All places more than a day's journey from the city were cut off by landslides, washouts, or snowdrifts, and it must be said that Liberals residing at a distance manifested their sanity by not attempting to get here. But while the absence of these friends was noted and regretted, the seats reserved for them were occupied by local Secularists, so that the main floor of the hall was well filled, while the gallery showed a fair sprinkling of people who wished to listen but did not care to be identified with the proceedings.

President Putnam called the meeting to order, and while the late comers were finding seats Mrs. Eugenia Clark gave a brilliant piano solo, and then led the trio of sisters in a song. These young ladies are getting to be great favorites with attendants at meetings of reformers here in the city, and are always greeted and sped with hearty applause, which they well deserve.

The president's address of welcome followed. Mr. Putnam said:

The object of this Convention is, first of all, companionship, to create the *esprit du corps* of Liberalism, and through this evoke enthusiasm and interest in the great cause. Our object further is to spread knowledge, to enlighten the people in regard to the condition of affairs, to point out the dangers that exist, and through knowledge to persuade to action. It is a great blunder on the part of Liberals to say there is no need of action. Christianity is an institution as well as an idea. As an institution it is stronger than ever. As an institution it presents a more united front than ever. Christians could not unite to-day upon any doctrine; they could not unite upon the Bible; but they can unite for the enforcement of a custom, of a law. Hitherto the philosophic Liberal has smiled at the idea of a union among Christians, seeing such a vast diversity of sects, but the unity is now an accomplished fact. The point of unity is the Sabbath question. The Catholic church and the Protestant church here strike hands. They have discovered that six days are lost to them forever. They are therefore making a

desperate effort to retain one day for their own benefit, and to do this by force of law. The Sabbath is the bulwark of the church. All the Christian sects see this. If Sunday ceases to be a holy day, the vast hold of the churches upon the life of to-day is gone. The issue is vital and immense, both for Christianity and Liberalism.

The enforcement of the Sabbath by legislation is a direct violation of civil and religious liberty. California is now the battleground. It is free from Sabbatarian laws. But the ecclesiastical party is rallying its forces for the enactment of such laws. The churches are growing stronger in California. A constant immigration increases their support and wealth. Shall California wheel into line and with the other states be subservient to the churches, or shall it retain its present onward position, and be the most free and independent state in the Union?

The secretary of the American Sabbath Union declares that the last year is a "year of wonders" in behalf of Sabbath legislation. It is said that fifteen million of the American people have been enrolled in favor of this legislation. A large number of labor organizations have indorsed the Sunday Rest bill. The convention of Roman Catholic laymen has signified its desire to join with non-Catholics for the maintenance of Sabbath laws. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has won the praises of the church by its untiring devotion to its political interests.

In Cincinnati the committee of "five hundred" has put its iron heel upon personal liberty. The same victory of ecclesiasticism has been achieved in Pittsburg. On the line of Sabbath observance the church has shown a vast power within the last few months. Along this line the battle must wage for many years. The whole force of church tyranny is concentrated here. If defeated here it is eventually defeated everywhere. The destruction of sacred days is the destruction of the priesthood. The maintenance of sacred days, of church days by law, is a perpetual threat to free institutions.

It is for the purpose of understanding this issue, of enlightening the people in regard to it, and for legislative action when necessary, that the California Liberal Union is organized. It has no creed other than the civil and religious rights of all citizens: The purpose of this Convention is to arouse attention, and to unite our forces. Every Liberal should realize the gravity of the situation. Liberty is the life blood of progress. The will and intelligence of man himself are vast and profound factors in the world's improvement. Evolution is not merely a blind force. In it and of it is the choice of man. If we do not do the best, then the best will not be achieved. If we fight not for liberty, then liberty will not be ours. Not simply vigilance, but eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. We must always pay that price. We must always stand guard. We must always be ready to be up and doing. We ask the co-operation of every man and woman without regard to differences of opinion. This is not a question of opinion, but of rights. The platform of Freethought is as broad as justice and humanity can be. Equality, fraternity, a true republic, a genuine democracy, a government of the people, is the purpose of our organization. Its success is the success, not of a part, but of all.

The business of appointing committees being next in order, the following selections were made:

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS—J. W. Ostello, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, D. Buckingham, H. W. Faust, T. F. Hagerty, W. H. Eastman.

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS—W. S. Bell, Dr. E. B. Foote, George E. Macdonald.

Mr. Bell then took the platform. He remarked that he had been under the impression that he was to speak at the Paine celebration, and his address was prepared accordingly. Then he sailed in.

MR. BELL'S ADDRESS.

Upon the questions of church and state Thomas Paine was, for his day, a profound thinker. He perceived not only the corruptions of these two institutions, but he also discovered that they both were evils *per se*. If the church was the outgrowth of man's ignorance and weakness, so too was the state. Each was a vampire living upon the life-blood of the people.

In these days when the air is full of cries for Nationalism, Socialism, and Anarchism, it certainly may prove interesting if not instructive to listen to the voice of him who devoted his life to the study of the rights of man and the despotism of governments.

I will read several selections from the "Rights of Man."

A great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It had its origin in the principles of society, and the natural constitution of man. It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government was abolished. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has in man, and all the parts of a civilized community upon each other, create that great chain of connection which holds it together.

Government is no further necessary than to supply the few cases to which society and civilization are not conveniently competent; and instances are not wanting to show that everything which government can usefully add thereto, has been performed by the common consent of society, without government.

For upwards of two years from the commencement of the American war, and a longer period, in several of the American states, there were no established forms of government. The old governments had been abolished, and the country was too much occupied in defense to employ its attention in establishing a new government; yet, during this interval, order and harmony were preserved as inviolate as in any country in Europe. There is a natural aptness in man, and more so in society, because it embraces a greater variety of abilities and resources, to accommodate itself to whatever situation it is in.

The instant formal government is abolished, society begins to act. A general association takes place, and the common interest produces common security.

So far is it from being true, as has been pretended, that the abolition of any formal government is the dissolution of society, it acts by a contrary impulse, and brings the latter closer together.

Formal governments make but a small part of civilized life; and when even the best that human wisdom can devise is established, it is a thing more in name and idea than in fact. It is to the great and fundamental principles of society and civilization—to the common usage universally consented to, and mutually and reciprocally maintained—to the unceasing circulation of interest, which passes through its innumerable channels, invigorates the whole mass of civilized man, it is to these things, infinitely more than anything which even the best instituted governments can perform, that the safety and prosperity of the individual and of the whole depends.

The more perfect civilization is the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself; but so contrary is the practice of old governments to the reason of the case, that the expenses of them increase in the proportion they ought to diminish. It is but few general laws that civilized life requires, and those of such common usefulness, that whether they are enforced by the forms of government or not, the effect will be nearly the same. If we consider what the principles are that first condense men into society, and what the motives that regulate their mutual intercourse afterwards, we shall find by the time that we arrive at what is called government, that nearly the whole of the business is performed by the natural operation of the parts upon each other.

Man, with respect to all those matters, is more a creature of consistency than he is aware of, or than governments would wish him to believe. All the great laws of society are laws of nature. Those of trade and commerce, whether with respect to the intercourse of individuals, or of nations, are laws of natural and reciprocal interest. They are followed and obeyed, because it is the interest of the parties so to do, and not on account of any formal laws their governments may impose or interpose.

Never in the history of the world have there been so many indications of unrest and agitation among the people at large as there are to-day. We boast of the civilization of the nineteenth century, and point with pride to the achievements of science in the mechanical arts. But these modern triumphs are not so real, not so fundamental as they appear. We speak of the wonders of steam, telegraph, and ten thousand inventions, but do not see the evils of our civilization which are also assuming

vast proportions and a more marked variety of forms. We have not only progress and poverty, but also progress in disease, insanity, and in commercial dishonesty. The people everywhere are becoming alive to these facts, and they are discussing all phases of society; they are seeking some remedy for the ills they suffer.

The political arena is filled with single-taxers, Prohibitionists, Socialists, Anarchists, Woman's Rights party, not to say anything of the Republican and Democratic parties, which, like two giants, struggle with each other to see which one of them shall save the country from the treason and corruption of the other. However palpable the fraudulency of the old hack party politics and party government may be to the masses, yet they continue to be the childish dupes of knaves and thieves who corrupt and deceive them.

If the political outlook presents nothing but turmoil and discontent, the religious status indicates more disturbance and more indications of immediate efforts at revolution. Science and the spirit of investigation are increasing the thoughtfulness of a large and always increasing class, and at the same time it is deadening their superstitions on all supernatural aspects of religion. But while this is true on the one hand, it is equally true on the other that there is a mighty effort being made to reinstate religion as a power in the minds of the people by legislation. Accordingly we see the God-in-the-Constitution party, the Sunday-Law party, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union party, and others.

The signs of the times indicate a transformation of society through the media of science, philosophy, and humanity. This is not to be accomplished without violent reactions, such as we see in all Christian legislation to support its dying superstition. But a free press points out the doom of all superstition. It is a question of time. Both church and state have outlived their usefulness. They have ruled in the name of God; they have ruled in the name of king, and they have ruled in the name of the people; but whether in the name of God, the king, or the people, they have always ruled—always ruled at the expense of the people.

Look at it from whatever point of view we may, we shall find that in its very nature and in whatever form it may exist, either in church or state, government is a despotism. All governments spring into existence through violence, and maintain themselves by violence. Such a thing as a good government never existed. There never has been any democratic or republican government. It is, however, an exceedingly pretty form of speech to talk of a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It were a vast deal nearer the truth if we should speak of our own government as a government of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians.

But to speak of a government of the people appeals to our vanity and weakness, and politicians are not slow to take advantage of our weakness in this direction. We forget that all governments spring into existence through conquest of some sort. Is it not folly, then, to prate about governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. When did you and I consent to our government, to our constitution, to our laws? Perhaps it may be urged that our fathers instituted this government and we inherit it from them. Is this the way we consented—our fathers consented, therefore we consented? But how did our fathers consent? A war separated the colonies from Great Britain, and after their separation forms of state and general government were instituted after being formally submitted to the people.

But all the engineering and wire-pulling done in the matter of getting up a constitution was done by a comparatively few men. The people at large had small aptitude for making constitutions or forming governments; but they had immense qualifications for being duped, robbed, and set on edge, one against another, by party zeal and fanaticism, just as our voters to-day have towards those who support an opposition candidate.

But suppose we should admit that our government was founded by the consent of the whole people, would not the fact of our national degeneracy prove that government is in and of itself an evil? The fact that our government, from the days of Washington until now, has gone down steadily, becoming worse and

worse, is not because the people themselves have been so greatly demoralized, but because it is in the very nature of government to grow always worse. Founded upon violence and injustice, it puts a premium on corruption and thievery; while, with a mockery of justice, it says, "Let no guilty man escape," yet it gives him time and opportunity to do so.

Man's consent to be governed is not asked by the government; but government commands him, as the police do, to "move on." That mountebank preacher of Brooklyn, Talmage, says, "If you don't like our laws, if you can't move on with the rest of us, then move out of the country." We are not asked to give our consent to the government under which we live, but we are commanded to submit to it, to obey its laws and to support its officers. All the liberty we have respecting the state is to obey its behests—to pay taxes.

Government is not based upon principles of justice extended to all citizens, but upon privileges snatched by a few under the serious mockery of voting. It is not justice that obtains in any department of government, not even in the so-called courts of justice, or in the manner of appointing or selecting judges and juries.

Privilege characterizes all parts of the state. Privilege is inseparable from government. Despotism, privilege, and robbery are integral parts of the system. The monopolies are proof of it. The banking monopoly, railroad monopoly, telegraph monopoly, land monopoly, Standard Oil monopoly, associate press monopoly, and all sorts of trusts, are like pythons squeezing the life out of the unprivileged citizen. These monopolies and trusts are not fungi, but the genuine fruit which the governmental tree has always borne. It never has failed to produce this crop. It is in the very nature of government to rob labor and protect capital. How could it be otherwise, when it not only has the power to make laws looking towards its own self-preservation but when it has the power and disposition to enforce all such laws at any expense of blood and treasure. It is seldom that the people get justice in the courts. Officials generally have their minds upon two objects, namely, to continue in office, and how to secure more plunder or spoils of office and not be found out.

Many years ago, we had a great rebellion, and there were two privileged classes in the country, namely, those who went to war, and those who staid at home. The privileged class that could go to war and be shot had the privilege of staying at home and be shot. The other class could stay at home, and had the privilege of paying three or four hundred dollars as bounty. While the horny-handed sons of toil were facing the cannon's mouth, the privileged gentry at home were making laws for the good of the nation. They were fine workers, too, for they made two kinds of money for the country, a cheap kind in which the government paid off the soldiers (it was called rag money), and another kind made of shining gold to pay the bankers with.

Mr. Brown, on hearing of the high-handed ways of monopolies, bankers, and trusts, exclaimed, "Why the men who compose these trusts, banks, and monopolies, run our government, don't they?" "Oh, no," said Mr. Smith, "they *are* our government."

The people are gullible. In fact, they seem to want to be humbugged. What are our elections but farces? See what scheming and wire-pulling there is among certain voters to get their favorite nominated. And after a candidate is up, see what promises he will make—in fact, promises anything you ask, for your vote. If elected, he does not want to meet you, and if he does, he can now promise you nothing. He says he'll see about it and gets away from you.

What roguery and rascality are practiced to overthrow a rival candidate. In all this political skullduggery the people themselves have had almost nothing to do. They have been fooled into doing what they have done. It is true that they have held caucuses, but the roughs and toughs, with the aid of whisky and beer, have carried the caucus. Because of the dishonesty and rowdyism of the caucus, the best citizens do not attend it; I mean the caucuses of large cities. After the work of the caucus and convention comes the campaign. I am now speaking of the presidential campaign. On these occasions the poor voter is inflated with the importance of his franchise. His vote will count

as much as the vote of a Vanderbilt. His vote can offset the vote of the president of the United States.

All this and much more of the same style of vanity puffs up the voter with a vast amount of self-importance. When the campaign is on I have seen ten thousand men turn out to a torch-light procession. The political hacks seduce young men and old men of very light calibre to swell the ranks of the procession, by promising or actually giving them a red flannel shirt. Some are bought up with a half holiday, others are bribed with money, and a vast number are inspired with whisky; and still others are rendered exceedingly patriotic by bad arguments and an appeal to their bad blood. And all this passes for a love of liberty, a love of country.

And all this is the outcome of the glorious elective franchise. The truth is, that when we come to look at it seriously, voting cuts no figure at all in the management of the affairs of the state. The vote is a toy, a plaything which the victim of despotism is allowed to amuse himself with.

When I was a child my father would sometimes in the evening, as I sat on the carpet before the fire, give me several silver dollars to play with. It was a rare treat to have real dollars, to look at them, to jingle them in my hands, roll them on the floor, toss them in the air. It was rare sport. At last, when he thought I had exhausted my gushing enjoyment, he would quietly ask me to hand them back to him. Then I could see them go back into his pockets. The ballot is like the dollars. The voter can play with it, nothing more. For the kingdom and the power and the glory belong to the government, and government will never entrust its life in any other hands than its own. It may appear to do so, but it is only in appearance.

It is constantly asserted that government is instituted to protect men in their rights. This statement is not true, because governments are set up by the war power. And if it could be shown that sometimes they are not, still it would not avail, for it matters not how governments are set up, for they cannot maintain themselves except by the war power. Therefore it is not true that governments are instituted for the protection of man in his rights.

The rights of men are invaded by governments. Governments cannot exist without dispoiling some one. To talk about a government doing equal and exact justice is a delusion. If government does anything for one person, that is, if it gives anything to the citizen, it is because it has taken away from another what it has given the first.

All new laws enacted for the benefit of corporations and trusts are ostensibly enacted for the benefit of the dear people. The modern Solons go on gulling the people by talking about the public welfare, public prosperity, the public weal, the public interests, etc.

The demagogue frightens the little man by telling him that personal interests must not stand in the way of the public good. He has much to say about "national" liberty, "political" liberty, "republican" liberty, "democratic" liberty, "constitutional" liberty and "liberty under law," and all other kinds of liberty except "individual" liberty. Our government does not tell us that individual liberty means freedom from all compulsion to do anything whatever except what justice requires us to do, and freedom to do everything whatever that justice permits us to do.

Government is a relic, a most fruitful and pestilent relic, of barbarism. In no way can it be disguised that the foundation stone of government is, might makes right. In its eyes man has no inalienable rights. Any and all of his rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, may be disregarded at the will of this phantom. He can be taxed to a point of starvation; his life may be thrown away before the cannon's mouth to save the barbarous ghost of the barbarous past. Yes, the government owns him, body and soul—he is a slave—common property. Yet he fancies himself, on the Fourth of July especially, as enjoying the greatest, grandest liberty imaginable, in this "the land of the free and the home of the brave." This reminds me of the Irishman who stood looking at the steam plow. After eyeing it for some time he broke out with, "Oh, ye's can puff, puff, and whiz, whiz, but ye can't vote—ye's can't get on the perlice force." The Fourth of July orator and the Irishman are twins.

Government assumes to possess all rights, and any such things as commonly pass for rights of man are only conventional—they are privileges granted the individual by the phantom government, which it may resume at any moment. A war arises, and the little Fourth of July man, all bloated up with the liberty he enjoys, is called upon to face the deadly cannon of the enemy, and Pat, who could vote, must keep him company. Whether they have objections to being killed in this fashion is immaterial—and that they have conscientious scruples about going out to kill somebody else, who has done them no wrong, is equally immaterial. If they don't go, they may be shot, and if they do they are almost sure to be shot. Government denies man the right of property, because it takes his property as well as his person and uses it and him to their destruction. As far as the principle is concerned, this is a denial of man's right to exist on this planet, as it is a denial of man's natural right to those things that are necessary to his existence.

This address by Mr. Bell proved to be somewhat of a startler. It held the closest attention of the audience, who accepted its rather disagreeable truths with much good nature, and gave the speaker many a cheering round of applause.

SUNDAY MORNING.

This session was attended by perhaps one hundred and sixty persons and floods of sunshine, the first of the latter article seen for days and days. Miss Mate Hildebrande enlivened the opening with a finely executed piano music; the Misses Wheeler and Mrs. Clark gave one of their always beautiful songs, and the Hon. F. B. Perkins delivered an address upon the relation between the development of the individual mind and the progress of the race. As Mr. Perkins took the stand the janitor threw the blinds open and great streams of sunlight came flowing in, whereat the orator remarked that he had great pleasure in introducing his majesty the sun, whose presence on this occasion he regarded as a greeting of the universe to the second annual convention of the California State Liberal Union.

MR. PERKINS'S ADDRESS.

Mr. F. B. Perkins gave a sketch of "A Study in the Natural History of Rationalism," being an outline biography of the mind of one brought up in Puritan beliefs, and experiencing a natural reaction into rationalism. The person he described was of pure Anglo-Saxon and old New England ancestry; brought up in the strictest Calvinistic Congregationalist beliefs and practices; taught to believe the Bible and Christianity without knowing anything whatever about them, except the orthodox views of revelation and inspiration. This training lasted for pretty much all the first twenty years of his life, being the first of three chapters, so to speak, of about twenty years each. The second chapter began as soon as the youth left home and began to think for himself. By natural unconscious mental action he began so criticise religions, and especially the Bible. He found at once that as the result of having had the Bible, as it were, rubbed into him all his life so far, he had lost all power of really seeing it; just as a man who should lay his nose against a building could not perceive its general design. Upon this he shut the book and kept away from it for about twenty years more, devoting his time and labor to mental training and to active life. Thus passed the second chapter of his life. The third chapter opened with his being employed by a publisher to examine the whole Bible, verse by verse, and to arrange each verse under its appropriate topic in a prescribed classification of subjects. He now found that his twenty years of abstinence had recovered for him a healthy appetite; he could see the Bible; could distinguish the differences of style and purpose; could see what was historical, what mythical, what legendary, what poetical, what dogmatic. He could judge intelligently of its truths and its errors, of its history and real meaning. And the result was, that during the whole of the third chapter of his life, thus far, he has been a rationalist from study and deliberate reasoned conviction.

The application made of this account was to draw an analogy

between the natural process of independent unbiased study and thought in this one mind, and a corresponding process in the mind of the community. This process is the office of the Liberal Union to promote and hasten.

The solo by Miss Evangeline Ballou, which ensued, was a rare bit of singing. The young lady has a remarkably rich and strong contralto voice, which she uses with fine effect. Both those who are able to judge critically and those who, like the present writer, judge a thing by its general results, joined in placing Miss Ballou's songs among the most attractive numbers of the whole programme.

Laura de Force Gordon seems to have been detained with the rest by either the weather or her engagements, and was not present, but her place was well-filled by Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, of San Jose, who had surmounted all difficulties in coming to the Convention.

Her address pleased the audience greatly. She said:

In the call for this Convention, "all are invited who are in favor of the total separation of church and state; of the American republic founded upon the Declaration of Independence; of equal rights and impartial liberty. It states that there is no creed, no religious or non-religious belief, in the platform of the Liberal Union, it stands simply and solely for human rights, irrespective of creeds, and it expects the co-operation of every American." This is certainly broad enough, and every true American, every true man and woman should co-operate in preparing measures for the establishment of a purely secular government. The time has come when the co-operation of woman is necessary to the success of all movements, especially in this movement. Although we lack the power which the ballot gives, yet we can do much toward moulding public opinion. This has been proven by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. These women have banded together for a purpose and gained a strong foothold by their perseverance and determination. While they have done much good, their religious zeal has blinded them to the real welfare of this government, according to the statement of their president, who said, "The Women's Christian Temperance Union, local, state, and national, world-wide, has one vital, organic thought, one absorbing purpose, one undying enthusiasm; it is that Christ shall be the world's king—king of its courts, its camps, its commerce; king of its colleges and its cloisters, king of its customs and its constitutions." She adds, "Concerning the platform of our next national prohibition convention, I am content to leave it substantially as it is, save that it should declare Christ and his law the true basis of government and of supreme authority in national as in individual life." If these women can be so absorbed in a purpose that would overthrow our government, why should not the women who see the necessity of the separation of church and state, unite in one undying purpose—to save our government, save our constitution and leave the Declaration of Independence as a heritage to our children without a blemish upon its fair pages.

The indifference of the people in regard to the Sabbath question is startling; they really have been made to believe that it is not a religious measure but instigated solely for the protection of the laboring man's rights. It reminds me of the sudden interest the political office-seeker takes in the laboring man. Just before election he links his arm familiarly in that of the working men and invites them up to a drink. After the election is over he forgets all about their brief acquaintance. So it will be if the Sabbath law is enforced. The laboring man will look in vain for his friends; he will find every door of recreation closed, and if he should dare to chop a stick of wood on Sunday he will be arrested for violating the holy Sabbath. This has been done again and again in some states. So I would say to the laboring classes, while I sympathize with you most sincerely, and hail with delight anything that will benefit you, do not be fooled by this Sunday rest, but use all your efforts, and especially your ballots, against it; but let me tell you where to lend all the aid you can: that is, support Nationalism. This offers hope; its principles carried out will add to the comfort not only of Sunday, but of

every day in the week. Instead of curtailing your freedom, it will enlarge all your opportunities.

Now, the object of this Convention is to arouse the people to a sense of the danger that threatens this government. We want to bear in mind that our coin is stamped with the words: "In God we trust," that in Delaware, Georgia, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Tennessee the unbeliever is not permitted to testify in a court of justice; that a boy was arrested and fined for playing marbles on Sunday in Boston; that Tennessee does not allow barbering on Sunday; that Seventh-day Adventists are frequently arrested for working on the orthodox Sabbath. I am aware that most of you know all this and much more than I can tell you, but there are always some in every audience that do not know anything about it. Comparatively few seem to be aware that the attempt made to establish a national Sunday law is but the entering wedge of the God-in-the-Constitution party. When we consider what they have already done while not yet in power, we can see that the outlook is not very promising if they carry the day and put God in the Constitution. I have told you how the Women's Christian Temperance Union stands on this question. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Prohibition party all stand in line. Let me say to you who have through your strong desire for reform on the liquor question been led to give your aid to the Prohibition party, bear this in mind, the Prohibition party and the God-in-the-Constitution stand as a unit. Prohibition will not do what you want to see accomplished; this can only be done by education and by the removal of the causes of intemperance, which are principally poverty and ignorance, and this Nationalism proposes to do, so I would say to you as I have said to the laboring classes, use all your efforts against Prohibition, especially your ballots, and give your aid to the furtherance of the principles of Nationalism. No one realizes the curse of intemperance more than I, and no one is more anxious to see the curse removed, but I do not consider the Prohibition movement practical, and in removing one evil I do not believe in the establishment of another evil. Our public schools are secular institutions, yet religious sentiment permeates many of the studies, and the songs sung in many of our schools are those used in church and Sunday school, and this secular government gives millions of dollars annually to the support of the church from our public treasury. Now, my friends, it is too late in the day to sit down and tamely assert that the God in the Constitution party can never get in power, but it is time that every thinking man and woman be up and doing, determined that if their efforts are of any avail, they shall not. The various journals published in the interest of Freethought have kept us posted in regard to the workings of the National Reform Association. This Association, as you all know, demands that the existing Christian features of this American government shall be maintained, that our constitution shall be so amended as to declare the nation's allegiance to Jesus Christ, and its acceptance of the moral laws of the Christian religion, and place all the Christian laws, institutions and usages of our government upon an undeniably legal basis in the fundamental law of the land. Any observing person can readily see that the work of this association is being actively carried on by the clergy.

Mr. Thos. Arper gave a few words on the difficulty of getting old ideas out of the mind after they had once been educated into it.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon of Sunday was devoted to business, and the singers and musicians were given a vacation. The first thing on the programme was Secretary Lemme's report, which Mr. Lemme read as follows:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Convention of the California State Liberal Union:

The California State Liberal Union was organized in this city in January of last year. The convention was held in Irving Hall, some two hundred persons being present at the opening. The delegation from the country was large. On Sunday evening, January 27, the number in attendance was estimated at nearly one thousand. An extensive programme for the general work was prepared, resolutions adopted, and officers for the year were

elected. These proceedings have been incorporated in this report, but as they would take up too much time I shall omit them here. If anyone desires to read the report he may find it in the files of last year's FREETHOUGHT, together with the list of officers elected.

On the same date, the Turnerbund of this coast had a convention also; and sent to the Liberal organization their delegates bearing words of greeting from our German co-workers. The greeting was accepted, and the response indorsed by a unanimous rising vote. Messrs. Schou, Lund, and Putnam were appointed a committee to bear the response to the Turnerbund. The Paine celebration that closed the first convention was largely attended, over fifteen hundred persons being present. Addresses and recitations were given by prominent speakers of California; the programme was well-filled with good music. A social and dance closed the celebration, and the first convention proved to be a great success.

The anti-Sunday law meeting held at Avon theater, Stockton, the 10th of January, 1889, under the auspices of the Turn Verein Society and the Liberal Union, was a success in numbers and influence. Addresses were made by Mr. F. Schuenemann-Pott and Mr. Samuel P. Putnam. After the meeting, the petitions and Demands of Liberalism and articles of organization of the California State Liberal Union were numerously signed.

A bill had been introduced in the California Senate and Assembly, entitled, "An Act to add three new sections to the Penal Code, to be known as sections 299, 300, and 301, respectively, relative to Sunday amusements where liquors are sold, and keeping open places of business on Sunday." Both the Senate and Assembly referred the bill to a Committee on Public Morals. Here are its provisions:

299. Every person who on Sunday gets up, exhibits, opens, or maintains, or aids in getting up, exhibiting, opening, or maintaining any bull, bear, cock, or prize fight, horse-race, gambling-house, or saloon, or any barbarous and noisy amusement, or who keeps, conducts, or exhibits any theater, melodeon, dance-cellar, or place of musical, theatrical, or operatic performance, spectacle, or representation, where any wines, liquors, or intoxicating drinks are bought, sold, used, drunk, or given away, or who purchases any ticket of admission, or directly or indirectly pays any admission fee to or for the purpose of witnessing or attending any such place, amusement, spectacle, performance, or representation is guilty of a misdemeanor.

300. Every person who keeps open on Sunday, any store, workshop, bar, saloon, banking-house, or other place of business, for the purpose of transacting business therein, is punishable by fine not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

301. The provisions of section three hundred do not apply to persons who, on Sunday, keep open hotels, boarding-houses, barber-shops, baths, markets, restaurants, taverns, livery stables, or retail drug stores, for the legitimate business of each, or such manufacturing establishments as are usually kept in continued operation.

The meetings at Sacramento on March 10 and 17 were largely attended in spite of the rain. Our president gave two lectures. Many signatures to the Demands of Liberalism were received. Sacramento has a large element of Liberalism, and it gradually increases in power and prominence. The series of lectures has opened the field for larger and more fruitful work.

As one of the good results and natural outcome of the California State Liberal Union, the San Francisco Freethought Society was organized the 31st day of March, 1889. Several efforts have been made to secure a suitable hall, when at last Union Square Hall was adopted for the location. The membership, although small at the beginning, increased rapidly during the meetings, which were held throughout the summer. Prominent speakers from the Western and Eastern States gave lectures to the generally well-attended meetings. The Liberals of this city have largely contributed to this organization to secure its progress and success.

The San Francisco Freethought Society elected the following officers for one year:

President, P. O. Chilstrom; secretary, Henry J. Breuer; assistant secretary, G. E. Macdonald; treasurer, A. H. Schou; vice-presidents, W. H. Eastman, Mrs. Emma Reguin, and Emil S. Lemme.

The meetings at San Diego on March 31, and April 7, were quite successful; a large number attended. Our president delivered two lectures, and the Demands of Liberalism were numer-

ously signed. This city has a large Liberal element and its local organization is rapidly progressing.

The meeting at Los Angeles Turn Verein Hall, April 21, 1889, was a grand success. Nearly a thousand people were present. Our president spoke upon "Moody and Jones Reviewed." The second meeting on the following night was also largely attended. A strong organization has been the result. Los Angeles has thousands of Freethinkers, but it seems from later reports that a few must do all the work, take responsibilities and chances. A continuous effort will do a great deal of good. A large number of signatures were obtained here.

From the meetings at San Diego and Los Angeles at the end of last year still greater results have been reported. At the following places, which our president, Mr. Putnam, has visited, the work of the Liberal Union has been also progressive; namely, Livermore, Grass Valley, San Piusqual, San Jacinto, Escondido, Santa Ana, Anaheim, Norwalk, Lemoore, Visalia, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, Raymond, Grub Gulch, Fresno Flats, Hornitos, New Sanel, Ukiah, Covelo, and others. The Demands of Liberalism were numerously signed, so that at present the membership roll of the California State Liberal Union has altogether over three thousand signatures.

Among the other good results, which are mainly caused through the influence and efforts of our Liberal Union, I may mention the successful convention at Oregon, which will soon be followed by a convention in Washington.

The executive committee of the Turnerbund of the Pacific district, sent to each one of their members a circular inviting them to become members of our organization.

As another of the good results produced by the Union, the Freethought Publishing Company has been established. The number of stockholders are already one hundred and sixty. A bookstore and general headquarters for Freethought throughout the Pacific coast has been started in this city. It publishes the weekly journal FREETHOUGHT, and has a large stock of reform and Freethought literature for sale. This makes one of the most important and powerful organizations for the advancement of the work of Secularism. Respectfully submitted,

EMIL S. LEMME.

The foregoing report was adopted unanimously without opposition.

The report of Treasurer Schou was brief but comprehensive. It gave a list of items of receipts amounting to something over \$50 and of expenditures reaching about \$45; balance, \$6 and odd. The report was adopted, with the supplementary statement of the president that as much as one thousand dollars, in the aggregate, had been applied to the work in various places throughout the state, but as it was raised by local subscriptions, and expended in the locality where it was raised, it had not passed through the hands of the treasurer. It should, however, be credited to the Liberals of California, and reckoned as belonging to the general fund.

The Committee on Resolutions reported through Mr. W. S. Bell, thus:

1. Resolved, That while this Convention welcomes and would encourage improvement in all departments of government, it holds that the reform fundamental to all others, and of first necessity, is the absolute divorcement of church and state; and that no method of social regeneration can be worthy of adoption or advocacy, or can be depended upon to produce perfect results, that does not include as a primary step the total separation of the functions of religion from those of politics and government.

2. Resolved, That we send greetings to all organizations whose work is in behalf of human liberty and advancement; to the Secular Unions of Oregon and elsewhere; to our co-laborers and allies, members of the Turn Vereins of the Pacific Coast, to Liberal associations everywhere, and especially to the Washington Secular Union now forming in our sister state.

3. Resolved, That we regard with gratification and hope the lately formed corporation known as the Freethought Publishing Company; that

we look upon such an organization and the establishment of a Liberal bookstore in San Francisco as one of the most important achievements in Secular work accomplished during the past year or during any preceding year upon this coast; and we hereby recommend this enterprise to the patronage and support of all who recognize in Freethought a power working for civilization and enlightenment.

4. Resolved, That the merit or demerit of an act depends upon the quality of the act itself, and not upon the particular day of the week when it is performed; that that which is just and right on any of the six week days, loses none of its virtue on Sunday; that there is no authority in reason, morals, or even the scriptures, for enforced observance of Sunday as a holy day; and we therefore pledge determined opposition to the effort now making in California to secure the passage of so-called Sabbath laws. These laws as they exist in other states are un-American and undemocratic, and are used as instruments of persecution and extortion. We therefore hold it to be the duty of the voters of California to see that the statute books of this state are kept free from laws that, by prohibiting work or amusement on Sunday, make a crime of that which in itself is innocent and commendable.

5. Resolved, That we reiterate our condemnation of the enforced performance of religious ceremonies in the common schools of the state, in the shape of either Bible reading, prayers, or hymns. We recognize that since the reading of the Bible is a Protestant and really anti-Catholic exercise, the practice is as sectarian as would be the study of the Romish catechism. It furnishes the Catholic church with its strongest argument against our school system, the only answer to which is, the complete relegation of religious teachings to the home, the church, or the school supported by private funds.

6. Resolved, That, without expressing an opinion upon the policy of abolishing by law the manufacture and sale of liquor, we look upon the so-called Prohibition party as essentially a religious organization, being officered largely by the clergy and having for its object as much the bringing about of ecclesiastical legislation as the suppression of the liquor traffic. In this state it has struck hands and joined forces with the National Reform or God-in-the-Constitution party, the American Sabbath Association and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, all of whose objects are opposed to the principles of Secular government. While differing individually on the subject of prohibition, the members of the California State Liberal Union are as one in their opposition to all sacerdotal encroachments, whether they are advocated openly, or are introduced under the hypocritical guise of temperance reform.

7. Resolved, That we protest against the further appropriation of public funds for the support of charitable institutions of a sectarian character. Since these institutions are not conducted in the interests of humanity in general, but of the particular sect or religious division to which their projectors and managers belong; since many of them are speculative enterprises, relying for their profit upon appropriations from the state; since they encourage dependence and pauperism, through the fact that their existence depends upon the securing of inmates and the consequent per capita allowance from public moneys;—we therefore urge that secular and religious interests be separated; that the wards of the state be provided for by the state, and that private and sectarian institutions be left to the care of those sufficiently interested to support them.

8. Resolved, That the fathers of the republic, in the establishment of the postal system, exhibited admirable prudence in the framing of the constitution when they delegated to Congress simply the power to establish post-offices and post roads, and that every fair-minded citizen must view with painful apprehension the unconstitutional enactment by Congress of postal statutes having for their ostensible object the exclusion from the United States mails of written or printed matter because of its alleged immoral character. Such measures, under the administration of corrupt or bigoted men, may be used for the suppression of a free press, and would have been so employed in the early days of the anti-slavery cause, had such postal laws existed at that time. We are unqualifiedly in favor of free speech, free press, and free mails.

W. S. BELL,
DR. E. B. FOOTE,
GEO. E. MACDONALD.

These resolutions were unanimously accepted, together with a supplementary one favoring the enfranchisement of woman. Mr. Putnam explained that the position of Liberals generally on the

question of woman's equality was pretty well understood, and being outside the specific objects of the Secular Union, the resolution was not strictly in order. As the audience either did not see or did not care to regard this point, the resolution passed.

The Committee on Nominations then reported.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

The Committee on Nominations submits the following names of members of the State Liberal Union for the ensuing year, and recommend their election:

President, S. P. Putnam, Secretary, Emil S. Lemme,
Treasurer, A. H. Schou.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Ranford Worthing, San Diego, W. F. Freeman, Stockton,
Philip Cowen, Petaluma; Wm. Schroeder, San Francisco,
W. S. Rodgers, Boulder Creek, John Robinett, Nipomo,
Mrs. Kate Parker, Anaheim, J. E. Clark, Los Angeles,
R. H. Schwartz, San Jose.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

J. W. North, Oleander, N. D. Goodell, Sacramento,
F. Schuenemann-Pott, S. F., A. Schell, Knight's Ferry,
John Riggan, Los Angeles, H. L. Shaug, Del Mar,
N. Woolsey, Messina, Samuel McHenry, National City,
P. A. Clark, San Jacinto, W. H. Pepper, Petaluma,
R. F. Grigsby, Napa, John McGlashan, Ukiah,
Thomas McCowan, Ukiah, Rufus Butterfield, Sacramento,
O. T. Davies, Brighton, S. Littlefield, Anaheim,
Robert Gunther, Eureka, Mrs. L. P. Langley, Santa Barbara,
John E. Jones, Round Valley, H. W. Faust, San Francisco,
B. B. Rockwood, San Pasqual, H. W. Walker, San Francisco,
W. A. Chess, Monrovia, Charles French, Pomona,
Mrs. D. J. Broneer, Oakland, W. P. McCord, Hanford,
H. L. Haelke, Oakland, D. Buckingham, Raymond,
James Beazell, Livermore, Leonard Parker, Anaheim,
Robert Laramore, Fresno Flats, Mrs. E. M. Hansson, Merced,
A. K. Co ward, Norwalk, Laura deForce Gordon; Lodi,
Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, San Jose, Charles Rodgers, Boulder Creek,
Charles Haas, Stockton, J. C. Gage, Stockton,
L. R. Titus, San Jose, Freeman Parker, Petaluma,
Ed. Wegner, Sonoma, Theodore Gerner, Livermore,
Wm. Burgess, National City, A. N. Burgess, National City,
E. A. Denicke, San Francisco, R. H. Nason, Gilroy,
John Dibble, Santa Clara, R. H. Bliss, Camptonville,
R. W. Barcroft, Hornitos, Mrs. P. Van Hoeter, Grass Valley,
J. R. Horsley, jr., Oakdale, Samos Parsons, San Jose,
T. J. Conley, Visalia, D. W. Perkins, San Jacinto,
T. W. Brooks, Pomona, J. M. Voss, Los Angeles,
Joel Parker, Orange, C. Severance, Los Angeles,
Herman C. Fry, Nipomo, John Mewhinney, Pomo,
Mrs. Scott Briggs, San Francisco, J. B. Wheeler, Oakland,
Herbert Miller, Berkeley, Thomas Curtis, San Francisco,
J. W. Ostello, Benicia, C. F. Burgman, San Francisco,
G. W. Thurston, San Francisco, Jerome A. Anderson, San Francisco,
T. C. Tandy, Hanford, M. S. Wahrhaftig, Esperanza,
James Bidwell, San Diego, Mrs. Florence Porter, Santa Ana,
F. B. Perkins, San Francisco, T. F. Hagerty, San Francisco,
Mrs. Addie Ballou, San Francisco, H. L. Knight, San Francisco,
Dr. L. Moore, Lemoore, Mrs. Fox, Lemoore,
Mrs. John Robinett, Nipomo, Lewis Kaiser,
L. Magenheimer, San Jose, John Beaumont, San Francisco,
Wm. S. Ray, San Francisco, R. R. Swain, San Francisco,
R. H. Taylor, San Francisco, J. Donbavand, Livermore,
R. Guy McClellan, San Francisco, A. J. Forbes, San Francisco,
E. Fair, San Francisco, W. S. Bell, Oakland.

The above list of officers is nearly the same as last year, and all were re-elected amid applause. The committee also recommended the appointing of a Special Committee on Sunday Law Legislation, and submitted the following names of members to compose such committee: Geo. E. Macdonald, W. H. Eastman,

and F. B. Perkins, of San Francisco; A. Schell, Knight's Ferry; W. F. Freeman, Stockton; R. Butterfield and N. D. Goodell, Sacramento. These were elected. The business having thus been transacted, short addresses followed.

Col. H. L. Knight spoke upon the familiar topic of our constitutional fathers, who repelled the advances of priestcraft. He recurred to the convention where the constitution was adopted, and compared it with the council of priests who decided the question of papal infallibility. The sympathies of Mr. Knight, it was plain to be seen, were with our revolutionary sires.

W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, gave one of that kind of addresses which, while not rhetorically ornate, get home to the reason and sense of the listner. He remarked that he had never experienced the disadvantage of a Sunday-school education. He had never been a great talker, which, in earlier life, he regretted, but which in later years he found was for the best after all. He had noticed that most of the speakers were hard up financially, and if he had been gifted with oratory he might now have been in the same condition. By looking after the loaves and fishes he had got a little ahead and was able to offer pecuniary assistance to those who do the talking. Mr. Freeman referred to FREETHOUGHT and the publishing business just established, and assured his hearers that they could do no more effective work than by the circulation of Liberal literature.

Mrs. A. Lindal, who is a native of Denmark, an accomplished linguist, and withal a lady of education, refinement and good sense, spoke concerning the imprisonment at Stockholm of Victor E. Lennstrand, editor of the Swedish Freethought paper. After referring to the honors recently paid to Giordano Bruno in Rome, she said:

At the same time we rejoice in the memory of friends that are no more among us, I wish to attract your attention to a living friend and ally of ours, who from the gloomy cell of a prison in far-off Sweden sends his greetings to us—a young man whose name is echoed with sympathy throughout Europe and also on this continent—a hero whose crime is that he had the manliness and vigor to advocate his and other's most sacred right, the right to speak the truth, the right to tear asunder the fetters with which the human mind and intelligence has too long been chained to the feet of spooks and phantoms of by-gone ages. It is Victor E. Lennstrand. Sweden is a respectable country, with a populace as moral, intelligent and enlightened as can be found in any land, but priestcraft prevails there as it does in every monarchy cursed with an established state church. A clause in the constitution provides that the king and all who hold government office must belong to the Lutheran church. This is the bulwark of clerical power. It is a risky act to work openly against the church, though, really, most of the officials are unbelievers, or at least doubters, but they dare not acknowledge it. They would be in danger of losing their position if they did. Mr. Lennstrand commenced a few years ago to lecture against Christianity, exposing its errors and thorough worthlessness, historically, intellectually, and as a moral guide, for which he was arrested and put on trial. The jury acquitted him. He was tried several times on sundry charges for blasphemy, but with the same result—an acquittal. At last, however, through judicial wranglings he was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He stood his unjust punishment with the sturdiness of an innocent man, and after leaving the prison he lectured anew against the trash from the pulpits, and also started a liberal journal, that he named Fritankaren, which means The Freethinker. Charges of blasphemy were preferred against him anew, and after he had again been acquitted, proceedings were re-entered against him, and a jury, who undoubtedly acted under priestly influence, found him guilty, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He wrote a letter to the king, Oscar the Second, in which he stated that he had delivered his lectures in good faith, after mature

consideration and with the firm conviction that the opinions he expressed were in full accordance with the principles of sense and science; that his aim had been to remove religious dogmas, the absurdity of which did not agree with modern civilization, and he appealed to the king to interfere in his behalf, as the sentence pronounced upon him was unjust and a violation of individual rights. But the king ignored the appeal. He affirmed the judgment, and Lennstrand sits now the second time in a criminal's dreary dungeon. His energy, however, does not forsake him. From inside the prison's walls he speaks to the outer world through his journal *Fritankaren*, which cannot be suppressed, and he declares that no adversity is able to darken his mind or weaken his love of truth and enlightenment. He further says that when his term of undeserved punishment is out, he will continue the beneficial labor he has commenced, and without fear or favor brave the malice of the ministry, even if a prison stares him in the face a thousand times.

There was excuse for the popes of yore, who ordered scientists and reformers to be burnt at the stake. They knew no better. They really believed that Bruno and the rest were heinous blasphemers, possessed by devils, and it was a holy duty to rid the world of them. They acted according to their own conviction. But what excuse is there for the enlightened king of Sweden? Does he act according to his own conviction? Does he think it right to inflict on Lennstrand one of the most malicious outrages that can be committed against a sensible human being—deprive him of his liberty and thereby place him in class with dangerous criminals? Most certainly not! The king of Sweden knows well enough that he is persecuting an honest man who tells the truth. The king of Sweden believes no more in the pulpit twaddle than I do. It was, moreover, a poor piece of diplomacy King Oscar on this occasion was performing. The thrones of Europe are shaking. The royal grounds are growing more volcanic every year. An eruption is ahead, and if its stormy waves should strike the Scandinavian peninsula, which is by no means impossible, King Oscar will verify that the liberal party in Norway and Sweden is stronger, better organized, and more united than he is aware of now. The principles of the liberals is to be peaceable, law-abiding, and to stand by their sovereign in every thing that is in harmony with the constitution of the land. The king's duty is to protect the personal rights of all his subjects; but King Oscar has violated his obligation to one liberal, and thereby to the whole party, thus practically freeing them from their obligations to him. In case of a political emergency the liberals will desert him and rally to the standard of an administration under which a noble hearted man can speak a proven truth and hoist the banner of mental independence without being crushed under the wheel of sacerdotal juggernaut which priestcraft created, and kingcraft is upholding. King Oscar would better beware. The free-minded, undaunted Swedish people, who in the year 1523 said: "Down with Christian the Second!" and in 1809 said: "Down with Gustav the Fourth!" may possibly this year, or one of the following years, say, "Down with Oscar the Second!"

We can do nothing material for our friend Lennstrand at present; but we can in spirit extend our hand to him across the ocean with the warm sympathy that binds true liberals to each other, and, as live seed find their own ground, we feel assured that the glorious plant Victor E. Lennstrand, with heroic self-sacrifice, is nursing, will spread its roots and fruits throughout his native land, and eventually force priestcraft and bigotry to draw its last breath under the whip of the true light in the unfettered hand of awakened humanity.

Mrs. Lindal spoke with great animation, and although handicapped by a slight foreign accent, made her points clear and held the close attention of the audience.

Dr. E. B. Foote, of New York, said that the most cheerful place he had found in San Francisco was the store and office of the Freethought Publishing Company. In traversing the block upon which these quarters were located he had discovered a sombre gospel shop or Gospel Hall, as it was called, in close proximity. It reminded him of his journey overland, when one

night he went to sleep among the clouds and storms of the Sierras, and in the morning awoke in the salubrious climate of Oakland. Such was the difference between the foggy atmosphere of orthodoxy and the bright sunlight of Freethought.

The president here read the following letter from Judge J. W. North, of Fresno, first vice-president of the California State Liberal Union:

739 Q STREET, FRESNO, Jan. 15, 1890.

FRIEND PUTNAM: It would give me great pleasure to be with you at the annual meeting, and at the Paine anniversary again, but I shall not be able to do so this year. I have watched with much interest the progress that has been made the past year, all along the line. Good work has been done in the new states, and in the older ones as well. Light is spreading everywhere, the old platforms of orthodoxy are crumbling, the champions of the church are wandering like sheep without a shepherd, the comforting doctrine of eternal punishment has got misplaced, and they know not where they have laid it.

Doctor Field and the New York Evangelist seem strangely lost without either Hell or Calvinism; Doctor McCosh and Howard Crosby are searching for a new Confession of Faith, but whether to call it a new probation or a new purgatory they are not quite certain. Hell must certainly take on milder forms than heretofore, but whether it is our duty to love it still puzzles the theologians. Preaching goes on with increased vehemence, but the old doctrines are strangely confused. They still are eager "to run, but they have no tidings." They still cry, "Master, let me run," and still the answer comes, "Wherefore would ye run when ye have no tidings?" It is hard to pitch the tune of an unending hell to the gospel of love and good will. Election, reprobation, and eternal decrees jar strangely with God's eternal love, and infant damnation still grates on the ears of even tough old Calvinists as they look and long for something better.

But what are the poor churches to do? Calvinism must necessarily be Calvinism. Hell must always be Hell, and eternal perdition can hardly take on a milder climate. It is by no means certain that the perplexed religionists will not, after all, falter and hesitate long before they extricate themselves from their absurd position.

But whether others do or not, we at least will enjoy the privilege of professing belief in the great truths of science, to which there is no dead past or uncertain future.

But the good time coming is already upon us when the joy of a living present, with its light and life and abundant beauty, shall diffuse its brightness over all the paths of life.

J. W. NORTH.

Mr. Marshal Wheeler gave a brief and rapid talk. He said that the monopolists owned everything, and that the church owned the monopolists. His objection to the church was the gag put upon the congregation. The clergymen in the pulpit might insult every person in his audience, and they could reply only under penalty of arrest and punishment. Mr. Wheeler would have this legal gag removed from the mouths of church attendants. He would never enter a hall or sanctuary where the privilege of replying was denied him.

Mrs. Schwartz arose to inquire why more of the Liberal women of San Francisco were not present. She held that every Liberal should bring his wife, daughter, or best girl with him, and if he could not do that he should follow the example of Mr. Schwartz—stay at home and send the woman anyway.

This session closed about the time twilight was coming on.

SUNDAY EVENING.

It was manifest at half past seven o'clock that the evening meeting would be well attended, and at eight there was a big audience present, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. There was good reason for this, as every number on the programme was worth an encore. A brilliant piano solo by Mr. Van Aalst was followed by a zither duet, in which the Misses Haelke captured the audience and evoked the heartiest cheers as yet heard in the hall. The president, however, decided against a recall, and quieted the tumult by promising more of the same music on Wednesday evening.

The Hon. A. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, gave the address of the evening, on "Brains, Science, and Civilization." Mr. Schell, although he has recently celebrated his golden wedding, appears still in the prime of life, as does also his estimable better half,

who accompanied him to this city and to the Convention. He spoke with vigor and marked clearness, and not a word of his address could have been misunderstood by any person in the assemblage. The lecture occupied fifty minutes. It will be revised and published in *FREETHOUGHT*, and afterwards in pamphlet form.

The next number consisted of a recitation by Miss Lillie Arper, the remarkably pretty daughter of Mr. Thomas Arper, of this city. It was perhaps Miss Arper's first appearance before an audience of Liberals, and her repertory had previously consisted of recitations better adapted to church sociables; but when she began Putnam's "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" and gave it all the meaning of the author, with the added embellishments of good elocution, she struck a sympathetic chord at once, so that applause came in as a chorus to every stanza.

Mrs. Addie Ballou made her address a sort of feminine and spiritual supplement to Mr. Schell's lecture. She said that "Brains, Science, and Civilization" was all right from an intellectual point of view, but needed a certain amount of the emotional rubbed into it. It might be that the size and complexity of the human brain determined its intelligence and activity, and if so, then man must be the superior being, but she held that women with smaller brains had superior intuitive faculties, and could reach conclusions while men were still arguing over the premises. Mrs. Ballou always speaks a good word for her sex, not, as she explains, that she loves man less, but that she loves woman more.

A piano solo by Miss Hildebrande and a song by that beautiful singer Miss Evangeline Ballou were the closing numbers. Miss Ballou is a smaller edition of her eloquent mother. She is a member of the Emma Juch Opera Company, and missed an engagement at the Baldwin theatre in order to sing for the Liberal Convention.

The president closed the Convention and dismissed the audience with an invitation to return and have a good time at the Paine Celebration. The friends lingered for a few minutes to shake hands and congratulate one another over the success of the gathering, the good music and good addresses.

There were not so many present from the country this year as attended a year ago. Among those who came were Philip Cowen, of Petaluma; C. W. Hendel, superintendent of the Excelsior Drift Gold Mine in Sierra county, who left his field of labor covered with fifteen feet of snow; R. Butterfield, of Sacramento, financial agent of the same mine; W. F. Freeman, the man who leads the Liberal movement in Stockton; William Burgess, of National City; D. Buckingham, of Raymond; Mr. Robertson and wife, of Haywards; Mr. Ostello, of Benicia; Mrs. Schwartz, of San Jose; Mr. Schell and wife, of Knight's Ferry, and a fair delegation from Oakland. It was simply impossible for others to reach San Francisco, and the situation had to be accepted. We have tried to give a report covering the principal features of the occasion, so that the absentees may not altogether lose the benefit of the proceedings; but they have missed the sociability, good cheer, and enthusiasm which prevailed, and that is irreparable.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S IDEA.

There is one point in Colonel Ingersoll's views on penology, says the *Morning Call*, which is new; and which, at any rate at first blush, appears to be sound. It is that prisoners confined for terms of years in penitentiaries and set at work, should be credited with regular wages for their work, and that these should

be paid them in a lump sum when they are discharged from prison. That seems to be a pretty bright idea.

The defect of our penal system is that it breeds criminals. There is no place in the world for an ex-convict. He is a pariah, an outcast, a creature to be repelled, eschewed, driven away. No one wants to know him, much less to employ him. He cannot earn his living honestly, except by moving to some distant place, concealing his antecedents, and assuming a false name. Conscious of this fatal flaw in our system, persons of benevolence have for many years conducted associations which undertake to care for ex-convicts and to procure for them employment at honest labor. The New York and the Ohio associations have been conspicuously active in reclaiming ex-prisoner. But it is due to truth to say that, as a rule, the movement has proved a failure. A few ex-convicts have obtained work through the agency of the societies, but the great bulk of them have either slipped through the hands of the managers of the institutions or have found it impossible, even with their aid, to obtain congenial employment. It is the normal destiny of an ex-convict to drift back to the prison where he was first confined. At San Quentin 70 per cent of the prisoners are serving their second, third, or fourth term.

Under Colonel Ingersoll's plan, the ex-convict would not be exposed to the temptation which often leads to his second offense. Want of means and the impossibility of earning an honest living in many cases lead criminals to break the law. A thief does not usually steal from a love of thieving; he steals to live. Take away his motive and he will perhaps lead an honest life. Under the plan which Colonel Ingersoll recommends, a man sent to San Quentin for five years, which good behavior would reduce to something like four and a half, would receive from the prison authorities a sum of perhaps \$500 when he got his discharge. With this he could make his way to some locality where he was unknown, and once there would have a little capital to embark in a small business. He would not be driven to theft to procure a meal. If he did relapse into his evil courses, his backsliding would not be the fault of the authorities, but would be the fruit of his innate depravity, or as Colonel Ingersoll calls it, of his congenital moral deformity. Society's skirts would be clear.

The objection which will be made to the Colonel's plan is that it puts a premium on crime. Many a workman, starting in life, would be glad to be assured steady work for four or five years even at a low rate of wages, and doubly glad if a parental employer prevented him from squandering those wages as he earned them. But this objection is more specious than solid. No man born in this country deliberately covets the cell of a felon. There is a self-respect in the American breast which can be relied upon to prevent any considerable number of persons sighing for the refuge of a penitentiary. The disgrace of such a home outweighs its creature comforts.

Dr. "J. C. P." Prescribes.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We learn by the papers that physicians have recommended whisky as a cure for influenza. It now only needs the testimonial of some "well-known clergyman" to become a popular remedy. Clergymen, however, will hardly testify to a remedy which, if successful, may give another set-back to Prohibition, and cause the old constipates to worry through another week of prayer. Be that as it may, now that the season for colds, coughs, influenza, etc., is upon us, it may be well for all to know, as well as experienced old-timers, that "rum and gum" is a remedy for these complaints, which, if properly used, seldom fails to cure.

I find that men who have experienced the vicissitudes of climate, and suffered the effects of heat and cold—of sand-storms, rain, and snow, and a damp and changeable atmosphere—men who suffer from long hours of labor, and from the fatigue, sweat, and hardships of out-door life, all agree that this is an effectual remedy, without the testimonials of clergymen, whose experience is chiefly confined to their comfortable studies or well-carpeted drawing-rooms.

"Rum and gum," as a cure for these complaints, has no equal, except, perhaps, the "prayer cure." Of these the "W. C. T. U." can take their choice—the latter of course.

J. C. P.
Turlock, Cal.

THE NATIONALISTS.

The eleventh public reception of the Nationalist Club was well attended. Mrs. Addie Ballou, president of the club, occupied the chair.

The proceedings opened with an overture on the organ by Prof. Richard J. Wilmot. James H. White delivered a brief address on the condition of the laboring classes, and recited "Why We Go over the Hills to the Poor House" and Gerald Massey's "The People's Advent."

W. C. Owen, the speaker of the evening, gave an exposition of the principles of Nationalism and the methods by which it can be realized in human development. He emphasized the moral aspects of the movement and its broad and general outlines. He objected to dwelling upon details at present. The single tax, the currency question, etc., could not be thoroughly understood by the masses in the intellectual conditions of to-day, but all can understand the principle of co-operation; that the people as such can do for themselves what the monopolists are now doing; that they can join hands, and united attain far greater happiness than under the existing state. Mr. Owen endeavored to harmonize Nationalism with Individualism and to show that the individual would be better taken care of under Nationalism than he is now. He referred to the overthrow of slavery as the enlargement of individual liberty. However, the cases are not analogous. The overthrow of slavery was a restriction of the function of government, taking away the power to hold property in man, while Nationalism is a stupendous enlargement of the functions of the state. Whether this enlargement, this control of vast individual interest, can exist without a serious infringement upon the individual is a question that presses with great weight upon the independent thinker. Would the success of Bellamy's scheme be the triumph of art, of music, of poetry, of romance? all of which depend upon the utmost individuality for their transcendent expressions.

Mr. Owen spoke well, and he has evidently thought widely and deeply on the subject of reform. He deals more with the philosophy than the politics of the matter. I think, however, he made a mistake in neglecting the criticisms of FREETHOUGHT upon the movement and some of its representatives as "carping criticisms." These criticisms were made simply in the spirit of inquiry and for the purpose of elucidating the truth. Nationalism and workers in it must not be placed on an orthodox pedestal to be free from criticism. Criticisms are always in order and are of the utmost benefit. No matter how harsh, they serve to bring out what is of real value. If Mr. Owens had been a student for awhile in the New York Liberal Club, he would have learned the benefit of criticisms. The only way to discover the strength of anything is by criticism. Don't let Nationalism or Mr. Haskell be treated like babies. No reform can be nursed into empire, and no man is fit to be a leader who can't bear all sorts of criticisms. Let there be no begging off. Let Mr. Haskell meet the issue fairly and win by achievement. Anonymous and private attacks on character are despicable, and should be resented by every honorable man, but open, frank, and above-board criticism should be welcomed by every one who has faith in his work. If the criticisms are true, he can profit by them; if not, he can pass them by—they can't hurt. I don't think that Haskell, like poor Keats, will let himself be "snuffed out by an article," but, like Byron, he will give as well as take, and be more audacious than ever. FREETHOUGHT will continue to criticise, for it believes in criticism; it believes in pointing out faults as well as virtues, in showing the weakness as well as strength in any movement. The curse of history is that as at present written it is an epitaph—all praise and no blame—and history to-day is one big lie, as Wendell Phillips says: Washington himself would be surprised to read his own biography. I don't think he would recognize himself. Give us the evil as well as the good of men, the frailties as well as virtues, and history will then be a lesson to humanity and help it to better things. As it is written now, it is mostly a mere spectacle, a display of wax figures instead of living human beings. The object of FREETHOUGHT is to give life, history, civilization exactly as it is. Don't let Nationalism be a "goody-goody affair." Let it be like the oak and

grow lofty and far-spreading, because it does wrestle with the storm.

After Mr. Owen's excellent address, which was received with great applause by the audience, Mr. Bernard Schaff rendered a violin solo, with piano accompaniment by Miss Mate Hildebrande.

Mrs. Addie Ballou then made a brief and eloquent address, speaking of the work to be done for woman as well as for man, and for little children, too, who should not be placed in houses of toil to earn a bare pittance, twenty cents a week, for the benefit of poverty-stricken homes, but should have the sunlight and the blue heavens in order that they may be sources of strength to coming generations, and not of weakness and crime. If goodness leads to happiness, even so does happiness lead to goodness, said the speaker. Make people happy and they will be good, was the applauded sentiment.

The proceedings of this interesting meeting were closed with an organ solo by Professor Wilmot.

I hope Nationalism will go ahead, but FREETHOUGHT will continue to criticise. Honor where honor is due, but truth always. Anything that can't bear opposition is in its grave-clothes already.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

LETTERS ON THE LAND QUESTION.

MR. SPENCER'S SECOND LETTER.

To the Editor of *The Times*:

SIR: As Prof. Huxley admits that his friend A. B.'s title to his plot of land is qualified by the right of the state to dispossess him if it sees well—as, by implication, he admits that all land-owners hold their land subject to the supreme ownership of the state, that is, the community—as he contends that any force or fraud by which land was taken in early days does not effect the titles of existing owners, and *a fortiori* does not effect the superior title of the community—and as, consequently, he admits that the community, as supreme owner with a still valid title, may resume possession if it thinks well, he seems to me to leave the question standing very much where it stood; and since he, as I suppose, agrees with me that any such resumption, should a misjudgment lead to it, ought to be accompanied by due compensation for all artificial value given to land, I do not see in what respect we disagree on the land question. I pass, therefore, to his comments on absolute political ethics.

"Your treatment is quite at variance with physiological principles," would probably be the criticism passed by a modern practitioner on the doings of a Sangrado, if we suppose one to have survived. "Oh, bother your physiological principles," might be the reply. "I have got to cure this disease, and my experience tells me that bleeding and frequent draughts of hot water are needed." "Well," would be the rejoinder, "if you do not kill your patient, you will at any rate greatly retard his recovery, as you would probably be aware had you read Prof. Huxley's 'Lessons on Elementary Physiology,' and the more elaborate books on the subject which medical students have to master."

This imaginary conversation will sufficiently suggest that, before there can be rational treatment of a disordered state of the bodily functions, there must be a conception of what constitutes their ordered state; knowing what is abnormal implies knowing what is normal. That Prof. Huxley recognizes this truth is, I suppose, proved by the inclusion of physiology in that course of medical education which he advocates. If he says that abandonment of the Sangrado treatment was due, not to the teachings of physiology, but to knowledge empirically gained, then I reply that if he expands this statement so as to cover all improvements in medical treatment he suicidally rejects the teachings of physiological principles as useless.

Without insisting upon that analogy between a society and an organism which results from the interdependence of parts performing different functions—though I believe he recognizes this—I think he will admit that conception of a social state as disordered implies conception of an ordered social state. We may fairly assume that, in these modern days at least, all legislation aims at a better; and the conception of a better is not possible without conception of a best. If there is rejoicing because certain diseases have been diminished by precautions enforced, the implied ideal is a state in which these diseases have been extin-

guished. If particular measures are applauded because they have decreased criminality, the implication is that the absence of all crime is the ideal. John Morley, M. P., to ascertain his opinions on certain political and social topics, I was intrusted by my fellow-members of

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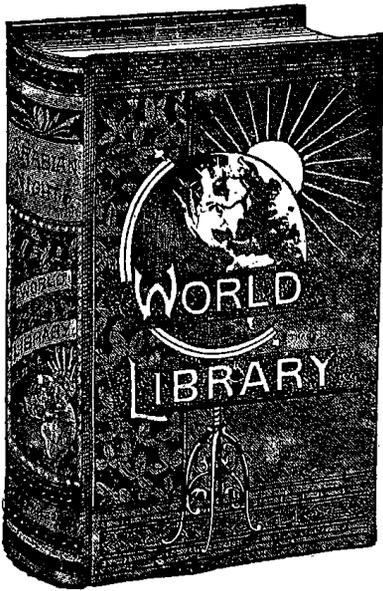
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question of papal infallibility. The sympathies of Mr. Knight, it was plain to be seen, were with our revolutionary sires.

W. F. Freeman, of Stockton, gave one of that kind of addresses which, while not rhetorically ornate, get home to the reason and sense of the listener. He remarked that he had never experienced the disadvantage of a Sunday-school education. He had never been a great talker, which, in earlier life, he regretted, but which in later years he found was for the best after all. He had noticed that most of the speakers were hard up financially, and if he had been gifted with oratory he might now have been in the same condition. By looking after the loaves and fishes he had got a little ahead and was able to offer pecuniary assistance to those who do the talking. Mr. Freeman referred to FREETHOUGHT and the publishing business just established, and assured his hearers that they could do no more effective work than by the circulation of Liberal literature.

Mrs. A. Lindal, who is a native of Denmark, an accomplished linguist, and withal a lady of education, refinement and good sense, spoke concerning the imprisonment at Stockholm of Victor E. Lennstrand, editor of the Swedish Freethought paper. After referring to the honors recently paid to Giordano Bruno in Rome, she said:

At the same time we rejoice in the memory of friends that are no more among us, I wish to attract your attention to a living friend and ally of ours, who from the gloomy cell of a prison in far-off Sweden sends his greetings to us—a young man whose name is echoed with sympathy throughout Europe and also on this continent—a hero whose crime is that he had the manliness and vigor to advocate his and other's most sacred right, the right to speak the truth, the right to tear asunder the fetters with which the human mind and intelligence has too long been chained to the feet of spooks and phantoms of by-gone ages. It is Victor E. Lennstrand. Sweden is a respectable country, with a populace as moral, intelligent and enlightened as can be found in any land, but priestcraft prevails there as it does in every monarchy cursed with an established state church. A clause in the constitution provides that the king and all who hold government office must



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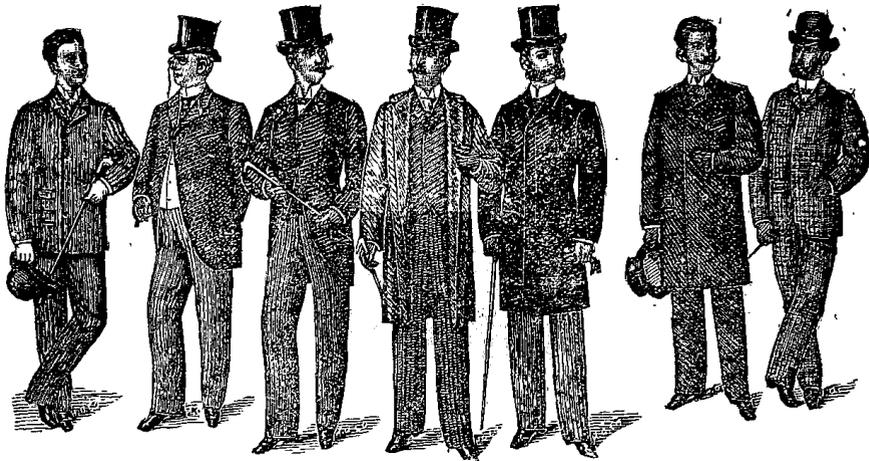
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society will be held at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, February 9, at 8 o'clock. A lecture will be given by Marshal Wheeler, Esq.; subject, "The Earth—Its Third Motion." Admission is free, and all are invited.

A BRUNO MEMORIAL MEETING.

Sunday, the 16th, being the anniversary of the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno, the San Francisco Freethought Society will hold a meeting at Union Square Hall (large auditorium) to commemorate the event. There will be a good musical and literary programme, and addresses by Thomas Curtis and S. P. Putnam.

THE OUTLOOK.

The Convention has been held. The work for the year is now spread before us. In spite of the weather, which to all kinds of business has been an immense drawback, the Convention was a success—a success in itself, in number, enthusiasm, and in the addresses of able and eloquent speakers, men and women who are devoted to the cause. The larger success of the Convention lies in its influence, which must be inevitably felt throughout the coast. The reports of the Convention will be in many newspapers and Liberal journals. Those who were not present will read these reports, and there will thus be a constantly broadening effect of the work of the Convention. The general public will realize the growth of Liberalism. Liberals themselves will be more united. There will be less indifference. The principles at stake will be better understood and greater responsibility will be felt by those who recognize the duties of American citizenship. An advance has been made. This everyone can see. Liberalism is more powerful, better equipped to-day than a year ago. It has shown its capacity to meet difficulties. It can endure the storm.

Of course we are at the beginning still in the pioneer work. A more than "seven years' war" confronts us. There is many

a long campaign before the stacking of arms. We must climb hills and plunge through forests. The way is not clear. The hope of success is ours, and hope is the greatest inspiration of the human heart. Hope burns brighter. In the old as in the new world the hosts of freedom progress. The marble front of Bruno, with sunshine on its brow, faces the Vatican, and the pope prays and fasts in the darkness of his own dungeon. The flags of Freethought toss over the Eternal City. The czar trembles in his palace, Lennstrand is in prison, but the fires of Freethought burn on, and the prison is illuminated with victory. The forehead of the king is branded with shame. The Westminster Confession of Faith begins to skulk away. It is wounded in the house of its friends. It has become a skeleton in the closet to the churches. They want to hide it away. The pulpits feel the thrill of thought. The ambassador of God becomes a Lucifer, and steps down and out, and the congregation applauds and follows.

So hope brightens. Light flashes from a thousand points around the world. But we must not be blind to the immense opposition that exists to the triumph of liberty. Think of the millions who are still ignorant and bigoted and superstitious. Think of the vast organizations rooted in the past that still exploit the curse of religious authority. Think of intelligent men and women still professing to believe the rib story and the whale story. The belief is absurd and hypocritical, but what does it mean at bottom? It means ecclesiastical despotism still. Those who accept this belief as a matter of conformity, and not of conviction, are ready to enforce it upon others by law. All these retrograding forces exist, even in the midst of intelligence and culture, and not immediately will the old wrongs be righted.

So hope brightens, but the burden of work is not removed. Without hope we could not labor, but with hope, the cheering rays breaking from every quarter, we can keep up the conflict and await the "long result of time."

We work with hope, but the utmost energy must be put forth in order to win. Freethought has fought a brave fight, and maintained itself at the front. It means to keep there even if the heavens do fall and another deluge comes. But the only way to overcome disasters is to push on to fresh successes. It won't do to wait. It won't do to drift. We must catch every favoring breeze. We must double our ranks, increase our ammunition. Think of the enormous struggle that has been going on since the days of Hypatia. She was the representation of philosophy and science. Crowds followed her illustrious footsteps, and yet she was torn to pieces by a furious mob. The same battle exists to-day. The same bigotry, the same barbarism, exists to-day. The same danger threatens to-day. Philosophy and science are not yet triumphant. Only the few are with us after all. It is the same as a thousand years ago. There are a horde of savages lurking in dark corners ready to burst forth when the word is given, just as ready to-day to slay the fair and beautiful, as in the time of the noble Hypatia. Realizing this, and realizing all

that is good and glorious in the world, realizing the splendid triumphs that have been achieved, we must see the giant forces that are arrayed upon the other side, and what has been achieved is but the beginning of what must be achieved for truth, for reform, and for freedom.

FREETHOUGHT IN BOUND VOLUMES.

The bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT for 1888 are no longer procurable, but we have just received from the binder's

BOUND VOLUMES OF FREETHOUGHT
FOR 1889,

which we can furnish to those desiring them at \$3 each. It is a very large and handsome volume, embracing 832 pages and being finely bound in cloth with leather back and corners. Every subscriber will remember the hundreds of good articles it contains, and it is a marvel of cheapness at \$3.

SASIA ON EVOLUTION.

The head of the Jesuit order in California, Rev. Joseph Sasia, has lately given a lecture entitled "The Modern Theory of Evolution." He remarked that the latest alluring idea with which scientists were undermining society was the doctrine called evolution, which was in direct opposition to the teachings of Catholicism. This specious doctrine, said the reverend speaker, according to the Call's reporter, teaches that man is the final result of "a protoplasm—a nucleus of matter which, as ages succeeded ages, evolved, first the lower forms of inorganic life and gradually developed into successive orders from the mineral to the animal, from the animal to the intelligent being."

If Mr. Sasia spoke as above represented, he has given the most remarkable exposition of the theory of evolution the Christian world has ever been favored with, and his subsequent assertion that the leading scientists of the day "condemn these statements in no unmistakable terms" need cause no surprise. A theory which rests on evolution from "a protoplasm" to the "lower form of inorganic life" may well excite the denial of the scientific world. As explained by its advocates, evolution involves the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, attended by a continuous change from indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to definite, coherent heterogeneity of structure and function, through successive differentiations and integrations. But Dr. Sasia's version of the theory, by proceeding from the organic to the inorganic, reverses the process completely. And then the long step which he takes from the mineral to the animal is one never before attempted, and one which has no parallel in natural history since the creation of Adam from the dust in the Garden of Eden. Evolutionists, as a general thing, interpose plant life between the mineral and the animal, and since Dr. Sasia has overlooked that important domain it is scarcely to be wondered at that he failed to discover the missing link which he deems necessary to a full conclusion. His next step, "from the animal to the intelligent being," is a short one, man being an animal and possessing intelligence in some cases where that gift is not totally destroyed by superstition.

Of course evolution fails to explain what power caused the first protoplasm, but its adherents might easily supply this deficiency by borrowing a phrase from the church and calling it a mystery. A totally incomprehensible mystery is all any reasonable Catholic can demand in default of an explanation.

It is regrettable that Dr. Sasia did not vouchsafe the "incon-

testable arguments" which prove the fixity of species. He might also have enlightened a benighted world by naming the leading scientists who reject evolution as generally understood; but he seems inclined to leave his hearers and readers in ignorance of these things. Therein, however, he makes a mistake. If he were to give particulars, most Catholics would accept them unquestioningly, but if he leaves the matter open, curiosity might lead some good Catholics to investigate, and then they would find out that what Father Sasia has told them is not true.

HOW TO KEEP BUSINESS MOVING.

The past three months have formed a period of unprecedented business depression in California. Continuous rains have thrown thousands of mechanics out of employment. Sickness and death have claimed more victims than ever before in the same length of time, and a death rate averaging about one hundred per week was last week raised to nearly one hundred and fifty. The mail service has been crippled for a month, freight traffic is at a standstill, and East and North have been cut off from us since New Year's.

Of course all this has had a depressing influence upon FREETHOUGHT. And right here we may say that except for the formation of the Freethought Publishing Company the paper could not have survived. Under the best of circumstances there has never been a surplus, and with mail delivery cut off, the lecture receipts wholly stopped, and business depression everywhere, we should have been stranded. But the sale of five hundred shares, amounting to \$2,500, has saved the day, and, to use a familiar phrase, has set us up in business.

But the work has just begun, and all Liberals must desire to see it go on to success. To this end incessant activity is necessary.

First, we wish to largely increase the circulation of FREETHOUGHT, which may be done by every subscriber putting forth a little personal effort. We offer as a premium two books to be selected from the list printed on another page. These books do not cost us a dollar each, but they are worth that as books go, so that even if the subscriber sets no value at first upon the paper he will get his money's worth in another way. We hope that friends will do what canvassing they can for subscribers, or at least send a list of names of those who might subscribe upon receipt of a sample.

Second, give us your orders for books. We have every work in the Liberal line to be found on the coast, and can procure anything handled by the trade here or elsewhere. No matter what the name or nature of the work you want, give us a chance to fill your order.

Third, we would like to have all our friends become stockholders in the Freethought Publishing Company. Not alone will their investment enable the Company to enlarge the scope of its work, but, by establishing a common interest, it will bring them closer to the other members of the Liberal fraternity.

THERE was a fine Paine celebration in Stockton last week. "People began coming in early," says the Stockton Mail, "and by the time the orchestra played its opening selection the house was jammed from the pit to the rear by an audience from among Stockton's best people. Some were there out of respect to the memory of Thomas Paine and others to enjoy the entertainment. All were well satisfied with what was presented them." W. F. Freeman presided. There was an address by George E.

Church, of Fresno, and good singing and recitations by talented artists. Our Stockton friends have a business way of doing things that challenges the emulation of Liberals everywhere.

A MAN with a camera happened along the other day and dragged the inmates of this office into the street for the purpose of photographing them, together with the front elevation of the Freethought Publishing House. Shortly thereafter he returned with a photograph of such quality that we have ordered a few finished up for the benefit of those who desire to know how the place looks to a person standing outside. The detail of the show window is excellent; the bold sign and number appear to advantage; the likeness of Putnam has a familiar look; that of the junior editor is as good as could be expected; Vice-President Browne gazes amicably forth, while the intelligent lady compositor adds a graceful figure to the group. The card is 8x5 inches in size, and we are able to offer the picture to purchasers for 50 cents each.

FREETHOUGHT has recently received a circular from Wilbur F. Crafts, field secretary of the American Sabbath Union. It is made up of reports of progress achieved by the movement to engrave a Sabbath law on the Constitution of the United States. But the most remarkable thing about it is that it came in an envelope without a postage stamp. It looks as though our pious postmaster-general, Wanamaker, had given Sabbath literature the privilege of the mails without money and without price. How is it? Is Mr. Crafts sending his Sabbath circulars all over the country at the expense of the people?

THE great question before the national House of Representatives, and which has occupied the attention of that body for about a week, is whether a member can be accounted as present if he does not vote. Meanwhile the great question before the People is how long they can afford to pay three hundred and fifty men \$13 per day each to wrangle over a matter which at best is of very slight importance.

THE Business Directory now published in FREETHOUGHT should claim the attention of those having occasion to purchase anything in the line of the advertisers; and merchants desiring custom should send us their name, calling, and place of business. It costs but one dollar a year.

IF our readers west of the Rockies want any Liberal book that they see advertised anywhere, and want it at once, let them send to this office for it. Now that the snow blockade is broken it can be but a few days before our new stock arrives, and purchasers will save time by ordering from the Freethought Publishing Company.

WE have put W. S. Bell's address at the late Convention in tract form under the title "Popular Delusions Concerning Popular Government," to sell at the rate of two copies for five cents. It is a thought-provoker.

HENRY GEORGE was greeted by a crowded audience at Metropolitan Temple last Tuesday night, and there was no end of enthusiasm. He spoke in explanation of the single-tax and in defense of free trade.

THE Blair Educational Bill is expected to be up before Congress shortly. The bill provides for teaching the Christian religion in all public schools.

THE other day Henry George was asked, "What do you think of Bellamy's 'Looking Backward'?" and he replied, "I think it is a castle in the air."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The long blockade on the railroad is broken at last, and Eastern trains are coming through. But there is no prospect of the road opening north for a month.—The shooting sensation of this city last week was the killing of one Garness, a broker, by a man named A. Nold, of Colusa. The murder is the culmination of a family scandal. This week, by way of a murder, we have the shooting of Mark M. Herr, vice-president of the Guaranty Endowment Society, by John F. Naughton, secretary of the same institution.—Another snowslide has occurred at Sierra City, costing several lives.—Thousands of cattle have perished in the snow in Nevada.—The senate of the High School at San Jose has recently decided by debate that Sunday laws are unjust.—Vlarho Bausin, an Austrian waiter, aged 30, was committed to Agnews one day last week by the insanity commissioners. He is very violent, and recently tried to force his way into the house of Peter Jorgensen. The man is suffering from religious dementia, and believes he has a mission to kill all Protestants for having crucified the redeemer. Michael Malony was sent to the Home of the Inebriates. He also is crazy on religion.

The house of B. F. Tracy, secretary of the navy, at Washington was destroyed by fire last Monday morning. Mr. Tracy was removed from the burning building in an unconscious state, but his wife and daughter were burned to death.—There was a small church riot at Buffalo, N. Y., last Sunday over the attempt of an unpopular Catholic priest to hold services in the Polish church. The rioters were women, who attacked the police with all kinds of missiles. Two hundred officers were required to quell the disturbance, and many of them fared badly at the hands of the fanatical Catholic "ladies."—The Rev. B. M. Neal, described as a preacher of wonderful power, now residing at Mt. Vernon, Mo., is charged with bigamy, but declares it to be a case of mistaken identity.—Mrs. Colonel Coppinger, Secretary Blaine's eldest daughter, died at her father's residence in Washington on Sunday morning.—Ten people were burned to death in a Boston tenement house on North street Feb. 1.—Rev. Samuel Maxwell, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, the wealthiest and most fashionable church in Pittsburg, Pa., has sued the vestry and church officials for cumulative damages for breach of contract. The congregation desire his resignation, and refuse to release him the parsonage; hence the suit.—The Rev. E. C. F. Ernst of St. Jacob's church, Buffalo, N. Y., is accused of misappropriating \$4700 which he collected to defray the expenses of the organization of a grand musical festival to aid the building fund of the church.—Seth R. Johnson, a lawyer and superintendent of Brooklyn Sunday-school, was arrested lately charged with the forgery of a \$500-note on a Chinese society. He gave bail in \$5000. The case grows out of Johnson's connection with the forger Chu Fong, one of Johnson's Sunday-school pupils, who is in prison on a charge of uttering \$40,000 in forged notes.—The Rev. W. H. Pollard was arrested at Saratoga, N. Y., on complaint of the Rev. Mr. Hartley and Mr. Rice, charged with wilfully and maliciously disturbing the peace. It grew out of speaking on the street. Mr. Pollard says he had a perfect right to speak, being a Christian minister.

The Sun correspondent at Lyons, France, sends the following cablegram: An action at law has arisen here about the skull of a saint. The needy scion of an old family being pressed for money sold the skull of Bishop Soanen, an ancient prelate of the Basses Alpes, who had been canonized, to a dealer in bric-a-brac. The purchaser consulted a friendly broker, who told him he knew a lady who possessed the jawbone of the same saint, and introduced the dealer to the lady, who bought the skull for \$200. The broker demanded half as commission. The dealer refused, and the matter is now thrown into court.—The latest about Boulanger, the French impostor, is that he was a frequent visitor to the house on Cleveland street in London where the English aristocracy were wont to entertain each other with immoral practices.

OBSERVATIONS.

There were high jinks at the meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday night. The hall was filled to overflowing shortly after half past seven, so that, all the audience possible being present, the solemnities were inaugurated ahead of time.

Deacon Walker was full of business, hunting up extra chairs, and then looking for a place to put them.

The exercises consisted of a debate between Col. H. L. Knight, Deist, and S. P. Putnam, Atheist, on the question naturally arising from their differences of opinion, to-wit, "Is there a God?" Vice-President Lemme occupied the chair, introduced the combatants, and called time.

Mr. Knight led. He is a relic of the Mexican war, and the moustache and imperial which he wears give him a soldierly aspect. Mr. Knight has discarded that article of clothing called a vest, and when he signalized a point by putting his hands in his trousers pockets and bowing smilingly to the audience, he displays an expanse of well-ordered shirt front, which holds the close attention of all within the sound of his voice.

By way of exordium, Colonel Knight observed that the question of the existence of God was one of great importance to the human race, and had attracted the attention of many eminent philosophers previous to the present occasion. He believed he could prove that there was a God from circumstantial evidence. There were phenomena in nature which it was evident sunshine, air, and earth combined could not produce. Hence God must have produced them. At any rate it satisfied him to say that God did it. He believed that there was a supreme divine mind that moves the atom to its purpose. When all statements that could be made concerning any thing were demonstrably absurd except one, it followed that that one must of necessity be true. Such was the rule followed by law-courts. It is not reasonable to suppose that things could come as they are without God. There was a time when the great phenomena of nature had no audience. Then came eyes. How were these produced without God? It is said that actinic rays and so forth acting upon the spot where eyes were expected had finally produced sight. The speaker would have somebody expose their shoulder to these influences and see whether an eye could be produced by that method. He believed it was God who made the eye and the other organs of sense. Again, the five different races of men, originating wide distances apart, yet reaching practically the same estate, showed the work of an almighty hand. We are obliged to assume the priority of either the hen or the egg. Mr. Knight placed the hen first, and held that God made the original father and mother of each species.

This opening address occupied half an hour. Colonel Knight is full of the kind of fun that keeps an intelligent audience in good humor, and did not fatigue his hearers.

Then Putnam took the floor. He differed widely with his learned opponent concerning the importance of the question under discussion. For practical purposes it made no difference whether there was a God or not, since if he existed, we were ignorant of the fact and unable to recognize him. Discussion of the question could amount to no more than intellectual amusement. The universe, the speaker said, is a riddle. No one professes ability to solve it except theologians, who explain it by attributing everything to God, who is a still greater riddle. Scientists do not deal with the origin of things except as light is thrown upon the subject by a study of the processes of nature. Mr. Putnam would not contend that evolution could produce an eye on the shoulder of a man, such an operation being unnatural. It ought, however, to be an easy thing for God to do, and if Mr. Knight could show him a man with an eye in his back, produced by exposure to actinic rays, it would be a better proof of a miracle-worker than any evidence yet offered. The same circumstantial evidence relied on to demonstrate the existence of God was multiplied a hundredfold by the evidence going to prove a devil. He was surprised to hear his opponent bring up the old argument of the hen and the egg, when any one's reason must teach him that the egg was first. Mr. Putnam maintained that Mr. Knight had introduced no evidence to show that there was a God,

and that therefore there was none for him either to examine or rebut.

A general discussion followed. Mr. Thomas Curtis approved the view of Mr. Putnam, and cited many interesting facts in nature to support it.

Dr. E. B. Foote referred to new species in animal and vegetable life which went to show that Mr. Knight's scientific knowledge was not all-embracing.

Mr. Hambley, captain of the Nationalist forces in this precinct, said that he formerly believed in God, but had read Paine's "Age of Reason" and upon the strength of it had discarded that belief.

A young man who gave a name which sounded like Debanker, and who stated that he was from New Zealand, started in well to support the affirmative proposition, but soon lost his grip. Said he, the prostrate man need not be told that love of God is better than gold. The applause following this sentiment so rattled Mr. Debanker that he was unable to proceed, and, remarking to Mr. Lemme that he guessed he was "bowled out," he waved the chair a "tough" adieu and subsided.

Mr. G. W. Thurston told a funny story about a little girl who, after having been impressed with the omnipresence of God, observed her pet dog following her, and sent him home at once, saying it was quite enough for her to have God tagging her around all the time, without the addition of a dog.

Mr. Adams followed with some Atheistic reflections, and then the opening speaker, Mr. Knight, recurred. Mr. Knight was candid enough to say that were he the judge he should unhesitatingly give the victory to Mr. Knight, since the argument of Mr. Putnam was defective and insufficient. He then pointed out how his opponent had wandered from the question under discussion and had failed to meet the conclusive and overwhelming argument advanced against his position. It was by this method that Mr. Knight kept his audience amused.

If there had been time, some half dozen more addresses would have been made.

At the next meeting Mr. Marshal Wheeler discusses the third motion of the earth, which, he holds, explains many otherwise unsolvable problems.

As it often happens that the disciple is more skilled in popularizing a new doctrine than the originator himself, I read Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost two years ago in the hope that he would throw upon the single-tax doctrine the light which I had not been able to get from a perusal of Henry George. I have always been free to confess that I cannot understand how the shifting of taxation from one class of property to another would lessen the burden borne by the producer; or how the proprietorship of improvements on land would differ practically from ownership of the land itself, since the improvement is inseparable from the soil, and control of the land is necessary to their enjoyment. I say I read Mr. Pentecost in order to get more light, but about the time his critics had driven him into the place where he must defend the single-tax doctrine effectually or give it up, he gave it up. Then he announced in italics the new and, as he claimed, unassailable proposition that ownership of vacant land was indefensible and the root of all evil. This was six months ago or more, and I have been waiting patiently ever since for the argument to show the practical difference between proprietorship based upon use and that based upon a title deed. His proposition, as I understand it, is that land belongs to the person who occupies it, instead of the one who bought and paid for it. He does not, I believe, undertake to inform us what constitutes vacancy in land, or to decide what is occupancy or use.

To take an example: Suppose that, in New York, proprietorship of land is based upon ownership, and suppose that in New Jersey it is based upon use or occupancy. In New York, then, if Mr. Pentecost should proceed to cultivate land which he had not purchased, the owner, *i. e.*, the tenant of the state, would say, "Get off this land; I own it." Crossing the river to New Jersey, where the new order prevails, he would again strike his plow into the sward, and if the first greeting he received was not, "Get off this land; I use it," then I am a convert to the vacant-land doctrine.

A wise writer, treating of the persistency of superstition, once made the remark that any theory, in order to permit of perpetual advocacy, must be not only unproved but also incapable of demonstration. It seems to me that Mr. Pentecost must have apprehended this truth when he launched upon the world the proposition which he now advocates. The question, "What constitutes use of land?" admits of endless debate, and Mr. Pentecost's heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns may discuss it forever without reaching a determination. Hence its value as the fundamental dogma of an economic sect.

PAINÉ ANNIVERSARY.

"Despite the weather," says the San Francisco Morning Call, "there was a very large attendance at the Paine Celebration held under the auspices of the San Francisco Freethought Society in Union Square Hall Wednesday evening January 29, the occasion being the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, the great Freethinker and writer."

The entertainment began with a zither duet by Miss Laura and Miss Clara Haelke, of Oakland, and this charming melody put to defiance the spirit of the storms, and light and hope blazed within, though the heavy mist was draping the sky without.

Prof. Herbert Miller was sick with "la grippe," and was unable to deliver his address on Thomas Paine.

Mr. Thomas Curtis was introduced. He said that for more than fifty years he had been celebrating the birthday of Thomas Paine, and he expected to do so as long as he lived, and if he turned up on the other side of Jordan he expected to continue it there. Fifty years ago, if any one had got up in an English city and said that Thomas Paine was a perjurer, scoundrel, false writer, etc., everybody would have given him applause. If on the contrary any person said that he was a truthful writer and an honest man, struggling for men's liberties, everyone would have given him a blow, and if he had been found with a copy of Paine's works in his pocket he would have been fined \$25 in addition to being imprisoned.

This is all changed now, and the speaker was glad of it, for when a thing goes a certain way for fifty years it is bound to keep on going in the same direction. The key-note of the speaker's remarks was that grand sentence of Paine's, which he considered far superior to anything to be found in the Bible, the sentence beginning: "The world is my country; to do good my religion." He proceeded then with a eulogy of Paine's life and work, and the great progress made by Freethought during the last half century. Referring to those who are in the habit of denominating the great Freethinker as "Tom Paine, the Infidel," the speaker said they should be more gentlemanly and speak of him in a respectful manner. "How would it sound if we were to speak of St. John and St. James, as 'St. Jack' and 'St. Jim' or of St. Peter as 'Pete?' It would at the least be very unmannerly, yet it is a similar case when Thomas Paine is referred to as 'Tom Paine, the Infidel.'"

Mr. Curtis was loudly applauded when he finished.

A piano solo was then given by Mr. Aalst, which, like the rest of the musical programme, was a brilliant attraction for the evening.

This was followed by a song by Mrs. Eugenia Clark and her sisters, Miss Ada and Miss Violet Wheeler, and these favorites, as usual, received the warm applause of the audience for the strains that fire the heart.

A recitation, "The Three Preachers," by Charles Mackay was then given by C. F. Burgman, who eloquently voiced the radical and progressive sentiments of the poet.

Miss Lilly Arper sweetly sang "From Over the Sea," and the romance of the verse was fitly rendered in exquisite tone.

Mr. Schuenemann-Pott was unable to be present on account of sickness, and Mr. Putnam gave an address on "The Signs of the Times" reading an extract from a daily paper containing an account of the secession of Rev. Dr. Cave from the Christian church. Mr. Putnam said that Mr. Cave in his statement of principles concerning the inspiration of the Bible and character of God occupied exactly the same position that Paine did a hundred years ago, and without doubt if their honest opinion was expressed

it would be the position of a majority of the intelligent clergy of to-day. Paine said, "I believe in one God and hope for a life beyond the grave." God and Immortality were in the creed of Thomas Paine. Do enlightened Christians of to-day profess anything more? Paine wrote his book, "The Age of Reason," to vindicate the character of God. He accepted a divine revelation, but that revelation, he said, was in all the frame of nature, in every age, in every clime, in the thought and hope of man. Paine believed in a good God, a just God, a God worthy of the reverence of intelligent beings. The God of the Bible is a savage God. It was to overthrow the conception of such a God, to remove its terror from the human mind, that Paine wrote his book. It was written in behalf of reason, of justice and liberty. We honor Paine because he dared to be ahead of his time, because he dared the vengeance of the priesthood in the cause of humanity. Thomas Paine stood for the dignity of human nature, for universal sympathy and brotherhood, for the true reverence which sees a glory in all life. The work of Thomas Paine is as enduring as the ages. He staked everything on the triumph of freedom. He has been covered with obloquy. But the day is coming. Superstition is disappearing. The flame of reason brightens. Humanity begins to respect itself. It looks forward. Christianity is born of the past and is devoted to the past. It does not belong to the living present or to the glorious future. Freethought hails the beaming light. Freethought believes that this world is better and happier to-day than it was yesterday and that it will be better and happier to-morrow than it is to-day. In Thomas Paine we honor the spirit of truth, the spirit of progress, the spirit of liberty, and the nobility of man.

The musical exercises were concluded with a piano solo by Miss Mate Hildebrand, and a song by Miss Evangeline Ballou, and the enthusiastic response of the audience testified its appreciation of the deft fingers and melodious voice.

Then came the merry dance and festival. Young and old remained to enjoy the brilliant occasion. The notes flowed on. The grand march changed to the lancers, and the lancers to the schottische, and the schottische to the quadrille, and the quadrille to the waltz, and the waltz to the Spanish dance, and the Spanish dance to the polka, and the polka to the Virginia reel, and just as the hands of the clock pointed to twelve the assembly broke up, and homeward bound was the order of their going.

So the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of Thomas Paine has gone upon the roll of time illuminated with a hundred celebrations from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The memory of Paine grows brighter. Ere long the hearts of millions will beat to the refrain of his noble work, and he will occupy his true and honorable position among the fathers of the republic.

"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD—"

THAT HE DAMNS NINE AND SAVES ONE.

In round numbers, says the New York Sun, the earth has a population of 1,300,000,000, of whom 300,000,000 are professed Christians, the other 1,000,000,000 being Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, pagans, and heathens. The whole race was condemned to eternal punishment for the sin of Adam. This was the fall of man, from which there was and is no redemption save through the death of Christ. Biblical chronology gives the earth a period of about 6000 years. From Adam's time to Christ was 4,000 years, during which period no human souls were saved. The population may then have averaged 1,000,000,000. Three generations, or 3,000,000,000, pass away in each century. Forty centuries, therefore, consigned 120,000,000,000 men to eternal fire, and, for all we know, they are there now.

In 1900 years, which have elapsed since the birth of Christ, 57,000,000,000 more of human beings have lived and died. If all the Christians, nominal and real, who have ever lived on the face of the earth have been saved, they would not number more than 18,000,000,000.

Now if we deduct this latter number from the grand total of 177,000,000,000 we find 159,000,000,000 of souls who are suffering the torments of hell fire, as against the 18,000,000,000 who have escaped. But this is not the whole truth. Nobody believes that more than 10 per cent of the professed Christians are saved.

Calvinists themselves say the elect are few. If this is a fact heaven contains but 1,800,000,000 against a population in hell of 175,000,000,000.

BRAINS, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION.*

BY THE HON. A. SCHELL.
PART I.

Man, standing at the head of intelligent creation, demands our profound attention. I shall not attempt to dive deep into the science of anthropology, or to show just how, when, and whence man originally came; but that an instantaneous adult is a physiological impossibility must be apparent to all. Nature never does things abruptly. Invariable and immutable law, without suspension or intermission, governs the universe. Chaos never ruled the hour; for where law is there can be no chaos. Chaos is the absence of law. But, finding man on the earth, I take him as I find him; whether living in caves, in hollow trees, in crevices of rocks, in the top of trees, in holes dug in the ground; whether living in baronial halls on the banks of the Danube, in cottages on the banks of the Rhine, or in palatial residences on Nob hill; come he from Eden, New York, London, Paris, or any other place in the world's wide domain; whether I find him eating snakes, snails, bugs, insects, shell-fish, or roots grubbed from the soil; whether naked, clothed in rags, skins of wild beasts, armed with stone hatchet and sharp stick as implements of attack and defense; whether eating wheat bread, fruit cake, roast beef—clothed in broadcloth, silk, and satin—armed with Sharp's rifle, Paxton gun, shrapnel and shell, as implements of attack and defense, he appears to me the self-same, original, mysterious and wonderful being.

But whence comes his power? Wherein lies his greatness? In what consists his superiority? Why stands he at the head of creation? He is a thing that thinks! is my answer.

"*Cogito ergo sum*"—I think, therefore I am—or, *sum ergo cogito*—I am, therefore I think. Take it which way you will, Descartes says, thought is the ultimate principle of man—it is the last element to which analysis will carry us. In more senses than one it is a great thing to be a man. Man is not now the instantaneous product of creative power, as is alleged was the case in the primitive days of the creation. Babies are now created and grow to be men. Flesh, blood, legs, arms, hands, nose, mouth, eyes, all these put together do not make the man; the brutes possess all these; it is the brain that makes the man.

A man is a thing that thinks. But how? Between the body and brain of man and a galvanic battery there is great similitude. The battery is composed of two metallic surfaces, zinc and copper, which are operated upon by an acid. These surfaces are connected with two corresponding poles of the battery, one negative, the other positive, and these poles are united to a helix of wire which conducts the galvanic fluid generated by the action of the acid upon the metallic surfaces to the magnet of the battery, and there a spark flies off—the eye can see it. That spark is the thought of the battery. No one can tell what it is; we call it electricity or galvanism.

In the human body there are two surfaces also, the mucous and the serous, corresponding with the two metallic surfaces, zinc and copper in the battery, operated upon by the oxygenated blood, which, again, corresponds with the acid in the battery; one is negative, the other positive. These surfaces are connected to a helix or system of nerves that conduct what physiologists call the nervous fluid, which corresponds with the electric fluid in the battery, to the brain, the great magnet of the nervous system; and as the poles approach each other this fluid passes from one to the other, and in its passage thought, the spark of brain corresponding with the spark in the battery, is evolved. We call it thought, and thus and in this way the brain thinks.

The great similitude between the body and brain of man and the galvanic battery goes far to establish a close relation or identity between thought and the correlated vital and physical forces

of nature. Thought is purely the production of brain function, or the oxidation of nerve force.

Show me the man who can think without brain, and I will show you the arm that can move without muscle.

The oxygen of the atmosphere oxygenizes the blood in the lungs; the heart propels the blood thus oxygenized to the brain, where it loses its oxygen in the production of thought, and from thence it comes back again to the lungs in a venous condition to receive another supply of oxygen, and then it starts off again, propelled by the heart on another cycle of revolution to furnish the brain with the necessary element of further thought, and the moment the supply of oxygen to the brain ceases, that moment the brain ceases to think, thus establishing the fact in a conclusive manner that thought is the product of organized matter.

It is a fact well known to physiologists that in life the slightest perturbation in cerebral circulation is enough to completely suspend all thought and sensation. To show that I have not overstated the effect of oxygen upon the brain, I refer to the experiment of Brown-Sequard made in the year 1858 at the suggestion of Legallois. This skilled physiologist beheaded a dog, taking pains to make the section below the point at which the vertebral arteries enter their bony sheath. Ten minutes afterwards he sends the galvanic current into the different parts of the head thus severed from the body without producing any result of movement. He then fits to the four arteries, the extremities of which appear in the cutting of the neck, little pipes connected by tubes with a reservoir full of fresh oxygenated blood, and guides the injection of this blood into the vessels of the brain. Immediately irregular motions of the eyes and facial muscles occur, succeeded by the appearance of regular harmonious contractions seeming to be prompted by the will. The head has regained life. The motions continue to be performed during a quarter of an hour, while the injections of blood into the cerebral arteries lasts. On stopping the injections the motion ceases and gives place to the spasms of agony and then to death.

It appears to me that oxygen is the great underlying principle of life and its various attending phenomena in every form. Hence arises the query, Is not oxygen life? Sound, a flood of air-pulses falling on the ear? Light, a flood of ether-pulses falling on the eye? Touch and feeling, the resistance of matter? Taste and smell, which in some respects are similar, the arrangement of the molecules in an odorous substance, at least in isomeric bodies?

When we undertake to think and speak of science and civilization, we can only think and speak of them in relation to man. Before man was, there was no science, no civilization, for the reason that there was no brain, no organized condition of matter susceptible of intellectual manifestations.

Ages upon ages rolled round in the eternity of the past, ere the footprints of man were seen on the face of the earth. For ages, away back in the incalculable past, the morning stars sang in glory together, ere the voice of man resounded through the valleys, or echoed from the hills. For time immeasurable the fawns bounded over the hills and drank the waters of babbling brooks, before the ruthless arm of man was raised to injure them. Go back with me to the dawning and the unfolding of life, whether by supernatural power, or the forces of nature, and then travel down with me along the ages to the development of mental consciousness, and then tell me, ye who can, the time that elapsed from the dawning of such life to the full developed brain of Plato! Professor Gunning, in his "History of our Planet," says: "There were 380,000,000 of years without consciousness; 40,000,000 more of life without brains;" 420,000,000 years! Did the globe, having got life, wait 420,000,000 years for brain? Did it take creation 420,000,000 years to get under headway? And I have sometimes thought when talking upon these subjects, that this vast period of time was too short for some people—they have got no brains yet.

Thought is a mental phenomenon resulting from the development and physical condition of brain; and man's superiority is entirely due to the greater complexity of his brain. Brain, other things being equal or in a normal condition, is the measure of intelligence, of thought, and is the storehouse of accumulated knowledge.

* An address delivered before the Second Annual Convention of the California State Liberal Union.

Brain is a potential factor in the question of science and civilization, but it took brain an immense length of time to emerge from the grand center of life, as it for the first time appears in the vertebrata type, during the Devonian subdivision of the Paleozoic period.

The brain of man advanced to its present perfect and complex condition by the slow progress of growth or development, passing through all the lower forms of brain in the inferior animals. It is said by some that man fell! Yes! man did fall, but he fell upstairs—from the cellar to the garret—and he is still falling in that direction; for man has not yet attained the highest culminating point of intellectual development.

Fletcher, in his "Rudiments of Physiology," says: "It is a fact of the highest interest and moment that as the brain of every tribe of animals appears to pass, during its development, in succession through the types of all those below it, so the brain of man passes through the types of those of every type in the creation. It represents, accordingly, before the second month of utero gestation, that of an invertebrated animal; at the second month, that of an osseous fish; at the third, that of a turtle; at the fourth, that of a bird; at the fifth that of one of the rodentia; at the sixth that of one of the ruminantia; at the seventh, that of one of the digitigrada; at the eighth that of one of the quadrumana; till at length, at the ninth, it compasses the brain of man."

"This, then, is another example of an increase in the complexity of an organ succeeding its centralization; as if nature, having first piled up her materials in one spot, delighted afterwards to employ her abundance, not so much in enlarging old parts as in forming new ones upon old foundations, and thus adding to the complexity of a fabric the rudimental structure of which is in all animals equally simple."

I refer to these facts as showing that the brain of man contains all the rudiments of the brains of the lower animals, and that the intellectual superiority of man is owing to the greater complexity of his brain. The quadrumana next in resemblance in the scale of physical development and intelligence to man, has also a brain next in point of complexity to man. We have now the full accomplished brain of man—the storehouse of knowledge; the great magnet and grand center of radiating thought.

Thought in its flight has no equal; in its velocity, no competitor. Quicker than lightning and swifter than light, it transcends the most subtle forces of nature.

Having a never-failing capital and motive power in this wonderful organ, we are prepared to investigate the causes underlying civilization. And in the beginning, at the very threshold of investigation, I find that the progress the world has made from savagery to civilization is entirely due to intellectual laws, or to the intellectual activity of mankind.

It is said that Egypt was the cradle of ancient civilization—a civilization that at one time outshone in brightness, splendor, and grandeur, the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century—a civilization that had existed and had flourished long anterior to the Christian era.

Of the manners and customs, mode of life, and social conditions of the ancient Egyptians, we can form a very satisfactory opinion from the representations on their monuments. In architecture they occupy the most distinguished place among the nations of the earth. No people has equaled them in the grandeur, the massiveness, or the durability of their structures.

Alexandria became the capital of Egypt—was a superb city, adorned with magnificent edifices, and pre-eminent throughout the civilized world as a seat of learning, science, and art. The museum of Alexandria and its famous library, both founded by Ptolemy Soter, were under him and his son at the height of their prosperity. Demetrius Phalereus, the most learned man of his time, was librarian.

Euclid was teacher of geometry in the school of mathematics in Alexandria. He prepared a work on geometry that challenges the contradiction of the whole human race. For more than 2,200 years it has stood a model of perfection and a standard of exact demonstration. Euclid was a pagan and wrote his work on geometry long before the Christian era; and to-day his geometry is used in our schools.

Great as was the fame of Euclid, it is eclipsed by that of Arch-

imedes, born 287 years before Christ. His connection with Egyptian science is testified to by tradition, and his inventions of the screw intended for raising the waters of the Nile attest his scientific attainments.

The poets, Theocritus, Callimachus, and Philetas were reckoned among the ornaments of the court. The Alexandrian museum assumed the character of a university. In it great libraries were collected, the pride and boast of antiquity.

Side by side, almost in the king's palace, were noble provisions for the cultivation of exact science. Under the same roof were gathered together geometers, astronomers, mechanics, and engineers. Such a comprehensive organization for the development of human knowledge never existed in the world before nor since.

Women were here treated with great respect, and the laws and customs prevailing under the wise governments of the Ptolemies seem to have been so favorable to them that their condition in Egypt was much higher than in any other nation of antiquity. Some were highly educated and gave public lectures in their schools of philosophy. Among them was a beautiful young woman, by the name of Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, who had distinguished herself by her lucid expositions of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, and by her learned comments on the writings of Apollonius and other geometers.

Each day before her academy stood long trains of chariots; her lecture room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. They had come to listen to her discourses on those questions which in all ages had been asked, but which never yet had been satisfactorily answered: "What am I?" "Where did I come from?" "Whither am I going?" "For what purpose am I here?" "What can I know?"

Her lectures gave offense to the Catholics. They were denounced by St. Cyril, bishop of Alexandria. On her way to her academy she was assaulted by a mob of monks. Amid fearful yellings of bare-legged and black-cowled fiends, she was dragged from her chariot, and in the public street stripped naked. In her mortal terror she is haled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice her brains are beat out with a club. The corpse is cut to pieces, the flesh is scraped from the bones with shells, and the remnants are cast into the fire.

Draper says: "Thus, in the 414th year of our era, the position of philosophy in the intellectual metropolis of the world was determined; henceforth science must sink into obscurity and subordination. Its public existence will no longer be tolerated. Indeed it may be said that from this period for centuries to come it altogether disappeared. The leaden mace of bigotry had struck and shivered the exquisitely tempered steel of Greek philosophy. The fate of Hypatia was a warning to all who would cultivate profane knowledge. In Athens itself, philosophy awaited its doom. Justinian prohibited its teachings and caused all its schools in that city to be closed. Men of learning were accused of magic and put to death; the profession of philosophy became a dangerous thing; it was made a state crime. And there arose a passion for the marvelous, a spirit of superstition; Egypt exchanged the great men, who had made her museum immortal, for bands of solitary monks and sequestered virgins with which she was overrun."

The dark ages have now set in, and mental darkness, darker than midnight, settled like a pall over the civilized world to last a thousand years.

No longer was heard in her halls of science the sweet voice of Hypatia in her expositions of the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, or in her comments on the writings of Apollonius and other geometers. No longer before her academy stood long trains of chariots; no more was crowded her lecture room with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria, who had come to listen to her discourses on questions, What am I? Where did I come from? Whither am I going? For what purpose am I here? What can I know?

There lies the mangled corpse of the lovely and intellectual Hypatia. Her voice is stilled in the slumbers of death—murdered by an infuriated mob of monks, excited to the deed by a bishop of the church of Rome.

O execrable heavenly prelate, thou didst kill and murder as

much of goodness and greatness as could dwell on earth in one of God's noble creatures; and thou didst send thy hungry vultures, he monks, to pick the flesh from off the bones of thy victim, and didst consign all that was left—all that was mortal of her on earth—to the furnace of cremation. Thou couldst not reach the soul or thou hadst destroyed it—it had fled affrighted from earth away, beyond the reach and power of man—beyond the ethereal blue, and there it shines, and shine it will forever as a brilliant jewel in the constellation of intellectual loveliness.

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York had been on tip-toe of expectancy. It had been assured that the "Gondoliers" was the equal of "Pinafore" and "Patience," and that *la grand D'Oyly Carte* would send over an incomparable company to present it to Gotham. A goodly crowd wended its way to the New York Theater on the opening night, only to be disgusted with Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte. The opera is a dismal failure. There is nothing distinguishing in the libretto; the music is thin, although there are some "catching airs" in it. With a good company it would live, and possibly gain a reputation, but Mr. Carte sent over a lot of *cadrs*, male and female, who can neither sing nor act—that is, acceptably to a New York audience. His wonderful soprano has a virginal voice, which does not win sympathy: and so on through the list. What this manager was thinking of when he shipped these people is unintelligible. He has had experience enough with American audiences to know that mediocrity will not win here. In Paris this company would be hooted off the stage, but here absence and unfavorable criticism is doing its work.

That the company has got to be reconstructed is conceded. Sullivan and Carte are coming over to look at the situation. They cannot come too soon to save their reputation, to rescue this operetta from an untimely death.

Had the angel of death passed over Wall street, he could not have produced a greater blight than the new year has brought. The looked-for activity has not come. The dullness of '89 continues at the expense of prices. The closeness in money at the end of the year has given place to ease and plenty of loanable funds in the street, but this change for the better has had no influence to advance prices. The unseasonable weather has been crushing out the retail trade, to the injury of commission houses. Men are not buying heavy overcoats, or women wraps. The coal bins are not eaten into as in former winters. The coal roads are consequently loaded up with the products which they ought to have sold last fall. These properties are great factors in the speculation of Wall street. They are heavy and apparently must go down. The late Mr. Gowen found the Reading railroad some twenty-five years ago a prosperous corporation—paying seven per cent dividends and selling somewhere about 107. He was an ambitious man, a young American with "broad views." The old foggy management was distasteful to him. He extended, he bought coal lands, he increased the debts of the company, and in time these resulted in bankrupting the road, and it passed into the hands of a receiver. The usual methods of reorganizing were gone through, such as assessing the stockholders and issuing income bonds, scaling down the interest while increasing the debt. Some three years ago the road was taken out of the hands of the receiver, and Austin Corbin, a live New Hampshire banker, was elected its president. Now comes the interesting part. It is charged that Corbin has told the friends of this property that the road had earned the interest on the income bonds and would be paid. It has not been paid; it has been passed, and the books show it has not been earned. This was a staggering blow to the street. Disgusted holders sold out, and men already out say there is no use buying any railroad stock while such monkeying is going on. London is angry, remains out of our market, and even threatens to return the shares she holds. This Reading episode is paralyzing. There is another black spot in the financial horizon—the tight money market in London. The Bank of England has lately put up the rate of discount to seven per cent, and has absolutely refused to sell gold bullion. Exchange is up here to almost a shipping point of goods. These things are causing havoc in the street, that is, driving the public out. The broker

cannot live without clients, and clients cannot live without honest dealings between the stockholders and railroad officials.

Our maidens are not through talking about Ward McAllister's ball. That he put Steve Fisk's "in the shade" no one questions. Ward dressed his flunkies in knee-breeches and white silk stockings. This is a move in the right direction. There is no reason why a servant should be dressed in the evening dress of his master. It was Jim Fisk who first put the officers on the Fall River boats in uniforms. Then the idiotic public sneered. It don't sneer to-day. The penny-a-liners are now sneering at knee-breeches. They won't five years from now. The older we grow the more we ape Europe in our social ideas. New countries are aggressive in their notions. To-day Dakota can teach Boston in etiquette, fifty years hence she will copy her. Theodore Thomas has been welcomed at the new Lenox Lyceum. His Sunday evening concerts are a success. Since he abandoned his garden on 7th avenue and 59th street, a change for the better has been going on, and now Mr. Thomas finds an audience capable of appreciating his classical music. Some of your readers will remember the circular building on the corner of 59th street and Madison avenue, where the battle of Yorktown was exhibited. This has been changed to this concert hall—Lenox Lyceum.

Our dudes have another "new wrinkle"—a smooth face. This innovation has some good reason for it. It is not as brainless as most of their fads. This "rara avis" is to-day a beautiful thing to feast the eye on, with his "pants" as big as two gunny-sacks sewed together, a coat, short and small, and a hat as large as a thimble on his head, carrying a stick as large as his spindle legs. This lah-de-dah, "ah-ha" fool is the leader of our fashions, the swell of our fashionable society. There is no doubt that he is a diluted specimen of the old dandy of our fathers.

The friends of Ohio's new senator—Brice—are already talking of making him the Democratic candidate for president in 1892, their theory being that Governor Hill and Ex-President Cleveland will kill each other off. There is one thing certain, no man stands higher in the estimation of his friends than Calvin Brice; they all say that he is the salt of the earth. He is young, rich, brainy, and ambitious. He has been boarding in this city for a number of years. Some of my friends are his friends. I have never met him, and have no sympathy with him politically, but I am happy over his good luck.

The twenty-third annual report of the Board of Charities of this state was issued on October 1, 1889. From it we glean the following interesting items: The appraised value of property held by charitable institutions is \$59,695,499.27, an increase of over \$3,000,000 during the year. The amount of money devoted to these institutions was \$16,156,466.66. The number of inmates on October 1 was 67,781, an increase during the year of 3,459. The inmates were, namely, insane 15,482; idiotic 1330; epileptic 884; blind 657; deaf and dumb 1028; orphans and dependent children 20,949; etc. "During the year the various dispensaries and hospitals of the state furnished medical and surgical relief to 443,341 out-door patients, of whom 26,097 were visited and gratuitously heated at their homes." There was expended in this way \$671,671.36.

After more than two years' litigation there has been effected a settlement between Judge Hilton and the heirs of the late Mr. Stewart. The judge turns over to them some \$6,000,000. When the plaintiffs rested the judge's counsel assumed that they had no evidence to offer, and consequently they also rested. Since then each side has yielded a point or more, and a compromise and settlement made. Thus ends a suit remarkable for the amount involved and the talent arrayed on both sides.

How Hilton got his influence over Stewart is a mystery, and how he obtained the same over his widow is easily conceived. While he was a hard-headed North of Ireland man, as cold as an iceberg, as unsympathetic as a mule, she was a kind, simple, brainless old woman. He ruled men, created trade. She was ruled, and obedient being ruled. Hilton is a fair lawyer, a pleasant companion, and a man of culture.

Under the agreement 134 pieces of real estate are transferred by Judge Hilton to the heirs. Among these are the Stewart mansion, the Park, the Metropolitan hotel, and the store at 9th and 10th streets. The judge retains all that he received during

Mrs. Stewart's life time. I do not understand that he has surrendered any of his claims except \$987,357.86 due him from Mrs. Stewart at her death. I do not see how either side has gained or lost much. Hilton is out \$987,000, and the heirs are in that amount, otherwise it looks to "a one eyed man" as though the whole thing ends in a division of the property as willed by the old lady.

Harrigan has obtained a plot of ground for his new theater. It is on 35th street just east of 6th avenue. A colored church occupies it now. He gets possession on May 1, and doubtless will have it ready for use by early fall. It will be small, just what he wants. He gave up the New Park because it was too large. His theory is a small theater well filled is better than a large one half full. This man is a success in low Irish comedy—probably without a rival.

It is to be hoped that our new broom will "sweep clean." Horace Loomis succeeded James Coleman as commissioner of street cleaning. He is a practical engineer, and is said to be an active and honest man. Any one would have been an improvement on Coleman, who was inefficient, and I think dishonest. The heavy rains the past year did more to clean our streets than Coleman's gangs of Italians. Uptown, the citizens were obliged to clean their streets themselves. The question is, where did \$1,200,000 go to? No one believes it was honestly spent. It is said that Coleman paid more attention to running Manhattan Club than to his department. County Democracy claims that there is politics in his removal. If there was we like such politics and hope Mayor Grant will give us some more of it. Much will be expected of the new commissioner, and there will be some howling if he don't do his duty.

It is reported that the Stock Exchange has bought an interest in Mackay's Commercial Ticker Company. If there was any brains running that institution we should expect to see some arrangement by which the bucket shops would be reached and crushed, but with the light weight on deck nothing of the kind can be looked for. If they attempt anything they will surely do the wrong thing. The brainy men in the Exchange are never elected its governors. "The boys" always get there. Money is working easier, but business continues dull. The sugar trust has had for the past few days a depressing influence on the market. Its exact status is still undefined. Its legality is unsettled. What is it? It holds property and has issued stock. Where are the stockholders and what do they hold? The bears raid this stock and hammer other securities with it. The disagreeable weather continues, and the death rate continues large. The influenza seems to be losing its *grip*, but pneumonia is making sad havoc with the young as well as the old. The want of snow will be felt by the lumber trade the coming year. The want of zero weather is exciting our ice companies, and even the milk men are already talking of increasing prices if no ice is housed, as if such a thing is possible. The winter is not over. It is a long time before the first of May. EUDORUS.

CALVIN'S GOD OR NONE.

Two weeks ago I said that the question now up for settlement in the intellectual world is: Is there such a God as John Calvin described or is there no God? I said that if we hold to the existence of a personal God, things being as they are, we are forced to the logical conclusion that he is a bad God.

Some of my hearers and readers cannot see that what I said is true. They do not believe in Calvin's divine monster, but they do not see why we may not reasonably believe in a good God, a God of love. They do not see why we may not have a kind-hearted Heavenly Father who cares for us in this life and who will finally take us to a pleasant heaven if we are good, if we do the best we can. They know that we are not good, that we do not do the best we can, and that we do not even try to do the best we can. But still they do not see why God cannot forgive us our sins and take us to heaven.

They know that the Bible says that God hardened Pharaoh's heart because he wanted to destroy him; that he sent lying prophets to some of Israel's kings to tempt them on to ruin; that he sends strong delusions to persons whom he wishes to turn into

hell, to make them believe destructive lies. They know that the Bible says that Jesus was betrayed by Judas and cruelly murdered by the Jews and Romans, in accordance with God's will and plan, and that yet all the actors in that drama were guilty of sinning against God. They know that Paul says that God has the same power over men that a potter has over the clay; and that if he chooses to make some men to be saved for his glory and others to be damned for his glory, nobody has any right to object. They know all this, but they object to Calvinism, which simply puts all this in logical, doctrinal form.

These Bible doctrines have become tough sayings to the average Christian who takes the trouble to think about them at all. And yet I do not see why they should be. Anthony Comstock, who is a good Christian, I am sure, sends docoy letters through the mail for the purpose of tempting persons to violate the law. And many of our devout Christian policemen put on citizens' clothing and go into saloons, whose owners will not "fix" the captain of the precinct, on Sunday morning and tempt the bar-keeper to break the law by selling him liquor. And a Philadelphia judge has just decided that what Mr. Comstock does is all right, no matter how obscene the letters that he sends may be, because when he breaks the law for the purpose of tempting somebody else to break it, it is to prevent the law from being broken; it is to further the ends of justice; it is for the pious purpose of compelling people to be good—to be like Anthony Comstock and the other Christian detectives and policemen.

Now, if our sweet, pure, Christ-like government is carried on in this altogether sneaking and damnable manner, I do not see why we should object to God's being a very large Anthony Comstock. But folks are queer, and now many believers in God are beginning to dislike the idea of his being an infinite detective who tempts people to sin and an almighty policeman who sends them to hell for doing what he makes them do, all for the sole purpose of showing what he can do when he tries.

People are getting so enlightened now that they do not like to worship an almighty Dogberry, Jeffreys, and Bonfield all rolled into one. They think it is rather hard to damn innocent infants and ignorant heathen. And so they want a good, loving Heavenly Father to put in the place of Calvin's God, who is, it must be remembered, the Bible God.

Now, I am going to try to show you that this cannot be; that you must have Calvin's God or none. But first I am going to try to show you that it is impossible to prove the existence of any God at all; that it is probable that there is no God; that all that we know tends to prove that there is no God.

What do I mean by God? Not the forces and phenomena of nature, but an infinite being with a distinct personality, who existed before there was any matter, who would exist if matter were destroyed, who exists apart from matter, who is all powerful, whose will is the supreme law of the universe, who can do whatever he pleases, who can supersede, contravene, violate the order of sequence between cause and effect, who can and does answer prayer, who bears a special relation to individual human beings and they to him, who is the first cause and the last effect, who created all that is and can destroy it.

I submit to any intelligent person whether that is not a fair description of what Christian people have always called God, but it is not possible to prove the existence of such a being; it is not probable that he exists; all that we know of the universe tends to prove that he is a wholly imaginary being. An infinite being is inconceivable, and, therefore, cannot be predicated or assumed, except arbitrarily. It is impossible to imagine force, life, or being apart from matter. We know and can know nothing of these things except in association with matter. It is absolutely impossible to think that a chunk of dirt is God, or a part of God, because an infinite being can have no parts. And it is absolutely impossible that there can be an infinite being and a chunk of dirt besides in the universe at the same time. It is impossible to think that I am God or a part of God. I do not seem to myself to be God, and if I am a part of God, it would be a great satisfaction to know which part I am. And it is impossible that God and I can be in the universe at the same time. Either there is no deific personality or I am not a person, for there cannot be an infinite person and another person besides.

It is impossible to show that this universe is controlled by an infinite arbitrary will. All that we know or can know goes to show that matter always was; that there can have been no first cause—a causeless cause being unthinkable: that every effect has always had a natural cause; that the orderly sequence between cause and effect never was, is not, and never will be broken; that prayers are never answered, and that individuals are taken no account of by anybody or anything in the universe, except other individuals. Cancers grow, ships are wrecked, murderers kill, cold freezes, the body succumbs to hunger and thirst, electric shocks destroy industrious men, floods and winds devastate peaceful communities, worthless tyrants sit on thrones, greedy man-starvers and child-killers roll in wealth, pure girls are waylaid and ravished, the best people of the times were burned at the stake and had their tongues pulled out by the worst men of the times, some of the noblest of their kind now languish in prison or rot in graves where they were flung by Christians in loathsome power, and since the beginning of history it is not known that prayer ever had power to affect any of these doings one way or the other. There is not one well established fact to show that any God knows or cares about any of these things.

I am aware that the Free Religionists, Unitarians, and some of the Progressive Orthodoxists have created a new definition of the word God. They use that word, and they even insist upon the idea of personality; but when they say God they mean nature, and when they say personality I do not know what they mean, except that they do not mean a separate personality as I am separate from you. They seem to mean that God is a person who includes all other personalities, which extends the old-fashioned doctrine of the trinity into a doctrine of the billionity. They seem to mean that God is not himself and his son and the holy ghost at the same time, but that he is, rather, himself and the whole of the Smith, Brown, and Robinson families and everybody else at the same time. They pile one philosophical statement on top of another until the outcome of it is this: Everything that is is God, and the universe is a Person. But this philosophy is too high for one of my calibre. When you tell me that this universe is a person, you do such violence to the English language that you might as well tell me that I am dearly loved by a bag of coffee and that a summer squash is my familiar friend.

These very estimable Free and Progressive Religionists are simply working the well known theological trick of reading new meanings into old words. I do not think they are quite conscious of it, but the fact is that without the word God the church and religion would disappear, and while they have really given up the idea of God, they are clinging desperately to the word.

I insist upon it that unless there is a God who will answer my prayers, who will prevent me from getting ill or heal me when I am ill, who will save me from drowning, who will prevent me from being robbed by my employer and the politician, who will at least say or do something to enable me to distinguish him from the changeless forces of nature, which take no account of me as an individual, there might as well be and, so far as I am concerned, there is, no God. There is some sort of comfort in Calvin's God, if one can believe himself one of the elect and be selfish enough to be glad that he is saved, even if his little child is roasting in hell forever. But there is no kind of comfort in the Theist's God because, although he is God, he is powerless in the hands of his own laws and does nothing for anybody.

Now, my position is that all that we know of this universe indicates that there is no being either in it or out of it who is fairly entitled to the name of God. I say that religionists have no right to do all they can to prevent science from telling her story, and then, when the world is leaving the church, pack up this name—God—and carry it over to the camp of reason and say: "We believe just what you do, and we mean to call it God, just as we have called everything that we have ever believed in, from a crooked stick to Jehovah, God. You say there is no personal God? That does not bother us. Look at this dirt, and those blazing suns, and that drunken tramp. It is all God. We have lumped the whole thing, the good and the evil, angels and devils. It is all natural; it is all the universe, and the universe is a Person." To my mind, there is no sense in that. It is the last

ditch of theology, and I do not see why great and good men are so willing to take refuge in it. I do not see why it is not more honest, more truthful, to say: "So far as we know, there is no God. The idea must be given up. Whence this universe came, what keeps it going, what will become of it, what is the meaning of life, we do not know, but we shall keep on trying to find out. And meanwhile we will drop all this meaningless humbug that is attached to the name God; a name that has served whatever purpose it may have had, and ought now to be allowed to go into retirement—whether honorable or dishonorable will depend upon the way you look at it."

But, now. Suppose we admit that there is a God. It is very clear that he must be bad.

Do you believe there is a devil? If so, where did he come from? God must have made him, and nobody but a bad God would have made a devil. Do you believe in hell? Well, God must have made that too. Do you believe that there is evil in this world? God must have made it. You know the story of the past, with its oceans of blood and its whirlwind of groans and sighs? God is responsible for it all. Do you like the sultan of Turkey, who impresses young men into his army and young women into his harem? God placed him and keeps him upon his rotten throne. Is the cruel czar a man after your own heart? He is God's man. How about the bombastic jackanapes on the German throne, and the fleshy old lady of England, and her notorious son who will, D. V., ascend the throne after her majesty's slow departure? All these are God's little pets. And our own choice and assorted lot of rulers and politicians—what about them and their guileless ways?

Calvinism stands manfully up to the rack and squarely declares that God did make the devil and light the fires of hell and does place these awful persons on their thrones. That is why I admire Calvinism. It is brave and honest. Modern theology is silent upon the subject, but there is not a church in Christendom that dares to say that the devil made himself or that the czar's reign is contrary to the will of God or that our pale Presbyterian president was not seated by God. That would be too illogical.

But never mind about Calvinism or the churches. If there is a God he is almighty, his will is supreme. If he is to get the credit for the flower he is to be blamed for the earthquake. If he lifts the patient from his couch, he is responsible for the cancer. If you can see him in the rich man's child's blue eye you must see him also in the poor widow's child's bent spine. If he is in the hand that dispenses charity he is also in the arm of the man who beats his wife. If he wafts one person into heaven he slams the other into hell.

All this is by logical necessity. People are too good to God. When the man is fed he thanks God. When he goes hungry in spite of his prayers he blames the devil or himself or the monopolists. But that is absurd. There cannot be an almighty God and a still more almighty devil in the same universe. If God cannot answer a good man's prayers because the millionaires will not let him, in heaven's name let us worship the millionaires.

People say God wishes to save everybody but, man's will is free and he can ruin himself. There cannot be an almighty will and ten million more powerful human wills in the same universe. Calvinism is right. If there is a God man has no free will. A supreme divine and a free human will is a logical absurdity.

The problem of evil in a world ruled by a good God, of God's sovereignty and man's free will are called mysteries. But they are not mysteries. They are impossibilities. Whenever theology runs across a flat impossibility it is called a mystery. There could not be any evil in a world ruled by a good God. There can be no free will in a world governed by an all powerful God. If you allow a man to be killed when you can prevent it without injury or even inconvenience to yourself you are an inexcusable murderer. If God allows you to ruin yourself when he can prevent it, greatly to the increase of his own happiness, he is worse than the devil.

If there is any God he is to blame for poverty and crime. It is unthinkable that there can be a good God considering what the history and daily experience of this world is. If you were God would you allow the managers of the Spring Valley coal company to starve the miners into unjust submission? Would you

allow the Siberian mines to remain filled with the flower of the Russian youth? Would you allow the daughters of this land to prostitute themselves by loveless marriages or in the open streets because it is so hard for an honest woman to make a living? Would you allow pious Pharisees to get rich off the labor of factory children? Would you allow this world to be taxed, robbed, and oppressed by the scoundrels and imbeciles who are now in power and always have been? Would you allow honest thinkers to lose you and only those who will not think honestly to find you?

Things as they are can be accounted for perfectly, either upon the theory of the Calvinistic monster, or upon the theory that there is no God. But if you tell me that you believe in a good God, you cannot hold your position any longer than it will take me to ask why when a young man deceives and ruins a trusting girl, she is forever a blighted outcast while he may become a minister of the gospel.

If Calvin was right everything is clear enough. And if there is no God everything is clear enough. If Calvin was right everything is running according to the will of God and it is none of our business. God runs the thing to suit himself. If there is no God, then we understand that everything in the mineral, vegetable, and animal world has been getting along the best it can, and that human beings have been doing the same.

Calvin's God does not suit me, and so I reject him. But as there can be no other God but Calvin's, I believe in none. I do not know where I came from nor where I am going to. But I know that things in society are not right, are not arranged for my happiness, nor the happiness of others, and I mean to do my infinitesimal part to get them right while I am passing along this way.

I admit that it is provoking not to know any more about the whence, why, and whither of things than we do; I admit that it is sad to be so ignorant; I admit that it is sometimes a mental torture not to know. But I think it is best that it is so, and I do not see how it could be otherwise. And I think it is wicked for a man to sit down and pity himself because he does not know things when so many are miserable, because they do not have things. The use of the vacant land would be far better for the world just now, than to know where it came from. To break up the governmental monopoly of money, would do more good than to get at the source of life. To rescue children from factory hells, and redeem women from the horrid slavery they now endure, would be better than to find God. To worship a God whom we have not seen, and who, if he exists, is so careless and hard-hearted, does not seem to me half so important as to be of use to our suffering brothers and sisters.—HUGH O. PENTECOST, in the Twentieth Century.

BLOCKADED LETTERS.

MR. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: I received your invitation to attend the Convention of the California State Liberal Union, and I am sorry to say that I cannot at this time accept the invitation. I am happy to inform you that I contemplate a protracted visit to the Pacific coast next summer, when I shall have an opportunity to greet you in person. You are certainly doing a good work, and I wish you all the success that you can possibly desire.

We are getting along as well as can be expected in the affairs of the American Secular Union, and expect to show a good report at the end of the year. Wishing you great success, I am Yours truly,

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 14, 1890.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., President California Liberal Union, *Dear Sir*: Your kind invitation to me to be present at the San Francisco Liberal Convention of January 25-26, was duly received. I regret that I cannot be present in the body; but I shall be with you in spirit, and shall wish you all success.

I think this movement for a closer organization among Liberals everywhere, but especially on your coast, is a good thing. The guerrilla warfare of Liberals hitherto has had some advantages, in making it possible for the weakest to harass the enemy; but in the end, it has put Liberalism at a decided disadvantage, by reason of the superior organization and

discipline of the orthodox army. The non-orthodox element is largely in the majority in America, but it seems to lack cohesion; and so its untrained forces go down like a loose pile of bricks in the wind before the numerically weaker but better disciplined enemy. Not until the large proportion of Freethinkers become willing to compromise sufficiently on their pet hobbies to organize under leadership, will there be effective work done in the checking of ecclesiastical aggressions.

In your favored California, so free from the cut-and-dried rigidity of Eastern habits of thought, it ought to be possible to organize more readily than here. The American Secular Union officers will await with interest the news of what your convention accomplishes, trusting that it will open the way to a more organized union among us all for what we are individually working for—religious liberty. With my best wishes, I am Yours very truly,

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Corr. Sec'y, A. S. U.
Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 19, 1890.

The Oregon State Secular Union.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The Board of Directors of the Oregon State Secular Union has elected F. Ames, Esq., of Silvertown, treasurer, until the next annual convention. Resignations and declinations have caused this long delay.

I will take this occasion to say that I intend to make the next convention the most important and beneficial to the cause ever held in the United States, and I want every member of the Union to write or say something to go into the Journal of the Proceedings, which will be published.

C. BEAL, Pres. O. S. S. U.

Portland, Or.

THE CONVENTION FUND.

REPORT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

The following contributions to the expenses of the late Convention of the California State Liberal Union were received at the office of FREETHOUGHT:

A. Schell.....	\$5 00	J. H. Ostello.....	1 00
A. Derming.....	1 00	A. K. Coward.....	1 00
N. R. Wilkinson.....	1 00	Murray Home.....	1 00
John Dumbacher.....	2 00	Geo. Hogan.....	1 00
F. E. Neubauer.....	2 00	Fred Paulsen.....	50
Jas. Williamson.....	1 00	L. Schlegel.....	1 00
R. W. Barcroft.....	1 00	Mr. Woodhams.....	1 00
David Hughes.....	1 00	Mrs. A. Lindal.....	1 00
J. C. Purdy.....	1 00	Marshal Wheeler.....	1 00
A. Friend.....	50	Walter Newman.....	1 00
John Dibble.....	1 00	A. Friend.....	1 00
Lewis Kaiser.....	1 00	P. McLachlan.....	1 00
John McGlashan.....	1 00	H. W. Faust.....	1 00
H. P. Replogle.....	1 00	A. Friend.....	1 00
San Jose Secular Union...	5 00	W. T. Jones.....	1 00
L. R. Titus.....	1 00	Mr. Robertson.....	1 00
Joel B. Parker.....	1 00	W. M. Noble.....	1 00
Samuel Gracey.....	1 00	L. Magenheimer.....	1 00
Jos. W. Wilkinson.....	1 00	Jos. Larsen.....	1 00
M. Lueders.....	1 00	A. Friend.....	1 00
W. Gordon.....	1 00	Robert Gunther.....	1 00
Theo. Gerner.....	1 00	Ed. Wegner.....	2 00
Chris. Schmidt.....	1 00	B. B. Rockwood.....	1 00
A. W. Poole.....	1 00	John Robinett.....	1 00
John Mewhinney.....	1 00	J. H. Curtis.....	1 00
L. Larsen.....	1 00	Fred Gardner.....	1 00
Jno. Hubbell.....	1 00	Herman Ditjens.....	1 00
E. F. Otto.....	1 00	Mrs. S. M. Brady.....	1 00
Chas. Eckard.....	1 00	C. Severance.....	1 00
J. J. Hardy.....	2 50		

\$70 50
86 70

Collections by A. H. Schou,

Total receipts

\$156 50

The expenditures were as follows:

Hall rent.....	\$80 00
Music, vocal and instrumental.....	34 00
Advertising.....	26 50
Cartage.....	1 00
Printing institutions.....	8 75
Stationery.....	2 75
Circulars.....	1 25

Total expenditures..... \$154 25

Contributors will please look the above list of receipts over carefully, and, if any omission has been made, notify the treasurer, A. H. Schou, 677 Twenty-fifth street, Oakland, or the president, S. P. Putnam, 838 Howard street, San Francisco.

The Three Preachers.*

There are three preachers ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power;
One is old with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:

"Backward, ye presumptuous nations;
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor and to pray;
Priests and kings are God's vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backward, ye presumptuous nations
Back!—be humble and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from the tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands;
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations;
And be happy, all ye lands!
Earth was made by one almighty,
And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so;
We are happy as we are;
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher;
Genius flashes from his eyes,
And the crowds who hear his voice
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awd they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall—
"Forward, ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all.
Man was made for heartfelt effort;
Tyranny has crushed him long.
He shall march from good to better,
Nor be patient under wrong!
Forward! ye awakened nations,
And do battle with the strong."

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime;
None shall patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure;
Onward! keep the march of time.
Onward while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason;
While a sorrow knows the heart;
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part,
Forward! ye awakened nations!
Action is the people's part."

Onward! there are ills to conquer—
Ills that on yourselves you've brought;
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
And enfranchisement for thought.
Hopeless poverty and toil
May be conquered if you try;
Vice and wretchedness and famine
Give beneficence the lie.
Onward! onward! and subdue them!
Root them out; their day has passed.
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last.
Forward! ye awakened people,
And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world—
Tyranny has curbed its pride;
Errors that were deified
Into darkness have been hurled;
Slavery and liberty,
And the wrong and right have met

*By Charles Mackay. Read by C. F. Burgman at recent Paine celebration in San Francisco.

To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward! preacher; onward yet!
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read,
There are hearts that burn to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! Onward, nation!
Will must ripen into Deed.

The Difference.

Mrs. Beacon Hill (in an icy whisper)—I beg your pardon, but this is my pew.

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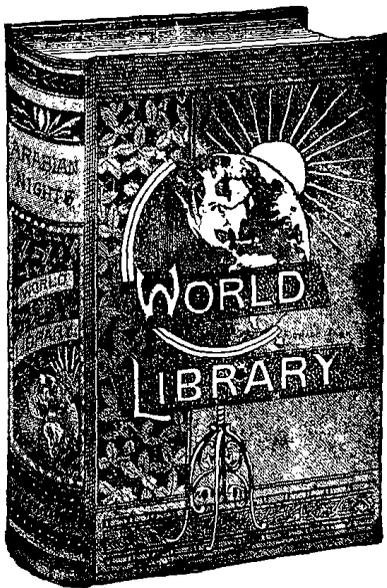
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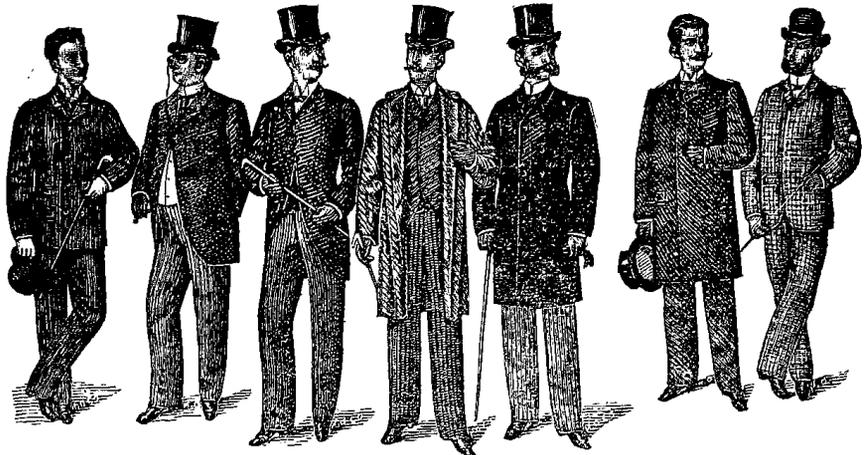
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Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

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FREETHOUGHT.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, | EDITORS. | SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

THEODORE TILTON lives alone upon an island in the river Seine in France. He declares that Beecher ruined him, that he never desires to see a human face again, and that he is a martyr and exile for truth's sake.

FRIENDS who have failed to receive communication from this office will please accept the explanation with which we have to satisfy ourselves—that every thing is safe, somewhere, in the hands of the public carriers, and will have a glorious resurrection when the mails give up their dead letters.

THE Rev. R. Heber Newton thinks that the Presbyterian confession of faith should be placed on the retired list. "The dust of ages," he remarks, "will gather comfortably over it, and its sleep will be sweet." He might have added that all religious creeds will soon join it, and that their sleep will be like the sleep of those who lodge in graveyards.

FREETHOUGHT has received, too late for publication this week, a report of the Washington Convention of Liberals. We can only name here the officers elected, as follows: President, Hon. Richard Winsor; secretary, C. B. Reynolds; treasurer, George M. Boman; directors at large, Albert Rosenow and R. J. Wilson. The convention was well-attended.

THE San Francisco Polyclinic has addressed a communication to Mayor Pond in which the offer is made to give free instruction to policemen in "first aid" to the injured. This is a good move. Policemen should know how to stanch a wound, to apply splint bandages to a fracture, to aid persons suffering from fainting, fits, drowning, etc. Now let our Bar Association offer the same policemen free lectures and instruction in law, human rights, and constitutional liberty. We suggest that Col. H. L. Knight be engaged to deliver the opening discourse on these subjects.

A CHILD has just died in San Diego as a victim of Christian science or faith cure. Concerning the case the Chronicle observes that "the law is practically powerless to deal with the people who make experiments on unfortunate children." We are not sur-

prised to hear that such is the fact. Law never was able to correct the effect of either too much or too little faith, though it has been tried in all ages, particularly on those who were regarded as deficient in belief. While all churches unite in teaching that duty toward God is more important than duty toward man, and that faith is necessary to avoid perdition, Christian parents will continue to experiment on the bodies of their children for the good, as they believe, of their own souls.

It is reported that over one hundred Conservative members of the English House of Commons are opposed to free schools on the ground that popular education leads to Anarchism, and they will accept the proposition only with the proviso that all free schools shall be under the control of the clergy. Mr. Gladstone, although a "Liberal" in politics, supports this view, and believes that schools will be best managed under the direct influences of the churches. On the other hand the Radicals will not have education made free unless the schools are withdrawn absolutely from the control of the clergy and governed wholly by the civil authorities. These disputants might take a lesson from America. Here we have free schools, ostensibly controlled by the civil authorities, but religion dominates them just the same.

THE BRUNO CELEBRATION.

There will be a Bruno celebration at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, February 16, at 8 o'clock. Music will be furnished by Miss Evangeline Ballou, Miss Mate Hildebrande, Mrs. Eugenia Clark, Ada and Violet Wheeler, Misses Laura and Clara Haelke, and W. D. Suffren. Miss Lillie Arper and J. H. White will give recitations; Thomas Curtis and S. P. Putnam are to deliver addresses. This affords a fine and brilliant programme. Every Liberal and Freethinker should attend to honor the Martyr of Science, Giordano Bruno, who was burned at the stake Feb. 16, 1600. Invite friends to come. Seats are free.

GOD BEFORE MAN.

The pope's latest encyclical is now claiming the attention of the religious world. He is a skillful old sophist, is Leo the Thirteenth. He admits that rulers of states, while unobstructed by the church, should at the same time be guided by it; but—and notice the difference—"the direction of souls has been given the church alone, and political power has no right of interference with the church." That is to say, the church should direct the state, but the state should have no control over the church. This is indeed no union of church and state, for union implies some sort of equality; it is simply putting church and state in the position of master and slave—the church, of course, being the master.

Furthermore, admits this crafty old impostor, the church must

not give patronage or favor to aspirants for public office, but at the same time, only those men should receive her favor who deserve the Christian name; for there is not the least reason why men should be preferred "who are filled with evil intentions toward religion." Expressed in a word this advice would read, "Vote only for Catholics."

A short time ago some Mormons in Utah were denied the right of naturalization on the ground, practically, that they placed allegiance to their church before their allegiance to the state. We then pointed out that the Catholics occupied the same attitude; and Pope Leo's encyclical confirms that view. Says he: "If the natural law ordains that the Catholics should protect with particular affection the land in which they are born and reared, with greater reason ought they to be animated with similar sentiments toward the church, the city of the living God, from whom she has received her constitution. The land in which we have received this mortal life has then to be loved, but it is necessary to love with more ardent love the church, to which we owe the immortal life of the soul, because it is right to prefer the welfare of the soul to the welfare of the body, and to regard our duties toward God as more sacred than our duties to men."

There it is. Of course everyone understands that God, as used by the pope, is a synonym for the church, and "men" means the state. Indeed, he declares: "It is the chief duty of Christians to suffer themselves to be ruled and guided absolutely by the bishops, and particularly by the pontiff." The use of the word "absolutely," which means without condition, limitation, relation, or dependence, leaves no chance for self-government, or for deference to public opinion or the good of mankind. All these are a secondary consideration, or, rather, they are not to be considered at all.

Liberals are no advocates of the supremacy of the state in matters of religion. They hold, however, that the state has as much authority as the church in that domain. The pope is right when he declares that the state should not interfere with the church, but he is viciously wrong when he asserts that man's duty toward God is greater than toward man.

A PURCHASING AGENCY.

Our country readers frequently commission us to purchase for them some article of merchandise which they may happen to want and cannot obtain at home, and we have always been happy to accommodate them by hunting up and forwarding such articles.

These little transactions have suggested to us the establishment at FREETHOUGHT headquarters of a General Purchasing Agency for the convenience of all our patrons residing at a distance from the source of supplies. They know, of course, that we keep a line of books, stationery, and fancy goods, such as albums (autograph or photograph), scrap-books, etc.; also children's games, playing cards, rubber stamps, and all that sort of thing, to list which would fill the paper. We have now been in the city long enough to know about where to look for anything wanted, and the dealers here in various kinds of goods are getting acquainted with us. Besides we have the advantage of the business directions of a well-known merchant whose name is a guarantee of good faith at almost any commercial house in the city. It will therefore give us pleasure to serve our friends in this way.

Let it be understood that we shall charge customers nothing for our services, and that they will receive goods bought through us at the same price they would be obliged to pay the dealer.

Their only added expense will be express, freight, or postal charges, which are much less than the cost of a trip to the city. Address the FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 838 Howard st., San Francisco.

THAT RESOLUTION.

The Sentinel, published at Hanford, Tulare county, finds itself in a state of mind over the eighth resolution passed at the late convention of the California State Liberal Union. The resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved, That the fathers of the republic, in the establishment of the postal system, exhibited admirable prudence in the framing of the constitution when they delegated to Congress simply the power to establish post-offices and post roads, and that every fair-minded citizen must view with painful apprehension the unconstitutional enactment by Congress of postal statutes having for their ostensible object the exclusion from the United States mails of written or printed matter because of its alleged immoral character. Such measures, under the administration of corrupt or bigoted men, may be used for the suppression of a free press, and would have been so employed in the early days of the anti-slavery cause, had such postal laws existed at that time. We are unqualifiedly in favor of free speech, free press, and free mails."

How an intelligent person who understands the occasion of this resolution can find anything in it to object to is beyond our comprehension. It is simply an expression of opinion concerning the constitutionality of certain postal statutes under which a great amount of injustice has been done. The question is not whether vicious literature should be suppressed, but how to do it. Hence the editor of the Sentinel is irrelevant when he says:

"What any society of believers, political, religious, or non-religious, can expect to gain by advocating the throwing open of the mails to the transmission of matter of an immoral character is a question the silver-tongued Putnam and his society had better stand up and explain."

All Liberals agree that matter of an immoral character ought not to be circulated by the mails or otherwise. They object, however, to an espionage over the mails which constitutes Anthony Comstock and his henchmen censors of the mails and gives them power to say what shall or shall not pass through the post-office. The question is not one of object, but of method.

To say that those who deny the constitutionality of the Comstock laws are in favor of obscene literature is equivalent to asserting that the well-meaning opponents of capital punishment advocate murder.

WITH INTENT TO DECEIVE.

The Evening Post of February 10 contains this paragraph:

"It is a regular coincidence that the Grand Italian Opera Company, of which Adelina Patti is the great attraction, will open at the Grand Opera House to-night, on the very stage where exactly three years ago to-day an attempt was made to take the life of the diva. A daring and murderous effort to throw a bomb on the stage by a socialistic crank calling himself Dr. James Hodges, the President of Free Thought, was made on the night of February 10, 1887. It was one of the worst shocks that a San Francisco assemblage ever received."

It is true, as we understand the facts, that some years ago a man calling himself Dr. Hodges did explode a bomb in the Grand Opera House where Madam Patti was singing, but that Hodges was a president of Freethought or in any way identified with Freethought is unqualifiedly denied. He never spoke in Freethought meetings, did not attend such meetings, did not espouse Freethought, and was unknown as a Freethinker by any of the Liberals of San Francisco. He was a little, irascible, cranky im-

becile, with communistic tendencies, and in so far as he was not an imbecile he was insane. The name of Hodges which he adopted is known to have been assumed, but his real name nobody in this country ever discovered. Beyond the fact that he came from England, was a crank and a semi-idiot, and had no affiliation with the Liberals of San Francisco, his history is immured with him in the Stockton asylum, where he is now confined. The article in the Post was evidently written by some zealous enemy of Freethought, who was willing to deceive, not so much for the especial glory of God as from lack of moral sense.

A GRAND BLUFF.

The husbands of the former Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and of Miss Jennie C. Claflin have gone to the expense of issuing for gratuitous circulation the following offer:

“£1000 REWARD.

“Mr. John Biddulph Martin and Sir Francis Cook will pay the sum of one thousand pounds sterling to anyone who shall reveal the names of the person or persons concerned in the conspiracy to defame their wives, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull Martin and Miss Tennessee Claflin, now Lady Cook, and who shall give such evidence as shall secure a conviction.

“Twenty pounds will also be paid by the above named gentlemen for the name of any paper, issued in England, that has published a recent libel against their wives.

“All communications to be addressed either to 17 Hyde Park Gate, London, England, or to 142 West-70th street.

“Jan. 1, 1890.”

Messrs. Martin and Cook have taken needless trouble to discover the names of persons who have made their wives infamous. All they require is a file of Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly of twenty years ago. The accused at that time performed the service over their own signatures, and have since aggravated their offense by libeling those who attempted to make their course appear justifiable. Instead of trying to vindicate themselves, these notorious women should be engaged in making restitution to the better people they have maliciously defamed. Having accomplished this, they should subside.

CERTAINLY.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you read the inclosed, and out of respect to the memory of a great and good woman, call the attention of your readers to a neglected duty and a national disgrace?

MARION HARLAND.

19 West 22d st., New York.

We have read the “inclosed.” It is an appeal to the people of the country to complete a monument to mark the grave of Mary, the wife of George Washington, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Miss Harland's proposition is to receive subscriptions to the Home-Maker, a paper of which she is the editor, and to devote a certain portion of the proceeds to erecting the monument. We wish the Home-Maker and the monument great success.

We publish with pleasure the letter from Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the Open Court, which will be found in another column. While we dissent from a great deal that he says, we recognize that Dr. Carus is working outside the pale of superstition and that, as a general thing, his labors are in the right direction. For this reason we seek no controversy with him. In the article which we criticised, the Open Court described what it characterized as a “typical Liberal.” We at once recognized the description as a misfit, and asked if a certain noble and earnest Free-

thinker, whose death we mourn with others, could be instanced as an example of the deleterious effects of Liberalism. If we made a mistake in so doing, Dr. Carus has made a still greater one in alluding to a clergyman's son whose zeal and love of truth illustrated the value of religious parentage. We all know that Mr. Ingersoll's youth was no prophecy of his manhood, and that he is much greater as a parent than he was as a son. But our point was made in the article to which Mr. Carus objects, namely, that the typical Liberal's son is not necessarily a vagabond, and that the charge that such is the case has no evidence to support it.

THE mobbing of the Salvation Army by hoodlums on the streets of this city and Oakland, coupled with the indifference of the authorities concerning the matter, is a disgrace to Christian civilization. The members of this army are a generally harmless lot of fanatics. They attend strictly to their own affairs, keep out of politics, relieve suffering in some cases, and once in a while they reform a drunkard. They are, in fact, the only branch of the Christian church that has any apology or excuse for its existence. Their fanaticism should be met with education, not persecution. We know an intelligent young man, once a member of this army, who is now a Freethinker, a Nationalist, and a useful member of society. But it was Paine's “Age of Reason,” not the hoodlum's brickbat, which convinced him of his error.

THE Truth Seeker got a good advertisement at the Howard street Methodist church last Sunday evening. Dr. Harcourt, the pastor, was discussing old notions of hell and salvation, and exhibited a copy of the paper to illustrate his remarks. The illustration was a cartoon by Heston representing some murderers being launched into eternal bliss by a priest, while their unconverted victims writhed in the flames of hell. Dr. Harcourt said that the picture was the best illustration of the barbarous doctrine he had ever seen, and his congregation, which is among the largest in the city, appeared to agree with him.

MAIL and express matter are still piling up at Redding in Shasta county, and very feeble efforts are being made to clear the blockade. It is now over a month that mail communication has been cut off from the north. Is it not about time for the railroad company to abandon its penurious policy, which is the cause of the delay, and get some men to clear the track?

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM will deliver a series of Freethought lectures at Calistoga, February 22, 23, and 24. The lectures at Fort Bragg are postponed until the middle of March on account of bad weather. Lectures will be given at Fresno Flats the latter part of March. It is possible that Mr. Putnam may visit Texas in April and May.

THE genial face of Dr. Foote of New York has disappeared from among us, and is set again toward the East. The only solace for his departure is the hope that he will come again.

W. S. BELL has produced a most useful work in his “Handbook of Freethought.” To say that it fills a long-felt want would not be an original remark, but it is a truthful one, which is better.

MR. THOS. P. TURNER should have been credited with a donation of one dollar toward the expenses of the late convention of Liberals in San Francisco.

NATIONALIST IDEAS.

The Nationalist Club held its twelfth public reception at Metropolitan Hall Thursday evening, Feb. 6. John C. Gore was the first speaker, having "What Nationalism Is" as a theme. It was described as a new movement in the life of the nation. Under the present system of labor every thrifty man must become to a certain degree a capitalist. Capitalists own the results of the labor of the community. The remedy is the control by the government of the great national industries.

Mrs. H. R. Houghton is a pretty and eloquent reformer and intensely enthusiastic, and talks like a woman with romance and business delightfully correlated. She gave a sparkling paper on "Nationalism and the Public Health." "Nationalism," she said, "is a remedy for the economic ills of the nation. Many of the processes of manufacture now-a-days are injurious to the health of the operatives. There are enormous adulterations of food. Bad bread and diseased meats are constantly in the markets. This comes of the fierce competitions of trade. Nationalism, by removing competition, removes the motive for these evils. Nationalism means good bread, good beef, good sugar, healthful milk, and clean butter. By thus making man physically happy it prepares him for a higher plane of intellectual and moral life."

Arthur W. Dowe made a few remarks. He declared that the accumulation of trusts, syndicates, and monopolies threatens the liberties of the people more seriously than anything before, and it was the duty of the people to put an end to this dangerous condition of affairs.

John H. Redstone discoursed on "The Relations of Nationalism and Public Education." He asserted that Nationalism developed the higher instincts and faculties of man. There would be no starving poor and no idle brains in the new republic.

The musical programme was rendered by Segismund Bluman, Miss Jessie Grant, Geo. H. Ames, Miss Mate Hildebrande, and Miss Evangeline Ballou. Miss Ballou sang Sankey's famous melody of "The Ninety and Nine," to which were set words contrasting the conditions of the rich and poor, the poor being the "ninety and nine." The new interpretation was applauded to the echo.

The president, Mrs. Addie Ballou, closed the meeting with a spirited address, which left the audience both in good humor and radiant enthusiasm. She stated that there were now in this city 25,000 unemployed working-people. "Nationalism," she said, "means helping these by giving them work, not with charity, but with justice. We want to support that government which will make enforced idleness impossible, but equity triumphant."

MARSHAL WHEELER'S LECTURE.

The rooms of the San Francisco Freethought Society were filled to overflowing on Sunday evening. The lecture was given by Marshal Wheeler. His subject was, "The Earth—Its Third Motion; A New Theory." Mr. Wheeler is a pleasant-looking gray-haired man, with a scholarly face, and has evidently done a great deal of thinking upon the problem which he discussed. He stated that he could look back to the time when many of the wondrous inventions and discoveries of to-day were unknown, and judging by the past there might be equally vast changes in the future, and the new theory might be accepted.

The third motion of the earth is by no means unreasonable, and it does explain many facts. This third motion consists in the earth's turning upon its own centre in a direction at right angles with the planes of its two known motions. At present it is acknowledged that the earth goes round the sun and wheels upon its axis. Mr. Wheeler claims that at immensely long intervals the earth rolls over sideways, and the poles become the tropics and vice versa. Such a motion is not unnatural. Whether it actually occurs or not is for science to determine. It is admitted that where the poles now are was once a tropical climate. All over it are the remains of flora and fauna which could only have been produced in hot climates. Mr. Wheeler detailed many interesting facts which he claimed were in support of his theory. That there have been enormous cataclysms nobody de-

nies. They might have come about by the third motion. The third motion does away with the creation theory and accounts for the many legends of the deluge, etc. This third motion prevents the over-production of life.

The last turning-over happened about 4000 years ago, in the great astronomical year, the date of creation according to the Bible. But it was not creation, but the third motion. This third motion or turning of the earth will take place in about 15,000 years hence. By that time, according to the present increase of the race, there will be about thirty people to the acre. The third motion will send the seas flying over the highest mountains, there will be vast volcanic eruptions and crashing of rocks, and the now temperate regions will be bound in eternal ice. Millions upon millions of animals will be destroyed; a few of the human race will survive to begin again the march of civilization with fresh opportunities.

As a solvent of the labor problem, the third motion, if true, is certainly effective. What can the single tax do for the laboring people with thirty to inhabit every acre? What would become of Bellamy's dream with such a population to take care of? The third motion gives a new chance to those who survive, and if millions have got to die, it is better to be drowned at once than slowly starve.

Those who desire to study carefully Mr. Wheeler's interesting hypothesis can purchase his pamphlet at FREETHOUGHT office. The audience was delighted on Sunday evening at his eloquent and pithy presentation of his matter, and gave him a vote of thanks. Mr. Wheeler thinks that the third motion will knock the priesthood higher than a kite. Probably it will, and in much less time than 15,000 years.

The meeting of Sunday evening was promising in numbers and interest. Next Sunday evening will be the Bruno memorial meeting, and Sunday after a lecture is expected from Prof. Herbert Miller. A rich programme is being prepared for March. The Freethought Society is growing prosperous.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Orchardists predict that 1890 will be a bonanza year for them in this state if the rains do not produce a premature development of fruit to be ruined by frost.—There were earthquake shocks in the southern part of the state on Sunday. At Los Angeles a slight landslide occurred, burying a portion of Bellevue avenue to a depth of several feet.—A fire at Seattle swept away \$42,000 worth of property on the 9th.—There is still a blockade on the northern road between Mott and Dunsmuir at which a few Chinamen are working. White men will not accept the wages or food offered by the railroad company.—The losses by flood at Oregon City, Or., are estimated at \$125,000.—Our Democratic county committee is considering the proposition to remove the Chinese from their present residence to South San Francisco.—The hoodlums of Oakland have been mobbing the Salvation Army.—Henry B. Williams, a pioneer and one of San Francisco's best-known business men, died at Santa Barbara Feb. 8, aged 70 years. He was a native of Woodstock, Vt.—Patti, the great singer, is in San Francisco: She opened her engagement at the Grand Opera House last Tuesday in "Semi-ramide," an opera said to be founded on one of Voltaire's.—It is considered as settled that Idaho and Wyoming will be admitted to the Union as twin states.—Mrs. Woodworth, who has been doing business in Oakland as a revivalist, has left that town, and the people are glad to be rid of her.

The South Dakota legislature has passed the Prohibition bill. While the prohibition folks feel jubilant they regret the fact that two important features of the bill have been stricken out, viz., requiring physicians to state the nature of the complaint liquors are required for in making out prescriptions, and giving the authorities the right to search private dwellings for liquor.—The North Dakota legislature has passed a bill legalizing lotteries.—Some Mormon elders were recently tarred and feathered and then set on fire in Marion county, Ala. The elders jumped into a creek and that was the last seen of them.—The gentiles carried the elections in Salt Lake City last Monday, routing the Mormons in their stronghold.—The Chicago Presbytery has

voted to revise the Confession of Faith. The Philadelphia Presbytery votes to retain it as it is.

Salamanca, captain-general of Cuba, died last week and was buried at Havana on Sunday with military honors.—The influenza is epidemic in the City of Mexico, 143 dying from it in one day.—Cardinal Pecci, brother of the pope, is dead.—It is said the emperor of Germany is making overtures to secure the support of the Socialist party.—The London Daily Telegraph says: "The report of the Parnell commission will be published the first week of the Parliament session. It is precise and vigorous in dealing with the forgeries, but finds it impossible to exonerate Parnell from failure to separate political organizations from organizations that were openly criminal."

OBSERVATIONS.

After Mr. W. S. Bell had read his address before the late convention he took a seat near me with the inquiry, "Well, did I get there?" I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, Mr. Bell got there. I have since heard complaints that the address was anarchistic, that the speaker was knocking the props out from under our institutions, and that the next thing would be dynamite. In regard to which I would remark that the word "anarchistic" has been so variously applied as to describe everything except God in the Constitution and a high protective tariff; that a good many of our institutions need letting down; and that the dynamite of an enlightened public sentiment is much more to be feared by the politicians than any mere combination of infusorial earth and nitro-glycerine.

If there is any conspicuous evil that should be done away with as fast as possible, it is so-called government. Thomas Paine called it a necessary evil, and declared that in its best form it could be nothing else, but since his time people have got in the habit of treating government as though it were something to be proud of. They dress the government in fine clothes and parade it through the streets as the Chinamen do their devil. They give it the best buildings in the country, and do not appear to realize that the state house is half-brother to the penitentiary.

No good reform comes through legislatures—the tendency is the other way. Are the people enjoying some liberty, at once a bill is introduced to restrict it. If people desire more chains, the legislature will hasten to accommodate them; if they desire more liberty, they must fight for it. The people of this country fought for their independence from Great Britain, for the rights of citizens in foreign countries, for their protection on the high seas, and for the abolition of human slavery at home. These epochs marked by wars are the only periods when liberty has been achieved or personal rights guaranteed. It seems to be the function of the people to win their liberty and of legislative bodies to gradually filch it away. Thus legislatures give us Sunday laws, oath laws, blasphemy laws, Comstock laws, "protective" statutes, medical laws, unequal taxation, and all that sort of thing. The legislature kindly takes from us a part of our earnings for its support, and another part for the support of superstition. It lets us pay for religious services for its own so-called benefit and for the benefit of all inmates of public institutions. It gives us the privilege of voting if we are males of twenty-one years and upwards, and denies suffrage to females of all ages. Where it got the right to grant the one or deny the other is an unsolved question. Our legislators know that the ballot amounts to nothing in the hands of a man in any large community where it is worth using, and that they should withhold it from women is explainable only on the theory that they never make even a seeming concession to the people until the worthlessness of the concession has been demonstrated.

But why proceed? Who does not know the facts? And who does not know that the reason why we have such bad government is because we have so much of it? Without the slightest call for an election we go through the process annually, biennially, or quadrennially, as the case may be. Without sense or reason our public officers go on "legislating," and expanding codes into libraries. Governments degenerate from the same cause that makes royal families run out. Our legislatures have no reason for their existence; they have nothing useful to occupy themselves

with, and thus fall into bad habits, and do the mischief that the devil always finds for idle hands. They are overcrowded with time; their constituents expect them to do something, and so, there being no necessary legislation to enact, they enact a lot that is unnecessary and consequently mischievous.

There is a remedy for this state of affairs so simple and easy that it is wonderful that nobody has suggested it; namely, keep the legislators at home until some issue arises of sufficient moment to warrant calling them into active session. Then, their attention being occupied with important matters, they will have no time for jobs. To say that a state needs legislation every year is to say that a man needs a periodical dose of medicine, whereas the time to doctor him is when he is sick.

I maintain that respectable and well ordered society requires governing no more than a healthy man requires drugs. Municipal and police officers, courts, and jails appear to serve a useful purpose, but kings and houses of lords, presidents and senates, and legislatures, except for extraordinary occasions, lag superfluous on the stage. Above all, the practical politician is a nuisance. He subsists on the diseases of society, which he aggravates and makes merchandise of the people's weaknesses and wickedness.

I presume no one will say that I am objecting to law and order. I am merely objecting to the superfluous law and the disorder which come from making legislation a perennial business and developing it into an industry. It is a sort of pious doctrine to hold that public office is a public trust, but it isn't. It is a private enterprise, wherein, under pretense of serving them, the robber class live in mischievous idleness at the expense of the people.

Three young men came into the office of FREETHOUGHT recently, and inquired for somebody to commune with. Mr. Putnam volunteered his services, when one of them took him apart and told him confidentially that another of the party was under conviction of sin, and only required a little encouragement to make full confession and ask pardon of the Lord Jesus Christ. "May be," said he, "you could talk to him or let him have a tract that would touch his feelings and help him along toward his savior." Mr. Putnam said, "Yes, of course," and rowed out a copy of "Ingersoll Catechised." The young man looked at the tract, and discovering it was a Freethought document, remarked that he had probably called at the wrong place; he was looking for Gospel Hall. Then he led the sin-stricken and penitent companion hence, and they have not since returned.

It strikes me that about the jolliest, happiest company that assembles in San Francisco is made up of members of the Golden Gate Lodge of Bohemians. Every year they get together in Union Square Hall, shake hands all around, talk to one another in their native tongue, listen to their own patriotic music, and dance their national dances. Three times, by the kindness of Mr. J. Vostrovsky, of San Jose, I have had the pleasure of being present at these annual reunions. The last one was held Saturday evening, February 8. The hall was decorated as I guess it never is for any other event, and filled with a flock of young folks who came to dance and older ones who got their money's worth by looking on. I understand that the Korbel Brothers, the shipowners, are instrumental in organizing and maintaining this yearly festival.

In attending a meeting where the principal feature is dancing I am prevented from enjoying the festivities as much as I otherwise would by my unacquaintance with any of the figures or steps employed in skipping the trala-la-loo. And when I come to think of it, this is not altogether my fault. As long ago as 1872, when I resided with Deacon Jonathan Shelley, in Westmoreland, N. H., I engaged myself for a course of dancing lessons at Craig's Mutton Hill Academy, but the deacon declined to pay me my wages to be spent for such ungodly pastime, and I had to stay at home. Again, in 1886, I bought a ticket entitling me to twelve lessons in the art of dancing from Professor Cartier, of New York, and took several. The professor was a little skipjack of about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, while I was much heavier. He found himself unable to control my motions, and so made offensive remarks, of which I ultimately waxed weary.

Our relations grew more strained as our acquaintance increased, and his criticisms became more offensive, until one cold winter evening I gave him the alternative to be civil or to be lightly tossed over the banisters of the stairs by means of which his hall was reached. He disappointed me by keeping silent thereafter, and I left him at about the time I imagined I was getting the motion. Two years later I was taken in hand by the best-looking half of my family, and given an hour's instruction nightly, our orchestra being a music box. It played but one tune, and when I could dance that with my hands otherwise employed, I essayed to waltz at a public ball, but the orchestra sprung another tune on us, and I was left. Thus from childhood's hour has one thing or another stood in the way of my becoming an accomplished dancist.

Nevertheless I enjoyed myself at the Bohemians' ball. There was great good cheer; the orchestra played lively tunes; Mr. Vostrovsky made a speech in Bohemian, which I could tell was a fine one by the way those cheered who understood it; and Putnam and myself went in and hilariated to the best of our ability. We endeavored to forget that we didn't know how to dance, but I think the others must have noticed it. The band was playing all the night, and if feet were heavy hearts were light. The music told the tale of him, yclept McGinty, who never rose, since he went down into the swim, dressed in his Sunday suit of clothes. Then it related, with toot and blare, how the rollicking, razzle-dazzle boys went wandering off on a terrible tear, and awoke the night with their joyful noise. And we danced and chatted and took no note of the flight of time, nor of care or pain, drank pink lemonade till our teeth were afloat, then danced and chatted and drank again. Ah! life is a dance and the figure a reel; Time is the fiddler, gray and grim, whose music we follow with toe and heel, till foot is weary and eye is dim. We waltz and polka, fast or slow, chasseur and balance, cross over and turn. New faces arrive and old ones go, but the set moves forward in unconcern. Which last reflection I once wrote in the album of a young lady in the East, and subscribed myself, "Yours for the whole figure." Such, however, is the fickleness of the human heart, that I am now another's.

THE COMING CONVENTION OF LIBERAL WOMEN.

There is a movement on foot to assemble the prominent Liberal Women of the country in Washington, on February 24-25, in a convention to be held for purposes of organization.

The hour is eminently ripe for such a movement. For some time past, our orthodox brethren and sisters—especially the sisters—not satisfied with their legitimate churchly works of mercy and peace and the right (inherent in every human being) to moral suasion, have assumed an aggressive position, and are seeking to cram their religious opinions by main force down the throats of those who differ with them. By a resolution of the late Chicago Convention, the W. C. T. U. women declared that Christ should be recognized in our laws as the king of nations; and by this and by similar utterances, they have placed themselves in line with the American Sabbath Union, with the advocates of the Blair and Breckenridge bills, and, in short, with all the various branches of that "God-in-the-Constitution" party who are planning to destroy the corner-stone of our republic—*i. e.*, religious liberty.

When the women of a community have been once roused to concerted action upon any moral question, their success is usually but a matter of time. Unlike men, they are not, as a rule, held in check by business or political considerations. The training of centuries, which has stimulated the feminine emotional nature out of all proportion to its intellectual nature, has also compelled it to seek an outlet along higher levels only. The result is, that, when once it precipitates itself from these high table-lands upon the brutality, the immorality, or other wickedness along the lower levels, it does so with an appalling and well-nigh irresistible torrent that sweeps everything before it. We have a striking example in this same Women's Christian Temperance movement, which is now sweeping over our country in an ever-deepening flood. One by one, the old bulwarks of intemperance totter and fall before our eyes; and it looks just now as though every saloon,

with its baleful influence, were doomed to final submersion and overthrow by the raging waters.

But, alas! the flood does not cease here. Mingled with this torrent of righteous indignation are powerful currents of church fanaticism, which already threaten the very foundations of religious liberty upon which our republic rests—currents which are making themselves felt by the unconscious help of the flood of philanthropy along whose channel they run.

It is against such fanaticism as this, that the Liberal women of the country are called to organize in February. And it is to be hoped that our thoughtful and broad-minded women everywhere will respond to this call, in so far as they are able.

The time has come when the irregular, guerrilla warfare of Liberals must be replaced by co-operation and discipline, if any really effective battle is to be waged against ecclesiastical aggression. Liberal leagues and radical clubs are all well enough, as far as they go. They cultivate the intellectual side of Liberalism, and furnish a place of exchange for progressive thought. But, as to influencing the emotional nature of the community in favor of Liberalism, they are almost useless.

We can learn a lesson from our orthodox brethren in this matter. What has been the secret of their success?

Certainly not their numerical strength, as compared with the numbers of non-church-goers. The most hopeful among them admit that but a small minority of the older business men are active sympathizers; that but from seven to ten per cent of the young men in a community are church members; and that but from fifteen to seventeen per cent of young men ever see the inside of a church. The majority of the mature male population are non-church-goers. The main dependence of the orthodox church is upon its women; there being—according to a recent speech by Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop before the W. C. T. U.—but one man to four or six women at the regular church services, and but one man to fourteen or fifteen women at prayer-meetings. The reason for this predominance of women over men in church work probably lies in what we have indicated above—that the training of women through long centuries has compelled an emotional outlet along higher levels only. But, whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable, that it is the women who have carried on both the philanthropy and devoteeism—in short, the emotional work—of the orthodox church. And of late years, since its women have learned organization and business methods, the church has advanced with giant strides. Like the Democratic party in politics, these orthodox women "vote solidly." And they work solidly, too, each woman doing her level best for the church she believes in—be that best, little, or much—and acting with her fellow-women under some accredited leader. Under this leadership, they get up tea-parties, tableaux, fairs, and entertainments of various kinds, and work like Trojans, well content if they "make" but a very few dollars above the general expenses; they sell tickets, distribute circulars and tracts, besiege rich people until the pursestrings are loosened, organize "Lend a Hand" clubs among the boys and girls, and keep the young men and women going at some sort of delightful social coadjutorship which shall finally bring in money or recruits for "the cause." It is little wonder that all this energy, this faithfulness in detail work, this organization under competent leadership should win so many orthodox successes.

Compared with their sisters in the church, what are our Liberal women doing? Almost nothing.

It is high time that women outside of orthodoxy awakened to the sense of their powers, as have already their sisters within the pale of the church. It is high time that they realized the mission to which they are called in this nineteenth century, and which they alone can accomplish—the carrying of the human race not alone upward, as their orthodox sisters are seeking to do, but forward to the broader sweep and clearer outlook of Liberalism.

It is for this purpose that the Convention of Liberal women is called in February. And it is to be hoped that everyone of our women will do her best to help along that purpose.

Whether the Convention will elect to organize independently of previous societies, or to form an auxiliary branch of some one of those already active, remains to be seen. The auxiliary plan

has much in its favor; and, if this meet with the Convention's approval, it seems as though the American Secular Union might confidently expect to be the one with which our Liberal women would hasten to ally themselves. The American Secular Union has three things especially to commend itself as a rallying-point for the new society.

1. The nine principles which it advocates, and which are lineal descendants of the famous "Nine Demands of Secularism."

2. That "Non-Partisan" clause in its constitution, whereby it "welcomes all persons, of whatever faith or party, to its membership, on the basis of 'no union of church and state.'"

3. Its article on "Local Auxiliary Societies," which states that such organizations "shall be absolutely independent in the administration of their affairs," and that "the effect of their charters shall be simply to unite them in cordial fellowship and efficient co-operation of the freest kind with the American Secular Union and with other local societies."

IDA C. CRADDOCK, CORR. SEC'Y A. S. U.

IGNORANCE AT THE VATICAN.

At present, says the New York Tribune, English is practically an unknown tongue at the Vatican. The pope can neither speak it nor read it. Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state, is in the same plight. So is Monsignor Mocenni, the under secretary. Cardinal Simeoni, chief of the propaganda, who has charge of all the English-speaking countries cannot speak a word of our language. Monsignor Jacobini is learning it. Of the Italian cardinals only one, Cardinal Mazella, can talk English, and he is a Jesuit.

CONSTRUCTIVE LIBERALISM.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your journal contains in Vol. III., No. 4, a criticism of an editorial article of the Open Court, to which I wish to make a few remarks in reply.

It is very wrong to drag unnecessarily the names of people that are dead into a debate and mingle their private affairs with the opinions of the debaters. Let us hope that in a further evolution of the ethics of discussion such a policy will be considered as an inexcusable mistake. There are many Liberals who left their homes for the sake of liberty, and the author of the much-abused article is one of them. Yet it is unjustifiable, in consideration of the facts that the late Mr. Ernst Prussing "enlisted in a company of volunteers that swore fidelity to the revolutionary principles of 1848" and that "he was compelled to leave his native land," to consider him as a Liberal of that typical class characterized in the article.

We here gladly take the occasion, so inappropriately forced upon us, to state that Mr. Ernst Prussing was a Liberal of truly constructive tendencies. This he not only proved in life, but even in death, leaving generous legacies to the Lehrer-Seminar of Milwaukee and the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, of which he was a member. Both institutions are energetic attempts toward the realization of constructive Liberalism.

What are the Ethical societies but modernized churches? They are still in their infancy, and their members are not numerous. Their religious position is not as yet clearly understood. But I see a great promise in their aspirations; and if the churches remain deaf to the many voices that appeal to them and try to rouse them from their slumber, the ethical societies will become the church of the future. It is certain that only that church or congregation or society will in the end survive which fulfills the duties that are demanded.

We may have dissented from Mr. Prussing in many points, in the usage of terms, and in the conception of philosophical problems. Yet I am sure that his Liberalism was not satisfied with mere negations. He wanted to preserve the good and to build up the positive ideals of Freethought.

* * * * *

The criticism of FREETHOUGHT is a broadside, of irrelevant questions, such as whether I was ever "intimately acquainted with the sons of any great number of clergymen?" and, if so, whether I "find them better than other boys?" I suppose that I am not

expected to answer any questions which might lead me away from the points at issue. But let me state in answer to the question quoted that I know of many sons of clergymen who distinguished themselves in some way or another. Mr. Ingersoll is one of them, and although I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, yet I know that he must have inherited from his father some great qualities, of which I mention his love of truth, his brilliant oratory, his rhetorical style, and the enthusiastic zeal for his cause which, if it were used in the reverse direction, would undoubtedly be called "religious."

* * * * *

It is perhaps natural that the Open Court will find opposition in both quarters, among the orthodox as well as among those Liberals who are merely destructive. We are in sympathy with both and recognize in both the honesty of their intentions and good-will to serve humanity. We observe that they antagonize and often vilify each other, and we wish to conciliate both parties. We see that in the evolution of mankind both are necessary factors to build up our future ideals, and we invite them to leave aside personal abuse, insinuations, and invectives, and to join in the work of constructive Liberalism, which will bring good-will among men and peace upon earth.

I am willing to listen to any argument, and, if it be strong enough to convince me, I shall freely acknowledge it. I trust that fairness in debate and the sincere wish of a mutual understanding will help us to arrive at practical results by which the debaters as well as their readers can profit.

PAUL CARUS.

● Chicago, Ill., Jan. 30, 1890.

"The Truth Seeker Annual" is out at last. That is, it is out here—one copy. About the time the market is supplied, our order of two months ago may be delivered by the railroad company, which has had our Eastern books in charge for the past few eons of duration. But that is immaterial to the merits of the work, which is the best yet. The table of contents is as follows:

Calendar for 1890; Freethought in the United States, 1889; Faded Flowers, poem by J. E. Remsburg; The Inauguration of the Bruno Statue, T. B. Wakeman; Mostly Fools, W. Stewart Ross (Saladin); Record of the Spanish Inquisition; Dates of the Fabrication of Some Roman Catholic Dogmas; The Boler House Mystery, Nearly a Tragedy, with a Moral, Helen H. Gardner; The Middle Ages, illustrated—The Priest, The Supernatural World, The Reformation, Future Terrors—The Inventions of Science and the Inventions of Christianity, illustrated; Freethought Journals in the United States; In Search of a Spirit, E. M. Macdonald; Why I Left the Church, H. O. Pentecost.

Without making any comparisons, it may be said that two of these contributions are of especial merit and interest. Mr. Remsburg's poem, "Faded Flowers," is a classic. The title is not new; the rhythm is not faultless, but the sentiment appeals irresistibly to the heart of the reader. The other, "In Search of a Spirit," by E. M. Macdonald, is an account, very amusingly written, of the editor's attempt to get proof of spirit communication, wherein it is shown that his failure to reach his object was due wholly to the mediums and not at all to the investigator or to his friend, Mr. Charles McArthur, who instigated the search.

LATER.—Freight has arrived. Truth Seeker Annual, 25 cents.

The principal feature in the Transatlantic, of February 1, is a translation into English verse of Francois Coppee's poetical one-act drama, "Le Pater," which was recently forbidden by the French censorship on the eve of its production by the leading theatre of France. A portrait of the author of the poem appears on the cover of the magazine. In this number is begun a series of new papers, entitled "Vagrant Life." The opening paper is a criticism of the Paris Exposition, and especially of the Eiffel tower. The same magazine begins the publication of a newly-discovered manuscript by Schopenhauer, the father of Pessimism. (328 Washington street, Boston. \$2.00 a year).

The Truth Seeker's symposium on constructive Freethought is headed by Colonel Ingersoll in the issue of February 8. Other contributors to the same issue are R. B. Westbrook, R. C. Adams, E. B. Foote, Jr., George E. Macdonald, and several more. The symposium will occupy three numbers of the paper.

BRAINS, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION.*

BY THE HON. A. SCHELL.
PART II.

Alexandria was the world's arena for mental combat. Here the giants wrestled in friendly contest for intellectual supremacy. Here the disciples of Aristotle, the followers of Plato, the admirers of Socrates could meet on common ground in friendly communion. Students flocked hither from all parts of the world. At one time, during its palmiest days, fourteen thousand were in attendance at her schoolrooms, lecture rooms, and halls of science. Oh! it was a grand and glorious epoch in the world of science. Here things ethereal and things material were subjected to the crucial test of the alembic of science. Here the different schools of philosophy were taught. Here was collected a library of 700,000 manuscript volumes. Never before nor since was there concentrated at one spot of earth such a comprehensive and vast amount of human knowledge. Here mind came in collision with mind, and from the concussion were struck rich coruscation and dazzling scintillations of thought, bright as the spark struck by the collision of steel with adamant.

But a great cycle of time had rolled around. The hour-hand had traversed every point on the dial plate of the human intellect. The sun of science having reached its highest point was driven across its summer solstice into the dreary regions of the dark ages by the fagot and the sword, not again to return to illumine the mind of man for a thousand years. Henceforth learning was suppressed, individuality extinguished, freedom of thought strangled, science crucified, and the great temple erected under the auspices of a pagan philosophy, dedicated to knowledge, was razed to the ground by the ruthless arm of bigotry. Not a stone of that colossal and magnificent edifice was left unturned, and upon its ruins was built an edifice dedicated to faith.

The demonstrations of Euclid, the teachings of Apollonius, and the lectures of Hypatia were supplanted by holy water, wax candles in broad daylight, oracles, rites, mummeries, incantations, and ceremonies.

Go back with me to the banks of the Nile—to the tops of the pyramids, the wonders of the world; and then, O Time in your flight, go back with me to that period of glory, splendor, and grandeur of Egyptian civilization that had flourished and prospered and had been the focus of learning, of art and science for hundreds of years under the auspices of a pagan philosophy, and compare it with the Egypt of the present under the auspices of a modern philosophy, and then tell me, ye who dare, that civilization does not depend upon the number of truths disclosed to the human mind and the freedom with which they pervade all classes of society. Egypt of to-day, under the khedives and pachas, is but a relic of what Egypt was in its glory, under the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs.

In the history of civilization we now stand on the brink of darkness, whose appalling and forbidding features are intensified by the brilliancy of the light it extinguished. We stand upon the abhorrent shores of the Dark Ages, and as we look across the sombre abyss we find that science has been a wanderer and a fugitive for a thousand years, hunted down by the fagot and the sword. At length we see the faint glimmer of light on the far distant shore shoot up like the silver streamers of the morning twilight announcing the approach of his imperial majesty, the glorious orb of day.

Copernicus, in the year 1507, advanced the heliocentric theory of the universe and established the earth's position with regard to the sun. It completely overthrew the geocentric, and changed the face of astronomical science; but the great discovery lay buried in the secret chambers of his brain for thirty-six years; public opinion was not yet prepared to receive the great truth.

In 1632 Galileo published his book entitled "The System of the World," its object being the vindication of the Copernican doctrine, and he was thrown into prison for doing so. But it was of no use; henceforth and forever the world ceased to study geography from a flat surface—the angels ceased to drag the sun behind a high mountain at sunset—nor did they longer drag him

out at sunrise, and the waters of the Nile no longer ran up an incline.

Science, having barely survived the crisis of the Dark Ages, was resurrected from its deathbed by the discoveries of the Copernican system and the subsequent discoveries of Kepler and Newton.

The year 1687 presents an epoch in European science as well as in the intellectual department of man. The year is marked by the publication of the "Principia" of Newton, an incomparable work, in which he established the law of gravitation and demonstrated that attraction is as to the mass of matter and inversely as to the square of the distance.

Leibnitz declared that Newton had dethroned God—had robbed the deity of his attributes, and had sapped the foundations of natural religion. True as to the God who stopped the sun and moon in mid-heaven at the command of Joshua; true as to the religion based on the fall of man in the garden of Eden and the miraculous conception; true as to the attributes of a God who sends his children to hell to suffer throughout an endless eternity.

I believe Newton to have been the most intellectual man that ever stood upon this earth. His discoveries in astronomy forever settled that long-disputed question with the church for which Bruno was burned at the stake and Galileo imprisoned. He stands a tower of strength upon the ramparts of astronomical science.

There should be inscribed to his memory the grandest and most sublime epitaph ever written on the tombstone of the dead—

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

We now have science on horseback, firmly seated in the saddle, with foot securely fixed in the stirrup; and he who would not be crushed under the wheels of progress and sabred in the conflict must stand from under.

I might refer to the origin and art of printing, electric telegraphy, the telephone, the invention of gunpowder and kindred explosives, utilization of steam-power, building of railroads, ocean steam navigation, etc., would time permit—all bearing upon the subject of civilization. But the scope of my present lecture is intended to embrace a period of time in the distant past, rather than the near present.

In conclusion I propose to refer briefly to the immediate causes underlying the French Revolution and the Revolution itself, than which nothing has done so much to give impetus to the physical sciences and civilization of the present day.

The three most important correlated forces in nature are light, heat, and electricity. The French devoted themselves to the investigation of these forces with pre-eminent success.

Provost applied himself to the study of the law of the radiation of heat, while Fourier established the laws of its conduction and eventually raised thermotics to a science. D'Alibard and Coulomb made experiments in electricity which brought electrical phenomena under the jurisdiction of mathematics. To our knowledge of double refraction important additions were made by the labors of Malus and Fresnel. Malus discovered the polarization of light, a splendid discovery in optical science. Newton analyzed a beam of light and established the seven primary colors in the solar spectrum. Hook, Huygens, and Young promulgated the undulatory theory of light, which finally overthrew the corpuscular theory of Newton.

It was to the writings of a generation of great thinkers that the French Revolution is attributable, and when the revolution came the recoil was tremendous. It lifted the brakes free from the wheels of progress—wheels that had been blocked for nearly a thousand years. It elevated the lower and middling classes to a higher plane of progressive improvement.

Buckle says: "The three real sources of superiority—the superiority of morals, of intellect, and knowledge—began to be recognized by the French people as the true foundation of merit in the teachings of her learned and scientific men several years before the outbreak of the revolution. The first great blow to the privileged classes of France, who stood in the way of intellectual progress of the people, was the unprecedented impulse that was given to the physical sciences through the teachings in

* An address delivered before the Second Annual Convention of the California State Liberal Union.

in the form of lectures by learned and distinguished Infidels. Those vast discoveries made and the great number of truths disclosed to the human mind under their teachings not only stimulated the intellect of thinking men, but even roused the curiosity of the thoughtless parts of society. The lectures of chemists, of geologists, of mineralogists, and of physiologists were attended by those who came to wonder as well as those who came to learn. In Paris the scientific assemblages were crowded to overflowing. The halls in which the great truths of nature were expounded were no longer able to hold their audiences, and in several instances it was found necessary to enlarge them. The sittings of the Academy, instead of being confined to a few solitary scholars, were frequented by everyone whose rank or influence enabled them to secure a place. In 1768 Antoine Petit began his anatomical lectures in the great amphitheater of the Jardin du Roi. The press to hear him was so great that not only all the seats were occupied, but the very window ledges were crowded.

"Fourcroy's lectures on chemistry began in 1784. Such were the crowds of men and women who flocked to hear him that it was twice necessary to enlarge the size of his lecture room. The same may be said of lectures on geology, mineralogy, physiology, botany, and electricity. Even women of fashion, forgetting their usual frivolity, hastened to hear the discussions on the composition of a mineral, on the discovery of a new salt, on the structure of plants, on the organization of animals, on the properties of the electric fluid. A sudden craving after knowledge seemed to have smitten every rank. The largest and most difficult inquiries found favor in the eyes of those whose fathers had hardly heard the names of the sciences to which they belonged. The brilliant imagination of Buffon made geology popular. The same thing was effected for chemistry by the eloquence of Fourcroy, and for electricity by Nollet, while the admirable exposition of Lalande caused astronomy itself to be generally cultivated. In a word, it is enough to say that during the thirty years preceding the Revolution the spread of the physical sciences was so rapid that the Hall of Science became the temple of democracy. People began to see that the greatness of men has no connection with the splendor of their titles or the dignity of their birth, and men refused to take off their hats to royalty or to bend their knees to the nobility." The French Revolution itself is a potential factor in the history of civilization.

The discoveries of Galileo, Kepler, Boyle, and Newton gave a favorable impulse to the minds of men and prepared the way for great thinkers and expounders of the physical sciences who appeared in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and whose writings precipitated a revolution upon Europe which for magnitude and stupendous results has not a parallel in history, either in ancient or modern times—a revolution which rended the very foundations of society asunder, shook Europe to its very center, gave birth to the soldier of fortune, the man of destiny, who, by his original genius and force of intellect, planted the imperial standard of France, sooner or later, upon the ramparts of every capital on the continent of Europe. It broke the adamant chains which had bound the human intellect to the juggernaut of superstition for centuries and elevated man to a higher, nobler, and surer plane of liberty.

The French Revolution demonstrated the fact that brain is a positive power, and that the aristocracy, the nobility, and the ruling classes had not an exclusive monopoly of the thing. From the lower and middling classes, which heretofore had been ignored, men of brilliant and transcendent genius suddenly sprang up; and being actuated by the spirit of the Revolution and the spirit of the times, soon carved out on the field of battle, at the forum and tribune, their own destiny. Upon her banner was inscribed, "Beneath the flag of France all men are free"—free to think, free to investigate, and free to become enlightened. In her fundamental law was incorporated words that have thrilled the world, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the grandest and most sublime words that ever fell from the lips of man. Henceforth knowledge moved upward and onward along the line of humanity with accelerated velocity until it penetrated the remotest recesses of the hidden laws of nature and developed a standard of truth and civilization not dreamed of by the boldest thinkers of antiquity.

During that period of political convulsions revolting scenes of anarchy and bloodshed occurred at which the human mind stood appalled. Yet the sons of France performed prodigies of valor and deeds of heroism, and with the richest blood flowing in the veins of her bravest men saturated the soil of France that liberty might live and tyranny might die. Millions were aroused from their lethargy, from among the masses of the people, to assert those inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to which all men, as rational beings, are justly entitled.

Those who claim that Christianity promoted science are either dishonest or ignorant. If honest, they are not familiar with the pages of history. Science in all ages had to struggle for an existence—had to grapple with the power of theology, which put forth its long arms and countless *tentacula* to crush knowledge in its infancy. When one reads ecclesiastical history and learns the eternal warfare that Christianity has waged against science, is it not enough to sour the human heart against the long robe, the black frock, and the surplice of the priest? The heart involuntarily shrinks from the sickening recitals contained in ecclesiastical history. It creates hatred and contempt for the church, makes Infidels and Atheists of us all, and Freethinkers and Liberals of the rising generation. It saps the very foundation of our belief in inspiration and revelation.

Draper says: "As to the issue of the coming contest can there be any doubt? Whatever is resting on fiction and fraud will be overthrown. Institutions that organize imposture and spread delusions must show what right they have to exist. Faith must render an account of itself to reason. Mysteries must give place to facts. Religion must relinquish that imperiousness, that domineering position which she has so long maintained against science." There must be absolute freedom of thought.

Therefore exercise the high prerogative of thought. Think, and emancipate yourselves from the clutches of superstition—from the dogmas of the church, from the traditions of antiquity, and rely upon your own standard of enlightened reason, and upon the dignity and supremacy of your own intellects.

†

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

Before this reaches you Mr. Bradlaugh will probably have returned to England from India. Freethinkers all over the world will rejoice to know that the sea-voyage has restored him to health. He must not again presume upon his strength. There is no doubt he has greatly aged in appearance since he was permitted to take his place in the House of Commons. All through his life he preserved his soldierly habit of "early to bed and early to rise." Visitors in the old days could find no better hour than eight o'clock in the morning to catch him up and doing. The late hours of the House of Commons I consider largely responsible for his break-down. His popularity, too, stands in the way of his taking sufficient exercise. His house, 20 Circus R., St. John's Wood, has no garden, and he cannot venture out without taking a cab, or he is followed about by noisy gamins anxious to show to others the great Bradlaugh. The consequence is that but for a little fencing and his late illness, he would be uncomfortably stout.

It is only too certain that Mr. Bradlaugh will at the special meeting of the National Secular Society, called for Feb. 12, insist upon the necessity of his resigning the presidency. Although many would like for him to reconsider this decision, there is no likelihood that it will be altered. But no one who knows Mr. Bradlaugh will suppose that he will be less devoted to the Freethought cause. Such a supposition would reflect upon his gratitude towards a party who in all his struggles never deserted him. But there is little doubt that with his Parliamentary duties Mr. Bradlaugh has his hands sufficiently full, and he has indeed been overworked for years past.

The recent Theosophic tergiversations of Mrs. Besant have thoroughly lost for her the confidence of the Freethought party, and even if she had not expressed her intention not to again take office in the National Secular Society, there was no likelihood of her being elected to the place vacated by Mr. Bradlaugh. Although among the vice-presidents of the society there are many men distinguished for their services to the Freethought cause, the

only one likely to rally the bulk of the party is Mr. G. W. Foote, the editor of the Freethinker. Upon Mr. Foote's liberation from his year's imprisonment for blasphemy in 1884 he was indeed virtually pointed out by Mr. Bradlaugh as his successor in bearing the standard of the party. He is the only popular orator of sufficient militancy to meet the present need of the party, and his success in organizing the London Secular Federation, of which he is president, augurs well for the future of the National Secular Society under his leadership. No doubt some may look back to the presidency of Mr. Bradlaugh with the thought that "there were giants in the earth in those days," but there are many common-sized persons who will work all the better for not being so conspicuously overtopped by the giant.

The dinner with which the London Secular Federation formally opened its campaign for 1890 was a great success. Over two hundred partook of a sumptuous repast at the Bridge House hotel and a good few dollars were shelled out for propagandist purposes after dinner. You may be interested to learn that the toast "Our Comrades in Other Lands," proposed by my unworthy self, was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.

The evangelicals have as usual been opening the year with a week of prayer, letting the almighty know exactly what they do and what they do not want during the ensuing year. I fear the fervent prayers of these righteous men and women will be of little effect until they get telephonic communication established direct with heaven. At present providence seems very deaf, or in the tantrums, for the week of prayer has been followed by increased severity of the influenza, which diminishes the audiences of the theatres and still more those of the churches. The fact that I am among the sufferers must be my excuse for the brevity of this epistle.

J. M. WHEELER.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

St. Louis, Mo., according to dispatches, is stirred up over a religious sensation that will become national in interest and importance, and of which mutterings have been heard, but which did not fully develop until lately.

The Rev. R. C. Cave is one of the most eloquent, if not the foremost, in pulpit oratory in St. Louis, and for some time past has been pastor of the Central Christian church. His congregation was composed of leading St. Louisans, and the church is situated in an aristocratic quarter of the city.

The first startling evidence that Dr. Cave had departed from the orthodox teachings of Alexander Campbell was found in a sermon delivered by him two months since, in which he flatly denied the inspiration of the Old Testament, and made a general attack upon the narrowness of creeds, his sermon being, as usual, couched in the most brilliant and graphic language.

Anticipating a revolt of the orthodox following to such utterances, Dr. Cave's immediate followers in the Central Christian church held a formal meeting, and strongly indorsed their brilliant pastor.

No action was taken by the orthodox element for some time, but the minister's addresses assuming a more pronounced vein of heterodoxy, his course could not be ignored. Even then the influence wielded by the magnetic pastor was apparent, for at a church meeting held some weeks since, a formal report and disapproval of his advanced teachings were coupled with the most emphatic expressions of appreciation of his talents.

Following this meeting Dr. Cave resigned his pastorate. His resignation was immediately followed by that of a large proportion of the Central church members who were faithful to him, and a hall being rented temporarily a new Christian church was organized under the name of the West End Christian church, with Dr. Cave as pastor.

Since that time the bold minister has delivered a series of sermons that have been widely reported and have attracted profound attention. He denies the inspiration of the scriptures and the divinity of Christ, scoffs at the miracles, and belabors the accepted dogmas of the church unmercifully. In consequence of such a revolutionary course Dr. Cave has been officially condemned by the organs of the Christian church and by other ministers as unsound and dangerous in his doctrine.

Sunday the secession sensation culminated when the undaunted Freethinker arose in his pulpit, and, with great emotion, announced that, in view of official condemnation, he felt it his duty to resign from the pastorate of the seceding church rather than have it and its members pronounced out of communion with all other recognized Christian churches.

This announcement was followed by a last and crowning evidence of loyalty on the part of his followers. It was a virtual repetition of the scriptural scene between Ruth and Naomi, and the declaration, "Whither thou goest I will go," was unqualifiedly made by every member of the bold congregation. It was agreed that if the pastor was heretical his parishioners were also, and all might as well be read out by "book, bell, and candle" together. The officers of the church state that the church was organized under the laws of the state of Missouri, and could continue its existence separated from all other religious bodies. Upon this basis the congregation has formally decided to withdraw from the orthodox Christian church and cling to the pastor. The organization will continue to be known as the West End Christian church, but will be severed from all connection with other religious bodies. It begins its startling existence as an independent religious organization, and its head and front is Dr. R. C. Cave.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MURDER.

This pleasant little city of Arkansas is in Cowley county, Kan., just on the border of the Indian territory. The line is five miles to the southward. At present our community is all torn up over a great miracle which the disciples of Christian Science tried to perform, but they made a mislick of it, and landed an estimable lady on the other side of Jordan. Mrs. T. C. White was well known to all of us. She was prostrated with the pneumonia, but under the treatment of a skillful physician passed the crisis of the malady, and was in a fair way to recover, when she received a visit from a pair of lady cranks of the Christian Science persuasion. They turned her nurse out of doors, persuaded her to quit taking medicine, removed a poultice from her chest, and got her up to join them in energetic prayers for her recovery. "God will take care of you, sister," they assured her. Well, he did take care of her, for if any reliance can be placed on "the good book," she is now playing a golden harp in that better land. She was dead the next morning. The two cranks, struck with horror at the result of their idiotic work, tried to lie out of their responsibility in the matter, but Mr. White and the professional nurse have published statements in the local papers setting all doubts at rest on that score. The poor woman was simply murdered. As a natural result, the faith-cure business is not having much of a boom hereabouts at present.

Did you notice that case in Wisconsin wherein a good Christian was sentenced to the penitentiary for life for killing a man for "scoffing at the Bible?" This practical apostle will get his reward in the next world.

The other night, at a Salvation Army meeting in this city, a female warrior of the band approached a sturdy Swede railroad laborer with the stereotyped question, "My friend, will you work for Jesus?" "No; I hab a job wid Hans Andersen on the section," was the apologetic reply.

PAGAN.

Arkansas City, Kan.

The Truth Seeker's Symposium.

A short time ago the editor of the Truth Seeker sent to some thirty Freethought writers these questions.

Is there an Affirmative, Positive, Constructive side to Freethought?

If not, the reason why?

If there be, in what, in your opinion, does it consist, and in what should it consist?

A large number of replies have been received, and on February 8 the editor will begin to publish them. Among the writers are W. Stewart Ross, editor of the London Agnostic Journal, L. K. Washburn, editor of the Boston Investigator, Capt. Robert C. Adams, F. M. Holland, J. H. Burnham, E. C. Walker, Lucy N. Colman, Parker Pillsbury, R. B. Westbrook, George E. Macdonald, H. O. Pentecost, Susan H. Wixon, Samuel P. Putnam, and

others whose names are guarantees of the merit of their contributions.

PAINE AS A PATRIOT.

The Mail gives this synopsis of the address of George E. Church at the Paine celebration in Stockton:

George E. Church, the orator of the evening, delivered a short but entertaining address, confining himself to historical facts and a brief review of some of the statements made by Paine in his "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason." The speaker said that he did not intend to make any blind eulogies of the one in whose honor the meeting was called. He did not intend to ask those present to worship Paine, but would simply present facts in regard to the misjudged but noble man, and leave his hearers to form their own opinions from the truth. The speaker then followed Paine through his stormy life up to the time of his death. The man, he said was not honored now for his belief but for his noble mind and acts. Other men who had held the same religious unbelief as Paine were not persecuted for it as he was. The president's chair has been filled by men who held the same belief as Paine.

The speaker touched on the subject of the Declaration of Independence, and said that Paine had been largely instrumental in framing that great document, which contained in a wonderfully concise form the fundamental principles of good government. "Let any one look upon Paine's ideas of freedom and say whether he should be honored or reviled," continued the speaker. "A man who had such a love for universal liberty as he had must have possessed some good qualities. You cowardly miscreants who now revile him, do you stop to think that perhaps to him you in a great degree owe the very liberty that you now enjoy?"

Speaking of Paine's life in France, the speaker referred to the time when he was thrown in prison on a charge of treason. The day came for the execution of several men, among them Paine. One of the prison-keepers went around marking the outside doors of the cells of those who were to be executed. Paine's door happened to be swung open, and was marked on the inside instead of the outside. When the men were taken out for execution Paine escaped. "That was not what some men would call an act of providence," said the speaker, "but was, as Paine said, the result of an immutable law which governs the destiny of all mankind."

"No one in the days of Paine could say aught against his morality. None could point a scornful finger at him and say that he had been guilty of immoral acts. The only time that he was ever accused of immorality the accusation recoiled on the accuser."

Christianity and Nationalism.

"The Rev. R. M. Webster, of Long Beach, will deliver the first of a series of four lectures on 'The Relations of Christianity to Nationalism' in Illinois Hall, corner Fort and Sixth streets, this evening."

MR. GEO. E. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir:* The notice given above appeared in the Los Angeles Times Sunday, Feb. 2, A.D. 1890. Should you happen down this way and feel interested in the subject, don't fail to drop in and learn how the combination will work in the good time coming.

Yours very truly, C. SEVERANCE.

Los Angeles.

Mission Creek.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Having considerable faith in the influence of the press for the best interests of the citizen, I wish to call the attention of your many readers, citizens, business men, and property holders to the condition of that long-disputed property lying along what is known as Mission creek. It is a question which concerns the health, happiness, and prosperity of the people of San Francisco. In 1860 Mission creek was capable of floating fifty or sixty tons. Now it is closed up, and that part of the city lying between Fourth and Nineteenth streets has become virtually a swamp, threatening the health of 350,000 people.

The remedy is, open up the creek again and restore to the city its natural artery of drainage. In my opinion, which is shared by every sensible business man, there is no enterprise to which our authorities

could devote themselves promising such beneficial results as this, not alone from a sanitary, but a commercial point of view as well, for the improvement would greatly enhance the value of adjacent property. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Therefore let this creek be strongly piled on each side, filling in with rock and cement and dredging the channel to a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet. Thus improved the work would last for five hundred years, and there is no better time to do it than now.

CITIZEN AND TAX-PAYER.

San Francisco, Feb. 7, 1890.

Mrs. Krekel's Work.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. Krekel has organized a Secular Union here with W. M. Luckey for president; Wm. Patterson, vice-president; H. Evans, treasurer; G. E. Dean, secretary.

Mrs. Krekel's lectures were well-attended, and many pronounced them the best they ever heard.

G. E. DEAN.

Ashland, Or.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel gave two lectures in the U. M. L. Hall of this place on December 28 and 29. On account of bad weather, bad roads, and other reasons, the audiences were not large.

She also gave three or four lectures in Ashland, and organized a Secular Union with thirty-two members. I hope that our Liberals will keep her busy, as she is doing a good work for the cause of freeing the minds of men from all forms of superstition. May the editors, FREETHOUGHT, and the new publishing house have a prosperous year. I hope to see the face of Friend Putnam before long, as I have an argument ready for him on "spooks."

Yours, WM. H. BREESE.

Talent, Or.

A Letter From a Woman.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you allow me to say a word to not only the working man but the working woman also? As I was sitting in the Temple last night listening to the eloquence of Mr. Henry George, I also listened to the talk of some of the men, as I was the only lady in that part of the hall. They said they would not give up their seats to the ladies, as they were not needed there, for they could not vote. I turned and asked them, "Who raised voters, some of whom we need not be proud of?" The thought came to me, Why do not our working women come out and help swell the crowd? If we can not vote, we surely have our influence. Who need a reform more than the working women? What drives women to commit moral suicide but low wages? Perhaps if the men get reformed it will help us a little—who knows? But I would rather have it as a right, not as a gift granted, to say how we shall be governed. Those of us that have outgrown the old fable that man was made first by some great God, therefore he should rule, etc, we see they have run the ruling power in the hands of the few; and when they talk about voting with pride it ought to be with shame, instead, to know the miserable failure they have made; making slaves of themselves, being driven to the polls like cattle (excuse the harsh term) by the bosses, and voting against their own interests—doing this year after year. When some nice politician gets up and tells them what wonderful things he is going to do for the poor working man, they swallow it with a gulp and go on digging and delving, half-clothed and half-starved; yet their condition is better than that of the working women who are making shirts at sixty-five cents per dozen in this city. Think of that, ye law-makers! That is why the working women should be first in all that tends to reform both government and man. When will they give us a chance to help rule, as the green earth belongs to woman as well as man by inheritance? In times of peace she may be frivolous, but when trouble comes she knows what to do and how to act.

This theme has been talked and written about by many able men and women, and it seems like hammering at the same old story; but when governments are stirred to their foundations, must the woman be silent? I say, no. We must talk, write, and keep the subject before the people, for they say continual dropping wears a stone. I hope that in the near future the working man and the working woman will join hands and lift the wheel of political superstition out of the old rut and roll it on to crush the monster that is trying to stop all progression and Freethought.

San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1890.

MRS. O. A. BENJAMIN.

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Was slow to make connections,
So she added a little kerosene to the same
And she went up to heaven in sections.

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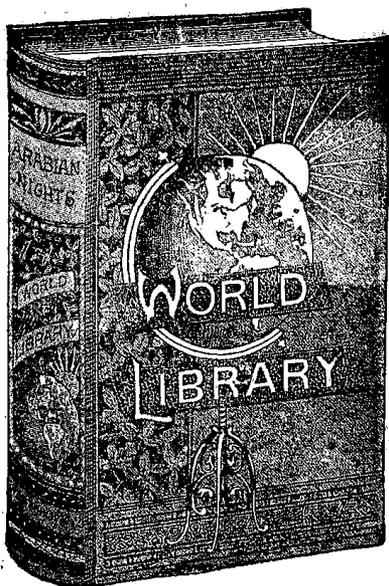
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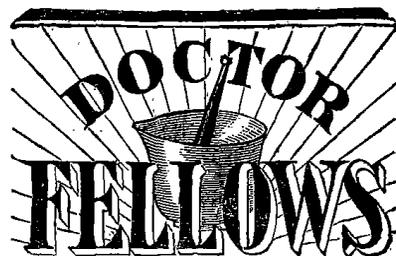
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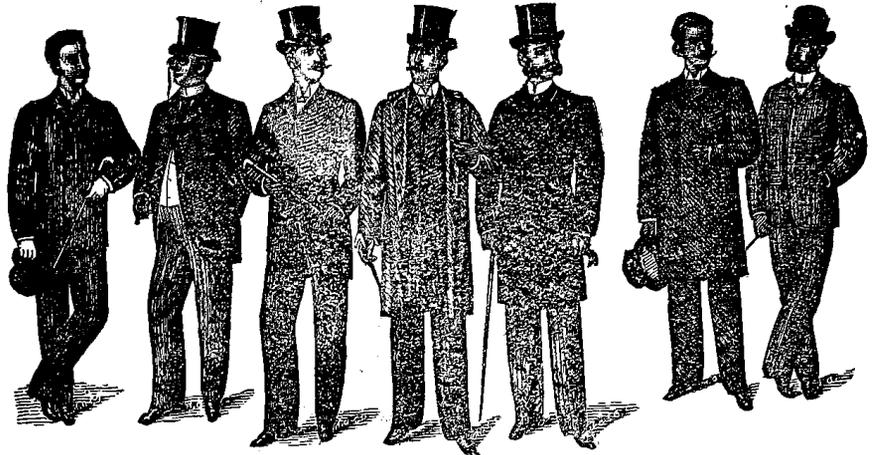
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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

THE BRUNO MEMORIAL.

Last Sunday's clouds parted and the rain held up between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and three or four hundred people took advantage of a half hour's settled weather to gather at Union Square Hall to honor the memory of Giordano Bruno. It was the two hundred and ninetieth anniversary of Bruno's martyrdom. Owing to the threatening sky the attendants were mostly men, but perhaps a hundred ladies were in the audience. The meeting was held under the auspices of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Mr. Putnam presiding. The exercises throughout were marked by ability on the part of the participators, and by deep attention from all the hearers. Mr. Van Aalst, a brilliant pianist, gave "Il Trovatore" as an opening piece and was recalled by hearty applause. The Misses Haelke, of Oakland, performed a zither duet, which grew upon the listeners until at its close they would be satisfied with nothing short of an encore. This the young ladies gave, and the audience cheered again as though loth to part with the gifted musicians. Mr. J. H. White followed in a well-rendered character song, and then the speaker of the evening, Mr. Thomas Curtis, a veteran of two-score years' battle for Freethought, was introduced. His subject was "Giordano Bruno." After a sketch of Bruno's career, in other lands, he gave this most interesting account of the return to Italy:

It is now ten years since he left his native land. His home, made more dear by persecution and exile, beckons longingly to the wanderer. Italy, his mother, is still beautiful as in the days of his youth. Her seas and skies are still painted by the same divine master, the vines cling lovingly around the valleys of her mountains, the songs and the singers may still be heard there which enchanted his youth and brought poetry into his soul. How they beckon to him! Italy, home once more. He went to Padua. The pope lived in Rome, but his hands stretched beyond the city gates. Padua was never suspected of heresy; the holy Inquisition was respected there, but Bruno left Frankfort in quietness and went to Padua. Why did he rashly venture there? Bruno was a poet; what greater love could he have than fatherland? Who can fathom the measureless depths of love of country? But although Bruno would have Padua, Padua rejected him; he had to fly for his life and went to Venice. Padua cast him forth

and Venice opened her arms to receive him, but they were the arms of her jailer, and at last he had found a home in her terrible prison. It is a curious coincidence that at the same moment Bruno entered the prison at Venice, Galileo began to occupy the chair of mathematics at Padua, and the six years he taught in that city Bruno spent in his solitary cell. For six long years, without books or paper, without friends to visit him, he was kept prisoner. On his first confinement at Venice, the grand inquisitor at Rome sent one Thomas Morosini to demand him of the authorities; but he was not delivered to the Inquisition until six years afterwards, when he was sent to Rome to take his trial before the holy tribunal.

The prisons at Venice were not underground, but up close to the roof where the intense heat of summer and the cold of winter were almost unbearable.

At Rome every means was used to cause him to retract his heresies; he was charged with being a heretic and the friend of heretic princes; his writings had been condemned by the church, but threats were of no use, his spirit was unbroke, and he was more than a match for all the holy doctors. At last on the ninth of February, 1600, in the presence of the fifty cardinals and dignitaries of the church, he was forced to his knees and received the sentence of excommunication, which being ended, he was handed over to the civil authorities for execution with a "punishment without the shedding of blood." This must be understood as the cowardly formula of sentencing a human being to be burnt alive. When sentence was pronounced, Bruno, raising his head with haughty superiority, said, "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it." Bruno taught a system of Pantheism altogether opposed to the prevailing Christianity; he accused the clergy of ignorance and hypocrisy. He said God was the activity we call the universe. But God did not create the universe. He admitted the existence of only one intelligence which permeated all nature. His doctrines were somewhat akin to the latest conclusions of science.

It is known that Spinoza and Descartes were anticipated by him. Leibnitz and Schelling admit their great obligations to him. Goethe's *Metamorphoses*, and Shakespeare's wonderful teachings were caught from Bruno. Bruno elevated the claims of the natural world, saying "the worship of nature was the true heroism of the heart and that the lover of wisdom adored an ever perfect model of beauty," and much more of the same character.

Bruno was declared an arch heretic worthy of death. To do the work of their God on earth has ever been the great idea of the church. On the 16th or 17th of February, 1600, one week after his excommunication and sentence, an immense concourse of people were assembled in one of the largest open spaces of Rome, the "holy city." From the expectant, excited look of that almost silent crowd, it was evident that some important event was in progress. Old men and children, women of all ages and conditions, were there. In the center stood a pile of fagots from the midst of which arose a stake firmly imbedded in the earth. Cowed and shaven holy monks moved here and there among that vast assembly. Children pursued their gambols among the crowd. Young women talked in low tones, but without sympathy, to their husbands or fathers of the coming scene. Soldiers in bright armor and students with pale faces jostled each other, beggars met the wealthy without soliciting alms, for all were engaged in another task than the work of this world. "Holy Mother Church" was about to celebrate an act of faith. The In-

quisition had an offering to make to God. The world, insulted by a man who dared to reason on forbidden topics, was to be avenged. A heretic and blasphemer was to get a slight foretaste of his endless doom.

Who shall say anything against the church? Hath not St. Peter the keys of hell as well as of heaven? That vast crowd were believers in the infallibility of the church, and in its judgments they believed themselves as well as their God vindicated. Giordano Bruno the poet, the heretic, the philosopher, was about to suffer death by fire. The crowd are hushed into silence, for on the air is borne the solemn chanting of the miserere by the monks. The holy procession approaches. Soldiers clear the way. In the center, calm and resolute, with head erect, walks the man just released from his six years' solitary imprisonment. It has not broken his manly spirit, nor shaken his noble resolution. The men say he is stubborn, the women exclaim, "How handsome." His countenance is pale but placid. The cross is offered to him to kiss, he refuses; the excited crowd tremble, some anathematize him, others cry "heretic;" he alone appears fortified. Some hopes are entertained that he will recant at last. He is chained to the stake. Priests and monks surround him to catch a last word of confession. A little hypocrisy will help him now, and save him at the last moment. Holy church ever opens her arms to receive repentant sinners. One last test is offered, the symbol of the dying savior on the cross is placed to his lips; he spurns it and those who tempt him with disgust—"Enough, light the pile"—determined, unalterable, and obstinate to the last, without a word or sigh, not a sign of change. The flames increase and roar, they surround his bound but not subdued body. The smoke curls upward followed by the forked fire. There he still remains, writhing in agony, but no shriek of pain, no groans are heard. The fierce crackling of the wood finds its only echo in the hearts of the cruel bigots who gaze on its work. A few short minutes and the work is accomplished, and the ashes of the man who created consternation in the church, are scattered by the winds or trodden under foot by the populace of Rome. Thus perished in the prime and vigor of his life, as many before him, Giordano Bruno, a martyr to the right of private judgment and Freethought.

We therefore cherish his memory and will hold him in everlasting remembrance.

This story was followed with the closest attention, and, as the Chronicle reported the next morning, it "so worked upon the feelings of the audience that at the conclusion of the narrative a loud burst of applause broke forth."

The next number was a song by Miss Evangeline Ballou, which, like the rest of the programme, won the enthusiastic recall which the young lady's singing always deserves.

Miss Lilian Arper's recitation of Charles Mackay's "Eternal Justice" fitted the occasion exactly, and could not have been better rendered.

They may veil their eyes, but cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant may work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed—
They may curse it and call it crime
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time,
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

Mrs. Eugenia Clark, of graceful figure, attractive face, and melodious voice, sang admirably a pathetic song; and then another in acknowledgment of the applause evoked by the first. Then Mr. Putnam closed the exercises with a short address, and by reading a poem prepared for the occasion by George Macdonald. He gave the lines very effectively, and the poem seemed to take,

as no one left the hall during its delivery, and several applauded at the close.

Although this ended the evening's entertainment, and though nearly half the night was gone, the audience retained their seats until dismissed by a sort of benediction from the chairman, who thanked them all for their presence and for their respectful attention.

This is one of the best meetings the writer has ever attended. The addresses, songs, and recitations were of such high merit, the audience was so large, so attentive where close attention was called for, and so generous in awarding praise to its entertainers—everything indeed passed off so brilliantly and harmoniously, that many a day may pass before we see its like again.

A RELIGIOUS GOVERNMENT OF TO-DAY.

The monstrous horrors of the Siberian prison—the flogging to death of innocent women, the suicide of others—the revolt and the terrific scenes accompanying, are now the topic of a shuddering and indignant world; and universally against the Russian government there is the cry of execration and condemnation. The czar of Russia stands before the bar of mankind as the colossal criminal of the age. If anybody ought to be blown to pieces for wrong-doing, he certainly ought to be blown to pieces. If there is any place for dynamite it is in St. Petersburg. No wonder that the best blood and brain of Russia are devoted to the death of this man by any means whatsoever. He is a murderer, the ravisher of women. He is branded, and should suffer the penalty. May the deaths of these exiles and patriots be avenged upon this detestable villain who wears a crown to cover the heart of a fiend. Humanity abhors him.

The only possible salvation of Russia is rebellion and revolution. The sooner it comes the less bitter the way. The government of Russia is in itself a crime, a monstrosity. At heart it is a wild beast, suited only for the desert and the jungle. It does not belong to civilization. No war, however bloody, can be so bad as this government. It is the incarnation of barbarism. It is worthy only of the scaffold and dynamite.

Yet our government allies itself with this monster of the past. When the criminal is executed it sends its condolences, not to the victims of his cruelty, but to its supporter. It is exasperating to see the officials of the American republic weep when justice is done. Our flag should float over the exiles of Siberia and help to give them liberty—rather than twine its folds with the ensign of despotism.

It seems as if all governments were in secret alliance, realizing perhaps that they are usurpations more or less, and not the real expression of the people's will. If the issue were made to-day between the czar and the Siberian exiles, between despotism on one side and liberty on the other, between barbarism and civilization, we know where the American people would stand—but where would its governmental representatives stand? Cardinal Manning praises the wisdom and justice of the czar—hails him as the friend of the people. He has no word to utter against the atrocities of Siberia.

Yes, the ecclesiastics are all together—they are in a subtle and world-wide conspiracy—they join hands to uphold the cruelties of the past and maintain their own power—the ecclesiastics of America, of England, of Italy, and of Russia.

The government of Russia is essentially a religious government. That is why it is so cruel, so savage, and so terrible in its administration. If the czar were only a civil magistrate,

clothed with civil authority, these murders and floggings would be impossible. It is because the czar calls himself divine, the ambassador of God, the vicegerent of the Almighty, that he feels called upon to perpetrate these infinite outrages. Who in all history has been so cruel as "God?" Wherever God is in any human government there are the dungeon and the stake, there are the sword and fagot, there are crimes innumerable.

The czar is "God;" he is clothed with religious authority, and that is why he is so inhuman and so infamous. If he only considered himself a man, he would be kindly and just. He could not be otherwise, for humanity would then be his strongest motive. But he considers himself above and beyond humanity, relieved therefore of human responsibility, and so capable of the greatest wrongs. This is why Cardinal Manning supports the despot, why the pope supports him, why many of our officials support him—because the bond of ecclesiasticism joins them. They are all in the same boat. They are all "servants of God," "ministers of the Most High," and they therefore have a common safety and a common danger.

It is religion that maintains the czar. It is the church universal that allies itself with him, be it in Rome or Washington. Strip the czar of his ecclesiastical position and he could not maintain himself before the indignant world.

These hideous barbarities of Siberia are the direct outcome of religion. Without religion they could not be. Without religion no one would have the heart to perpetrate these awful crimes. Who but an ecclesiastic would flog a woman to death? Russia is a religious government *par excellence*. Other governments are much less religious, and therefore none of them are quite so murderous as Russia. So far as they are stripped of religious authority they are civilized and humane. But Russia is church and state absolutely in one, and hence its capacity for crimes that astound the world. Russia confronts the civilization of to-day with the savage heart of old religion. In her we see the priesthood of the Dark Ages. She is a living example of the infinite curse of superstition. In most countries the fangs of religion have been extracted—they cannot hurt materially—but in Russia they are the forces of government itself, and we see how terrific they are. Russia shows what religion always has been, what religion always will be, when armed with power. After all it is not the assassination of the czar that will relieve, but the death of religion itself. That is the giant criminal—not the man, but the system. The dynamite of thought must be applied to this monster. It is the religion that must be blown to pieces, not merely the picture of it.

In Siberia religious authority has full sway. In Siberia we see just what religion is. In Siberia we see the terrific power against which we must contend everywhere. In Siberia we see the "naked truth" of religion. In other countries, in ours, it is covered up with the advantages of a civilization, against which it has fought, and to which it now submits and even pretends to make.

But in Siberia the mask is off, and in these crimes at which the world stands aghast we behold a religious government acting out its real nature.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The lecture before the San Francisco Freethought Society Sunday evening, February 23, will be delivered by Prof. Herbert Miller; subject, "An Old Freethought Poet." These meetings are held every Sunday evening at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street.

LEND A HAND.

The prevailing hard times continue to press heavily upon the people and the commerce of this coast, and are felt by all classes. Laborers are out of employment, and cannot pay their bills at the grocer's, the butcher's, and the small dealer's. As a consequence, the small dealer cannot pay the wholesaler, and the wholesaler is embarrassed. His business contracts instead of expanding, and he discharges instead of employing more workmen. Thus the workingman's poverty reacts upon himself. In the country the situation is not more favorable than in the city. Stock suffers from the inclemency of the weather, farmers are harassed by freshets, mines are snowed under or flooded.

We call attention to these facts for the purpose of pointing out the effect which the present state of affairs must inevitably have, and is having, upon FREETHOUGHT. Outside San Francisco our patrons are largely farmers; in the city, mechanics. And these two classes suffer most by the business depression. We receive every day letters asking for a little time on subscriptions, and this we are most willing to accord. It is of no use to ask for money from men who have not got it, no matter how willing they may be to pay. Consequently we must look to other sources at the present time and depend upon the promptness of those who have means to keep the flag flying until this depression lifts. We would like to see our well-to-do Liberals face the crisis and give us a lift over the difficulty.

DEATH OF PHOTIUS FISK.

Photius Fisk, the veteran Freethinker and philanthropist, died at his home in Boston February 7. His great age and an attack of influenza were the cause of his death.

Mr. Fisk was a native of Hydra, in Greece. His father's name was Ravasales, but an uncle who adopted Photius in youth gave him his own name, that of Fisk. He was educated for the ministry, and received the appointment of chaplain in the navy, which he held at the time of his death, though on the retired list. Of late years he had actively espoused the cause of Freethought, and was a generous contributor to its support. At the age of 85 he dies universally respected and mourned.

LECTURES IN OAKLAND.

W. S. Bell will deliver a free lecture in Dama Hall, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, Oakland, Sunday, February 23, at 3:30 P.M., on "Sunday Legislation."

S. P. Putnam will speak at the same place and hour on the following Sunday. Good music may be expected at both meetings.

We justly cry out against the barbarity of the spirit of Russian government, but how about barbarity here in our own country? Read this dispatch from Wheeling, West Virginia, dated Feb. 16, year of grace 1890: "The whitecap spirit seems to be coming to the front again in certain parts of this state. At Rockport, Wood county, Charles Wood and his wife were both taken from their home and unmercifully beaten on the back with hickory switches and compelled to leave the county and the state. They passed through Parkersburg yesterday and told a horrible story of their suffering and treatment. The wife says that after whipping her husband the mob caught her while she was trying to escape from the house with their children and tied her to a tree. She was then beaten until the blood came. Mrs. Smith says that the whole cause for the outrage was her resistance of the im-

proper solicitation of a citizen of her neighborhood. At Clay Courthouse a woman was also driven away by a mob who visited her house, firing guns and revolvers, and tied a note of warning to her door."

THE Prince de Looz, described as a scion of one of the most powerful Catholic families of Belgium, is also what might in common phrase be termed a daisy. He was engaged to a young Portuguese lady, and went so far toward fulfilling the engagement as to be married to her by the civil authorities of Paris, and the papal nuncio stood ready, in consideration of the prince's high standing as a Catholic, to unite the couple with religious mummery; but before the second form was enacted, Mr. Looz struck his prospective father-in-law for ten thousand dollars, and refused to proceed with the ecclesiastical marriage until that sum was paid. The father declined, and the young lady is neither maid, wife, nor widow, which last estate, in view of the character of Prince Looz, would seem to be the preferable position.

MGR. DOANE, of Newark, N. J., who carries the title of "protonotary apostolic," whatever that may mean, has notified his parishioners that they must withdraw their children from the public schools and place them in parochial schools under penalty of excommunication and denial of absolution. The Catholic church in New Jersey has for several years been endeavoring to get the exclusive control of Catholic children, but has failed on account of the poor quality of the education offered by parochial institutions. It will, be interesting to observe how they will succeed under the present bulldozing methods.

THE Pioneers of Colorado lately held a reunion and banquet at Boulder. They were an intelligent lot of men, and made good speeches, but the one in which we take the greatest interest, not to say pride, is that of the Hon. Joseph Wolff. Mr. Wolff took "State Education" for his subject, and defended secular schools with a vigor and ability rarely surpassed. In closing he said: "The chiefest aim of the balance of my life shall be to defend, sustain, and encourage state secular education in its most comprehensive form, and to oppose with all the vigor of my nature every effort to cripple, prostitute, or destroy it, come from whatever source it may."

THE "Chronicles of Simon Christianus," the first of which we print this week, are from an English pamphlet republished by D. M. Bennett some fifteen years ago. It is intended as a burlesque on the manuscript-discovering mania which has heretofore afflicted the Christian world. The author claims that a portion of the manuscript was found in an ash-barrel and that the remainder fell direct from heaven. Its inspiration is therefore placed as far beyond doubt as that of any other manuscript.

THE admirable addresses of W. S. Bell and the Hon. A. Schell are now issued in tract form. The title of Mr. Bell's address is "Popular Delusions Concerning Popular Government," of which we will mail four copies for ten cents. "Brains, Science, and Civilization" is the title of Mr. Schell's lecture. It makes a neat pamphlet of sixteen pages, at five cents per copy. Both are bright, original, and thought-provoking works, and should have the extended circulation which they deserve.

J. M. WHEELER, associate editor of the London Freethinker, has done a good work in compiling and publishing "A Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers." The book will, as the author

hopes, "do something to show how many of the world's worthiest men and women have been Freethinkers." With the exception that many Freethinkers who combined Spiritualism with Freethought are omitted, the book is as inclusive as could be desired. The price of the Dictionary in England is about \$2, but the United States puts a tariff of 25 cents on each copy, presumably to encourage its republication in this country.

THE perennial messianic fraud is creating great excitement in South Minneapolis. A disciple of Schweinfurth, who calls himself Christ, and is accepted as such by numerous deluded people, has been breaking up families and leading the lambs of the flock astray. The disciple, whose name is Whitney, is the head of a Christian family, composed mainly of women, with whom his relations are the subject of scandalous report.

THE Sabbath Association is endeavoring to procure the passage of a Sunday law in the District of Columbia. Their work is unnecessary. The District already has a Sunday law, inherited from the state of Maryland, which makes Sunday labor or recreation punishable with a fine of two hundred pounds of tobacco. The law is slightly out of date, but it is as good now as it ever was.

SEVERAL HUNDRED SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "FREETHOUGHT" ARE NOW DUE. IT IS HOPED THAT THOSE WHO HAVE THE MEANS WILL AT ONCE SEND IN THEIR RENEWALS. DATES OF EXPIRATION APPEAR ON THE WRAPPERS OF THE PAPER.

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps on sale the medical and hygienic works of M. L. Holbrook, M.D., of New York. Also the Buddhistic, Theosophic, or mental science works of W. F. Evans.

THE "California Nationalist" is the name of a paper just started at Los Angeles. It is edited with ability, but its typography is suggestive of the backwoods district.

THE San Francisco Presbytery refuses to revise the Confession of Faith, and "Infants be damned" will continue to be the motto inscribed upon their banners.

CONSULT our list of premiums published on another page. Any two of the books mentioned are given with every *new* subscription.

IF any Liberal or scientific book is desired, FREETHOUGHT office is the place to apply for it.

OBSERVATIONS.

I have just received a copy of Mr. J. M. Wheeler's "Biographical Dictionary of Freethinkers," wherein I find myself mentioned as "Macdonald (George), brother of the preceding." Which raises the question: If I had no elder brother, in what language could I be described?

Brother Wanamaker, postmaster-general, has proposed to Congress the inauguration of a postal telegraph system for general use. The prices are to be so scaled that a message of twenty words may be sent anywhere within twenty-five miles for the nominal sum of ten cents. If Wanamaker succeeds in getting this bill juggled into a law he will have performed a public service which the capitalists who allowed him to be put in office could scarcely have foreseen, or he would now be selling ready-made pants instead of postage stamps. There is no reason why the postal telegraph system should not be adopted, except such as

may be offered by existing telegraph companies who have the distinction to stand in the way, and their opinions could not be regarded as disinterested. They would naturally object to having their business ruined. But there are two ways of getting out of the difficulty. First, offer the telegraph companies a fair price for their plant. If they accept, the problem is solved; if they decline, it must be solved in another manner which I have not heard proposed. The latter method is simply as follows: After passing the bill let both houses of the national legislature adjourn indefinitely. Then let each member provide himself with the necessary tools, and the whole force at once proceed to put up new telegraph lines from Washington to San Francisco. There are four or five hundred of them, and they would make a most impressive exhibition as they strung out for business. They ought to put up ten miles a day of good serviceable wire. And what a reception they would get from the people all along the line! It would be one grand triumphal march. Local legislators would follow their example, adjourn, procure picks and long-handled shovels, and make a bee of it in every state. Owners of timber would donate the poles, and wire men could do no less as regards the wares which they manufacture. A year's time would do the business, and when the august gang of senators and representatives, with President Harrison as foreman, reached this coast, they might expect and receive such a greeting as no mere party of junketers ever met with. Their board would not cost them a cent while they remained in the city.

This is a mere outline of the plan; let others fill in the details. There could be no greater sight placed before the people of our land than that of a body of legislators making themselves useful.

The papers devote a great deal of space to the talked-of contest between John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson. The assumption is that the public would be interested in such a meeting, which is true as regards that portion of the public who would delight in witnessing a fight between a bulldog and an ourang-outang.

I acknowledge writing the appended poem. Those who applauded Mr. Putnam's rendering of it at the Bruno memorial meeting, and who now see it in cold type, may judge how much it owed to the way it was read on that occasion. For my own part I am glad to confess that the rhymer was lost in the reader:

In the smiling land where the Tiber flows
On its winding way from the mountains down,
The sun of a far-off day arose
On a seven-hilled city of past renown.

It shone on pillar and tower and arch,
On church and temple and statue fair,
On a mob of black-robed priests who march
To a chosen spot in a public square.

It sees the man they have brought and bound,
It sees them driving the martyr's stake,
And while they are piling the fagots round
Their curses and maledictions break.

We look, and the cowed and howling crowd
Of Roman ruffians and Romish priests
Scowl dark on their victim, angry-browed
With the brutal passions of savage beasts.

No friend is present to take his part,
Nor venture the protest of groan or sob,
Save that some woman of tender heart
Weeps low at the outskirts of the mob.

The hands of assassins have lit the fire,
But the martyr, erect, unawed, unbowed,
Looks out from the smoke of his funeral pyre
Serene as the stars look through a cloud.

The deed is done, and the crowds disperse,
And Bruno, the noble, once more is free,
For the waves of the Tiber, a sombre hearse,
Flow down with his ashes toward the sea.

Ah, this was Rome when the church had power
And owned the soil that the patriot trod;
This was the bloom of the papal flower—
Yea, this was Italy under God.

But the sun shines still, round goes the world,
And another era has dawned on Rome;
The vicar of Christ from the throne is hurled,
And the land of the popes is the free man's home.

On the spot where Bruno died that day
A marble statue confronts the eye,
While the priests in their cloister curse or pray,
And bemoan the worth of a time gone by.

And Italy's sons, while the Tiber flows,
Will guard that statue from break or fall,
And Bruno's lovers shall fame disclose,
As the noblest Romans among them all.

Ah, this is Italy, free at last
From the curse of the sacerdotal clan;
Undoing the crimes of a brutal past,
Lo, this is Italy under Man.

THE ELOQUENT RAVLIN.

The ex-Rev. N. F. Ravlin has returned to San Jose from the East, and on Feb. 9 addressed an audience too large for Odd Fellows' Hall. Among other things he said:

The mission of Liberalism is to overthrow the bigotry and persecutions of orthodoxy. It has in these years broken up the old darkness which brooded over the human intellect and filled the mind with superstition and the heart with fear and hate. So effective has this influence been that even the inner circle of orthodoxy has felt the genial glow of truth, and the most dogmatic are beginning to learn that the abominable doctrine taught of God and hell and damnation can no longer be inculcated among intelligent men. This influence is shown by the fact that the Presbyterians are now revising the Westminster Confession of Faith, and they have got so far that they admit that children who die in infancy do not go to hell forever. This is very good for the children. They were saved from damnation by a majority of three; but we are asked to believe that if this convention should vote the opposite way next year then the infants must go to hell again.

Liberalism has a mission outside of teaching common sense and reason to orthodoxy. That mission is to save the republic. All the churches are now clamoring for a union of church and state. In this demand Protestantism and Catholicism go hand in hand. Liberalism alone stands on guard to preserve the rights of men. Monopolies are endeavoring, by grasping all the wealth of the country, to establish an aristocracy, and to crush the people. Against this power also Liberalism wars incessantly. This, then, is the mission which we have before us. We must be vigilant, brave, and earnest to save the country from the insidious snares of clericalism and the bolder attacks of monopolists. The dangers that threaten us from these powers are greater than those of secession. Catholicism fights the public school, and Protestantism the liberal Sunday. They wish to have this idea of God inserted in the constitution and the Christian religion made the law of the land. To achieve these things they have organized their forces and collected their strength. The cries of the leaders urging their cohorts to the assault can be heard everywhere throughout America.

In Italy a few years ago a statue was erected to the memory of Giordano Bruno on the very spot where that noble martyr to science was burned at the stake by the church of Rome, and as it was erected the shouts of applauding thousands proclaiming the liberty of man and the triumph of truth, could be heard by the pope himself as he lay gnashing his teeth in his den. From this incident I am persuaded that the power of the pope is diminishing in Italy and is growing in America; and is growing so rapidly that it is a serious danger. It is time for us who are Liberals to rise and confront this danger and to say to this mighty foe, "Stand back; touch not the altars that are sacred to liberty." If Liberalism does not do this, then Protestantism and Catholicism, combined with the money power, will seize the country and we will have once more imposed upon men the old tyranny of church and state. Nor is this all. The big fish ever devours the little fish; and when once a religion has been established by law it will not be long before the big church of Rome will swallow the smaller churches of the Protestants one by one; a Catholic

hierarchy will be established in wealth and ecclesiastical power above us, and the pope will issue his decrees from the White House.

I will address you next Sunday evening on the nine just and reasonable demands of Liberalism, but I cannot close this theme to-night without exhorting you to be watchful and active. Would to heaven I could impress upon Robert Ingersoll the great need which there is for his presence on the platform at this juncture. He should be made to know that it is to him that we look for leadership, for his is the majestic presence, the eloquent lips, the glowing eye, the strong mind, and the cheering words which alone can unite us and confirm us in our bond of union, our struggle for the liberation of the intellect, and our devotion to the republic in which we live.

BOOK REVIEW.

TRAVELING ALONE—A Women's Journey Around the World. By Lillian Leland. Pp. 358, price 30 cents. Sold at FREETHOUGHT office.

To travel is an art; to travel alone is a fine art. It requires more than courage or information. One must be born to it, as one is born to command. Only a woman can do it with absolute success. A man would be sure to blunder and thereby lose his head.

The art of travel is to see and to tell things. Someone showed Sidney Smith a stick. "This stick has been all round the world," was the remark. "Well," said Sidney, "it is only a stick now." Many travelers return the same as they started. They see nothing and tell nothing. Only sticks and nothing more.

This little lady traveler of twenty-five summers and no winters seems to have visual organs all over her head. She sees everything from centre to circumference. Her brain is a photographic machine. It takes pictures right along and keeps them, and flashes them upon the page with wonderful correctness, while the color is ever-changing. There is infinite variety. The tale is told like the running of a brook. It bubbles and sparkles with feminine vivacity. You must listen while "she talks" from scene to scene. Like Coleridge's Mariner, she holds you with her "glittering eye."

To travel is one thing. To see pictures, to receive impressions, to be in sympathy with ever-varying sea and sky, and the manners of men, and the thoughts of men, to understand all and translate into flowing language, this is another thing, and this is the art of Lillian Leland. She takes you with her an invisible companion, and with charming gossip tells you all about her world-wide wanderings. Like Walter Scott she tells her story without any "style" or rhetorical adornments. There is no "fine writing" in the book, no drowsy eloquence of description. It is downright talk, simple, plain, and clear as crystal. The author is a born story teller, and wastes no words in her picturesque delineations. She simply suggests, and does not weary "with words of learned length and thundering sound."

This is a book of life, of literature, and of art as well as of motion. It tells of the people as well as of the lands; of men and women and children as well as of mountains and seas. It tells of the homes as well as of the temples and palaces. It gives an inside view, not merely an outside show. All around, in every varying scene, in Japan, China, India, the Himalayas, by the Ganges and Jordan and the Bosphorus, at Rome, Berlin, Brussels, Paris, Petersburg, Moscow, the "Land of the Midnight Sun," London, New York, Yosemite, Yellowstone; it is not simply physical nature that is brought to view in stupendous and lovely and fascinating forms. The heart of humanity is blended with the magnificence of material things, and in every clime we discover the same nobility, the same weakness revealed by a bright, healthy, intuitive, and sensible woman, who looks straight at things, understands them, and has a tongue to tell exactly what she thinks and knows. Not only has she a most facile pen—a "fountain pen"—but also a mind of her own. There is no imitation. She does not describe or criticise like anybody else. She does not admire a temple, a monument, or a painting because the world admires or pretends to admire it. She is not afraid to criticise a "masterpiece" with nine chances to one that her judgment is right in the matter. She gives her own impressions with an audacity that is perfectly refreshing.

The book is worth reading from beginning to end. There is not a particle of religious, literary, or artistic cant in it. Every religion, however, is respected, and every nationality receives its due credit. But the author is an American—American in heart and brain, and the breath of the new world is in every one of her spirited pages.

She writes as a Freethinker without saying so. Those who are acquainted with the history of American Freethought know that Lillian Leland has the inheritance not only of genius but of liberty from one who has been illustrious in our own ranks. The book, therefore, can be recommended to every Freethinker as one of the best books of travels ever written, thoroughly interesting, reliable, instructive, sparkling with humor, brilliant with thought, a "jolly book," a book to make one feel better and have more faith in humanity than ever before, and a greater admiration for woman, who undoubtedly "can paddle her own canoe" "Traveling Alone."

GOLD MINING AS A NON-PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY.

We have in this country—and other countries are similarly afflicted—a circulating medium called money based upon the precious metals, gold and silver. California being a mining locality, nothing could be more unpopular than the suggestion that this basis for money is in fact an injury not only to the people at large but to the state. Any one informed concerning the matter will admit that the gold and silver taken from the earth and coined into money would not pay more than laborer's wages to the successful and unsuccessful miners who have spent their time in prospecting and digging for it. And if the facts were otherwise the statement would still hold good that precious metals as a basis for money are a prolific cause of wasted labor. What gives these metals value? Certainly not their usefulness in the mechanic arts, since their places can be almost entirely filled by other metals. The real value of gold and silver indisputably arises from their scarcity and from their use as representatives of cost. It is because on an average a man can earn no more dollars at mining than he can at other industries that gold dollars retain their value, and this must always remain their measure.

The defect, therefore, of gold as money consists in the fact that it must be doubly earned—once by the miner and again by the others into whose hands it may subsequently pass. Supposing that on one side of a stream a farmer raises ten bushels of potatoes worth ten dollars, while across the stream a miner digs ten dollars' worth of gold. The miner may purchase the potatoes, but he has produced nothing; whereas if he had worked with the farmer he would have produced ten bushels of potatoes, and there would have been twenty bushels instead of ten. It will thus be seen that the miner is a non-producer because the result of his labor merely goes into circulation instead of into use; and yet the miner has worked as hard to obtain the symbol of value of the potatoes as the farmer has to obtain the potatoes themselves. The potatoes, then, have been twice earned—once by the farmer and once by the miner. The absurdity of the thing is equalled by the Athanasian conception of the trinity: "For there is one person of the father, another of the son, and another of the holy ghost"—each being almighty—"and yet there are not three almighties, but one almighty." So in this case there is the labor of the farmer, equal to ten bushels of potatoes, and the labor of the miner, equal to ten bushels; and ten bushels added to ten bushels are equal to twenty bushels; and yet there are not twenty bushels, but ten bushels.

And as the miner's relation is to the farmer, so it is to the manufacturer. Except for the slight mechanical and esthetic value of gold, the vast amount of labor expended in gold-mining is unproductive and therefore wasted, and the cause of it all is the use of gold as money.

Another absurdity connected with the case is the locking up of coin in the treasury vaults, and issuing paper certificates as an acknowledgment that metal is too unwieldy for convenient use as money. Why the certificates were not issued in the first place and the expense of mining saved, is a question which many may ask and find none to answer in a satisfactory manner.

MINER.

ATHEISM—MATERIALISM.

In denying a God, Atheists do or need not "assert" anything. Whether Materialists, Spiritists, or of other schools of thought, their attitude toward Theism is purely incidental or supplementary. Their Atheism is independent of any views they may entertain, rationally or otherwise, concerning abstract existence, or life. The Theist advances a theory absolutely absurd to the Atheist. The Atheist refutes every argument in its favor. This is sufficient to overthrow Theism; even should the Atheist insist that the moon is made of green cheese.

I am emphatically a Materialist, a Realist, or Naturalist. I know something exists, and this something, which comprises everything in the universe, is what I believe in. This admits of no cavil and proves itself. Let a God reveal himself in the skies; prove a devil and locate a hell; cause spirits to become objects of knowledge, and I will cheerfully add all these to the body of my belief. If real, Materialism embraces them all. How they came into existence—a profound and interesting problem—has nothing to do with refuting an old wife's fable and childish theory.

The Theist affirms there is a being, person, in the image of man, here or somewhere off in the universe, who, or which, can be in this town, in Chicago, with a man in his office, in China, in every part of the world, on the moon, on the sun, on each star in particular and every star in general; also, in ethereal space between these innumerable planets; in them and outside of them; in their stupendous orbits, when occupied by them, or otherwise; here and there and everywhere in the boundless universe, in person, complete—not in part—everywhere at one and the same time.

The assertion is equivalent to saying that a God—the entire God—can occupy the eye of a needle; that one God can occupy the eyes of all needles—a complete God in each; that he can fill all space occupied and not occupied by needles as well as the space occupied by all else. Because if God is not where other bodies are and other matter is, he is nowhere, since other bodies and other matter—not God—occupy all space now, have always occupied and will always occupy it.

Knowing, then, matter to fill all space, and to "possess the promise and potency of all life," we simply deny the Theist's wild assumption as utterly unthinkable, unreasonable, and absurd. Knowing matter to fill all space we know a God cannot fill all space. Knowing matter to possess or to be force and potency, we know also that a God is not needed to create cosmic phenomena and life. Knowing something cannot come from nothing we know matter is eternal, and knowing all phenomena to be natural we recognize no designer or creator.

Has God a brain? If so how can he be infinite, eternal, and not necessitate a progenitor like other beings? With no brain how can he be omniscient? Supposing fire were to consume all living organisms to-day, could any one logically affirm that psychic phenomena could possibly continue to manifest itself in the absence of physical life? And if no animal life is possible upon the burning planets, is intelligence, thought and its related sensations possible or even thinkable? No! Consciousness, mind, wisdom, love, being strictly functions of animal organisms and otherwise impossible, is it not unreasonable to postulate their independent existence in the absence of such animal organism? Are not body and mind cause and effect? If then the organism is dependent upon favorable conditions for its existence, does it not seem rational that when unfavorable conditions annihilate the physical, the functions of such physical bodies are non-existent also?

It is all nonsense to divest God of anthropomorphic outline. The Bible is the Christian's sole basis for a God. This plainly defines God as a person. Deny this and there is no God, or proof of a God.

Do you remember the hide-and-seek story of Genesis? One evening God called upon his first-born. "He walked in the garden at the close of day," but couldn't find Adam. He finally gave up the search and exclaimed, "Adam, where art thou?" All these modern theologians who are struggling to evolve a "New Theology" out of an old "Revelation" (an impossible

task) and to rescue their God from destruction by divesting him of personality, should read the above chapter for proof that the Bible absolutely defines God to be a person; and, indeed, of such limited proportions that when "walking in the garden" he could not see Adam, who was hiding behind a tree a rod or two away!

So much to prove a negative. Now, to prove Materialism, Monism, Naturalism—all of which are one. Mr. Pentecost says: "Atheists believe that the universe evolved." Here he is in error. Atheists—say Materialists rather—believe the universe is eternal. It is to-day precisely as it has been forever. It resembles a huge kaleidoscope in motion, the detail (finite parts) forever changing, the vast whole forever in *statu quo*. Evolution implies beginning, growth, evolving to perfection; then retrogression, decay, change; again new forms, and this process repeated eternally. But this cannot be logically postulated of the universe, or the vast, infinite aggregate, or "The All" as the "Open Court" pleases to call it. This, to-day, must be precisely in the same condition of perfection as it was an eternity ago (if you can realize how long that is) and at that time precisely in the same condition that it was an eternity before that mystic time, and so on *ad infinitum*.

An eternity of time was, at any particular time in the past, sufficient time for the universe to accomplish at such particular time the identical degree of perfection it presents at the present time.

All matter is force—physical and chemical. This, "will-less, purposeless, senseless," is the sole cause of all cosmic phenomena and life. In inorganic aggregation—a chemical process—it evolves into the primary life-germ, then into higher animal forms, these, finally into a Humboldt, Spencer, and Bryant. As the origin of the child is purely a physical effect of purely physical causes—many times "unwelcome," and in spite of the will of its progenitors—so all other phenomena are evolved by the subtle but "senseless" forces prevailing each atom, gentle and humble in themselves, but gigantic and omnipotent in vast aggregation.

Topsy knew more about the true order of nature than the church; she "grow'd;" and this is much more philosophical than the theories of the church regarding man's origin.

OTTO WETTSTEIN, in the Twentieth Century.

THE BETHLEHEM MYTH.

Professor Pickering of Harvard University on being shown a dispatch dated Vienna, and announcing that the Star of Bethlehem would reappear this year, said: "I can scarcely believe that this story emanated from the astronomers at Vienna, for had there been the slightest intimation of the appearance of this star, it would have been cabled to us at once, as is always done in the case of astronomical news gathered in Europe. The report is probably the unauthorized revival of an old rumor that this star, erroneously called the Star of Bethlehem, was to make its appearance, but as this statement has been made several times since 1884, when the star was looked for by some astronomers, there is doubtless nothing in it.

"The star referred to was the one discovered by Tycho Brahe in 1572, and was named for him. It appeared quite suddenly in the constellation of Cassiopeia, and had a brilliancy greater than any of the planets, so much so that it was visible in the daytime. From certain records it was believed by some that this star had appeared in the same position 312 years before, or in 1260, and assuming this interval of appearance to be correct, it would have been visible about the time of the Christian era, and it was thus termed by some the Star of Bethlehem. If its return was after 312 years, the time of its reappearance would have been in 1884, but nothing has yet been seen of it, although many observers watched for it at that time. Such a phenomenon at the present day would have the highest value to astronomical science, for, by the use of modern instruments, observations could be taken and information gathered that would be of the greatest assistance in a series of experiments now in progress. There is, however, so much doubt in the matter that it is of little use to surmise as to the star's reappearance."—Boston Post.

Bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT, 1889, \$3.

WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION.

Despite the long snow blockade, floods, washouts, and landslides on the railroads, and the fierce winds and severe storms making it disagreeable if not dangerous on the sound; despite la grippe, which held so many of our delegates, and ruthlessly seized the Rev. Mr. Copeland (so we got the telegram of his inability to come just before time for him to deliver the opening lecture of the convention); despite incessant downpour of rain during the three days and evenings of our meeting, the Washington Convention of Secularists, held at Seattle January 28, 29, and 30, was a grand success. While hopeful of a larger attendance of delegates (each evening the large hall was crowded and great enthusiasm manifested), we had regularly elected delegates from only twelve counties; yet their ability and the earnest devotion to the purpose of the convention which each and all manifested, dispelled any feeling of disappointment and inspired all with hope and confidence. Never was witnessed more earnest, intelligent discussion. In regard to every clause of the convention, each fully and freely expressed and contended for their own opinion. Yet there was no majority or minority, for when final vote was taken all were in harmony.

During the sessions of the three days of the convention (the evenings alone were given to public lectures, the entire day sessions being used by the delegates in perfecting the constitution and plan of organization) only one difference of opinion arose calling for standing vote. That was simply on a question of adjourning to dinner or continuing the work. The hungry ones were in a small majority, and the minority really enjoyed their defeat, thereby being able to enjoy their dinner.

When it came to the election of officers it was expected there would be such diversity of opinions that many ballots would be had before choice could be made, because the law just adopted in the constitution was most faithfully obeyed. No nominations for officers were allowed, no caucus, no slate, no possibility of undue influence from any section, clique, or person. Each delegate wrote on a ballot the name of his choice for the office and folded his ballot, with the name written thereon covered, before handing it to the teller. Nevertheless all five officers, each separately balloted for, were elected on the first ballot. For president the whole 31 votes were cast for R. Winsor.

WHO CONSTITUTE THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.—President Hon. Richard Winsor, of Seattle, was for fifteen years a senator of Michigan. He is an able jurist, a cultured gentleman of means and influence, an earnest practical worker for the secularization of our government. He is the very best and most able presiding officer I have ever seen at any theological, political, Masonic, or any other kind of convention. Most emphatically, as president of the Washington Secular Union, the organization has placed the right man in the right place.

Treasurer George M. Boman is a self-educated man, the architect of his own fortune, a very able and successful business man, generous, whole-souled, energetic, with the courage of his convictions; quick perceptions, keen sense of justice, a heart easily moved by recital of sorrow or need. He has a clear head to advise, and a ready, liberal hand to administer relief. Modest, unassuming, yet, thanks to his indomitable energy and generous but discreet use of means, we have good reason to announce that there will soon be no exemption of church property from taxation in the state of Washington.

DIRECTORS AT LARGE.—One is elected east, the other west of the Cascades. Albert Rosenow, of Walla Walla, has for two years held the office of vice-president of the Walla Walla Liberal Club, and has proved himself a power for good. His noble manhood, high sense of honor, and kindly, generous nature have deservedly gained for him the title of "The Prince" among his host of friends at Walla Walla. In spite of his pronounced Infidelity he is loved and respected by all who know him; a successful business man, an able reasoner, zealous worker, heart and purse devoted to maintaining the flag above the cross.

R. J. Wilson, director at large for west of the Cascades, is one of Seattle's most deservedly successful young business men. He has for two years been the energetic promoter and chief burden-bearer in the Liberal ranks at Seattle, full of the zeal and ambi-

tion of young manhood. Doing what he does with all his might he is rapidly, by his ability, integrity, and industry, attaining fame and fortune. Yet even his very laudable desire and pride in business success cannot induce him to neglect a single opportunity to in any way work for or advance the cause of Liberalism.

These are in no sense flattering eulogies of the men, but simple descriptions of their well-known peculiarities as testified to by all who know them, alike Liberals, Christians, and nothingarians. Their peers may possibly, their superiors can not be found among the directors of any organization, either theological or political. These, with the old, half-worn-out war-horse, C. B. Reynolds, comprise the board of directors and executive and auditing committees, and have the management and control of all the affairs of the organization.

The secretary alone receives a salary, which is fixed by the following

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

President, Hon. Richard Winsor; secretary, C. B. Reynolds; treasurer, George M. Boman. Directors at large, Albert Rosenow and R. J. Wilson.

OBJECTS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

The secularization of our government; to keep church and state forever separate and our flag above the cross; while the specific objects are: To urge the adoption of such measures as are necessary to effect complete secularization of the government in all its departments (as contemplated by its founders) and secure to all full liberty of opinion on the subject of religion; to advocate taxation of church property; discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in public schools; repeal of laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath; cessation of all appropriations of public funds for religious institutions or purposes; substitution of simple affirmation, under penalties of perjury, for the judicial oath; the non-appointment of religious fasts, feasts, and holidays by public authority; the practical establishment of simple morality and intelligence as the basis of purely secular government, and the adequate guarantee of public order and prosperity.

INDIVIDUAL BENEFITS.—To afford benefit and protection to its members, so that in case of religious persecution, injury, or injustice on account of opinions held or expressed on the subject of religion, or for refusal to conform to any religious rite or ceremony, the co-operative power of the united Liberals can more effectually be brought to bear in defending, securing, and maintaining the just and legal rights of its members.

HOW TO ACCOMPLISH THESE OBJECTS.

Membership.—Any person in sympathy with the objects of this organization may become a member by signing the constitution and the payment of one dollar each, six months in advance, by males. Payment of dues to be left optional with ladies, who become members with all and every right and privilege by signing the constitution.

All have equal voice, power, protection, and privileges. In every precinct where there are five or more Liberals, on becoming members of this organization, they may elect from their own number an executive officer and representative of this organization in that precinct. And each and all executive officers so chosen shall constitute the vice-presidents of this organization, and in all cases of religious persecution, injustice, or attempted deprivation of any member's religious rights or privileges shall be and act as one of the board of directors in the action of the organization in regard to all such matters that may arise in his or her precinct.

Resolutions, instructing the board of directors to take prompt action in regard to the gross violation of our constitution by the House voting pay for service of a chaplain; to at earliest secure incorporation of the organization, and of thanks to Miss Mattie Blaisdell for the very beautiful banner presented by her to the Union, and to Miss May Amunds, Miss A. Hanson, and Miss Jennie Houghton for the beautiful music furnished, were all the resolutions passed, delegates preferring energetic action to gushing resolutions.

THE PUBLIC SESSIONS.

The convention was held in Freed's Hall, on Ninth street.

The speakers' end of the hall was adorned in the center by a large picture, a mammoth copy in oil of a Truth Seeker cartoon, "Uncle Sam and His Parasites," loaned by G. M. Boman. Over this, in red, white, and blue, was the motto, "Keep Church and State Forever Separate." To the right, "Infidelity is Liberty—All Religion is Slavery."—R. G. Ingersoll. And to the left, surmounting a fine lithograph of Thomas Paine, "To Do Good is My Religion."

The first evening's programme was music and a trio by the choir and the announcement that the Rev. E. Copeland was suddenly gripped, and so could not deliver the opening lecture on "God in the Constitution," as promised. Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds filled the gap and spoke on the announced subject, after which Miss Jennie Houghton sang charmingly, her clear, sweet voice filling the hall with melody, calling forth the rapturous applause of the delighted audience.

This was followed by the most bewitching melodies by Miss May Amunds and Miss A. Hanson in a guitar duet that was the very perfection of art.

Then Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, in a few well-chosen words, presented a splendid satin banner in behalf of Miss Mattie Blaisdell, of Portland, Or., to the presiding officer in trust for the Washington Secular Union when organized, and called out and presented the fair and generous young donor. Mr. R. Winsor, in his speech of acceptance and thanks, captured all hearts and was heartily applauded. Then the choir led and all joined in singing "America" and were so enthused and delighted that they utterly forgot the existence of la grippe or its victim, Rev. Mr. Copeland.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, Paine's birthday, the programme consisted of a few pithy and very humorous remarks by Dr. A. W. Calder, secretary of the Walla Walla Liberal Club, to whom the calling of the convention and organization of the Washington Secular Union was mainly due. There was music by the choir and a song and ballad by Miss Jennie Houghton. C. B. Reynolds read a stirring, suggestive letter of cheer from Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, author of that most excellent book, "Perfect Motherhood." A guitar duet followed, by Miss Hanson and Miss Amunds, which was rapturously encored; and then a lecture on Thomas Paine by Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, during which, in the language of the Eye, she eloquently reviewed the biography of and eulogized that patriot, reformer, and so-called infidel, Thomas Paine, who has been so generally maligned by the enemies of progress and Freethought. After which the chairs were removed, the orchestra took possession of the speaker's stand, and gayly the dance went on.

THE LAST EVENING, JANUARY 30.

"Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraints as a Safeguard to Society" was the subject of an address on the last evening by Mrs. Krekel, of Kansas City, whose poetic eloquence was only surpassed by the logic of her incisive arguments and the effectiveness of her illustrations. Mrs. Krekel cancelled dates for lectures in California in order to attend the convention, and will make a lecture tour of the sound before her return. She was followed by the ex-Rev. R. Rawson, of Olympia, who gave a humorous account of his experience as a saver of souls according to the Methodist and Campbellite patent rights, his disastrous debate with a young Liberal in "Arkansaw," and his final evolution into the Freethought ranks. Votes of thanks were extended to Miss Blaisdell for the beautiful banner, to those who had kindly furnished music for the meetings, to the various speakers, and to the Eye; and thus successfully ended the first annual convention of the State Secular Union.

About fifty crowded eagerly around the secretary's table after adjournment and succeeded in signing the constitution and paying the initial dollar. Our plan of work commends itself to every true Liberal, and demands their earnest, prompt co-operation.

Let vice-presidents be at once elected in every precinct, and let all take part in the battle, so that all may share the honors of victory. There is need of united action to right the gross violation of the constitution by the House in the appointment of a chaplain to be paid from the taxes of the people.

If those who love liberty and justice will rally to the organiza-

tion, Washington will become the banner state for Liberalism, and our flag ever wave above the cross.

C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. W. S. S. U.,
1412 Second st., Seattle, Wash.

THE BIBLE AND THE LODGE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Having noticed that your paper has always been a fearless defender of liberty and justice, and having sent the following letter to Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 5, K. of P., and not being fairly dealt with at their hands, I ask and hope that you, in the cause of liberty and justice, will publish the same in FREETHOUGHT in order that my friends and the Knights of Pythias of the world may fully understand my position in this matter. By so doing you will greatly oblige

KAMP L. GENIUS.

San Francisco, Feb. 15, Year of America 398.

To Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 5, Knights of Pythias, San Francisco, Cal., and Knights of Pythias of the World.

SIR KNIGHTS: In justice to you and myself I have long deemed it my duty to tell you why I have not remained a member of your order.

Before joining your order I told the person who proposed my name that I would not be a member of any society, social, political, fraternal, or religious, that used the Bible in any of their ceremonies, or that was in any way connected with it; and I was told by him that the Knights of Pythias based their work solely upon the noble fellowship of Damon and Pythias, and that they did not use the Bible in any form. I then told him that if the order was in no way connected with the Bible I would like to become a member, and gave him permission to propose my name; but, I being initiated with quite a large number of other candidates, I was placed in such a position that I could not understand all of the ceremonies and I received the rank of Knight, without learning that the Bible was used. Had I known at the time of my initiation that the Bible was used (as I saw it used after) I should have protested then and there in terms that would have made the person who proposed my name feel guilty of a gross injustice to myself, and I should have stepped down and out at that time. But I did not learn until some time after, while quietly watching an initiation, that the order used the Bible. I then learned for the first time that you, claiming to be Knights of Pythias, accepted the Bible for your code of laws; and upon this night I left the so-called order of the Knights of Pythias, never to return, or at least not until you shall have cleft asunder your bond of allegiance to the Bible. For in accepting the Bible as your code of laws you have in reality become Knights of Christ, and have merely usurped the fair name of Pythias; for Pythias is as far above the Bible as truth is above falsehood, and in godliness Pythias is as far above Christ as rectitude is above iniquity, for he fulfilled the only supreme precept that God has ever given to man, and that precept is perfect justice; while Jesus Christ, with the arrogance of a malignant despot, proclaimed to the world, under the guise of assumed divinity, that all who refused to acknowledge the imperial authority of himself and apostles and did not accept the Christian religion should be condemned to eternal torture in a lake of fire that burneth forever and ever!—a proclamation that in injustice, cruelty, and fiendishness could never be excelled.

Thus, while Pythias stands as a noble defender of liberty and justice, Christ proclaims to the world a tyranny darker than eternal night, and more cruel and ghastly in its executive import than the most heinous murder; and in accepting the Bible as your code of laws you have enshrouded the good and noble name of Pythias with the biblical mantle of Christly priestcraft reeking with hypocrisy and drenched in the blood of untold numbers of just and innocent men and women, who have been murdered (at the instigation of Bible fiends) because they had the moral courage to raise their voices in defense of truth and justice. You have accepted the same book that the papal Bible fiends accepted for their code of laws when they condemned Giordano Bruno to be burned to death at the stake because he had the courage to cast off the cloak of papal tyranny and stand revealed before the world a knight of justice and an apostle of truth. You accept the same book that John Calvin, that villainous Bible fiend and instigator of murder, accepted for his code of laws when he condemned Michael Servetus to be burned to death at the stake for disbelieving the doctrine of the trinity.

Thus do you, Sir Knights, claiming to be Knights of Pythias, accept this book, black with infamy and murder, as your code of laws; and in doing so you have torn the noble monument of Pythias from the pedestal of eternal justice and dragged it down into the cesspool of superstition, error, and hypocrisy; and, while I am a Knight of Pythias at heart, I would suffer death as did Michael Servetus and Giordano Bruno before I would let the sons of America, born and to be born hereafter, think for a moment that I would accept the Bible for my code of laws; but I sincerely hope that there are enough knights of justice and sons of liberty within the ranks of your order to tear the shroud of biblical error from the noble form of Pythias, and, taking the balance in your right hand, raise it aloft toward heaven and proclaim to the world that you accept this emblem of infinite justice as the standard for your code of

laws; for by so doing you will redeem the good name of Pythias and establish the then sublime order of the Knights of Pythias upon the everlasting rock of eternal justice.

With malice toward none and freedom for all, I remain in liberty and justice, truly yours,
KAMP L. GENIUS.
San Francisco, January, Y. A. 398.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER I.

ENTITLED COSMOS.

The Roadway.—The Preacher.—The Hymn.—Blunt.—Conversation on the Three-One.

1. And it came to pass that I, Philo Aletheia, found myself wandering to and fro in a certain country the name whereof was Cosmos; and I know not how I came there, and I know not why I came there, neither do I know from whence I came.

2. Thither I came and dwelt many days, and busied myself with many things; and had joys and griefs, but the griefs prevailed. And I was an observer of such things as came before me, and a lover of truth.

3. And the country of Cosmos was very large and wide, and the borders thereof unknown, and the boundaries encompassed with unsearchable mystery; and within the country were great multitudes of men, women, and children.

4. Now, round about the boundaries of the country was a certain deep, and wide, and black river, over which no man could pass; and herein was the great and unsearchable mystery.

5. And all the people of the country did daily journey towards the river, and yet did none of them know where it was till they stood upon the brink thereof, whereupon there came forth a grim and fearsome monster and plunged them beneath the blackness of the waters, and henceforth they were not, and their kindred mourned.

6. And the name of the river was Oblivion, and the name of monster that plunged the people within it was Death.

7. And towards the river all the people of the country traveled, some quickly and in a straight course; and others with long and weary wanderings.

8. Some laden with great and heavy burdens, and others with lightness of heart and mincing steps.

9. And within this country of Cosmos there dwelt a certain ogresome beast, huge and shapeless, and without comeliness, and clothed in a garment of many colors:

10. Yea, very many colors; and he concealed his parentage, and had great need to do it.

11. But I, Philo Aletheia, having truly and faithfully examined his genealogy, have found that his father was a hideous and villainous fellow called Hopeogain, a giant of vast strength; and that his mother was dissolute woman of Gascony, called Falsehood.

12. And the beast, being a bitter enemy of the people of the country, did yet, by means of his mother, persuade them that he was their friend. And his name was Priestcraft, albeit his friends gave him another.

13. And the beast had with incredible pains and vast labor made a roadway through the whole country, even, as he said, down to the bleak river, and boasted to the people that those who went by his roadway were able, by means of a bridge which he had built, to pass over the river into a great and noble city beyond; the streets thereof were paved with pure gold, and the walls were of precious stones.

14. And he furthermore boasted that such as passed over his bridge into the glorious city were immediately crowned with one of the golden paving stones.

15. And that they were made kings, and sat upon thrones. But when I asked him where their kingdoms were, he spat at me.

16. And when some of the wiser sort of people said unto him, How is it that they are all made kings? And from whence come the subjects? he cursed them, and if they were little, and their friends not by, he kicked them.

17. Mayhap they had no kingdoms, lest they should be wearied with the cares thereof.

18. Verily, the beast was a wondrous liar, for it was at the be-

hest of his father that he made the roadway; and though he cried aloud that his roadway was free, and the entrance open without money and without price, he did not, for that, fail to extort great and heavy toll of all that went by it. Nor was there any advantage in traveling thereby, but the contrary, for the path was exceedingly bleak and desolate and hard to be traveled, and the pilgrims that used it were continually, and by many devices, robbed by the beast and his servants; and were beaten, and bruised, and kicked, and terrified, and bitten, and spit upon, and tormented, and despoiled, and cheated, and scoffed at, and denied all comfort and all pleasure.

19. And when at last they came to the brink of the river, they found there no bridge, nor any city, but were seized upon by the monster, whose name was Death, and swallowed up by the gloomsome waves of the river, even as they were that came not by the roadway.

20. And the beast furthermore boasted that he had made a league with the king of the great and noble city beyond the river, even the king Jah, and was hand and glove with him in all things, and had agreed with him that all who came not by the roadway should be carried away by the monster of the river, and be plunged into a cauldron of fire, to be tormented with all manner of torments so long as this great and merciful king should live.

21. And for their greater comfort he told them that this great and merciful king would live forever, and that he had power to do whatsoever he would.

22. And I perceived that by these means the beast did persuade and terrify great numbers to go by the roadway, and by exacting from them much money, and much obeisance, he had become exceeding rich, and great, and powerful, and puffed up with pride, and insolent withal; and he hired great numbers of the baser sort of the people to be his servants, and paid them much money to persuade their fellows.

23. And they encompassed the whole country, and went through the length and breadth thereof, persuading and terrifying the people. And they went about continually, babbling upon every occasion, and upon none, and grew fat with the fare, and were clothed in fine cloth, and fared sumptuously every day.

24. And against those who refused to go by the roadway did the beast implacably bellow, and roar, and belch forth unspeakable wrath, and spake all manner of evil against them, and bitterly reviled them, and persecuted them with all persecutions.

25. And I, Philo Aletheia, set myself to watch, and to observe those that were persuaded; and that which by observing I became acquainted with, I have written; and that which I have written do thou read, and great will be thy profit.

26. About the time when the rivers flow seawards I took my journey, and suddenly I beheld a great multitude of people gathered together, and I began to wonder what might be astir.

27. And one told me, saying, These men thou hearest howling forth exhortations are some who not many days ago were accounted as but the scum and filth of the city; but having suddenly made a bargain with the worshipful beast—the master of the roadway—are become our guides and teachers, and are persuading great numbers of people to enter the roadway.

28. So I drew near to one of the babblers and listened. And the name of the babbler was Praisethelord, and thus spake he:

29. Men and brethren, hearken, I beseech you, to my speech, for it is the speech of a king, the most high king Jah, he who reigneth over the noble city beyond the river, and who, by me, maketh known to you his will.

30. Mine eyes have beheld him, and mine ears have heard him. In day-dreams I have looked upon him; and in visions of the noontide he hath spoken with me.

31. At this speech my heart melted; and by the light of his countenance my liver expanded. Woe! woe! to the men of this place and the women thereof. Woe! woe! to the young men, and the sucklings thereof; to the old men and the virgins thereof. Woe! woe! woe! even thrice-told woe to the scoffers, and those who make light of us, and receive not our sayings.

32. Cursed be they and their children, and their children's

children to the tenth generation. And there shall be no mercy shown to them; their flesh shall be withered, and their bones ground to powder; evils shall be heaped upon them, and revilings multiplied unto them. Yea, the righteous shall bitterly revile them, and pour out curses upon them like water. Their sustenance shall be snatched from them, and their bread taken away. Their strong men shall be bowed down by want, and their little ones shall famish. In the hour of their extremity their wives shall have no succor, and their daughters have an ill name given them. The waters of confusion shall swallow them up, and the floods of desolation shall overwhelm them. Their destruction shall be swift, and their doom horrible. (See Psalm cix.)

33. Then will the pure in heart rejoice, and the righteous sing aloud for joy. Then shall the chosen ones triumph, and the servants of the holy one give a shout. Yea, we will rejoice exceedingly, and magnify our king who hath holpen us, and made our enemies to fall.

To be Continued.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

The several attempts made within the last few years by church people to bring about a union of church and state, in one form or another, by legislation has often compelled the California Liberals to petition legislature to the contrary, and if the latter has not so far made any concessions to the hypocrites, it is because public opinion in this state is not in their favor, and petitions circulated by Liberals are filled with signatures of the most intelligent citizens. There is no doubt, however, that the church organizations are working slowly but surely towards getting into political offices such men as would absolutely ignore Liberal petitions. This the State Liberal Union ought to look into and prevent at all hazards, and this year is just as good as any other year to commence the work.

Let the executive committee meet and resolve to open a campaign fund, assessing or requesting every Liberal in this state to pay the big amount of twenty-five cents annually, and calling upon those who are able and willing to contribute more.

Empower and request all the vice-presidents in each county to meet at least six months before general, state, and other political elections, and discuss as to whether there were fears that existing parties would nominate and elect officers in favor, wholly or partly, of union of church and state, and if such fears existed, what would be the best possible means for resistance. Under any and all circumstances to resolve upon agitation on and discussion of the subject, "Total separation of church and state," during the campaign, so as to compel the candidates for offices, to publicly declare themselves in favor of it no matter what their political and religious convictions may be in other respects.

The executive committee should issue and publish tracts and pamphlets on the subject of total separation of church and state, defraying all expenses out of the campaign fund, and send them to the vice-presidents for free distribution during political campaigns and at any other time upon request.

The vice-presidents should be requested to report the results of their meetings and subsequent actions to the secretary of the state union for incorporation in his annual report to the convention.

Political campaigns in this country are great educators. It is then that people congregate and talk of matters of interest to all, and it is then that office seekers, their aids, friends, acquaintances, and fellow-partisans hunt for votes, are compelled to listen to everything said for or against them, and make themselves "friends with all."

These suggestions flashed upon my mind as my eyes met my name in the list of vice-presidents. An honor as it is to bear the title, and whatever right and privileges it may bestow upon a person so named, yet the honor would seem empty, and the rights and privileges vainly bestowed, if no duties are combined with it.

Render the title of vice-president serviceable, and upon the degree of fulfillment of duties let depend, in a measure, the re-election, or honorable discharge, of officers to the State Liberal Union.

I would like to see from all the vice-presidents and other Liberals, an expression of opinions on the above in the columns of FREETHOUGHT. M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

MONOPOLY.

The monopoly of the resources of nature is a crime. It began in usurpation, and is perpetuated by fraud, bribery, perjury, and by trampling every noble instinct of humanity into the dust. The result, if allowed to continue, will be to degrade and enslave the masses and finally to extirpate the best and noblest portion of the human family.

In the name of "the people," in the interest of "humanity," for the sake of "liberty" (?) despotic decrees contravening justice, subverting equal rights, and demoralizing society, are formulated into "laws" which in their operation are mining the very foundations of our republic, enriching the non-producers who become millionaires; and pauperizing the honest laborer, who becomes a surfer, a vagabond, a "tramp," and subject to arrest and imprisonment for asking bread, which our "laws" have made a crime!

Can it be wondered at that criminals are multiplied, and that occasionally they resort to the highways for plunder when driven to desperation? It is hard to starve in the midst of plenty; it is a crime to beg! It is only a crime to steal and rob and here there is a chance to escape detection. Then also should they become wealthy, no one will question where their wealth came from, but all will bow before the golden calf and sound their praises to the ends of the world. Our "laws" have placed a premium upon crime, and the criminals alone can draw prizes. The only reward offered honest labor is penury and want. Our sons are driven to crime; our daughters to prostitution, and liberty, morality, and goodness are becoming empty names.

Yet we are gravely informed by would-be wise men and philosophers that all is serene; that there is no "conflict between capital and labor."

To strike for living wages is "criminal conspiracy" against the welfare of society that should be punished by severe penalties. Has man no rights? What rights has society as such? What idiots must our revolutionary fathers have been to declare that all rights are man's rights—individual rights—inalienable and equal.

Having brought the masses of honest toilers to the verge of starvation, they expect them to lie down and die without a murmur; failing to do this they become the lawful prey of brutal police, Pinkerton detectives, and the hireling-dude militia.

Shall this state of things continue? If so, then where is the hope for our once glorious republic? It must speedily cease to be, and liberty must take her flight to realms unknown. Our people, ceasing to be free, will become cringing slaves and sycophants on one side, and corrupt, heartless, and brutal masters on the other. This would be a state of degradation petrified, compared to which annihilation itself would be preferable.

G. W. THURSTON.

Hite's Cove.

MR. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: The population of Hite's Cove consists of three men, two women, and four Chinamen all told. I send one dollar for the convention. It costs twenty-five cents to get a letter from here to Mariposa, the roads being blocked with snow:

I hope that you will understand
The words I spell contrary.
For I'm a son of Anglesea
Without English dictionary.
Some seventy years ago at school,
We'd no grammatic fetters;
I only learned the ancient Welsh,
And sound the double letters.
And so I trust you will not laugh
At my odd Welsh and Celtic,
Because I try to do the best,
Madda fydd y meddig.
Inclosed please find a dollar piece,
Be careful how you use it,
For if it once slips from the hand
You're very apt to lose it.

Hite's Cove, Cal.

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 Resolved to make a glorious name that will
 Go thundering down the ages.

When age has carved its wrinkles on his brow,
 And he has drunk in life more gall than nectar;

He's very happy if he gets a place
 As Custom-house inspector.

"AND where are you going my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to Canada, sir," she said.

"And why are you going up there, my dear?"
 "The old man, sir, is a bank cashier."

"And when are you coming back?" said I;
 "As soon, kind sir, as the clouds roll by."

"And when, pretty maiden, may that time be?"
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Father—Which do you mean?

"Why, the poor thing that's had the feathers pecked off the top of its head, and that isn't allowed to have none of the biscuit, or nothing."

(Sadly)—"That's the papa swan, Willie."

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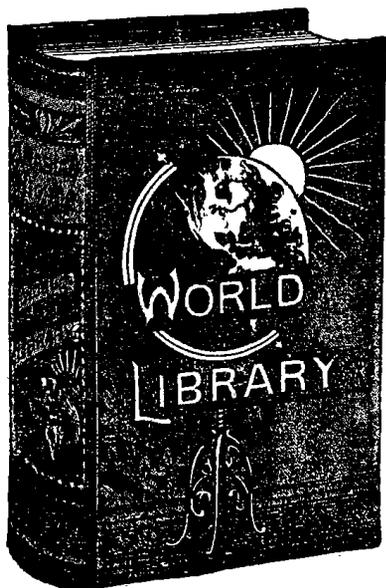
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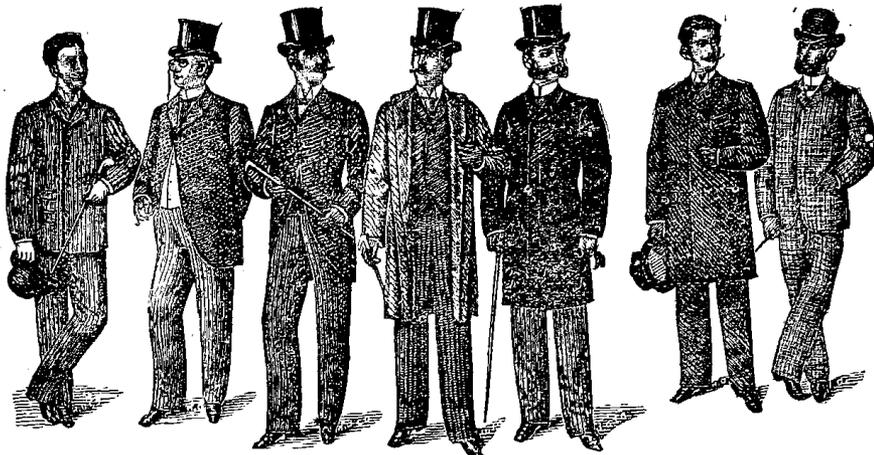
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - MARCH 1, 1890.

DEATH OF J. W. NORTH.

Judge J. W. North, the humanitarian, the old-time abolitionist, the Freethinker, and first vice-president of the California State Liberal Union, is dead. He died at Fresno, Friday morning, February 21, in the 76th year of his age. He leaves a widow and six children. He was taken sick two months ago, ill-health preventing him from attending the state convention of Liberals, to which he sent a stirring letter published in FREETHOUGHT of February 1.

Our information concerning Judge North's death and funeral comes through the daily press.

No religious services were held over his remains prior to their leaving Fresno, but in place of such services the family and intimate friends gathered about the casket, and appropriate remarks were made by Dr. Chester Rowell. This informal gathering was held at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the late residence of the deceased, and his remains were then taken to the depot and shipped to Los Angeles, to be cremated. After cremation the ashes were conveyed to Riverside and interred in the cemetery lot of his son, John G. North. The remains, which were inclosed in a handsome rosewood casket, were escorted to Los Angeles by his two sons, John G. and Edward North. The cremation of his body is at his especial request, as were the absence of any floral or other display.

Following is a sketch of Judge North's life: John Welsey North was born at Sand Lake, Rensselaer county, N. Y., January 4, 1815. He graduated from the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in August, 1841. During his college life he became a zealous worker in the anti-slavery cause, and for two years lectured under the auspices of the Connecticut State Anti-Slavery Society. After leaving college he studied law in the offices of John Jay and Bendit & Boardman of New York and Forbes & Sheldon of Syracuse, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. In August, 1848, he was married to Miss Ann H. Loomis of Onondaga county, N. Y., who still survives him. In 1849, his health failing, a change of climate became necessary, and he moved to Minnesota, living the first year of his residence in that territory, on Hennepin island, in the Mississippi river, and seeing during

that time the building of the first house on the site of the present prosperous city of Minneapolis.

In the fall of 1850 he was elected a member of the second legislature of the territory of Minnesota and introduced the bill chartering the Minnesota University, a well-endowed and useful educational institution still in existence at Minneapolis. He was largely instrumental in settling the town of Faribault, and he founded the thriving town of Northfield, so called in his honor.

In 1857 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the constitution of the new state of Minnesota. In 1860 he was chairman of the Minnesota delegation in the Chicago convention and was a member of the committee that waited upon Abraham Lincoln to notify him of his nomination for the presidency. In 1861 he was appointed surveyor-general of the territory of Nevada, and subsequently judge of the territorial district supreme court of Nevada. In the fall of 1865 he returned to the East, locating at Knoxville, Tenn., where he labored assiduously for the improvement and development of that state.

In March, 1870, he conceived the idea of establishing a colony of Eastern people in Southern California, and at once commenced the development and execution of his plan. How well he succeeded all who have visited or lived in Riverside can testify. This thriving city was the result of his scheme. Having seen the child of his fancy outgrow his fondest hopes, in 1879 he removed to San Francisco and the following year connected himself with the Washington colony, in Fresno county, which section he did much to settle.

Judge North died poor. His labors in developing the resources of the state and in making Fresno county what it is did not prevent unscrupulous courts, in the interest of corrupt men, from robbing him of property which he had acquired and improved. His latent enterprise in the way of Liberal work was the establishing of the Unity Society at Fresno, of which he was made president. Such was his hope for humanity and his faith in human professions that he believed an organization could be maintained in which believer and unbeliever could be given equal rights and prosecute harmoniously together the search for truth. But he soon learned from bitter experience that in opening the door for liberality bigotry had shouldered its way in, and his self-respect forced him to resign the presidency of the Unity Society.

In the language of his published obituary, "he died peacefully, in the midst of his family, his long life filled with good deeds, and leaving behind him that most priceless of legacies, a name without reproach. In character he was remarkably free from guile or pretense of any sort. Full of a courage that shrank from nothing in the redressing of another's wrong or the establishment of a principle, he was always found upon the side of the oppressed. Generous to a fault, he was always in the lead when private loss or public improvement stood in need of pecuniary aid, and his integrity and high moral standard made him a model man."

So passes away one of nature's noblest noblemen. He was a man without fear, without superstition, incapable of a dishonest word or act. "And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell; and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man who bowed alone to death."

A COMPLACENT INFIDEL.

Mr. A. W. Craig, secretary of the Ida Livingston Gold Mining Company, and a resident of Oakland, writes FREETHOUGHT as follows:

Some time ago, about a year, I think, your publication, FREETHOUGHT, commenced coming to my residence, 177 Eighth street, Oakland, Cal. I do not know who caused the paper to be sent to me. I was never asked to subscribe for it, and do not remember of ever seeing the paper until I received the first number.

I presume the person who subscribed for me did not pay the subscription, and if not will you please send me my bill to date and stop the paper. I am an Infidel, but do not need a Freethought paper to encourage me in my convictions. They are too well founded for that. Neither have I the slightest fear that our religious liberties are in danger from the Christian or any other superstitious religion.

The Freethinkers are so many that that is impossible now and is rapidly becoming more so. Neither do I believe in the propaganda. When the time arrives that all are fitted to become Freethinkers the law of natural selection will make Freethought their religion. Until then those not so fitted will reach a higher development in the narrower confines of some other religion. Very respectfully, A. W. CRAIG.

Mr. Craig's complacency is quite refreshing, and if there were any ground for it, it would also be encouraging. But he makes a mistake common to many. He sees that the world is perhaps on the whole becoming more Liberal and enlightened; that old creeds and superstitions are weakening their hold on the minds of men and a few women, and that there is a professed respect for human rights among all classes. He sees these things, and ignoring their real cause, attributes them to what he calls the law of natural selection; and herein consists Mr. Craig's error, for he loses sight of the fact that all natural laws are modified by human intervention. To illustrate, being a mining man he knows that by natural law any stream of water running near the Ida Livingston Mine will follow its channel unless diverted, and flow on, a useless volume of water, except for drinking purposes, until, being diverted by human ingenuity, it serves the purpose of washing out the gold. If Mr. Craig were logical he would let the stream alone, ignore hydraulics, and wait patiently for the law of natural selection to flush his sluices. And an illustration similar to this could be drawn from every branch of human industry where man has mingled his thought with his labor, and where intelligence is employed in directing effort.

Mr. Craig avers that, his convictions being well-grounded, he needs no Freethought paper. But that is not the question. The question is, Does the world need a Freethought paper? Undoubtedly Mr. Craig is a good citizen who respects the rights of others voluntarily, so that, as far as he is concerned, he needs no such thing as law. Does he for that reason decline to support the law? Will he support nothing, however beneficial to others, merely because it does not directly benefit himself? Does selfishness run in Mr. Craig's family to that extent. If so, having been graduated, why support schools? Enjoying good health, why care for the sick? Living in easy circumstances, why help

the destitute? Stroking a full stomach, why feed the hungry?

We do not believe that Mr. Craig or any other man possessing the common attributes of humanity is ready to stand by the logic of his remark, that the wants of one being supplied, the rest of mankind are to be left to take care of themselves.

Mr. Craig says he is an Infidel, and that his convictions are too well-grounded to need the strength to be derived from reading a Freethought paper. We are glad to know that such is the case. But he must believe that Infidelity is right, and we are at a loss to understand why he should desert its active promulgators. In our opinion, the right is always worthy of encouragement.

It is a quite comfortable state of mind to believe that there is no danger to religious liberty. Such may be the fact, but Mr. Craig may assure himself that he has had no hand in making it so. Men like him simply enjoy what others achieve. Fortunately for Liberty, her cause is not in his inactive hands. Fortunately for her she has champions who believe her cause is worth advocating.

MAGDALENE.

A Boulder Creek subscriber writes to inquire the meaning of the word Magdalene. What he desires to know is if the word of itself signifies a profligate woman reformed. We do not so understand it. On the sea of Galilee there was a town called Magdala, whence came a woman more or less connected with the gospel narrative of Christ, and coming from Magdala she was termed a Magdalene. Having read the narrative, we find no evidence that her reputation was off color. The Christian world, however, appears to have confounded her with the woman mentioned in Luke vii, 36-50, who was accounted a sinner.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The exercises before the San Francisco Freethought Society Sunday evening, March 2, will consist of a debate between Prof. D. C. Seymour and S. P. Putnam on "Spiritualism—Is it a Demonstrated Fact?" These meetings are held every Sunday evening at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street.

LECTURE IN OAKLAND.

S. P. Putnam will lecture at Dama Hall, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, Oakland, Sunday afternoon, March 2, at 3:30 o'clock. Admission will be free.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, has discharged his vocal organ on the Blair Educational bill, which provides for the establishment and maintenance of public schools for teaching the Christian religion. Mr. Stanford thinks that such schools will help to secure the "ultimate realization of the creator's intentions for man." The creator should thank our senator for his kindly intervention, but he knows, if he knows anything, that Stanford does not represent the people of California on the subject of the Blair bill. Secular state schools are here regarded as quite sufficient for the educational needs of the rising generation, and it is held with General Grant that religious education should be left to the church, the family, and the schools supported by private funds.

CHICAGO has won the first fall in her wrestle with New York for the World's Fair of 1892. The national House of Representatives last Monday gave her 157 votes for the prize-winner

against 107 for New York. If the Senate concurs and decides that the fair is to be held anywhere, which it may not do, Chicago will get the plum. We favor the Lake City as against New York because there is a better chance that in Chicago the exhibition may be kept open on Sunday, when those who work week days may be able to get some benefit from it.

THE Hon. F. M. Pfister, of San Jose, having recently died, a committee of his survivors have presented to the court, where he practiced, a number of resolutions setting forth that "it has pleased Him who is the ruler of our destinies to remove from our midst our late friend and brother," and adding, "The same is a public calamity." This is a queer view of God—that the bringing about of public calamities pleases him. None but a good Christian could see where the pleasantry comes in.

THE patrons of J. D. Shaw's Independent Pulpit, published monthly at Waco, Texas, have raised a fund of \$3000 for the editor, payable in ten-dollar donations. The Pulpit is a good magazine and Mr. Shaw is a hard and effective worker. His readers have honored themselves in this pocketfelt recognition of his services.

THE Rev. Mr. Horne, of Larchmont, N. Y., just before his death, which occurred last week, preached his own funeral sermon in a phonograph, and at the funeral held by his friends on Monday, the instrument repeated the discourse in the dead man's own voice and words. It spoke highly of the deceased.

To our many subscribers in Washington who have failed to receive FREETHOUGHT, we can only say that the fault is not ours. The paper has been regularly mailed and the postage paid in advance. We are ourselves waiting for books from the East which were mailed a month ago.

WE note a fine illustration of the close relation of religion and morality in the case of the English Marquis of Ailesbury, who is the patron of twenty-one church livings in the Established church, while at the same time he is debarred from all race-tracks for cheating.

THERE is talk that the pope and the German emperor will cooperate "for the improvement of working men." At about the same time we may expect to see the fox and the wolf co-operating for the improvement of a flock of sheep.

OBSERVATIONS.

I am always pleased to see the hall where the Freethought Society meets well filled, but when on arriving a few minutes late I find all the seats occupied and distinguished citizens sitting on the steps of the platform, I feel as if those who come in simply to get out of the wet ought to put an occasional nickel in the hat so we could afford to hire a larger room. Besides, since I recovered from the grip I have not cared to be packed for perspiring purposes. But everybody had to stand it last Sunday evening, for the hall was crowded to the door, and Deacon Walker, with a fine bouquet in his buttonhole, looked without result for vacant chairs wherein late comers might find seats.

Mr. Eastman presided ably, and presented Prof. Herbert Miller to the audience. Mr. Miller's subject was "An Old Freethought Poet," which poet proved to be Lucretius, a didactic writer whose birth antedated that of Christ by nearly a century. Lucretius was a Roman and wrote in the Latin tongue. His poetry is said to be much superior to that of many persons who now express their thoughts in verse. Lucretius also had the misfortune to be unorthodox, and his opinions made him unpopular among the early Christians, and for that reason he was accused of such things as

Christians of our days charge upon all heretics regardless of facts. His aim was to free men from their superstitions, which in all ages has been a thankless task. He adopted the atomic theory of Leucippus and, following Epicurus, taught that certain elementary particles, existing from all eternity and governed by fixed laws, combined to form the universe of matter; that the existence and active interference of a supreme overruling deity was not necessary to be supposed in order to account for the phenomena of nature; and that what appeared to be miraculous was in reality not so, but merely the result of certain fixed laws which operated with unerring precision and in a natural process. Thus it will be seen that nearly two thousand years ago he taught what Materialists and scientists have ever since been endeavoring to explain to the world. Professor Miller quoted from the works of Lucretius many bright sayings which orators and writers of the present day work off as their own without detection, owing to the time and the language which separate ordinary people from the real author.

Mr. Miller was listened to attentively by the audience. The professor does not look as robust as he did the last time I saw him previously, the influenza, like a worm in the bud, having fed upon the corpuscles of his cheeks, and hollowed them so that his forehead and full temples stand out more prominent than formerly. As he took his seat in a standing posture among the crowd at the back part of the hall, he was heartily applauded.

While the treasurer was extorting the usual collection, Mr. Cromwell sang a solo in a fine baritone of voice, so to speak, by that means making himself solid with the listeners.

The discussion which followed was participated in by Mr. Thomas Curtis, Mr. H. L. Knight, and Mr. Patrick Healy, and closed by the speaker.

Mr. Curtis, before discussing the lecture, announced the death of Judge North, of Fresno, and paid a deserved tribute to his worth. With reference to Lucretius Mr. Curtis said that Freethought was as old as religion. There had always been Freethinkers, though the devotees of superstition were in the majority as at the present time. The doctrine of the reign of natural law as taught by Lucretius was just beginning to be accepted by the world, whereas everything from a thunder storm to a pestilence was formerly attributed to the direct intervention of God. Theologians were gradually retiring God from business, so that the only deity now remaining was the one vaguely conceived of by Mr. Knight.

The last remark brought Mr. Knight to the platform, but he refrained from arguing the God question. He said he was not particular about defending God, who could take care of himself. God and religion were all right in their way, but trouble was introduced when priests set themselves up as God's mouthpieces and attempted to run the universe. Mr. Knight reviewed the pope's late encyclical letter and pronounced it a treasonable document. He remarked that our fathers were opposed to sacerdotal privileges, and retired the priests from politics.

Mr. Patrick Healy supervened. He held that the statements of Mr. Knight were erroneous and his argument fallacious. The priests were the most intelligent men in the world and Roman Catholic people so honest and happy that their condition was to be envied by those styling themselves Freethinkers. Mr. Healy proceeded to say that a reasonable conception of Lucretius' philosophy was the friction of two molecules of matter; from which impressive statement he proceeded drearily to the end of his allotted time. During the latter half of his aimless and wandering address he divided the attention of the audience with the clock, but the timepiece got the best of him, and he went down. He was dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Professor Miller, in closing the debate, said he was delighted to hear somebody from the other side. Mr. Healy had expressed himself as unsatisfied by the doctrine of the unknowable, but was the world satisfied by the doctrines of Christianity? Scarcely. The theory of evolution, said Mr. Miller, explains all that we know of the universe, and subsequent information will come in the same way. Of one thing we may be certain, all knowledge has been attained through study and investigation by the mind of man, and there has never been such a thing as a supernatural revelation.

President Eastman dismissed the audience with his blessing. Next Sunday evening Professor Seymour and Mr. Putnam will discuss Spiritualism. The professor will take the ground that spirits are a demonstrable fact, while Putnam, for the sake of argument, will hold to the contrary. When the discussion is concluded it is believed that their hearers will not know any less about the subject than they do at present.

The more information we get about the outrages committed by the Russian government officials upon the prisoners of Siberia, the more reason there appears to be why somebody should place a large bomb under the Russian throne and blow it through the roof of the royal palace. In considering this matter we are to bear in mind that the Siberian prisoners are not criminals—that is, they are criminals only to the extent that I am a criminal in writing these lines. But one number of FREETHOUGHT could be published in Russia, and by the time that number had reached its suburban subscribers the editor would be in Siberia or heaven. Those who protested against the proceeding would also be furnished a free pass to the same localities.

The case now before the world is that of a lady called Madam Sigida. This lady had observed that her fellow female prisoners were subjected to outrageous indignities by the minions of the czar placed over them as keepers. She sought and obtained an interview with the director of the prison in their behalf, and the wretch insulted her. She called him a villain, and, exasperated beyond endurance, slapped him in the face. Thereupon Madam Sigida was stripped and flogged to death. Thirty of the other women, learning her fate, attempted suicide.

I wonder if our politicians, who arise at a safe distance and twist the tail of the British lion on account of an eviction in Ireland, will pay any attention to these murders in Russia. I guess not. We shall doubtless continue to send congratulations to the czar, and missionaries to the heathen, who have not felt the humanizing influence of Christianity as he has. But it would be a good thing if two or three of the civilized governments of the world would form some sort of offensive alliance and memorialize the czar somewhat as follows: "Alexander, by grace of God despot, Greeting: You are carrying things with an elevated hand. You are an impostor, and you know it; and it is because you know it that you resort to barbarous methods to prevent exposure. But, in vulgar language, we are onto you. You have consigned all the brains, all the manhood, and about all of the virtue existing in Russia to Siberia, which is to your empire what hades is to the orthodox heaven—the best men are there. You have no respect for age, worth, or sex. But, unfortunately for you, other nations are not like yours, and if you do not mend your ways, we will arise and wipe your infernal despotism off the face of the earth. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc. Signed: France, Great Britain, and the United States of America."

This might not be international comity, courtesy, amenity, and so forth, but it would be justice nevertheless.

A correspondent who doubtless means well sends me this clipping, which he asks to have explained:

A friend asks me to multiply \$5 by \$5. I do so and announce the result as \$25. Now multiply 500 cents, give the answer in cents, pure and simple, not as fractional parts of a dollar. I do so and am surprised to see the figures climb up to 250,000 cents, which is \$2500. As \$5 and 500 cents are equivalent, the result is puzzling. It cannot be urged that decimal marks should be used. A cent, as such, is as distinct a unit as a dollar, and as the result is to be announced in cents the decimal cannot be pleaded in extenuation of the rather surprising result. But there is clearly something wrong. What is it?

The something wrong which the narrator of the foregoing desires to locate is in his second sentence, where he asserts that he multiplied five dollars by five dollars. He might as truthfully have said that he multiplied five bushels of wheat by a bunch of bananas. A dollar is a concrete thing, and cannot be used as a multiplier. The romancer merely multiplied \$5 by five. If he were to multiply five hundred cents by the same multiplier he would have the same product.

Dr. Lorrimer, described as a noted lecturer, surprised his audience at Holyoke, Massachusetts, by attacking the Catholic

church, and denouncing its adherents as worshipers of images and statues. His hearers excused him on the ground that he had been drinking, while his friends explain his strange conduct by alleging that the aberration was caused by an overdose of quinine taken to relieve a chill. During the late war somebody approached Lincoln with the charge that General Grant was in the habit of drinking whisky, and Mr. Lincoln inquired if the complainant could inform him what brand Mr. Grant used, as he would like to procure some of it for his other generals. It might be useful for all lecturers to find out where Dr. Lorrimer got his quinine, and take a few doses of the same stimulant.

Captain Wadlia, of Colorado, has contributed to the Investigator a poem of which this is the closing stanza:

I'm going to skip this little device
Of those enthusiastic pessimists,
Tho' their pills be sugar-coated ever so nice,
With a bribe thrown in of a future bliss;
And ere I begin reading a piece, or a page,
No matter what the subject or design,
I'll examine its title, the name of its sage,
And scan the last verse, near the last line.

It will be quite proper for Captain Wadlia to "scan the last verse near the last line" of every poem before he reads it, but he should by all means scan his own lines before submitting them for publication. The sample here given has evidently not been subjected to that process. He is one of those misguided persons who drop into rhyme without realizing that metrical composition is an art necessary to be studied. He would probably be overwhelmed with surprise to learn that in poetry a verse and a line are identical, and that to scan a verse means to divide it into the feet of which it is composed. Horace Seaver would have given Captain Wadlia the above information and advised him to put his remarks in the form of prose.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is now claimed that the commission appointed to secure an appropriation for the new post-office site in San Francisco endeavored to secure \$800,000 for property that had been offered them for \$650,000. Hence a scandal.—There was a big flood at Walnut Grove, Arizona, last week, caused by the breaking of a dam, and forty persons are reported to have been drowned, among them the president of the company that constructed the defective dam.—Dillon and Esmonde, two leading Irish agitators, are in San Francisco.—Mrs. Woodworth, the mesmeric revivalist, is working in Santa Rosa.—Judge J. G. Maguire will prepare the Australian Ballot bill for presentation before the California legislature.—The rainfall in this city for the season is above 36 inches.

Members of the Anti-Poverty Society in New York object to having the world's fair held at that place because it will attract foreign laborers and cheapen wages, while rents will be raised and the expenses of the poor increased.—The supreme court of Colorado has decided that the state has a right to close saloons on Sunday, and last Sunday the law was enforced in Denver.—Many deaths from starvation have occurred among the Indians of North Dakota, where the winter is exceptionally severe.—The gallery of the Bromley Independent church, in New York, gave way on a recent Sunday, and twenty persons were injured, some, it is feared, fatally.—The women of Spickardsville, Mo., recently raided a saloon, spilled the liquors, and broke up the glassware. The women, who were led by a minister, were arrested and fined \$5 each.—John Jacob Astor, the millionaire New Yorker, died Feb. 22 of heart failure. His estate is worth \$200,000,000. He was 68 years of age.—Representative Hebbrows have proposed a meeting to raise funds for the protection of their race in Russia and other countries where they are persecuted.

Dom Pedro, the exiled emperor, is anxious to return to Brazil, and promises to support the republic.—The expenses of the London Times in the Parnell suit were nearly \$1,000,000, and its circulation suffered a decrease of 25,000.—The Socialists have made great gains in Germany. In the last parliament they had 11 members; now they have 20.—Mormon missionaries have been mobbed in London.

THE NATIONALISTS.

Although the last meeting of the San Francisco Nationalist Club was its thirteenth public "reception," as the members call it, and although it was held on Friday evening, neither the unlucky number nor the unlucky day, with the rain added, had any influence in reducing the attendance. The crowd was great and the programme long and interesting. It may be that the crowd goes to hear the singing and takes the speeches as a sort of penance. Be that as it may, the crowd was there. Mrs. Addie Ballou presided and Mr. W. H. Wood delivered an address. Mr. Wood said this was the most remarkable century since the dawn of the Christian era. The serfs of Russia had been set free, slavery had been abolished in America, and many wonderful inventions had been made. But the great event was the rise of Nationalism. Abraham Lincoln had freed 4,000,000; the Nationalists would make freedmen of 40,000,000. "We do not believe," said the speaker, "that one man should live in luxury and nine hundred and ninety-nine should starve. Each man should have the proper reward for his labor. This is something to which all are entitled. Our educational system is wrong. The youth is taught to 'feather his own nest,' without thinking of any one else. Money is the great aim of all; it is the motive on which society is based. Every one is in the race for riches. Look at the low rate of wages paid to some people. Look at the very high salaries paid to government officials."

Albert Currin, editor of the Arbeiter Zeitung, spoke for ten minutes on "A Matter of Business." He read a series of resolutions pledging the moral support of the club to the American Federation of Trades and the unions affiliated with it in their efforts to get a reduction of the hours of labor. Mr. Currin said he appeared in the name of the workingmen, of the unemployed, and of the tramp, American citizens, sons and daughters of the American republic. "From east to west, north to south, thousands of men and women were begging for employment or a piece of bread. And this notwithstanding that this is the richest country in the world. When a man was willing to work he ought to be given labor. The workingman does not want charity; he wants labor. Can there be love of country, religion, or manhood in the country if our citizens must go to the poorhouse? Nationalism would improve the condition of the workingman, it would rid the country of tramps, and would save the boys from the rumshops and the girls from worse."

Burnette G. Haskell gave the benediction, in which he remarked that next November the Nationalists would carry San Francisco. In the good time to be then inaugurated knavery, rascality, and other forms of wickedness would cease, water would be free, bread supplied at cost, and people could dress in the best clothes at nominal expense. He then drew attention to the frauds now practiced upon the public, and observed that while his audience might call the same American intelligence he would be damned if he could give it that definition.

Other features of the entertainment were songs by the Norwegian Mannerchor, recitations by Mr. Hunter and Miss Reed, and singing by Miss Evangeline Ballou.

A JOKE ON THE COLONEL.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll would never be suspected of being a respecter of persons, for he has such a free and easy way of discoursing upon religious matters. His legal protegee was Judge Puterbaugh, then a judge of the Circuit court at Peoria, Ill. Upon one occasion, while the judge was engaged in fining a spectator for contempt of court, Ingersoll offered some gratuitous advice, which was resented with some show of indignation. Ingersoll retaliated by hinting that when the court was fishing in a political way after the ermine he had not been so chary about accepting his advice. This warmed the old man up in earnest, and he at once imposed upon the presumptuous advocate a fine of \$10 and costs. Ingersoll fumbled in his pockets for a moment, then walked up to the bar with outstretched hand and said: "Puterbaugh, lend me \$10!" The stern expression of the court never relaxed for an instant. Turning to the clerk, he said: "Mr. Clerk, let the record show that Mr. Ingersoll's fine is

remitted. Peoria county can better afford to lose \$10 than I can."
—New York Herald.

"NO MORALITY POSSIBLE WITHOUT RELIGIOUS DOCTRINE."

In the American Sentinel of January 30, 1890, is a long article under the above heading signed by A. T. J., which, being interpreted, means Elder Alonzo T. Jones.

The burden of the article is a criticism upon the action of the American Secular Union in offering a prize for the best essay embodying "the purest principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrines." Among other things in the circular containing the offer of a prize is the following general statement:

It is desired that the manual for which this premium is offered shall not be a reading book for schools nor a mere code of morals, much less a system of ethical philosophy, but rather a concise yet comprehensive and suggestive exhibit, with familiar and practical illustrations of those universal foundation principles and axiomatic truths which underlie all sound morality and rightfulness, thus developing and educating that inherent moral sense which is more or less common to all rational beings. In short, to show how to teach children the natural and essential difference between right and wrong, and the reasons therefor.

Upon this Mr. Jones makes a great many general statements:

It is perfectly proper to teach children, as well as older people, the essential difference between right and wrong; and every reasoning creature, not only desires, but absolutely demands to know the reasons therefor. But in moral things, in inculcating the principles of moral right or wrong, it is impossible to give reasons for it without inculcating a religious doctrine. The reason for that which is right or wrong must be based upon authority. But to leave out of these reasons all idea of any authority, except the authority of man, is to have, in fact, no basis for morality. The human conscience refuses to recognize the authority of man in the realm of morals. If it rests upon the authority of man, one man has just as much authority as another. Each man's idea of that which is morally right is, to him, more authoritative than any other man's idea of right can be.

I quote at length an article from Mr. Jones, in the American Sentinel of December 18, 1889, on "Morality in the Public Schools," to show that there is no such thing as morality. That is, that the grounds of morality cannot be determined, that each individual must be a "law unto himself."

MORALITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Upon the question as to whether morality should be taught in the public schools, we should suggest that it would be well for those who demand it, to agree upon what morality really is, what is its basis, and what are its sanctions. If this should not be clearly discerned and taught, even granting that it is the province of the state to teach morality, it is certain that the teaching would be no better than that which is now given in the public schools, and the probabilities are that it would be much worse. It is also certain that those who favor teaching morality in the public schools cannot agree upon what morality is, nor upon what are the grounds of moral responsibility. This question was studied "thoroughly and practically" for four years by the Evangelical Ministers' Association of Boston. "In 1882 an able committee of that body, composed of representative men of all denominations, was appointed for the purpose of preparing a book of morals for the public schools." Two of that committee were Drs. Jos. T. Duryea and Edward Everett Hale. The result of the four years' study upon the question by this committee was expressed by Dr. Duryea, in 1885, in a letter to the chairman of a committee, in New York, appointed to consider the same subject. The following is the material part of the letter:

"32 UNION PARK, Boston, Dec. 5, 1885:

"MY DEAR SIR: The committee appointed to consider the matter of a book of morals for the public schools, have been trying faithfully to find out what can be done. Difficulties have been met and not overcome. We are trying to evade them.

The desire was for a graded series. This would involve a book worthy to go into the high schools. This could hardly admit reference to the grounds of moral responsibility. The committee have seriously doubted the wisdom of debating the basis of moral choice and action before youth. To show them that apparently good men differ concerning the very foundation of morality, might be harmful before they are developed and informed sufficiently to understand how there can be differences as to theories, and yet substantial agreement as to practical morality.

"I think, now, the tendency is to admit that it is better to address the moral intuitions, and not to theorize about them; also to treat moral matters as they come up in the life of the pupils, and their associations in the school and on the play-ground.

"But it has been deemed practicable to prepare a book, or a series of books, after the pattern of the 'Book of Golden Deeds,' prepared for youth in England.

"The moral affections and sentiments might be exhibited in expression

and moral principles might be embodied in characters, and concretely presented in deeds. An outline including all the virtues, and incidents under each of them, might be selected. Also deeds might be presented involving all the moral rules drawn out of the root principles of morality!

"This is as far as we have been able to go, with expectation of meeting with general approval, and securing the admission of the book or books.
"Yours truly,
JOSEPH T. DURVEA."

It is conceded, then, that morality as a *system* cannot be formulated, as "apparently good men differ concerning the foundation of morality." It did not occur to Drs. Hale and Durvea to construct a system of morality on *religious grounds*. Being men noted for their learning and intellectual abilities one would naturally suppose they would have found no difficulty in getting up a system of morality on a *religious basis*, if it were possible to do so, but they did not even hint that such a thing could be done. But Mr. Jones thinks otherwise. With him morality is based upon authority, or in other words, there is no morality except that which is based upon authority. But the word morality implies, if it means anything at all, that the "basis of moral choice" is *reasonable*, but to say that it is based upon *authority* is to deny that reason has anything at all to do with it. "Thus saith the Lord" is the foundation of the ethical code according to Mr. Jones. But thus saith the Lord is the religious grounds, and supplies religious motives to action, but that which passes for morality has always been supposed to rest on reasonable grounds. But rational morality has been a failure so far as forming any system of it is concerned. And Mr. Jones is fully aware of the fact, and is astonished that the Secular Union should attempt to give reasons for the right and wrong of conduct. "The reason," he says, "for that which is right or wrong must be based on authority." But that is simply to give no reason at all.

Let me ask the elder how he knows that the knowledge of right and wrong is based upon authority. On this point he is silent. His mere assertion is nothing more than assertion. It is too much like preaching and dogmatizing to keep company with his previous perceptions that there is no system of morality and can be none. Having demolished the old misconceptions it would be natural and certain to a man who was confident of his ground to make not only a statement of his side of the case, but also to support it with such an array of evidence as would leave his readers in no doubt as to what he meant; but our champion on the Sunday legislation question did not attempt anything of the kind. He well knew that the least said is the soonest mended, and so he said as little as he could by way of explaining the basis of morality. It seemed sufficient to say it was based upon authority. But that word, authority, gives his case away. It has played the tragedy of human life in this world, in all countries and in all ages. The authority of God! But we do not know what can be the authority of God, when there is no God. And if it were possible that Mr. Jones could make some showing for the probable existence of a God, it would not help his case in the least, because it would then be necessary to show that his God had made some sort of revelation of his will, and after he had done that it would be necessary to prove that the revelation had been preserved uncorrupted; it would be necessary, if corrupted, to be able to show just what part of the revelation was pure, and what was adulterated. But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Jones rests his *system* of morality upon authority. This is a contradiction of terms, as morality means a system or rule of human conduct, that is, giving the reasons for acting so and thus, but authority is a denial of all reasons. It confronts man with the command, "Believe or be damned."

There are no reasons to be given with commandments; if there were reasons, they would suffice, but inasmuch as there are no good reasons at hand, a commandment covers the case.

In some vague way Mr. Jones feels the necessity of some sort of explanation for authoritative morality, and the best reasons he can give are that the grounds of morality "lie beyond the natural and can be only spiritually discerned." Come off, Mr. Jones. You are preaching to us, you are dogmatizing, and giving us cant. When you assert such things, you elude logic, fact, and reason; you go into your hole and draw it in after you, and while it vexes us to have you do so, we have, however, one comfort left, and that is, that you will stay there.

Why have you said so little by way of explaining the grounds of your authoritative morality? I volunteer to answer that it is because you have no good reasons to give. The authority of the Bible is nothing, as it contains as much immorality, and more, than it does morality, taking these words in their ordinary sense. And the God of the Bible will not pass for good authority on the right and wrong of any question in these days, since in the past he has been so often on the wrong side himself.

In his last remark Mr. Jones says, "We sincerely hope that the (Secular) Union will favor us with the earliest copy of the prize manual that it can possibly send to this table," and we will add that we sincerely hope that Elder A. T. Jones will send us a clear statement of the *grounds of morality* based upon authority.
Oakland, Cal. W. S. BELL.

MR. BRADLAUGH HOME AGAIN.

Mr. Bradlaugh is home again. He is looking decidedly better and has put on some flesh. But he is far from being his old self. It is a pity he could not take a three months' instead of a six weeks' trip. He has his reasons for returning just now to the land of liberty—and rain and fog; but it will be a dreadful pity if he goes to work and overtakes his strength. He has the temperament of a man of action, and it must be hard for him to lie idle; yet his life is far too precious to waste, and we earnestly hope he will champ the bit, however impatiently, instead of starting off for the racecourse. Let him run when his strength comes back, and he will take many a prize before he retires from the field.

What struck us as most hopeful was the genial animation of Mr. Bradlaugh's face as he greeted us in his library on Tuesday. He was in good spirits, and that is half the battle. His trip had been a pleasant one, his reception in India was magnificent and touching, and he was naturally proud of the mementoes of his visit to dusky Ind. A beautiful rug lay on the floor; a fine shawl for Mrs. Bonner, sent by an Indian in memory of his own mother, hung from the back of a chair; and near by was a splendid silk turban, meant to give the "member for India" the appearance of a full-blown oriental. But these are only trifles. The principal things—caskets and other articles in silver and gold—had not yet arrived. They were being cleared, happily at the expense of the Indian Agency, and were coming on in a day or two. Mr. Bradlaugh has arranged to have them on view in the minor hall, upstairs, on February 16. Judging from the inventory, made out by Parsees in a good clerky hand, they will be well worth seeing. They will afterwards go to Northampton for inspection by Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents.

Now Mr. Bradlaugh has, for the first time in his life, a collection of plate, he will feel a new anxiety. Burglars don't go for books, but plate!—there is a fascination in the very word. Oh the lumpy feel of the swag, and the joys of the melting-pot! Mr. Bradlaugh will have to keep a good strong safe, and sometimes down at the House, about two o'clock in the morning, he will say to himself, "I hope the plate's all right."

Lecturing is out of the question with Mr. Bradlaugh for some time—no one knows how long. He has managed to cancel everything but an engagement at St. James's Hall, Manchester, which he will therefore fulfill. It is a mistake, however, if Mr. Bradlaugh will pardon our saying so. He ought not to go through the ordeal of three lectures in a monster hall in one day. If the engagement must be kept, we hope the lectures will be reduced to two.

Freethinkers will be pleased to see "the plate" on February 16, but ever so much more pleased to see Mr. Bradlaugh. Hearing about him is all very well, but they want to see him face to face. And it will be an eventful meeting. The old general—old in service at least—will bid farewell to the army. Fate beckons him away; and he must lay down the leadership. Would that it might be otherwise, but "there is no struggling against fate." The parting will be pathetic to both sides. Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. Bradlaugh leaves us in any other sense than as our active leader. His sympathies will be with us, he will share our convictions, he will rejoice in our success, he will remain a member of our society, he will advise us in our

difficulties, and he will stand by us in any dark hour of persecution. This mitigates the pang of separation. We lose our leader but only as a leader; not as a friend, not as a comrade, not as a counsellor; and though he cannot, alas, ride at our head, we can still say, "He is ours."—The Freethinker.

RELIGION.

Religion is not innate. The uneducated deaf mute has no idea of a supreme being, or of worship, in his mind.

Religion is a purely human invention, a theoretical machine, originally contrived by a few interested men, for selfish purposes, the parts and ramifications of which machine have been constantly added to and increased by succeeding men for ages, until now it has become of the most complex character.

The theory upon which this machine was based and built was and is absolutely false; that of a creator and a creation, the former without, the latter with a beginning.

Of the former it is not necessary, for the purpose of this article, to speak.

Of the latter reference is made to the basic assertion that the earth is a created body, having formerly existed either as an atom, or as an amorphous mass of nebulous material, floating in space.

Why this earth should ever have existed in a dissolved form, or why it was not formed sooner in the cycles of eternity, face to face with an eternally existing creative law, has never been known, nor even asserted.

So far as reason is concerned it is just as admissible to conclude that the earth has always existed in its present form, substantially, as in any other.

When it is remembered that this earth is not even a number among worlds that pervading all space are therefore as numberless as space is boundless, therefore without beginning or end, it is irresistible to conclude that creation is impossible.

In vain has the telescope of the astronomer searched "the heavens" to discover a world in progress of formation from an amorphous mass. The nebula large enough to make a world have all been resolved into already existing astral worlds—suns.

That there are masses of matter revolving in solar systems similar to this, as there is in this, is doubtless a fact. But that the presence of that matter is any evidence of an exploded planet, or of so much surplus left over after the completion of the system, is unknown.

The discovery of the earth's third motion, its periodical turning upon its center, every cycle of the apsides; as do also the rest of the planets, and probably the sun himself, fully accounts for the presence of that matter in the system, as well as other phenomena pertaining to the earth, and to the solar system generally.

The central turn of the earth is in a direction at right angles with the plane of its diurnal revolution, and ultimately stops at ninety degrees, reversing the position of the poles and equator.

Upon the central turning of the earth it becomes partially demagnetized, owing to the sun-currents crossing at right angles their former course, but owing to the continuance of the same amount of centrifugal force, matter is thrown off the earth's surface, which is loosened in its change of form to suit the new conditions, and is retained within the attractive power of the solar system until gradually taken up by the different planets in their orbital revolutions.

Christian chronologists have dated the creation of the world back to the time of the "astronomer's great year"—3958 B. C.—a time, really, when the earth, owing to the revolution of the line of the apsides, was in perihelion at the time of the autumnal equinox.

That a terrible cataclysm took place at that time there is evidence to prove, but it was not the creation of the world: it was simply one of its regular periodical central turns.

The line of the apsides completes an entire tropical revolution in 20,903 years, and this cycle measures the periods of the earth's central turnings. The next occurs in the year 16,945 A. D., 15,055 years hence.

These facts thus utterly destroying the sole foundation upon

which the superstructure of the Christian system of religion was and is based and built, what becomes of the system itself?

There have been great minds in all of the Christian ages, minds imbued with the spirit of all candor and fairness, which could not accept the phenomenal tales of the Bible as facts, for the reason that they knew supernaturalism to be false, and impossible of existence, because abhorred of nature. The Bible tale of a created earth, founded upon the ignorance of mankind in a dark unlettered age of the world, has always been the chief bulwark of the Christian system of "religion." Accepting this theory, all the rest were natural consequences that followed, the supernatural creation of man, and of all the entities below him in the scale of earthly existence.

Though wandering in the dark, beating blindly about in total ignorance of those laws which govern the motions of the earth in their entirety, the intuitive innate consciousness of the higher intelligence of mankind has led it to reject this supernaturalism, and to welcome evolution as a possible factor of truth.

Acceptance of the theory of the eternal existence of all of nature's laws makes plain the fact that the countless environments of all things have forever existed, and will forever exist as eternal principles. These environments are no more nor less than so many wombs of nature, as multitudinous as those numberless entities which are but the expressions of the life principle.

These environments differ from each other in form and in capacity, and consequently limit the expressions of the life principle, as attraction is limited in the expression of its power by the different things it grasps. The measures through which the life principle acts in the production of a blade of grass, or a humming bird, is totally different in form and capacity from those used in the production of an oak tree, or the condor of the Alps. Neither of these latter two could possibly be produced through the diminutive measures of the former, nor *vice versa*.

Abortions are the result of incomplete environments, all of which, it may here be remarked, are more or less complex in their composition. Evolution, properly so-called, is therefore an impossibility, for these environments are eternal, unchanging individual principles. The life principle, acting through monkey environments, can only produce, at the very best, but a perfect monkey; neither the form nor the capacity permits the production of a human being, and the environment itself, being an expression of an eternal principle, can never change. This principle and action holds good with regard to all produced entities. The worlds of space are the expression of eternal permanence, for the reason that absolute space possesses nothing, and productive environments of worlds are therefore impossible of existence. The transformation of nothing will produce nothing; the transformation of germs will produce living entities, and this is all there is of so-called creation, simply expression; and this expression is no result of a beginning, but it is the result of the action of eternal law forever expressing itself through eternally existing environments wherever found, and whose infinite varieties run parallel to all the other of nature.

Accepting the theory of a creation, and rejecting the theory of supernatural action, was the parent of evolution.

Accepting the theory of eternal permanence renders unnecessary the theory of evolution, or of supernatural action (an impossibility), and makes plain the assertion that there is no beginning or ending to human or other existence as a family.

This foundation possesses the indestructible solidity of nature, and upon its common sense may take its stand, side by side with truth, with no fear of ever being shaken, much less overturned.

Religion is therefore a baseless fabric. There is no necessity for worship. There is necessity for knowledge of nature's laws, for by them we are governed, and their rule is unchanging and inflexible. They never forgive.

It needs not the vision of a seer to predict a grand time coming when religion shall surrender to knowledge, the scientist shall supplant the priest, and the temples of knowledge stand on the fallen fanes of human beliefs. Then an eternal farewell to the sombre error of the ages. *Requiescat in pace.*

MARSHAL WHEELER.

Bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT, 1889, \$3.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA'S SUNDAY LAWS.

To justify their effort to secure the enactment of a Sunday law for the District of Columbia, the plea is made that the District has no Sunday law; and that to rescue this part of the United States from heathenism there must be enacted a civil Sunday law compelling people to act as though they were religious, and prohibiting everybody from doing any work on Sunday in order to prevent people from being forced to labor on that day. But this is all a hoax, the District of Columbia has a Sunday law; but for obvious reasons they dare not try to enforce it as it is.

The way it all comes about is this: The colony of Maryland had a Sunday law, enacted in 1723. When the colony became the state of Maryland the same laws continued. Then when that portion of Maryland was set off which became the property of the United States under the title of the District of Columbia, and subject to the jurisdiction of Congress, the following statute was enacted by Congress:

SEC. 92. The laws of the state of Maryland not inconsistent with this title, as the same existed on the twenty-seventh day of February, eighteen hundred and one, except as since modified or repealed by act of Congress or by authority thereof, or until so modified or repealed, continue in force within the District.—Revised Statutes District of Columbia, P. 9.

The law of Maryland (October, 1723), relative to Sunday was then as follows:

AN ACT,

TO PUNISH BLASPHEMERS, SWEARERS, DRUNKARDS, AND SABBATH BREAKERS, AND FOR REPEALING THE LAWS HERETOFORE MADE FOR THE PUNISHING OF SUCH OFFENDERS.

Be it enacted by the right honorable the lord proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of assembly, and the authority of the same, That if any persons shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Savior Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall be thereof convict by verdict, of confession, shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue and fined twenty pounds sterling to the lord proprietor to be applied to the use of the county where the offence shall be committed, to be levied on the offender's body, goods and chattels, lands or tenements, and in case the said fine cannot be levied, the offender to suffer six months' imprisonment without bail or mainprize: and that for the second offence, the offender being thereof convict as aforesaid, shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B and fined forty pounds sterling to the lord proprietor, to be applied and levied as aforesaid, and in case the same cannot be levied, the offender shall suffer twelve months' imprisonment without bail or mainprize; and that for the third offence, the offender being convict as aforesaid, shall suffer death without the benefit of the clergy.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, that every person that shall hereafter profanely swear or curse in the presence and hearing of any magistrate, minister, the commissary-general, secretary, sheriff, coroner, provincial or county clerk, vestryman, church-warden, or constable, or be convicted thereof before any magistrate, by the oath of one lawful witness, or confession of the party, shall, for the first oath or curse, be fined two shillings and sixpence current money; and for every oath or curse after the first, five shillings like money, to be applied to the use aforesaid.

Sections 3 to 9 relate to drunkards and the enforcement of the law.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, That no person whatsoever shall work or do any bodily labor on the Lord's day, commonly called Sunday, and that no person having children, servants, or slaves, shall command, or wittingly, or willingly suffer any of them to do any manner of work or labor on the Lord's day (works of necessity and charity always excepted), nor shall suffer or permit any children, servants, or slaves, to profane the Lord's day by gaming, fishing, fowling, hunting, or unlawful pastimes or recreations; and that every person transgressing this act, and being thereof convict by the oath of one sufficient witness, or confession of the party before a single magistrate, shall forfeit two hundred pounds of tobacco, to be levied and applied as aforesaid.

SEC. 11. And be it likewise enacted, That no house-keeper shall sell any strong liquor on Sunday (except in case of absolute necessity), or suffer any drunkenness, gaming, or unlawful sports, or recreations, in his or her house, on pain of forfeiting two thousand pounds of tobacco to his lordship, one half to the use aforesaid, and the other half to him that will sue for the same, to be recovered by action of debt, bill, plaint, or information, wherein no essoin, protection or wager of law shall be allowed.

SEC. 12. And be it enacted, That every parish clerk within this province shall procure a copy of this act, which the county clerks are hereby

required to suffer the parish clerks to take without fee or reward, for which he shall be allowed in the parish fifty pounds of tobacco, and that the same shall be read four times a year, viz., on some Sunday in March, in June, in September, and in December, by every minister within this province, in their respective parish churches, between divine service and sermon, on pain of forfeiting one thousand pounds of tobacco for every omission, one half to the lord proprietor, for the use as aforesaid, and the other half to him who will sue for the same, to be recovered by action for debt, bill, plaint, or information, wherein no essoin, protection, or wager of law shall be allowed.—Laws of the District of Columbia, pp. 136-138.

These statutes have never been either repealed or modified by any act of Congress. On the contrary, provision has been made for their strict enforcement. The Revised Statutes of the District of Columbia says:

SEC. 335. It shall be the duty of the board of police at all times of the day or night within the boundaries of said police district—

* * * * *
Ninth, To see that all laws relating to the observance of Sunday are promptly enforced; and

Tenth, To enforce and obey all laws and ordinances in force in the District, or any part thereof, which are properly applicable to police or health, and not inconsistent with the provisions of this chapter.—Revised Statutes District of Columbia, p. 40.

It therefore stands conclusively proved that the District of Columbia has a full and sufficient Sunday law. But there is a serious difficulty about its enforcement. Although according to the act of Congress all these laws are of force, they cannot be enforced. The first one—the one relating to blaspheming—is clearly and doubly unconstitutional, in that (1) in forbidding a denial of the trinity it prohibits the free exercise of religion, and (2) it inflicts cruel and unusual punishments.

Then the Sunday statute being an inseparable part of the act, bears upon its very face the distinct religious features of all such legislation. The Sunday law advocates therefore have not the courage to undertake the enforcement of a Sunday law that stands so distinctly and inseparably connected with the barbarisms of a religious despotism. Consequently they hope to get the provisions of this Sunday section separated from its original and proper connection, by advocating the civil Sunday, and securing the passage by Congress of an act to prevent persons being forced to labor on Sunday.

By comparing the Blair and the Breckinridge Sunday bills with the foregoing Sunday section, it is easy to see the family likeness. The Blair bill, Section 5, reproduces that feature of the old law, Section 11, which proposes to hire people to sue the man who works on Sunday; with this difference, however, that whereas the old law gave half the fine imposed for Sunday work, the Blair bill gives all the earnings of the man who receives pay for Sunday work. There is another point in this reproduction of the old law that is worthy of notice: if it is not an intentional reproduction, it is to say the least

A MOST REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Section 10 of the existing law imposes a fine of "two hundred pounds of tobacco," and the Breckinridge bill imposes a fine of "one hundred dollars;" Section 11 of the existing law imposes a fine of "two thousand pounds of tobacco," and Section 3 of the Blair bill allows a fine of "one thousand dollars." Now we find by inquiry of large dealers in tobacco in this city that the average retail price of average tobacco is fifty cents a pound. Thus the two hundred pounds of tobacco of Section 10 of the existing law at fifty cents a pound make the one hundred dollars of the Breckinridge bill; and the two thousand pounds of tobacco of Section 11 of the existing law at fifty cents a pound make the one thousand dollars of the Blair bill! We say again that if this point in the two Sunday bills now before Congress was not intentional, it is certainly a most remarkable coincidence; while the other points of resemblance between the old and the new bear strongly, almost irresistibly, to the conclusion that the old law was before the eyes and in the minds of those who originated the two Sunday bills that are now pending in Congress.

What is the use of the Sunday-law advocates any longer talking about "civil" Sunday laws? Sunday observance is religious and nothing else. It never was anything else and it never can be made anything else. Sunday laws are religious laws. They are laws enforcing the observance of a religious institution. They

belong with an established religion. When, in the face of the evidence here presented, the advocates of Sunday laws, either State or National, make the plea that it is only civil Sunday laws that they want, the people will know just what to think of the plea. And, in view of the evidence here presented, when men advocate a Sunday law, either state or national, upon any plea whatever, the people may know just what estimate to put upon the plea, and also upon the men who make it.—A. T. J. in the American Sentinel.

ITEMS FROM SWEDEN.

THE LAND OF CHURCH-FEARING OSCAR THE SECOND.

TRUST IN THE LORD ALONE.—Recently a woman in Sundsvall applied for a life-insurance policy. It was granted her, but before she could take it out she had to go to the pastor and get a certificate of her age. Instead of this the pastor gave her such a severe lesson about the wickedness of being life-insured that she declared she would not risk the salvation of her soul by taking out the policy.

SEQUEL OF PIETY.—On the 8th of August last year, at 5 o'clock P.M., a conflagration occurred near Norkoping. By tolling the church chimes the firemen in Norkoping could soon have rushed to assistance, but divine service was being held, and therefore the alarm was postponed till 6 o'clock. The fire had meanwhile destroyed the country residence Johannisberg, the proprietor of which, who was sick in bed, was so badly burnt that it nearly cost him his life. The house was burnt to the ground.

THE LIBERALS NOT DISCOURAGED.—Last year V. Lennstrand was forbidden to lecture any more in Visby on account of the contents of two lectures he had given in that place before. The authorities had no legal right to undertake this step; but what do they care when the question concerns a heretic? Notwithstanding the prohibition, however, the lecture took place the 14th of August. A garden was rented a little outside the city, and tickets were distributed gratis to all who wished to come. To those who were thus invited Lennstrand delivered his lecture. The police who were not invited were obliged to stay outside.

A few days later, Sunday, the 18th of August, V. Lennstrand lectured on board the steamer Brage. There was no hall or place whatever to be got in or near Yrebro. But the Liberals were not irresolute. They rented the steamer Brage for an excursion to Lappe. After having anchored there, the lecture was delivered to as many as could find room aboard.—From Fritankaren, Stockholm, Sweden.

IS RELIGION A FAILURE?

That question depends upon the God you worship and creeds you believe in. If you worship the book-made God described in the Bible and the prevailing religious creeds, I think that both religion and the God worshiped are stupendous failures, for as a general over the hosts of heaven God was not as competent a general as was General Grant in our late rebellion, and as humanitarians we made a great improvement in the treatment of our enemies. God turned his enemies out of heaven; our traitors returned to their homes and were buried with their fathers. And as a parenthesis I would say if I could command omnipotent power one second of time I would have sent fire from heaven (or the other place) and consumed that rebel flag so peacefully folded on Jeff Davis's casket, and would have turned the twenty-surpliced priests then and there to pillars of salt, if I had not lost the receipt applied to Mother Lot.

Again, this God and religion are failures in making man as the masterpiece of God's mechanism, because God, the maker of man, could not direct him to the place he intended him to occupy, old Nick being met at every cross-road in man's journey of life and directed by him to the wrong place almost every time. Man as a mechanic will make a machine to run as he wills it to run.

Then as a reformer to change the habits of the people from their sins God was a failure, as related in the story of the cities of the plain, where Mother Lot was turned into salt, and Father Lot, his daughters, and a jug of whisky landed safe in the caves in the mountains, and the cities were consumed by fire from

heaven. My pen refuses to record the acts of Lot and his daughters, but I will unhesitatingly say the plot, call it by what name you may, was a failure.

But now let us pause and contemplate the God of nature and the religion of humanity, and question their prophet, Euclid. Did they ever tell a lie or make a mistake? No; theirs is the true religion. Question them in any part of the world, and you receive the same answer, because their propositions are self-sustaining. They prove themselves every time. All that mankind needs to-day is a thinking-cap to study out this road to salvation, and the first thing to do to get a fair start on that road is to make an honest God, for that would be man's noblest work, name him the God of humanity, and issue his two commandments, not to sin against yourself; not to sin against your neighbor.

The power of this God and this religion is the agreement among men. Let us cry aloud, *Vox populi vox Dei*. Then let our enemies tremble, for if we, the people, can stand together we will soon learn that the power of agreement among men is the power that moves our political world by the vote of the people, as lightning does the will of God. This God of nature and religion of humanity must become as great a success as the old past religion has been a failure. Let us therefore establish a new religion; let the trinity of our God be the God of Nature, the Goddess of Liberty, and the Goddess of Humanity. Let maternity be the law of the land; let us try and have our children born right, saving the expense and trouble of the preacher to have them born again. Let us old sinners go and take the money used to convert the old sinners in our land, and give it to a maternal fund, so the mothers will not bear children with want birthmarks stamped in their being. This religion would bring forth a race of men that would not have failure written on their brows.

I would like to repeat a verse from Addison explaining a fact that never fails:

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's power display;

And when the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;

Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

DEPUY.

Elder Harrison.

Mr. Harrison likes billiards and plays a game or two with "Lije" Halford almost every day. Not many years ago an elder in the Presbyterian church playing billiards would have caused a painful shock to the religious community. Pious people would have held him guilty of a mortal sin. But times have changed; more liberal views of such matters prevail. Mr. Harrison himself is singularly free from that Puritanic narrowness which once denied to church members many innocent amusements. He thinks it is no sin to play a game of billiards; he permits wine drinking at the White House. He sometimes spends Sunday in recreation, such as yachting and driving, instead of worship, and, notwithstanding that he is a Presbyterian elder and that recent synods of his church have denounced the theatre as one of the chief allurements of Satan, and enjoined Presbyterians to shun it, he is frequently seen at the Washington theatres. The religious austerity in which Mr. Harrison was trained is rapidly disappearing, and his own example is not an unimportant contributor to the fact.—Ex.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL has the following lecture engagements in California:

Sacramento, March 16 (Sunday); Lodi, March 19, 20, 21; Stockton, March 23 (Sunday); Boulder Creek, March 25, 26, 27; Santa Cruz, March 28; San Jose, March 30 (Sunday afternoon); San Francisco, March 30 (Sunday evening); Hanford, April 3; Lemoore, April 5, 6; Norwalk, April 9, 10; Anaheim, April 12, 13 (Sunday); Orange, April 15, 16, 17; Santa Ana, April 19, 20 (Sunday); National City, April 23, 24, 25; San Diego, April 27 (Sunday); San Pasqual and Escondido, April 29, 30, and May 1; Los Angeles, May 4 (Sunday); Oleander, May 7; Livermore, May 11 (Sunday).

RELIGION AND PRAYERS.

These are but the relics of barbarous ages when man, in his utter ignorance, was nearest to the brute—in fact, was but a brute himself. As such, cowed down by the terrifying phenomena surrounding him, destroying life and vegetation by storms, lightning, floods, indiscriminate swallowing and engulfing by earthquakes, in cracks and fissures his abode, and the dearest of his kind—he in his helplessness and ignorance—uttered groans and sought for help and protection in the unseen powers by some kind of supplication. It did not matter that help never came, or as it is to-day, when all are praying during such calamity, those who get saved quietly attribute it to their praying. The savage also persevered in his groans and senseless utterings. Ignorant yet cunning schemers—in later days called priests—created forms of prayers and offerings by which the masses in their vicissitudes were to be controlled in appeasing the wrath of these unseen powers; and, to place the origin of the terrifying phenomena and to assist them in their schemes, revelations and Gods were manufactured, suiting and fittingly made to harmonize with the ignorance prevailing.

The invention of such wrathful deities was quite a masterstroke for the coming ages, for all the idlers and the drones have ever since embraced the opportunity of peddling blessings and salvations off, to live a life of luxury and ease and comfort on tithings taken from the faithful, trusting masses. To perpetuate such imposition is the everlasting labor of the priests. HOMÖ.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

ENTITLED COSMOS.

The Roadway.—The Preacher.—The Hymn.—Blunt.—Conversation on the Three-One.

34. And I perceived that when the man had made an end of these words, that he put forth his hand and drank somewhat from a vessel that was hard by, and the color of that which he drank was as the color of water, but the smell thereof mightily assaulted my nostrils.

35. And I, Philo Aletheia, would barter mine ears for a false obolus to know what it was that he drank.

36. And when the man had finished drinking, he began to sing; and all the congregation with him. And they sang:

37. We praise our king to whom we know, the blessings of this life we owe. And for the hope (of which we boast) of joys to come, we'll praise the ghost.

38. We are his saints; he is our king, and loveth much to hear us sing. And when his praise employs our lungs, he maketh angels hold their tongues.

39. Then sing and shout, ye sons of grace; awake the echoes of this place. And by your voices strong and sweet, alarm the foe in his retreat.

40. If sinners will not join in praise, then we'll condemn their wicked ways. And thank our king, as we condemn, that we are not as bad as them.

41. And they who scoff at us to-day, and will not tread the king's highway, shall be o'erwhelmed in fire and flame, and live for aye a burning shame.

42. And when they had made an end of singing, I saw a certain man, whose name was Blunt, and oftentimes I perceived that he fell a laughing at the preacher and those who were with him.

43. And the preacher grew angry, and said unto the man, Wherefore laughest thou? Verily, thy laughter is unseemly, and not fitting before the servants of the holy one.

44. And Blunt made answer and said, Mayhap thou wilt tell me who this reverend holy one may be.

45. Then said the preacher, He is the king of the great city beyond the river, and my master.

46. And Blunt said, Prithee, what manner of man is he.

47. He is not a man, said the other.

48. And Blunt said, Then, mayhap, he is a woman?

49. He is not, said the other.

50. Is he, then, a child? said Blunt.

51. He is not a child, said the preacher.

52. Then, said Blunt, needs must, he is an eunuch, or a beast.

53. Thou hast an unruly tongue, and thy speech is unseemly, said the preacher. He is neither eunuch or beast.

54. Then, said Blunt, I beseech thee show him to me, that I may know what metal he is of; my very soul longeth to have acquaintance with him.

55. No man can see his face and live, said the preacher.

56. Then said Blunt, I have heard of a certain knave, Moses by name, who saw his rump, do thou, therefore, show me that, and I am contented.

57. Thou art unseemly, I tell thee, said the other.

58. Nay, said Blunt, of a verity I do earnestly desire to know this thy master. Prithee, what years hath he numbered?

59. His years are infinite, said the preacher.

60. Then said Blunt, Truly thou astonishest me; he is somewhat of a greybeard, then, and doubtless hath a noble family?

61. He hath an only-begotten son, said the other.

62. And Blunt said, Is his wife yet alive?

63. He hath no wife, said the other.

64. And Blunt spoke again saying, Ha, is it so, then he somewhat of a rover, and sporteth among the maidens, or how came he by his son.

65. And the preacher made answer and said, The son was from everlasting.

66. And Blunt was astonished and said, What, then, is the son of the age of the father? And this ghost of whom thou sang, what manner of thing is it?

67. And the preacher answered, saying, It proceedeth from the father and the son.

68. And Blunt said, Then, I beseech thee, tell which of the twain is the mother? And, while thou art speaking, tell me, why it is a ghost?

69. And the preacher answered him not a word.

70. And Blunt inquired further, saying, Of what sex is the ghost? And the preacher said, He is of none.

71. And Blunt said, Ah, then, he is doubtless an eunuch, and, mayhap, of the same age as the father and son? And the preacher said, I know not.

72. And Blunt said, Verily, it is a strange family; prithee, what authority hath the son in the kingdom? And the preacher answered, saying, He is king.

73. And Blunt said, What, hath he then deposed the old man? And the other answered, Nay.

74. And Blunt said, Then there are two kings? And the other said, Nay. And Blunt said, Yea, verily, thou saidest the father was king, and the son was king, therefore there are two kings.

75. And the preacher was angry, and said, I tell thee the three are but one.

76. And Blunt opened his mouth again, saying, Three, didst thou say, then is the ghost also a king? And the preacher said, Yea.

77. And Blunt said, Then, needs must, there are three kings, for one and one, and one over, being well and duly counted, will be no less than three, even though the sea itself be thirsty.

78. And the preacher answered, saying, I tell thee there is but one king.

79. And Blunt said, Mayhap thou meanest that the three do but altogether make a king, each being but a third part of a king.

80. And the preacher made answer and said, I tell thee, blasphemer, they are each of them kings, having all power and dominion.

81. And Blunt said, Then, how sayest thou there is but one king? And the preacher, answered, There is but one king.

82. And Blunt said, But thou saidest there were three kings? And the other said, There are three kings.

83. And Blunt said, Seest thou yonder ass? And the other said, I see it. And Blunt said, Seest thou this ass also? And the other said, Yea.

84. And Blunt said, Let, then, this ass be the father, and that the son, and thou shalt be the ghost; canst thou, then, be

this ass, and that ass be this ass, and this ass be thee and the other two asses also?

85. And the preacher said, Yea.

86. And Blunt spake again, saying, And canst thou and the other ass be this one ass? And the preacher said, Yea.

87. And Blunt spake further, saying, And can that ass, and this, and thee, be no other than this? And the other said, Yea.

88. And Blunt spake yet again, saying, And wouldst thou be no greater an ass for having the other two joined with thee? And the other said, Never a whit.

89. And Blunt said, And there would be one ass only, and not three? And the preacher said, Yea.

90. And Blunt said, And yet there would be three asses, and not one only? And the preacher said, Yea, of a surety, there would be three.

91. And Blunt said, Tell me, I beseech thee, dost thou comprehend that which thou sayest? And the other made answer, saying, It is not needful, 'tis sufficient that I believe it.

92. And Blunt was wroth, and cried out, saying, Pack thee! pack thee! even as thou sayest, thou art a thrice-told ass! Get thee gone! Away! Avaunt! Avast! Begone! lest I vomit upon thee, for I am sick, even to the death, of thy babbling. Get thee gone, thou three-fold ass, I say, and take thy kings with thee—and, prithee, smother them and thyself in the nearest dunghill.

93. And the preacher looked upon Blunt, and was exceedingly dismayed, and his visage changed, and became yellow, and, mayhap, green; I cannot tell, though I steadfastly regarded him.

94. And the preacher went hastily aside.

To be Continued.

Mr. Hyland at the Washington Convention.

FREETHOUGHT FRIENDS: Please accept a few thoughts gathered on the way to the Convention which organized Washington State Secular Union. Leaving home by train, in a heavy rain, I came to Forest Grove on a sled over a foot of snow, and stopped at the Forest Grove Hotel and inquired about the situation of Secularism. They informed me that the people of that vicinity has raised a large amount of money for, as they supposed, a Secular school, but when they found that the Congregationalists, by purely Christian methods, had pocketed their money and captured their school and were only interested in teaching catechism and the many tricks of theological schools that rowdies delight in, they must then cast about for some practical school if any were to be found; but Secular schools are not here. So the next best must be tried, let the result be as it may. Some tried the Vancouver Catholic school and pronounced it far superior to the Protestant Bible-stuffing concern. Yet in our benighted Grove, I found some noble workers for humanity, although our friend, Mr. Todd, was dangerously sick, and deep snow and distance prevented my calling on them, and Mrs. Todd was prevented from coming to hear that most noble speaker, Mrs. Krekel, who delivered a lecture on Sunday morning, and in the evening another. The latter was the most pointed and logical lecture it has ever been my lot to hear, the speaker closing by pointing at a splendid picture of Thomas Paine and giving more reasons why we should honor the day that he was born than my small skull could comprehend, and filling the large audience with love and admiration for the subject and the speaker. Monday, the 27th, we ate in Portland, 363 Third street, home and place of business of that most noted banner-maker, Miss Blaisdell, and where also Mrs. Krekel assisted in the preparations for a night ride to Seattle. Three delegate's tickets were procured, and baggage checked, and we were lost in the dark, hunting the way from the street car to the depot, yet with smiling countenances we got there on time and met the representatives of Seattle, and the delegates of the state, all working in unison and harmony, while love and fraternity beamed from every eye, especially from that of the editor and publisher of the Snohomish "Eye."

In our conferences none seemed backward in denouncing those members of the legislature who voted for chaplains, as perjurers, as they had already been sworn to support the constitution. Those also were denounced who proposed to pass an appropriation for incidentals large enough to cover the chaplain's claim as deceivers and frauds! Then among the most enjoyable features was the presentation of the banner by Miss Blaisdell, whose industrious hands had made it, and whose

spritely intellect made her capable and willing to deliver a most elegant address upon the presentation of the banner, which was straightway adopted, by unanimous vote, as the standard of the Washington State Secular Union.

January 29th, in the evening, Mrs. Reynolds gave us a recitation of writings, deeds, and sacrifices of Thomas Paine, accompanied by the date of each, and in such eloquent style that any fair-minded individual could not help saying, "To the shades with your saving Nazarene who neither wrote, did, nor sacrificed anything beneficial to humanity."

January 30th, at night, Mrs. Krekel was expected to lecture from the text, "Natural Morality Superior to Religious Morality." She had recovered from the hardships and vexation of a night's ride, in which she and Miss Blaisdell were crowded not only from the berths that had been procured for them in advance, but off of the car entirely on to a side track, necessitating their changing cars in the night, whereas they paid for a through sleeper. We don't like Christian morality even when applied by a railroad company. After announcing her subject, Mrs. Krekel astonished her greatest admirers by the masterly manner in which she presented so delicate a subject. She spoke to the point and logically proved every step, so that every word, gesture, and motion fell upon that vast audience with irresistible force.

B. F. HYLAND.

Darwin on Religion.

The late Mr. Darwin had been told by a student at Jena that in reading his works his (the student's) faith had perished and had been asked to state his own. Mr. Darwin penned the following short reply:

"SIR: I am very busy and am an old man in delicate health and have not time to answer your questions fully even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ have nothing to do with each other, except so far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities. Wishing you well, I remain your obedient servant,

CHARLES DARWIN."

"Down, June 5, 1879.

A Pacific Anarchist.

The most brilliant, if not the most powerful Anarchist in New York, says the St. Louis Republic, is Miss Dr. Kelly in Seventh street. She is a young woman of remarkable beauty, culture, and intellectuality. She is a very able physician, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. She has been a student of political and social economy since her girlhood, and has at her tongue's end the works of Lasalle, Marx, Fourier, Godin, Blind, Mill, Holyoake, and Herbert Spencer. She has a personal following of about 800, whose faith in her is almost fanaticism. She is what is called a "pacific Anarchist," and does not believe in dynamite, poison, or bloodshed, but advocates the conversion of the community by lectures, essays, pamphlets, and books.

W. S. BELL lectured in the Dama Hall, Oakland, Cal., last Sunday, on Sunday legislation. Mr. A. H. Schou introduced Mr. Bell to the audience. Mr. Putnam lectures in the same place March 2. An effort will be made to organize a Secular Union in Oakland. Let our Liberal friends give Mr. Putnam a good audience.

THE "Individualist" desires to send a sample copy to each and every subscriber of FREETHOUGHT. The next number of that journal will contain matter of especial interest to the readers of this. Send for sample copy at once. Address F. Q. Stuart, proprietor The Individualist, 1653 Blake street, Denver, Colo.

WE are pleased to note that Mrs. E. D. Slenker, or Aunt Elmina, as she is affectionately called by thousands, has become an editor. Her paper is the Plaindealer, of Hastings, Mich., whereof Mr. Francis Graves is publisher.

READ on page 141 the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

The Truth Seeker Annual

AND

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1890—(E.M. 290).

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The Infant Understanding.

Some very funny answers are occasionally met with by people who have to do with school children, no matter of what age.

A government inspector was questioning a class of children, about six years of age, in one of the poorest London infant schools. The questions were on general matters, to test the intelligence of the youngsters. He got to the subject of birds, and found that most of the children only knew the names of two birds, the sparrow and the canary. "What are those birds that sing high up in the air, right in the clouds?" he asked. After a few moment's hesitation, he got the answer from a little girl—"Angels, sir."

Another inspector was questioning some boys on "Casabianca," the poem prepared for his visit, and asked, "Why did the boy stand there on the burning deck?" "Because it was too hot to sit down," was the answer he got from one boy.

"Give some account of the habits and customs of the early Britons" was the subject of an essay given to a sixth standard. One boy finished up with the following: "They slept together in caves, lying on the floor, quite naked, and with no covering over them, for they was so eminently social."

Perhaps the funniest answers are got in response to scriptural questions. Here are one or two examples. An account of the life of Joseph contained the following: "When his brothers saw him, they said, 'Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come let us kill him.' So they killed him, and took a goat and dipped it in his blood, and took it to their father, and said, 'We have found this. Tell us whether it be thy son or no.'"

In answer to the question, "How was Lot's wife punished?" one answer read: "She was turned into a pillar of salt by day and a pillar of fire by night."

The following has been given as the work of a sixth standard boy: "And Jezebel painted her face and tired her hair, and sat at the window of the palace. And Jehu rode up and said, 'Throw her down.' And they threw her down. And Jehu said 'Do it a second time;' and they did it a second time. And he said, 'Do it a third time.' And they did it a third time, and they gathered up the fragments that remained—twelve basketsful."

ONE very cold Sunday, a minister, in order to terrify or edify his congregation, likened the everlasting punishment to the torments of the wicked, in thick ribbed ice. On being taxed with the heterodox nature of such a view, he replied, cannily, "D'ye think I would try to scare sinners this could weather by making them think about a hot fire?"

EDITOR to printer—You've ruined me. In describing the great ball, I wrote that the famous lecturer on dress wore nothing that was remarkable. You've printed it: "Mrs. B. wore nothing. That was remarkable." Get your money of the cashier and go. We've no use for a man like you around here.

THE Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, told a laughable story in the course of his address before the Evangelical alliance. He said that a little Brooklyn girl returned home from Sunday school in a puzzled state of mind because she had heard there that Jesus was a Jew. She appealed to her mother for a confirmation of the report. "Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother. "Well, mamma, he was the son of God, was he not?" "Yes, my dear." "Well," said the little one, "I don't see how it ever happened that Jesus was a Jew, when God himself was a Presbyterian."

AN elder was reading and commenting upon the 34th Psalm, and the book being printed in the old style, when he came to verse thirteen, which reads; "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile," he read it "squeaking girls," and then remarked by way of exposition, "It is evident from this passage that scripture does not absolutely forbid kissing, but, as in Christianity everything is to be done decently and in order, we are here encouraged by the passage to choose rather those girls that take it quietly, and not those who squeak under the operation."

THE SAN FRANCISCO

FREETHOUGHT * * *

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PROGRAMME FOR MARCH, 1890.

March 2—**Debate.** Question: Is Spiritualism a Demonstrated Fact? Prof. D. C. Seymour affirms, S. P. Putnam denies. General discussion.

March 9—"Freethought Around the World," by Lillian Leland, author of "Traveling Alone."

March 16—**Lecture.** Prof. W. S. Bell.

March 23—**Lecture.** "The Rights of Man," George Cummings.

March 30—**Lecture.** "Is Man Immortal," Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

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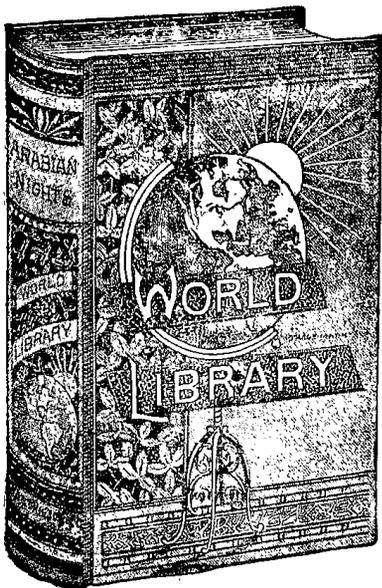
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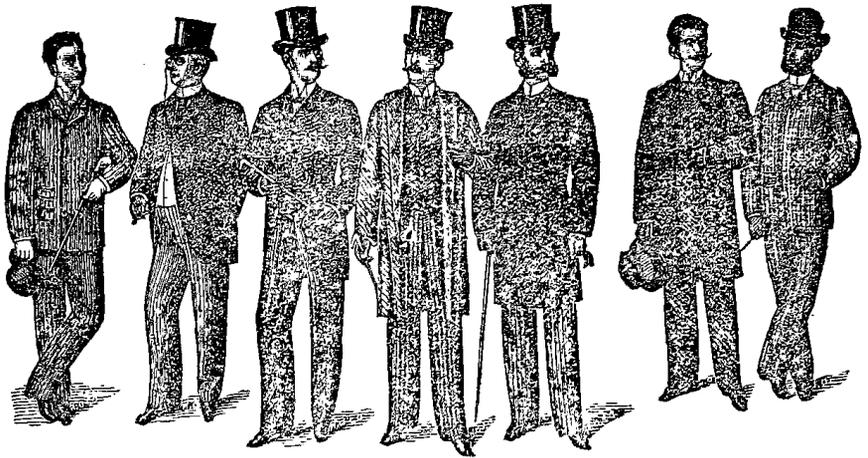
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 8, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

When I awoke Saturday morning, February 22, the rain was still pouring down, and it looked as if my trip to Calistoga would be draped with clouds and mists, and that only a baker's dozen would struggle out to attend my lectures. But as I crossed the bay the sun seemed to get the better of the storm battalions, and sent its thousand silver arrows along the shores and waters, and the snowy heights became luminous in the quivering rays. So I thought I might bear good luck with me on the journey, and that Freethought would have the credit of bringing fair days into the ranks of time. When I arrived at Calistoga the heavy clouds were rolling off, though with unwilling aspect, as if they hated to give the earth a chance to greet the sun-god. My friend, R. F. Grigsby, was at the station, having made arrangements for the lectures—two at Calistoga and two at Palisade Mines, in the new school-house, wherein no preacher had yet held forth, and the Secularist was the first to dedicate the temple of learning to liberty and justice. I had already arranged to be at Calistoga twice before, but the rains had made it impossible to fulfill the engagements. Grigsby is one of the sort that never gives up, and was determined this time that the flags should wave whatever the skies might portend.

I spent a few hours in Calistoga in making the acquaintance of several Liberal gentlemen, and I found that orthodoxy did not altogether have its own way in this pleasant mountain village. Calistoga is a delightful summer resort. The scenery about it is magnificent and lovely. The valley with vineyards and orchards and handsome dwellings, stretches to the base of the lofty hills, where Mt. St. Helena, clothed in glittering vesture, towers in the pride of a mighty monarch. Near by are soda and sulphur springs to which annually pilgrims throng for health, and it is in contemplation to build a mammoth hotel, the most elegant in the state. At present, the Magnolia hotel, under charge of mine jolly landlord, Cheseboro, gives a cordial and refreshing welcome to the traveler.

Just as the "evening shades prevail," and "the moon takes up the wondrous tale," the charming little nags, Dora and Moscow, take us out to the Palisade Mines. These are a couple of South

American ponies unlike any other breed in the country, not much more than half as large as the ordinary horse, but most gracefully built, with the tiniest little twinkling feet as they go dashing along the mountain road. They never get tired, and apparently are as fresh at the end of a long journey as at the beginning. Mr. Grigsby has been offered three or four times what he originally paid for them. Everybody is attracted by their lively and beautiful appearance, but they are not for sale. Even if the men were tempted by the golden offer, the "women folks" would not allow it, for they dearly love these delightful novelties. Indeed I would put Dora and Moscow on the roll of fame and honor if I could, for it is a rare pleasure to be borne behind their fiery hoofs. Every part of their bodies enjoys the exhilarating motion.

Softly the sunset gleamed upon the snows and crags and trees and deep ravines which surround and overhang Palisade Mines, in the bosom of which friend Grigsby makes his home, while he digs into the heart of nature for its silver streams that crystallized long ago in the tumults of the prehistoric age. The whole family is here now—Mrs. Grigsby, Miss Meda, and Miss Lola and Arthur and Walter—and there is a Freethought fireside whose welcome along the rough toils of life is like a garden of flowers on the wild breast of the hills.

Sunday morning dawns gloriously. There is scarcely a cloud in the sky. Mt. St. Helena gleams like dazzling silver in the brilliant light. The rushing mountain torrent laughs all the way down the hills and runs sparkling into the broad valley that shimmers away to the distant horizon with ever-changing lustre. Providence, or something or other, is with us this time sure, and paves the way of pioneer thought with peace and beauty. The school-house is filled. Some of the audience are Christians. Even from these there was very little opposition to my discourse on "The American Republic." Quite a number became members of the State Liberal Union. In the evening I lectured at Calistoga. The attendance is very encouraging. The lecture was the first Freethought lecture ever given in the place, but it seemed to express the ideas of the majority present. The churches were in full blast with extra announcements which, no doubt, kept the "faithful," to a large extent, away. The subject chosen by the popular clergyman was "The Hog in Religion," or "Pork and Beans in American History." This being somewhat different from hell-fire, made quite an attractive title. I lectured Sunday evening on "The Bible and Modern Thought," and on Monday evening to a larger audience on "The New Heaven and Earth," to which the aforesaid clergyman will reply, giving "The Old Heaven and Earth." Tuesday evening I lectured again in the school-house, which was full. Many signatures were received for the state organization. The meetings were a success all through, and so far as Calistoga and vicinity is concerned, it can be said that Freethought has made a decided advance.

Palisade Mines is beginning to put on a lively appearance and

will soon be worthy of the name, Palisade city. Quite a hamlet is now in and around these rocky ravines. An enormous amount of work has been done in developing the mines since Grigsby and Johnson and Bain took up the claims about seventeen years ago. A big excitement was about St. Helena at that time, and crowds rushed hither, and "Ragtown" was built up in a day. After a month the boom was over, and there was universal skepticism as to the existence of any silver in these mountains. But Grigsby and his partners had faith in the matter and held on. It was faith founded upon knowledge and so has proved successful. One of the best mills in the state has been erected here, and a large quantity of ore has been taken out. When one, however, considers what must be done in order to take out the ore and separate the silver and prepare it for market, it looks like a herculean task. They have to plunge with various tunnels, etc., hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth, where water and heat must oftentimes be contended with in order to reach the vein. There are tons of waste rock to be taken out. I went down into the shaft. It was like going into Hades. It gets one quite used to the subterranean world. The lamps flicker amidst the gloomy recesses. The rocks drip with moisture. It is not a place to remain a great while with comfort. On the outside the mill makes a thundering noise as it grinds the ore to dust. The "roaster" has a peculiar attraction. It presents a first-class picture of hell-fire. It is a huge cylinder rolling slowly and slowly around, and the decomposing sulphur flashes fiery particles, while the burning dust drops from the revolving roof, and the flames leap and roar from the oven beneath. It would be a fine thing to scare people with in the "good old days" of Bible theology. The mill is now in full operation and the silver bars come forth from time to time. It is no slight undertaking, however, to grasp the secret of the hills and mould it to shining use. Here, indeed, is the victory of man over nature, compelling, whether it will or no, to unfold its ancient riches. A beautiful place it is all about these busy mines. Lovely scenes open on the view from hill and vale. The precipices tower in wild and splendid beauty. St. Helena lifts its brow against the sky in hoary majesty. Far down the green fields open, broadening and shining to the encircling blue. Amidst these varying pictures of beauty and grandeur, it is a keen joy, indeed, to feel the pulse of Freethought, and, with flaming dawn and golden sunset, behold the banners of eternal progress.

With such noble friends as I have met here, Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby and family, Wm. Grigsby, James Bain, Dan. Macdonald, John Dumbacher, J. J. Johnson, A. M. Gardner, and other earnest and generous supporters, I have enjoyed the beautiful days and the genial labor, and if the storms come they can't quench the hope "that springs eternal in the human breast." As out of the rocky bosom of the earth, its darkness and dampness, its heat and cold; as, with infinite labor and daring, the waste material is thrown aside, and the true vein is struck with the hammer of fire, and through grinding wheel and molten flame the silver splendor flashes and becomes the wealth of man for beauty and joy, even so from the ages of the past, out of its cruelties and barbarities and ignorance, out of its infinite toil and suffering, shall come the silver and golden splendor of truth, shall come at last the paradise of love and hope, shall come the beautiful virtues, heroisms sublime as the snow-capped mountains fronting the glorious dawn; shall come the noble heart, the splendid brain, shall come the clear and boundless day when every task shall be a delight.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A REMINDER.

The Liberals of California, all of them, and particularly those of San Francisco, should subscribe for FREETHOUGHT—that is, provided they are interested in the advancement of the cause. This paper is not given to "blowing its own horn," but there are a few important facts that cannot be overlooked. Two years ago, when FREETHOUGHT was started, what was the condition of Liberalism in the state? It can be told in a very few words. The forces of Freethought were scattered, unacquainted, and unorganized. Has there been any improvement? We certainly think there has been. A state organization is formed, hundreds of lectures given, and hundreds of thousands of Freethought papers circulated. Here in the city meetings have been held most successfully for nearly a year, besides large conventions and celebrations, and the daily press, which had previously ignored or ridiculed Freethought gatherings, now gives them respectful and even favorable reports. It might be added, too, that a Freethought Publishing House has been established, and Liberal literature, never before obtainable in the city, brought almost to the doors of San Francisco Freethinkers.

In bringing about these gratifying results all must admit that FREETHOUGHT has been the main factor. It has advertised, agitated, and reported week after week and month after month. It has stood back of the local movement with word and deed and coin. It has assumed and met financial responsibilities far greater than the returns have ever been. It is satisfied with the outcome of its work, and does not complain, but it submits that the time has arrived for those who enjoy the benefit of its labors to do their share and act the reciprocal part. Many have done so, but not all. We claim that all ought to lend a hand, for the greater the circulation of FREETHOUGHT, the wider the spread of the movement, the deeper the interest, and the greater the result.

Therefore subscribe for FREETHOUGHT, advertise in FREETHOUGHT, and take stock in the Freethought Company, but first and foremost of all, subscribe.

THE CLERICAL FRAUD.

Occasionally the clerical fraud gets shown up, though not so often as he ought to be. He generally screens himself behind the cloak of sanctity, and goes clear. But this did not work in the case of the Rev. C. H. Scott, or Schuyler, formerly of Petaluma, Cal. Last November Scott went to Dexter, Mich., and became pastor of the Congregational church. He grew in the affections of the people, and the church was prospering under his guidance, when James Butler, of Chicago, went there to visit, and discovered that the Rev. C. H. Scott was none other than the Rev. C. H. Schuyler, who fled from Chicago last fall after obtaining goods under false pretenses from the McIntosh Illuminating Company. Butler notified the trustees, and the pastor was called upon for an explanation. Scott confessed that he had been living under an alias in the past, but assured his brethren that his true name was Scott. He offered to give up his pastorate, but some of the flock insisted that he was all right, and refused to permit him to resign. Parson Scott then appeared before his accusers, and the result was his complete vindication. Butler would not rest under the imputation that he was a slanderer, and began an investigation of Scott's career. The Chicago Theological Seminary reports that Scott's record prevented his being received as a member of the seminary. Letters from Petaluma, Cal., also show that he was compelled to leave a charge there

because of crookedness in handling church funds. At Gosport, N. Y., he had pecuniary trouble, and after his congregation had paid his obligations he left.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

"Freethought Around the World" will be the subject of Lillian Leland's lecture at Union Square Hall, Sunday evening, March 9.

At the close of the lecture a business meeting will be held for the annual election of officers.

THE Signs of the Times says:

"When women can wear stockings so woven with gold, and embroidered with diamonds and emeralds, as to cost five hundred dollars, as is reported of Mrs. Sharon, wife of the California millionaire, it is no wonder the poor complain."

And the editor of the Golden Gate makes reply as follows:

"Why should they complain at this? The more money Mrs. Sharon or any other millionaire spends, the better for those who live by the labor of their hands. It isn't what the rich spend, but what they don't spend, of which the poor have reason to complain. Liberal expenditure of wealth means comforts for the poor; hence, the more wealthy people scatter their wealth the better it is for the world."

On the face of it Mr. Owen's political economy appears sound, but there is nothing in it. When the men who work for a dollar a day, and the women who work for a dollar a week, think of five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds glittering upon the stockings of Mrs. Sharon they know that they or their brothers and sisters earned the money that paid for the gems. What they want is to see this money returned to them in the form of better pay, lower fares, and cheaper freights. How in the name of common sense does it help the poor when Mrs. Sharon spends half a thousand dollars in dressing her legs?

THE Rev. Dr. Tobias Schanfaber lectured last Monday at Baltimore on "Religious Movements in Congress." He said: "The introduction of bills savoring of religion will shake the very foundations of our government and work for the establishment of anarchy. These legislators forget, in their zeal for their religion, that they are endangering the existence of the grand structure. The standards of their religion are pessimistic, full of darkness and gloom. Where its precepts are not strong enough to require adherence they would call in the strong arm of the government for their heavenly work. Not by all the Blair Sunday-rest and Educational bills that were ever devised will a condition of affairs be instituted to the credit of the government and mankind. Not by joining our free public schools to a church of non-sectarian Christianity will the millennium be brought about. Force is a poor weapon. We have enough law. We want more liberty. Chain the mind of free-thinking man and it will soon break through and hurt the tyrant." These are sentiments which the Blair faction would do well to consider.

THE Catholic church gets a big advertisement through Sister Rose Gertrude, who has gone to Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands, to enter the leper hospital as an alleged nurse. In this the woman follows the example of Father Damien, who was for several years on the same island, and who is said to have contracted the leprosy, of which he lately died, through his indiscriminate relations with leper women. It is well-known by all familiar with the facts that these Molokai lepers do not need the services of outsiders as nurses, as those not disabled serve in that capacity towards the others. Sister Rose Gertrude simply acts as

a sensational advertisement for the church, at the risk of her own health. If she has parents, guardians, or friends, they should interfere and protest against the imposition placed upon her in the name of religion.

A FEW years ago, says an exchange, Ingersoll was passing through Cincinnati, and at his hotel he was accosted by a working-man, who addressed him as follows: "Mr. Ingersoll, I am a poor hard-working man, having a family to support, and I want a favor." "Well," said Robert, "what can I do for you?" "I want to call a brand of my cigars after you, and permission to use your photograph," answered the man. "Certainly, my man, and I will give you a motto, if you desire." "I would thank you if you would," responded the man. Colonel Ingersoll gave it to him as follows: "We shall smoke in this world, but not in the next." Some months afterward, while passing through Cincinnati, Colonel Ingersoll was informed that the man made nine thousand dollars off the brand of cigars in less than a year.

A DISPATCH from Paris says: "A new semi-religious order called the Brothers of the Cross, will begin active operations here on the first of May. It will be in sympathy with the various labor demonstrations and stand on a platform of freedom in politics, but its main object will be to propagate religious socialism by a purely practical method and will aim at securing the well-being of humanity by a labor organization, reciprocal, fraternal, and universal in its character." Workingmen should be suspicious of religious crusades started ostensibly for their benefit. They are only attempts to secure the support of the masses for the peculiar sect inaugurating the movement.

THE Weekly Star asks: "Did God create this earth with the design of furnishing the few with the means of subsistence and pleasure while another portion were to pine in want and sorrow?" Alas! it would seem so, since things are thus. Furthermore he created a heaven where the few are to enjoy everlasting happiness while "another portion" spend an eternity in the fire that is not quenched. Good Christians have for hundreds of years been praying that the kingdom might come in this world as it is in the next, and it appears to have got here.

WHEN Governor Boies of Iowa was inaugurated on February 27 he devoted the larger part of his inaugural address to the subject of prohibition. He affirmed that the prohibition law had been a dead letter in the large cities of the state from the beginning; that the passage of the prohibition law was a violation of one of the most valued human rights; that millions of capital invested in the liquor business had been wiped out, and that the result of the last election showed that the sentiment in regard to it had changed.

MR. PENTECOST, of the Twentieth Century, says that an Anarchist is "one who believes that money should be issued by anybody who can get his money accepted." Of course, but what would those do for a circulating medium who could not get their money accepted? Don't the Anarchists believe in a co-operative currency, and if so, in what respect would it differ from that now in circulation?

SANTA ROSA is afflicted with more religionists than there is any call for. Mrs. Woodworth is there, together with the Salvation Army, the Holiness Band, and the Young Men's Chris-

tian Association Convention. Services are held on every street corner, and Mrs. Woodworth is drawing immense crowds. She has her followers from Oakland with her, and mesmerizes and entrances them at pleasure. As the whole business is done in the name of the Lord it would be unpopular to say that it isn't just what the city needs. Nevertheless it is a pestilential superstition.

UKIAH, Humboldt county, a city of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was without mail communication with the outside world for twenty-five days previous to February 20. The fault was entirely with the railroad company, which ran trains from Cloverdale, but neglected to carry the mails. The editor of the Ukiah Dispatch remarks that the city is worse off than it was twenty-five years ago when Ukiah was a hundred miles from a railroad and the mail was carried on buckboards and pack-horses.

BUT a few days before his death, which occurred January 29, the late Joseph Sedgbeer, of Painesville, Ohio, sent to the Freethought Publishing Company a proposition to place with this company the sum of \$500, to be used for the advancement of Freethought, the interest to be returned during the life of Mr. Sedgbeer or his wife, and the principal to pass to the company. When his letter got through the railroad blockade both Mr. and Mrs. Sedgbeer had gone to their last rest.

TALMAGE argues for a radical change in the Presbyterian creed, and says: "I move for a creed for all our denominations, made out of scripture quotations, pure and simple, that would take the earth for God, that would be impregnable against Infidelity." If Mr. Talmage will kindly formulate such a creed as he desires, there is no doubt that Infidels will consider it and shortly let him know whether or not it is impregnable.

ANOTHER miracle has been explained. A clergyman who spoke before the Presbyterian Ministerial Union in San Francisco last Monday argued that the story of Elijah, "who went up in a chariot of fire, and is safe in the promised land," meant that the prophet was cremated. The theory is ingenious, but what will become of the illustrated Bibles representing Elijah and his chariot on their way toward heaven?

MOSES HARMAN, editor of Lucifer (Valley Falls, Kan.) has been again arrested, charged with the mailing of obscene literature. The matter complained of is a letter from one Dr. O'Neil of New York. It is unutterably vile, though perhaps not intentionally obscene, and to defend its publication will tax the courage of Mr. Harman's most loyal supporters.

THE customs department of the Canadian government has finally retreated from its position that Paine's "Age of Reason" is contraband goods and not to be imported into the dominion. The officers of the Canadian Union threatened to test the legality of the exclusion in the courts, and the collector of customs gracefully weakened.

THE secret of the Catholic church's opposition to the Australian ballot system is revealed by the Catholic Review, which points out that under this system the man who cannot read his ballot cannot vote. As there are thousands of Catholics in this country who are unable to read, it is no wonder that the church denounces the system.

SAN FRANCISCO Nationalists have adopted the Pacific Union as their official organ. The Union is a nice pious paper, and when true spirituality is considered, the editorial paragraphs of the Rev. Mr. Hines fall but a short way behind the Rev. J. J. Owen's "Fragments" published in the Golden Gate.

SARAH BERNHARDT is rehearsing a play in which she is to appear as the "Virgin Mary." There is a quite striking similarity between the actress and the character she designs to impersonate, both having had offspring unclaimed by any paternal relative. It is a remarkable coincidence.

MOSES HULL, the Liberal-Spiritualist lecturer, is knocking about in the southern part of the state, and we may expect to hear of him soon in San Francisco. At San Diego he delivered the Paine celebration address, and excited the admiration of all hearers.

THE papers report that Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," has started an "Agnostic church" in London, of which she is to be the high priestess. This is evidently a misconception. Mrs. Ward is not an Agnostic, but a Unitarian.

THE Ashland, Oregon, Secular Union, through H. S. Evans, publishes an able defense of Freethought in the Valley Record, the local paper. It seems that some "believer" has been indiscreet enough to pick a quarrel with the Ashland Liberals.

IF you have received a notice from this office that your subscription to FREETHOUGHT has expired, please respond by renewing. We cannot afford to stop your paper, because we know you cannot afford to do without it.

JOSEPH SEDGEBEER, of Painesville, Ohio, is dead at the age of eighty-nine years. His death followed immediately that of his wife and daughter. He was one of the most staunch and generous of Freethinkers.

FREETHOUGHT has received \$1 from H. F. Ebers for the expenses of the last convention, and from Samos Parsons \$5 for W. S. Bell, and \$5 for the paper.

INGERSOLL's latest pamphlet, "Crimes Against Criminals," is for sale at this office, price 10 cents. It is a great work.

THE DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM.

The hall where the Freethought Society meets lacked standing-room last Sunday evening. The janitor brought in all the chairs there was space for, and then struck work with the remark that if the society wanted more room it might go on the roof. The advertised exercises were to consist of a debate on Spiritualism between Putnam and Professor Seymour, but the professor's health failed at the critical moment, and Mr. Will C. Hodge was substituted—not to discuss Spiritualism, but to read a paper on the "Man-God or God-in-Man."

Vice-President Eastman occupied the chair, and called the meeting to order by rapping ably upon the desk. He then explained the situation. Miss Palanca, a bright and self-possessed young lady, gave a very good recitation on the superiority of work over prayer, and then Mr. Hodge was introduced. Mr. Hodge also argued against the efficacy of prayer, and attributed all achievements to the god-in-man instead of the man-god who is known among his acquaintances as Jehovah. Mr. Hodge's address was an excellent one, and he read it well.

The next feature of the programme was Mr. Putnam, who at the outset disclaimed any intention of attacking Spiritualism as a theory, a religion, or an inspiration. He did not propose to ar-

gue against its philosophy or to deny its phenomena. He would, however, seek to show that Spiritualism is not a demonstrated fact or entitled to be called a science. Spiritualism consisted of two things, namely, facts or phenomena, and an inference concerning those phenomena; said inference being that the phenomena were produced by the spirits of those whom we call dead. Mr. Putnam admitted that the theory explained the facts, but claimed that the facts in no wise proved the theory. He would lay down three scientific propositions which in his opinion left the spiritual theory without a leg to stand upon. These propositions were thus:

1. "In seeking to explain any phenomenon we are not to suppose a cause greater than is necessary to produce the effect."

The speaker argued that the phenomena of Spiritualism were too trivial to warrant us in supposing the existence of a spiritual world peopled by innumerable hosts of angels.

2. "In seeking to explain phenomena we must exhaust all known laws and causes before resorting to the unknown."

Here it was remarked that all the laws and possibilities of achievement by the mind of men still in the flesh had not been fully developed; and until that was done, he held, we are not justified in attributing natural phenomena to supernatural causes.

3. "If compelled to ascribe phenomena to an unknown cause we must ascribe them to a cause that can be proved independently of the phenomena sought to be explained."

Concerning this proposition Mr. Putnam asserted that outside of the phenomena of Spiritualism there was nothing to suggest such a cause as spirits. The cause could not therefore be scientifically proven. In support of Proposition 3 the speaker read the following extract from John Stuart Mill: "For this purpose, that is, the purpose of explaining, as is justly remarked by M. Comte (who of all philosophers seems to me to have approached nearest to a sound view of this important subject), it is indispensable that the cause suggested in the hypothesis shall be in its own nature susceptible of being proved by other evidence.

"This seems to be the philosophical import of Newton's maxim, so often cited with approbation by subsequent writers, that the cause assigned for any phenomenon must not only be such as if admitted would explain the phenomenon, but also be a *vera causa*. Mr. Whewell is clearly right in denying it to be necessary that the cause assigned should be a cause already known, else how could we ever become acquainted with any new cause? But what is true in the maxim is that the cause, although not known previously, should be capable of being known thereafter; that its existence should be capable of being detected, and its connection with the effect ascribed to it susceptible of being proved by independent evidence. The hypothesis, by suggesting observations and experiments, puts us upon the road to that independent evidence, if it be really attainable, and till it be attained the hypothesis ought not to count for more than a suspicion.

"It is perfectly consistent with the spirit of the method (of science) to assume in this provisional manner not only an hypothesis respecting the law of what we already know to be the cause, but an hypothesis respecting the cause itself. It is allowable, useful, and often even necessary to begin by asking ourselves what cause may have produced the effect in order that we may know in what direction to look out for evidence to determine whether it actually did. The vortices of Descartes would have been a perfectly legitimate hypothesis, if it had been possible by any mode of exploration which we could entertain the hope of ever possessing, to bring the question whether such vortices exist or not within reach of our observing faculties. The hypothesis was vicious, simply because it could not lead to any course of investigation capable of converting it from an hypothesis into a proved fact. The prevailing hypothesis of a luminiferous ether I cannot but consider with M. Comte to be tainted with the same vice. It can never be brought to the test of observation, because the ether is supposed wanting in all the properties by means of which our senses take cognizance of external phenomena. It can be neither seen, heard, smelt, tasted, nor touched. The possibility of deducing from its supposed laws a considerable number of the phenomena of light is the sole evidence of its existence that we have ever to hope for; and this evidence cannot be of the smallest

value, because we cannot have in the case of such an hypothesis the assurance that if the hypothesis be false it must lead to results at variance with the true facts.

"Accordingly most thinkers of any degree of sobriety allow that an hypothesis of this kind is not to be received as probably true because it accounts for all the known phenomena, since this is a condition often fulfilled equally well by two conflicting hypotheses."

Mr. Putnam said he would rest his case here and ask the Spiritualists to show if they could that their phenomena were equal to the cause assigned for them; that they had exhausted all known laws before resorting to the unknown; and that the cause of so-called Spiritual phenomena could be proved independently of the phenomena themselves.

At the conclusion of these remarks Mr. E. Lund, who had arisen during their delivery to offer brief objections, assumed the platform. He had three affirmations to offer, namely, that man has a soul, that it is immortal, and that it can communicate with the living after the death of the body. Mr. Lund said that unless these affirmations could be disproved we were bound to accept them as true. He would like to debate the matter after due preparation.

Mr. Kellogg asked the attention of the audience while he produced some spiritual phenomena. It was granted him. At his further request the audience named Mr. James Battersby as a committee of one to investigate. Mr. Battersby, who is an avowed Spiritualist, was instructed to write some questions on slips of paper and to fold them carefully, all of the same size. While Mr. Battersby was attending to this, Mr. Kellogg performed an aria on the piano. Then the ballots were placed upon the table. Mr. Battersby sat at one side of the table, Mr. Kellogg at the other, so that they were about a yard apart and touched fingers. Mr. Kellogg picked up one of the ballots, held it to his head, and assumed an other-world expression of countenance. He soon inquired if the sifter felt any spiritual influences. Mr. Battersby did not commit himself on that point. Mysterious rapping occurred. Light dawned upon the countenance of Mr. Kellogg and he gave the name written on the ballot, read the communication, and then passed it to Mr. Putnam, still folded, and desired him to read it to the audience. The communication proved to be as Mr. Kellogg had rendered it, and Mr. Battersby acknowledged that such was the case. This test was performed by Mr. Kellogg while sitting with his back to the audience. He then repeated it in a reversed attitude and those who sat near enough could see how it was done. Instead of placing the ballot to his head, as he appeared to do, he dropped it skillfully into his left hand, with which he unfolded it, thus ascertaining its contents. Meanwhile Mr. Battersby held down beneath his finger on the table a piece of paper, which he supposed to be the ballot he had written, but which upon examination proved to be totally blank. Before leaving the platform Mr. Kellogg explained that he had learned the trick from a well-known professional medium now doing business in the city and making \$15 a day when business is good. He added that Mr. Putnam was altogether too generous in admitting the phenomena of Spiritualism to be unexplained facts, as manual dexterity accounts for nearly all of them.

Mr. Curtis, following, objected to the use of the word god as used by Mr. Hodges, because it did not mean anything, there being no gods. Things ascribed to the god-in-man might as well be ascribed to the hocus-pocus in man. It was the man in man that Mr. Hodges was really talking about. Mr. Curtis announced in plain language that he was not a Spiritualist.

Mr. Knight thought that Mr. Putnam's propositions would not stand the test of examination, but did not explain why. Spiritualists had done much to overthrow Christianity by meeting Christians on their own ground and opposing miracle with miracle until the Christians were ashamed of their supernatural claims. He thought that further knowledge would explain present mysteries; that the fog would one day rise and the whole earth be illuminated by the sun of science.

Mr. Marshal Wheeler ensued and volleyed at Mr. Putnam and Mr. Kellogg with tremendous force. He attributed Mr. Putnam's attitude to his poverty of knowledge on the subject, and

would give Mr. Kellogg a thousand dollars to duplicate phenomena which he (Mr. Wheeler) had witnessed within a week. Mr. Kellogg returned the fire, and said that after he had witnessed the phenomena he would repeat them or forfeit an equal amount. Mr. Kellogg desired Mr. Wheeler to produce his medium at any time before the present audience and he would put up \$50 in coin, Mr. Wheeler to post a like amount, the whole to go to Mr. Wheeler if Mr. Kellogg did not beat the medium at his or her own trick, and to the society if he did.

At this point things were boiling pretty briskly, but both the disputants kept as cool as could be expected. Mr. Hodge recurred to assert his belief in Spiritualism; a few more verbal shots were fired in one direction or another, and there was no lack of enthusiasm. Mr. Eastman made an earnest address inviting everybody to join the society and setting forth the objects for which it was organized. Serenity prevailed; the meeting dissolved amicably, and everybody was ready to testify that it was a great occasion.

Next Sunday evening Lilian Leland speaks upon "Freethought Around the World," and the event will be duly reported in these columns.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Neagle case came up in the Supreme Court at Washington last Monday. The question to be decided is whether California or the United States has jurisdiction over Terry's slayer.—The ironmolders of this city are out on strike and prepared for a long siege. The strike affects about 1000 workmen.—A Salvation Army girl is under arrest in this city charged with theft. She is demented on the subject of religion.—Benjamin Smith, who lived on a ranch near Central point, Merced county, was adjudged insane by Drs. Castle and Sherman last week. Upon the advice of the examining physicians he was placed in the County Hospital for a few days, in hopes that he would regain his reason, but was finally taken to the asylum at Stockton. His hallucination was of a religious nature.—J. Mervyn Donahue, president of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, died at the Palace Hotel last Monday. Donahue was a native son, and only 31 years of age. His early death is evidently attributable to overtaking his constitution and endeavoring to crowd too much high life into a brief period. He was a Catholic.—The heaviest snowstorm ever experienced at the Lick observatory visited Mt. Hamilton last week. The scientists had to shovel their way out of the house, which was nearly buried in snow.

The report that Dr. Edward McGlynn is making overtures toward the Catholic church with the hope of being taken back, is denied by authority from the Vatican.—No services were held in the Greek church at Shenandoah, Pa., last Sunday. The Rev. Andrushowicz remained in the parsonage gazing upon the locked doors of the edifice. Forty of his friends, all armed, were in and about the parsonage all day, determined not to allow the friends of the Rev. Wolanski to take possession. Chief Burgess and forty policemen were also on guard to prevent a riot. The Rev. Wolanski and a large number of his followers attempted to enter the church, but desisted upon the advice of the police. Some of the parties are under arrest charged with conspiracy to murder.—Chauncey M. Depew says he does not expect to be nominated for president in 1892.—Senator Blair complains that his addresses before the Senate Committee have not been adequately reported by the press. The scribes claim that the speeches were not of sufficient interest to merit reporting.—The world's fair to be held in Chicago may be deferred till 1893.

The British steamer Quetta, from Australian ports to London, is reported lost with 200 passengers and crew on board.—Labouchere was suspended from participation in the proceedings of the English Parliament for one week for accusing Premier Salisbury of falsehood. The trouble arose out of the Cleveland House scandal, Salisbury being charged with screening the titled offenders.—Abbe Philbert of Paris, after renouncing the church and preaching Atheism, is to be taken back into the fold. He evidently finds the priesthood the more remunerative calling.

JUDGE NORTH.

THE FUNERAL ORATION BY DR. CHESTER ROWELL.

We have met in the presence of this lifeless body of our venerable friend, Judge J. W. North, to pay homage to his memory and as a tribute of respect to his surviving family. As his life was unostentatious and practical, so it was his desire and the desire of his family, that his decease should be followed by no ostentatious display or burial ceremony. But before parting finally with the material part of one who has so long occupied a conspicuous place in the community, it is not inappropriate to recall a few of the more prominent characteristics of his life, and bear testimony of our appreciation of his worth.

Judge North was born in Rensselaer county, New York state, something more than seventy-five years ago. The son of Christian parents, he himself grew up a member of the Methodist church, and received his education in a denominational college—the Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut. Thus early in life, and before his graduation from this institution, he began to question the correctness of some of the dogmas of the Christian faith, and began that system of independent investigation that in riper years made him one of the most pronounced and vigorous advocates of liberal or rational religion.

To follow him through his life's work in behalf of Freethought would be beyond the scope of these remarks, but it may be said that from early life not a community in which he has lived but has felt the impress of his vigorous thought and practical religion.

To him religion was to do something to improve the condition of humanity. The establishment of institutions of learning, the formation of societies for intellectual or moral culture, the agitation of questions affecting the political and social equality of men, were all matters of life-long interest to him. He was one of the first of the antislavery agitators and in what was then the Far Northwest, in Minnesota, he was known as the one conspicuous advocate then of the abolition of human slavery in the United States.

He was a lawyer by profession, having read under the direction of John Jay, of New York. And in the Western states, in which most of his life has been spent, like most lawyers, he took part in politics, literature, public enterprises, or speculation. He was a member of the Minnesota legislature and a delegate to the national convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. As chairman of his state delegation he was one of the committee selected to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. He was afterward sent as surveyor-general to the newly organized territory of Nevada, and subsequently appointed one of its three territorial judges.

After the close of the war he went to Knoxville, Tenn., where he at once took an active interest in the development of an educational system for the Southern states, and especially in the effort to educate the recently liberated blacks. While here he was invited to attend the anniversary meeting of Liberal or Unitarian societies in Boston, which invitation he accepted, and when he was enabled to give such a statement of the possibilities and the needs of the freed men of the South, as to serve as a guide for the exercise of that broad philanthropy that characterized the Eastern people at the close of the war. Before leaving Knoxville Judge North had conceived the idea of establishing a colony or small farm community in California. He was the founder of the Riverside Colony, and the early settlers there were those who came in response to his circulars sent out from Knoxville.

The prosperity and growth of Riverside, and the prosperity and extent of the settlement at and around Oleander, in our Washington Colony, where he has resided since 1880, have been matters of just pride during his later life.

At Oleander, where most of us have known Judge North, he has been an active worker in every matter of general or public interest.

For several years he has been instrumental in keeping alive a public spirit in the community. They have maintained a literary society, where every Sunday afternoon the people have been able to hear lectures, sermons, discussions, music, and whatever was available to interest, instruct and improve them.

During the past year, since his residence in Fresno, his mind has been largely occupied in the investigation of moral and intellectual questions, and he was largely instrumental in organizing the Unity Society, of which, until recently, he was the president. His lecture to the society upon science and religion, though the last intellectual effort of his life, was one of the ablest that has been heard in Fresno, and is one of the most convincing proofs that ripe years sometimes bring ripe intellectual fruit.

To the immediate relatives and friends, death under ordinary circumstances brings a feeling of temporary sadness. But in the present instance, while the surviving family feel the loss of a devoted father, and those of us who are present the loss of an esteemed friend, there is consolation in the reflection that Judge North has lived even more than the average life of man and that he has finished in peace a life that all will admit has been both honorable and useful.

In accordance with the wish of Judge North, and to emphasize his convictions upon the subject, his remains will be sent to Los Angeles for cremation. That there may be no misconception of his religious convictions, I will read a passage from the writings of Felix Adler, which expresses in more eloquent words than I could express them, his conception of life and death:

"The individual passes but the race lives. There is a law in nature that no force is ever lost. The thousand varying forms that ebb around us are various only to our feeble vision. At the core they are one, transmuted, yet the same, changing yet changeless, perishing to rise anew. The law of the conservation of energy holds good throughout the entire domain of matter. And such a law, too, obtains in our spiritual life. The law of the conservation of moral energy is no less an abiding truth. We are not dust merely that returns to dust; we are not summer flies that bask in the sunshine of the passing day; we are not bounded in our influence by the narrow tenure of our years.

"Say not when the sod has been closed above those who have been dear to you that all is gone. Say not that the grace and loveliness and wisdom that once dwelt within the pallid form is breathed away like a hollow wind. Nor yet stand idly gazing upon the cloudland of the future, watching if you can trace perchance their shadowy lineaments fading into the dimness of untried worlds. The dead are not dead if we have loved them truly. In our own lives we give them immortality. Let us arise and take up the work they have left unfinished, and preserve the treasures they have won, and round out the circuit of their own being to the fulness of an ampler orbit in our own."

THE OREGON UNION.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Permit me again to give notice that L. Ames, Esq., of Silverton, Or., has been appointed treasurer of the Oregon State Secular Union. Resignations and declinations caused this long delay.

The Liberals of Washington have their attention called to the following resolution:

Resolved by this Convention, That the treasurer of this organization be authorized to refund all money received from Washington Liberals who so desire, and that the secretary be instructed to notify them of this resolution.

Parties interested will see that I have no jurisdiction in the matter; consequently I have persistently refused to interfere.

I believe that a very great mistake was made in not laying the foundation at least of a great Northwestern Liberal Union and endeavor to build a Liberal hall at Portland, and thus seek to insure its perpetuity. But the convention unanimously decided against me, and I graciously submit for two reasons: first, the majority have a right to rule, and second, I cannot help myself.

To save time here, let me say that Z. S. Derrick, of Eddyville, Or., sends one hundred and seven names for the Union from his voting precinct, and will soon send more. If every Liberal in Oregon would do the same, we would soon have one hundred thousand members, more or less, and not need any more territory, and be able to build a hall. Remember, friends, you pay no dues, have everything to gain, and nothing to lose. Come on.

C. BEAL, President Or. State Secular Union.
Portland, Or.

A SECULAR FUNERAL.

FRIEND FREETHOUGHT: We have this week lost an earnest worker in the cause of Liberalism. Averillo, wife of Charles Linn, died after a brief illness, fully understanding that she was going to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. She calmly gave directions that no superstitious ceremony should be held over her remains. And in accordance with her wishes, and the desire of her husband, both of whom have always been champions in the cause of truth, our friend Devine came over from Molalla, and another Secular funeral can be added to the list. Standing at the open grave, he spoke to the living and bade farewell to the dead as follows:

KIND FRIENDS: This is one of the saddest hours in our life's experience. There is no time so solemn as the hour of death, no service so mournful as when on occasions like this we meet to perform our last duties to a dear and loved friend. It is not mournful because of any danger that may be thought to await her who has just left us. It is not because we have a belief in any such chimera. No; our sadness arises from the necessity of parting with one so gentle and so kind as she whose remains now lie before us. Her life was one of usefulness, integrity, and true morality; a kind mother, a faithful wife, a true friend, and a woman without superstition. One who leads such a life as our friend has led has no need to fear death, nor what may and may not happen after death. The friend whose loss we mourn has yielded the struggle of life before old age drew near. She has left behind her a record for kindness and sympathy for her fellow beings in distress that will live in our memory until the time arrives when we like her will lay us down to rest. Those who have lived a life in which they have meant well and done well will have no dread of death.

If one side we fail to see the beautiful illusion of the pearly gates thrown open, to let her enter, we also fail to see that dark infernal pit filled with nameless horrors. None need fear the future but the unhappy victim of superstition. Our advent into this world is an unraveled mystery. Our whole life is an enigma, and we go confidently down into the great unknown untroubled. My friends, we will not lament the inevitable. We are all in the arms of our mother, nature, and we will preserve an abiding trust that she has abundantly provided for all the wants and conditions of mankind in life as well as in death.

To the household and family of our departed friend we tender our earnest sympathy, and cheer them with the truth that she who knew no evil has no evil to fear. Pain greets us at the threshold of life, and the soothing sleep of death is nature's welcome termination. And now to nature, the source of all, we surrender her who has passed away before us. And may all the sweet influences she has left behind her continue to bear fruit forever and ever. Amen.

Eagle Creek, Or.

H. WILBERN.

MR. PRUSSING A "DESTRUCTIVE LIBERAL."

To the Editors of Freethought:

Noticing the remarks in FREETHOUGHT referring to the late Ernst Prussing, whom I knew intimately for many years, I wish to add a word.

Mr. Prussing belonged emphatically to that class called "destructive Liberals." He was an Atheist, and he opposed religion in all its forms. He believed that religion and superstition were but different names for the same thing. His favorite paper to the end of his life was that "destructive" journal, the Boston Investigator. He helped the Ethical Society not because he was "constructive," but because he believed in morality without religion, and found that society teaching in that direction. He would have been better pleased if the society had been pronounced and aggressive against theology. With Mr. Carus's "constructive Liberalism" he had no sympathy, and for his methods the only word Mr. Prussing could use to express his feelings was "disgust." I know whereof I speak and can prove what I say. If Mr. Prussing were alive he would be displeased with any attempt to exclude him from the class called "destructive Liberals."

I was in conversation with him but a few weeks before his death, when he expressed himself very freely on different phases and representatives of Liberalism. Of course he believed in the principles of morality, and was himself a man of high character; but this is as true generally of the so-called "destructive Liberals" as of those who, under the name of Theism, Monism, or some other ism, use the words God, immortality, etc., and imagine or pretend they are therefore "constructive." Mr. Prussing was accustomed to regard the latter Liberals as either but half emancipated or timid and temporizing.

PHILO VERITAS

THE WASTE OF TIME IN CONGRESS.

It may be conceded, says Gen. M. M. Trumbull in the Open Court, that no people are so ingenious as the Americans in adapting physical means to ends. Since the days of Tubal Cain there have not been such cunning artificers in brass and iron; in silk, wool, cotton, and all material substances. They excel all other people in contrivances for saving time, labor, and money; but in the mechanism of legislation their genius fails. In the field of statesmanship they work, figuratively speaking, with a yoke of lazy cattle and a wooden plow. The Circumlocution Office, at the height of its pompous imbecility, never practiced with so much diligence as the American Congress the methods of "how not to do it."

The members of the House of Representatives now in session at Washington were elected in the month of November, 1888. In February, 1890, they had not yet agreed upon a code of rules. They had not even decided whether they were all properly elected or not, for the right of several rival claimants to seats in the house has not been settled. A foreigner examining the form of our legislative system might pronounce it admirable, if we concealed from him the mode of its operation. We might show him an American watch of such artistic design and elegant workmanship as to extort his praise, until he found out that the wheels were contrived so as to stop the springs, and that the springs were intended to hinder the wheels from turning; that, in fact, by a clumsy artifice the checks and balances were so arranged that the watch must go too fast at one time, and too slow at another. Then he would pronounce it ornamental, contrary, and inefficient. This handsome and inconsistent watch is the model of our legislative system.

The intention of the republic is that the legislature shall be close to the people and quickly responsive to the popular will. The means provided to carry out this intention have been ingeniously perverted so as to thwart the original design. Congress is elected biennially in November, and this election, in theory at least, is a message from the people commanding that certain measures of public policy be enacted quickly into laws; but the elected members do not meet for business until thirteen months after the election, although their term of office begins on the following 4th of March. By this arrangement more than a year is permitted to escape before the message from the people can be acted on at all. No other legislature in the world has ever adopted such a successful method of "how not to do it."

This hindering policy is the more astonishing because the American people never conduct their ordinary affairs on any such business principle. They would send a man to the lunatic asylum if he should hire 400 men to work for him thirteen months ahead, and give them nine months holiday on full pay out of thirteen; yet this is the way they hire their own political servants to work at law making. Our Congress is the most expensive legislature in the world, and the most unwieldy. It works like a giant in bonds.

Are the people cheated by their hired statesmen? A member of congress is paid ten thousand dollars for two years' service, but the actual sessions occupy only ten months of the two years, so that he is really paid at the rate of about a thousand dollars a month. This is good wages and it ought to secure good work. To be sure, the people never intended to pay him \$1000 a month; they hire him at the rate of \$5000 a year, but by the operation of "how not to do it," he manages to double his pay.

A legislative body so important as the United States House of Representatives ought not to be left unorganized for nine months after its election. Such a legislature is a solecism in government; and the custom which permits it is fraught with mischief, if not with danger. It is fruitful of corruption, and the result of it is always a great deal of hasty and inconsiderate legislation. The national legislature should be organized at the very beginning of its term, and all disputed election cases ought to be settled at the earliest moment possible, so that the House and all interested parties may know who the legally elected members are.

Under the present practice, a member legally elected may be kept out of his seat for many months, and perhaps until near the

expiration of his term. Six years ago, a member from Iowa was kept wandering about the lobby for two years, waiting for the seat which was wrongfully kept from him by a man who was not elected at all. Not until the very last day of the term, on the 4th of March, a few minutes before that congress went out of existence, did the committee report upon his case and give him the seat which had been unjustly withheld from him. This wrong could hardly happen if congress should begin to work when it begins to charge for it.

There is a humorous side to this matter, as there is to many other serious things. The honorable members having taken nine months' rest before beginning rest, fall to quarreling as soon as they get together, and cover one another with reproaches for "wasting time." More time is spent in hurling these reproaches than in the work of legislation, yet they never complain of the "nine moons wasted," from March to December, when they did nothing at all, and paid themselves four thousand dollars each for doing it. The doctrine of "how not to do it" does not apply to the drawing of unearned salary.

The important work of congress is done in the closing hours of the session, and then it is badly done. There is excitement and inspiration in beholding the industry and activity of a dying congress. A few hours before its dissolution, bills are passed with frightful velocity, while the president of the United States sits in a room at the capitol signing them as fast as the clerks can bring them in. He may be signing his own death warrant for anything he knows about it, as there is no time to read the bills, for congress will expire at noon. This wasteful hurry gives a consistent finish to the whole proceedings, in dignified harmony with our legislative policy.

Just about one minute to twelve o'clock on the 4th of March the supernatural power of congress is manifested in a sublime and impressive way. An awe-stricken multitude watches an old magician, said to be clerk of the Senate, as he solemnly approaches the great clock and sets it back nine minutes. On the success of this legislative miracle are supposed to depend vast appropriation bills and other measures of critical importance to the people of the United States; greater interests than have affected any nation since the prophet Isaiah turned back the shadow ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz. There seems to be a little comic irony in this puerile miracle to gain nine minutes at the end of the session, after deliberately wasting nine full months at the beginning of it, without the assistance of any miracle at all.

GOD AND RELIGION.

The God idea in all ages has been the basis of religion, and religion has ever been a brake on the car of progress. It has very properly been said by an observant philosopher that "religion is a superstition in fashion, and superstition is a religion out of fashion."

Religion has always been conservative. It has tied its votaries to the dead past. It can find no congenial soil in which to flourish in the mind where science is rooted. It has been perpetuated by despotic power. Reason, philosophy, and science have always been its most hated and dangerous enemies. In its opposition to them it has hesitated at no crime against humanity. The thumb-screw, the rack, the fagot, are her inventions, her contributions to science. We might well call these inventions "Christian Science." They have constituted their chief, if not only, argument against unbelievers.

It is said by Jesuits and priests that the Romish clergy are well educated in the science and philosophy of our times. If so, why is it that they keep their dupes in utter ignorance of all science? Why are they so anxious to overthrow the public schools where science is taught and to establish in their stead their schools of theology, sophistry, nonsense, superstition?

Is it because they love humanity and wish to elevate their kind a little above the brutes, thereby making this world a place fit and desirable for human beings to dwell in? Why do they profess to love republican institutions and at the same time exert all their power to crush Father McGlynn and his adherents for trying their best as American citizens to perpetuate them?

Why should good American citizens be read out of the Rom-

ish church for asserting their citizenship, while editors of Catholic papers openly denouncing liberty can declare that the Inquisition is soon to be established in this country—that it is to have a “far more glorious” rule than formerly in Europe, and that nothing could “delight their Catholic souls so much as to see heretics writhing in the flames of the Inquisition?”

When we declare that noble, brave men in all ages of the world have been found who dared stand up and declare their honest convictions though death by torture awaited them, the Catholic priest points with derision at our paucity of numbers and with exultant pride at the millions of empty skulls that disgrace the bodies of those whom they have robbed of brains, rendered incompetent to reason and think, and harnessed like dumb brutes to the car of superstition.

Thomas Paine was right in declaring that religion was a human invention, got up to “terrify and enslave mankind and monopolize power and profit.” There is no good in it. It breeds canting hypocrites on one side, and slaves on the other. In the name of love it has enthroned hate. In the name of peace it has established war. It sunders family ties and sets parents against each other, the father against the son, and the son against the father. Proclaiming a gospel of “peace on earth and good will to men,” they have turned loose the dogs of war, have deluged the earth with human gore, and heaped it with mountains of the slain. Millions have writhed under the tortures of the thumb-screw, rack, and fagot—their only answer to the heretic—and we are gravely informed that millions more are to follow.

I ask, fellow citizens, is it not high time we were bestirring ourselves? Is it for this that America has extended her arms to the oppressed of all nations? Is it for this that she has enfranchised them and made them citizens? Has she not taken to her bosom and warmed to life a viper that is determined to thrust its venomous fangs to the heart's core of Liberty?

But the fact is, all Christian sects, consciously or unconsciously, are uniting to deal the death blow to liberty on this continent. They are uniting to make this a Christian government. A Christian government derives its power from God; it is a power assumed over the people. Not receiving its authority from the people, it is not amenable to the people. Of this class are all despotic and kingly governments. Russia is a sample; all empires and kingdoms are samples. They differ from that of these United States in this—their authority comes from God, while ours is derived from the people. The people are the fountain of all authority. Here, authority is accountable to the people; there, it is accountable to God, and exists in defiance of the people.

But as God cannot attend to these matters himself, all authority is delegated to men, and men never wield unlimited power for the general welfare—the general welfare is always sacrificed to private gain and love of power. True, we have in the world what is called limited monarchy; but if monarchy is a good thing, why limit it? If divine right to govern is a good thing, let it have full sway. If it is a good thing for man partially to emancipate himself from the divine ruler, it is a much better thing to free himself entirely. So thought the founders of our republic; therefore they put an end to divine right and fearlessly declared that all just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed.

“God” is, in itself, a very harmless word, for it only expresses an imagination of the brain of ignorance. But God in the constitution is quite another thing. It annihilates the difference between this government and the despotisms of the old world. It is the Trojan horse idea repeated. The horse as a God was very innocent. The conquering Trojans in triumph welcomed him to their city, but the legion of soldiers contained in his belly opened the gates of their city to the enemy, who sacked and destroyed it. Troy was no more.

The enemies introduced by God in the constitution will overthrow our liberties, destroy the republic, and perchance light the fire of the Inquisition. Since we have been threatened, it is well enough to be on our guard. Had our constitution been enforced from the first, we should not now be menaced by danger. The constitution provides that no one holding allegiance to any foreign potentate or power can become a citizen of the United States. The pope of Rome is a foreign potentate and is a very

formidable power. The constitution should be enforced against him and all his insolent emissaries.

Lafayette declared that if ever American liberty was overthrown it would be done by the intrigues of the Catholic priesthood. Lafayette was no stranger to Rome and knew well what he was talking about. Americans, be on your guard.

G. W. THURSTON.

WETTSTEIN'S ATHEISM.

IN FREETHOUGHT, February 22, you have an article from Otto Wettstein, in the Twentieth Century, on Materialism as opposed to the Theist or Deist. Otto is an Atheist of the most pronounced type—subtle, acute, bold, and outspoken. He seems to say, “There is no God, no need of God, and no room for God. Matter is all in all, a subtle but a senseless force.”

This is pure Atheism. It does not say, “There is no God,” but it does affirm that all attempts to prove a God utterly fail; ergo, the conclusion rests secure, “There is no God!”

Otto takes the very sound ground that when every other position is proven to be absurd, yours must be right. This is logic. It is admitted in science, in geometry, the most exact of all sciences, and in law, the most exact and exacting of all human studies. We make no dispute on this mode of argument. It is as perfect as human reason can attain.

Now, has Otto shown in that paper that all other conclusions are absurd? We opine not. We believe the boot is on the other leg. Atheism is the absurd, and Deism the grand truth that stands out in bold relief, and proclaims, “All other suppositions are absurd. Deism is the only rational explanation of the phenomena of the universe, the world, man, his power, his sentiments and his operations.”

Scientists are not necessarily Atheists. Indeed, the Atheist is the exception. The great mass of the scientists of to-day are profound believers in God, and see his finger in ten thousand works that no “subtle but senseless matter” can produce.

The trouble with Otto Wettstein is that he had “God in the form of man” in his mind all the time—God, local, “in one place, in some place,” as ignorant man imagined God to be. God is not that. This personality consists, not in a personal form, but in a consciousness of his own existence, and of all other things, a self-existent mind that knows all things, and does all that requires mind to do. Otto himself confesses the presence of God where he says all phenomena are evolved by the “subtle but senseless” forces of the atoms. Subtle and senseless are contradictory. Subtle is sensible. God is the subtle, and matter the senseless.

It is this God in the shape of man that Otto battles with, and finds absurd; and it is absurd. No scientist receives it. It is open to all of Otto's objections. It has been abandoned by all but the blind leaders of the blind. The God of the scientist is a part of the eternal, co-eternal with matter, in all space, with matter, the “subtle” but not senseless part of the universe, its mind, its God. In the needle's eye, in the needle, and where there is neither needle nor eye, in all space.

Otto says he knows matter to fill all space, and therefore God cannot. Here he ventures an affirmative he cannot prove, he does not know. Matter occupies space, and heat, light, electricity, noise, and other things go through it. So may God, more subtle than all.

Only this remains: We agree with Otto that time, space, matter, and its laws are all eternal, were never made, there never was a creation. Changes go on forever in details. None in the whole. Evolution is change. “Senseless matter” could do all that, we grant. Senseless matter could do all that is senseless, that displays no plan, no wisdom, no ulterior design.

But when we come to the origin of species, flora, fauna, and man, of distinct, unchangeable species, that reproduce their kind, that think of God, that have love, veneration, justice, and grand designs, we look for some subtle force that is not senseless matter, and we find it in the word God. God did it. All is explained. And all other explanation is absurd, is short, is unsatisfactory, not competent, ridiculous!

A world appears with five continents. On each a man,

They are thousands of miles apart with no means of communication. At last the means are found. They come together, and are of the same species. Alike in every particular that is essential. All talk, think of God, love alike, breed alike; in size, erect posture, age, all alike. They have religion, poetry, romance, music, painting, dress, houses, cook, make weapons and tools. They meet and intermarry, all as one.

In these races, and in all races, there seems to have been a special creation of the first specimens, and no change, and no other production, save from parents afterwards. Not a single fact to the contrary has been found.

This, as we think, indicates the finger of God, and makes every hypothesis absurd.

That objections may be raised against that theory we know, some serious ones, but to our mind all answerable.

The attributes of God, the form and manner of this existence, and the part he plays in man's affairs is another theme, apart from the naked fact of a divine intelligence. These are open questions, but raise no impediment to the solid fact that there is a God.

The early efforts of man to picture God after his own form, and the pretended revelations from God, are the mere dreams of a fevered childhood, and unworthy of attention.

Whatever God may be, it is manifest that man is to know nothing of God or nature but through the sciences with pain and labor. We are in the world to understand and to beautify it, and advance ourselves by a knowledge of absolute truth. No fiction need apply.

H. L. KNIGHT.

THE FRUIT.

"Here I am," said Abraham when Jehovah commanded him to offer his son Isaac. During matins on Christmas day in Dadesjo church occurred an incident that recalls the offering on Mount Moriah, and in which Jehovah certainly would have found satisfaction.

P. R. Lingren, a soldier from Betingetorp, had taken his eight-year-old son with him to church. He stopped with him just outside the church, drew a big knife, and with this weapon dealt his son a blow in the neck. The terrified boy tore away from the enraged father and ran screaming into the church, the blood gushing out of his gaping wound. He rushed up the aisle towards the altar and screamed: "Father has stabbed me; father has stabbed me!" This appearance of course created great consternation in the congregation, among which the boy's mother was found. They immediately cared for the wounded boy and removed him into the church-warden's house, where he received treatment.

At the exhortation of the unfortunate mother search was begun for Lingren, who was believed to have sought to take away his own life. He was found standing by a lilac hedge near the church, and had an even worse wound on one side of his neck, but was conscious. He admitted that he stabbed his son in the neck and gave as a reason that he would like to "save the little one's soul." He thought that "the boy would more certainly be saved if he died while yet in years of childhood."

He had to die himself, and since he did not die of the wound from the knife, he intended to drown himself in a well, but a touch of the cold water somewhat shook his resolution and he went and placed himself at the above mentioned hedge. Both father and son are under treatment in Vexjo hospital.—Translated from Fritankaren, Stockholm, Sweden.

A LAW-SUIT that is giving much annoyance to the pope has recently been begun against him by Count Ferretti, a nephew of Pius the Ninth, for the purpose of recovering a sum of four million lire, which he declares was left to him by his venerable relative. The count maintains that the amount was deposited by his uncle in an English bank just before his death, and that it formed a part of his private fortune. This, however, the Vatican declines to admit, and, declaring that it belongs to the Curia, refuses to surrender any part thereof.

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CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOURNEY.

The Start.—Simon kicked in.—Simon equipped for his Journey.

1. And, as I looked, there came forth a man from the multitude, whose name was Simon, and desired to be admitted into the roadway.

2. And the preacher gave a loud shout, and rejoiced, and taking Simon by the hand, said unto him, Seest thou yonder little gate?

3. And Simon said, Yea, I see it.

4. Then said the preacher, Do thou make haste thither; and when there, do thou knock, and the gate shall be opened unto thee.

5. And the preacher gave unto Simon a guide-book, and bid him God speed.

6. And Simon made haste towards the gate.

7. Now, the gate, which was the entrance into the roadway, opened into a certain wide and filthy conduit, which the beast, and his children, and their servants had made.

8. And the conduit passed through a certain high and lofty mountain, and led such as entered therein to the city of Conversion.

9. And the name of the mountain through which the conduit passed was Rationality; and the mountain was exceedingly steep, so that no man could have passed over it into the city.

10. And the beast, seeing that the mountain was impassable, had, with vast pains, made the conduit which passed under.

11. And in the conduit there dwelt some of the beast's children; to wit, a son whose name was Bigotry, and a certain lachrymose harlot called Contrition; she it was who presided over the gate and admitted the pilgrims into the roadway; and her mother's name was Fearohell, one of the beast's concubines, who had borne him many children.

12. And Fearohell, the beast's concubine, dwelt without the gate; albeit she had entrance when she chose to the conduit and the roadway, and that not seldom.

13. And through the conduit there flowed down to the city of Conversion a very filthy stream called Theology; and mixed with the stream was much lambs' blood, and not a little of a certain sticky slime called Graceogod, and many other abominations.

14. And when Fearohell perceived Simon coming towards the gate, she quickly took her scourge, and ran to him, and belabored him heartily therewith, for though she was old and withered she had yet much vigor in her limbs.

15. And Simon cried out amain, and ran for the gate, and the beldame scourged him with all good will.

16. And when he came to the gate, there came forth the lachrymose damsel; and Simon embraced her, and besought her to give him admittance.

17. And the lachrymose damsel, whose name was Contrition, opened the gate; and the beldame, lifting up her foot, lent Simon a kick, and he fell headlong into the mud and the slime and filthiness of the conduit, and the gate was shut.

18. And Simon gathered himself up, and shook himself.

19. And the beast's son, whose name was Bigotry, came towards him, and shook him by the hand, and bid him welcome.

20. And Bigotry took a certain vessel, and put therein some of the filthy stream called Theology and mixed therewith three handfuls of a certain ill-flavored powder called Biblical education, and, having added a little mother's milk, he made a paste, and therewith did anoint Simon, and plentifully besmeared him, even from head to foot.

21. And the name of the paste which Bigotry made was Prejudice.

22. And Bigotry charged Simon, saying, Take heed of the snares of our enemy, the evil one, who spreadeth deep nets for the unwary.

23. And Bigotry continued his discourse to Simon, and warned him when he came out of the end of the conduit, that he should neither look back nor loiter upon the way, but to get from the mountain with all speed, and by no means to stray upon the mountain, nor get out of the gutter, for that the mountain was

full of pitfalls, and a woesome, dangerous place, inhabited by many terrible creatures, who were continually sending down great stones at the pilgrims.

24. And, in sooth, the great stones which fell from the mountain did well-nigh make the gutter impassable and block up the conduit.

25. And the stones which fell were called Arguments.

26. And there came another beldame to Simon, Credulity by name; and she was the sister of the beast, and old and hideous, and had but one eye, and squinted therewith horribly; and her mouth was like unto an open sepulchre, and her throat exceeding wide, so that she was a mighty swallower.

27. And Credulity gave Simon an eye-glass, wherewith to read his guide-book, and by which he might perceive his enemies.

28. And the name of this eye-glass was Imagination.

29. And Credulity bid him, when he would use this glass, to first dip it in the stream of Theology, and the slime thereof, so that he might see clearly.

30. And Simon put on his eye-glasses, and immediately the whole conduit appeared a delightsome pathway, and the filthy waters thereof clear as crystal, and the stinking mud as fragrant spices.

31. And Simon made haste, and bedaubed himself with mud and slime, and drank plentifully of the waters.

32. And when he had wallowed sufficiently therein he addressed himself to the journey, and went forward, manfully, drinking and bedaubing himself.

33. And when he came near to the end of the conduit, he began to be amazed at the stones which had fallen and been cast down from the mountain, for they well-nigh filled up the conduit, and he began to clamber over them with much labor, and grew afraid, and knew not what to do.

34. But there came forth one of the guides, and threw some of the mud and the slime of the gutter upon him, and bespattered him about the eyes therewith.

35. And the guide also took a certain rope called Sophistry, and fastened it about Simon, and drew him along over the stones therewith; and, albeit Simon many times fell down among the stones, and bruised himself very sore, yet was he at last dragged over them, and got out of the conduit and into the gutter which led to the city.

36. Then did the guide show him the city of Conversion, and bid him haste thitherward with all speed, saying, There is no safety for thee till thou hast entered the gate thereof, nor on this side wilt thou find any peace; and I do warn thee that thou take heed to thy footsteps, for thou art now on the domains of Ahri-manes, our great and bitter enemy.

37. Then began Simon to be sorely afraid, and said, Wherewithal shall I defend myself against so great a foe, if he appeareth unto me?

38. And the guide made answer and said, Fear not, my son; he will not harm thee, if thou wilt but bestir thyself and get thee into yonder valley, called the Valley of Repentance; at the extremity is the city of Conversion.

39. So Simon, taking heart, girded up his loins, and ran for the valley; but when he had run awhile, he began to slacken pace, and to look about him; and, seeing nothing terrible on the mountain, nor any danger near, he little by little got out of the gutter, and presently sat down to rest him somewhat, meaning shortly to go forward.

40. And forthwith he fell asleep and dreamed a dream.

41. And in his dream the Ancient of days appeared to him in his shirt.* And the Ancient one had no hair upon his head, but instead thereof a piece of white wool; neither had he any legs, but, instead thereof, two brazen wheels.

42. And the Ancient one sat upon a caldron of fire, and the flames thereof entered his body and issued forth at his navel; and from his nostrils came forth, as it were, a great stream of water; and the water was hot and scorching, being heated by the flame which proceeded from the caldron of fire.†

* Here the text is somewhat obscure, and we are unable to say whether the shirt here spoken of belonged to Simon or to the Ancient of days, but, from the context, we presume the latter.—TRANSLATORS.

† See Daniel vii, 9. Daniel's description of the "Ancient of days" is

43. And Simon admired exceedingly that the shirt was not consumed.

44. And the Ancient one looked upon Simon with a fierce and terrible look, and pointed towards the city of Conversion and immediately he vanished.

45. And Simon awoke, and was amazed; and, lo! the thunders pealed forth, and the lightnings ran swiftly hither and thither, and the cattle of the fields erected their tails and made to the water-pools for shelter.

46. And Simon quaked exceedingly, and ran towards the Valley of Repentance.—*To be Continued.*

BEATITUDES OF THE HOLY SINNERS.

(Appointed to be read in a loud tone of voice in the Church of the Holy Sinners, on the first Sunday in the calendar of Saint Dives, and fifty-one Sundays after that, and three times a day, before, after, and during services, and at other times when convenient and there is a big crowd present. To be read in all the churches that expect or hope to collar the shekels of the ungodly, or rake in the scads of the good, in the year of grace 1890.)

Now there was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

Blessed forever be his memory; for he hath this day given \$95,000 to the church societies, and hath \$4,000,000 left for himself.

Shout his name mightily, and let it appear in four-line pica at the head of each column.

Blessed is the man who can give his check for three figures; his seed shall be mighty upon the earth.

But more blessed is he who can make it four; his name shall be written in the records and printed in the minutes of the association, and graven with the pen of a cunning scribe upon the chronicles of the conference. Yea, they shall call him Mister in the synod and Doctor in the convention.

But thrice blessed is he who can make it a ten and five noughts; his horn shall be exalted with honor; he shall be known in the congregation and on 'change, where he sitteth with the elders of the land. Yea, when he goeth forth a horn shall be blown before him, and when he giveth a dollar a gong shall be beaten in the sanctuary.

Lazarus shall behold him afar off, and make ready to vacate the premises in Abraham's bosom.

Abraham shall hear of it, and shall greatly enlarge his bosom, and have it newly furnished and re-upholstered throughout. Selah!

The praise of our lips shall set him on high; if it be so that he can not read, then will we call our colleges after him; and if it be that he signeth his name with a "mark," then we shall endow chairs of Egyptology and Sanscrit literature in his name.

FROM AN OBSOLETE GOSPEL.

(Extract from a strange manuscript found in an obscure country church, said to have been written by a man named Mark, but believed by our richest scholars, on account of the general air of improbability and the absurdly impractical and preposterous teaching enunciated therein, to be the invention of a satirist.)

And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which made a farthing. And he called upon his disciples, and saith unto them: Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in was of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.—Brooklyn Eagle.

S. P. PUTNAM lectured at Oakland, Sunday afternoon. A good audience was present. Addresses were made by Mr. Johnson and others. A piano duet was given by the Misses Haelke, and a song entitled "Thomas Paine" by Mr. Youmans. Monthly meetings may be held hereafter.

evidently a bad translation of the one here given; and, as the learned Dr. Tresham Gregg surmises, both visions are a mystic and prophetic shadowing forth of that triumph of modern invention, the steam-engine.—TRANSLATORS.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS IN NEW YORK.

A New York Catholic priest is a sight for eyes which have not before looked upon him. The priest in Ireland knows that he is at best but the spiritual shepherd of a conquered and despised race. He is conscious of the existence of his "betters" in the enviroing gentry. In Italy, the priest is aware that the people have so near a view of the head of the church and of the fountains of faith and ecclesiastical power as not to stand greatly in awe of them. There are so many priests in the home and centre of Catholicism that the struggle for a lazy existence compels, in many cases, bare feet, rags, dirt, and other outward signs of sanctity. The Italian priest, living in a country whose people have fought the church and wrested from her their civil liberty, is apt to cultivate humility of mien, unless he has a sure thing in some monastery or about the Vatican.

In Paris, you see the priest in his unmasculine gown and preposterous shovel-hat slinking along the streets, lean of figure, with downcast eyes, giving the wall to everybody, and looked on with neither respect nor liking by anybody, save the old women.

But the New York priest! Here he comes, in his long-tailed black coat, flying free, his stride a swagger, and his bullet head topped with a tile as shiny as Boss Buckley's own, his shoulders as broad as Sullivan's, and his jowls as red and pendulous as those of ex-Sheriff Hopkins. There is bold, insolent authority in the close-set, mean little eyes, the pug nose, and in every line of the coarse, fat face. Authority! Only the stage policeman equals the New York priest in that. There may be ascetics among the fathers here, but I have yet to see a countenance among them all who stalk the streets that would not give a refined woman a shock of repulsion.

They live high, these butcher-bar-keeper-like padres. Yesterday, I dropped for luncheon into a little down-town restaurant, and two of them—mere ordinary privates in the priestly army—were seated, each with a bottle of champagne at his hand. Probably they had been on a begging tour and needed refreshment. The proprietor of the little place was obsequious, for I dare say he does not have in a week a dozen customers rich or extravagant enough to order champagne.—The Argonaut.

Shut Out by Bigotry.

To the Editors of Freethought:

About two years ago, Mr. Putnam, whilst on his organizing tour through Washington, visited Port Angeles and delivered one of his very interesting lectures, but was advised not to attempt the organization of a Secular society here, inasmuch as there was a colony project being attempted, which was at the time thought to be sufficient unto itself, and whose members did not wish to inaugurate a society within a society, holding that the rostrum of the Colony Society was, in fact, a Freethought platform—free alike to Christian and Infidel, science and religion, and to any and all isms. But as "well-laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee," so have the Liberals of this place found themselves mistaken in their ideas that such diverse elements would amalgamate, or that so broad a platform could be perpetuated here.

Last year a Congregational church society was organized here, and the project of building a church was at once set on foot. Several hundred dollars were donated by the Missionary Society, and the rest was raised here by donations of labor, lumber, money, etc., much of which was given by the Liberals on the promise that the building should be named Independence Hall, and should be free to the use of all. Some of us had heard that old, old fib before, and knew that as some of the money had been given by the church at large, they would not dare to give it such a name, and that, therefore, they were receiving money under false pretenses. The church was dedicated to the service of God, under the name of the Congregational church.

About one month ago a Secular Union was organized here, and to test the honesty of the promises so profusely made, a committee was appointed to wait upon the church trustees and ask for the building, one night in the week, for the use of the Union. Of course we expected to be refused, as we were, the preacher saying that our aims and objects would not be in harmony with the charter of the church, and he was opposed to creating antagonism, and therefore he was obliged to refuse our request.

But this sort of opposition is good for the health and growth of Freethought, it puts its advocates on their mettle. We shall make a strong effort to get a house of our own, and I hope we will name it Independence Hall, and mean what we say when we so name it.

Before closing this letter, which I fear has already grown too long, I wish to add that under the auspices of the union, Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel was with us, and gave us three exceptionally intellectual lectures on the 11th, 12th, and 13th inst.

We do not often have the pleasure of listening to such an able speaker, and we sincerely hope we may be able to secure her services again in the not distant future. Yours for Freethought, LAURA E. PETERS.

Port Angeles, Wash.

Port Townsend.—Its Lecture and Its Boom.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mattie P. Krekel lectured at Red Men's Hall in this city, February 5, 6, and 7, to large audiences, including many of our first citizens. Mrs. Krekel is unquestionably one of the ablest speakers on the Liberal rostrum. She had no trouble to get an audience and none to deeply interest them in the subjects she discussed. In fact, from start to finish, the ear of every listener was all attention. No one twisted in his seat as if tired. No one's feet shuffled with impatience, and no one left; but all applauded vigorously her beautiful comparisons of creeds and strong utterances. Mrs. Krekel does not sputter when she talks, nor does she scatter. Every idea is put at you clean-cut and separated from all others; and she is so skillful in the selection of words that the one she uses fits exactly where she puts it, and requires no explanation afterwards nor apology. For myself, I do not remember to have ever met her superior in this respect. She simply seems to never say a thing other than what she meant; and there are but precious few with tongues so obedient to the will. The people here would love to be honored by the presence of Mrs. Krekel again and often. In fact, it has been suggested to build a church and parsonage for her, and keep her here; and if we can and she will accept, it would soon become the most popular church in the city. I know I have said a good deal in this letter in her favor, but she deserves it. She is not hot-headed. She is deliberate and deep. She is earnest, sincere, and dignified. Her reasons are hard sense told in words familiar to the multitude, and therefore convincing. She is not a jumping-jack talker. She did a great deal of good here, and will elsewhere; and let us hope she may be kept in the field for many years yet.

Port Townsend is still booming. Truly, etc., D. W. SMITH.

P. S. —I hand you herewith draft on San Francisco for \$20, my first year's subscription to stock. Trusting you will win, I remains yours, Port Townsend, Wash. SMITH.

Dampness on the Willamette.

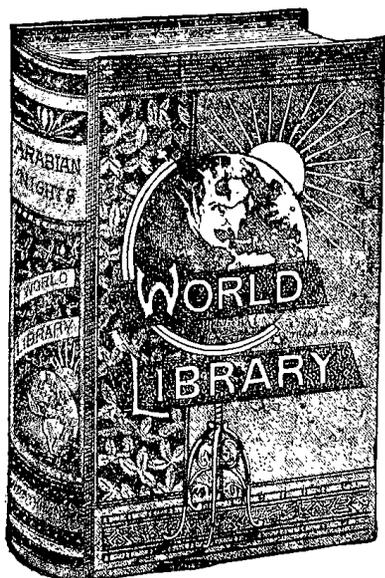
To the Editors of Freethought:

We have the biggest flood, I suppose, that ever was known. I have lost one chicken house, two stables, and my cow shed is under water. My horse is on an island with just enough land to stand on. The principal part of my property is under water. Your servant, Oregon City, Or. G. JOHNSON.

Pious Gambling.

It is evident that the lottery as an aid to religious enterprise is fully as popular still in Europe as it once was in the bucolic "church fair" of America. The German minister of the interior has recently given permission to the Evangelical Mission Society for East Africa to hold a lottery in Berlin for the purpose of raising funds to endow a mission hospital in Zanzibar. The prizes include a large number of paintings by prominent German artists. Two hundred thousand tickets will be sold at 25 cents each.

GIORDANO BRUNO is discussed at length in the March Atlantic Monthly. William R. Thayer, who writes the article which he devotes to the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Bruno," quotes largely from his examination before the Inquisition, and shows very fairly his claims to be remembered. "Bruno," says Mr. Thayer, "did not prove that his convictions were true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man."



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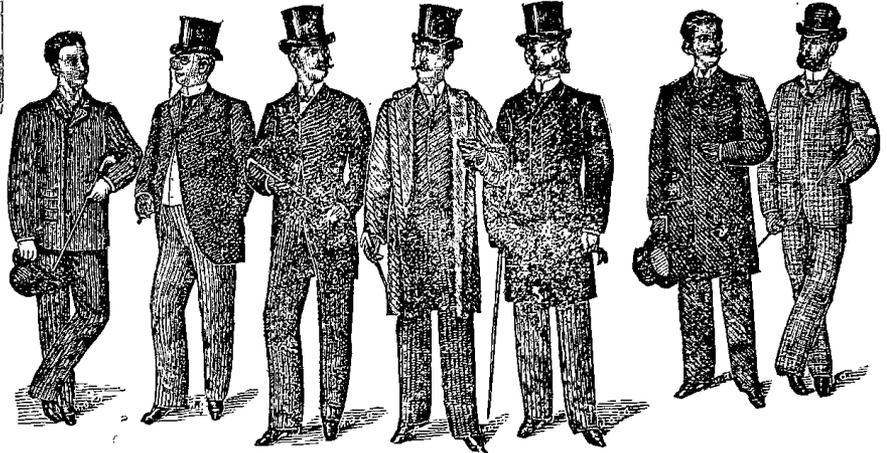
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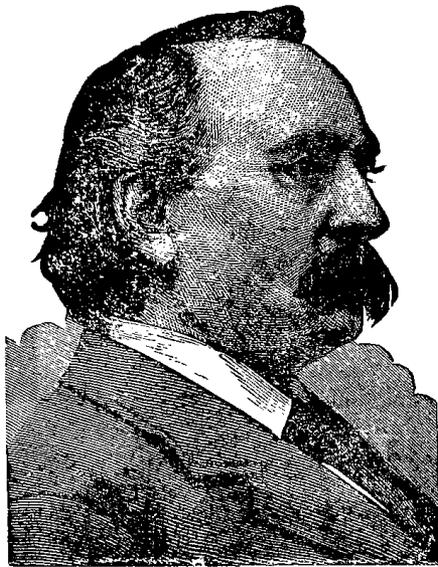
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 15, 1890.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society Sunday evening, March 16, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by W. S. Bell, on the subject of "Christian Crusades."

SENATOR STANFORD ON FINANCE.

The old-line Greenbackers and many other finance reformers will hereafter leap with delight whenever the name of Leland Stanford is spoken. Last Monday the senator from California introduced in the Senate a resolution instructing the Finance Committee to inquire if a loan may not be made by the government upon local state mortgages to bear a low rate of interest, say from 1 to 2 per cent per annum, and the government to reserve the power to call in a reasonable amount of its loan at its discretion.

Senator Stanford's argument is something as follows: That it is the duty of the government to issue currency upon the value of real property, or authorize the establishment of national banks with power to put legal-tender notes in circulation upon such security which would be guaranteed in their redemption by the treasury of the United States. "If a national bank," he says, "which purchases bonds issued by the government and to the extent of 90 cents on the dollar is authorized to put notes in circulation as currency, which the general government guarantees the payment of; if the bullion from the gold mines may be taken to the mint and have its value fixed by the impression of a die; if silver bullion may be accorded free coinage because of its standard and fineness, why may not the farms or town property of established, fixed, and certain value be used as the basis of a sound and healthful currency?" Why not, indeed?

"I can see no reason," Mr. Stanford goes on, "why land or town property having attained a permanent value indicated by the assessor's estimate, ascertained by impartial values, might not be used as a currency with as much confidence as the paper obligations of the government, or as the metals produced from the mines. I have seen the financial world twice driven from its prosperity by the fear that the excessive production of metals

should prove valueless for use as money. The best money is that based upon the wealth of the nation and the property and honor of all its people. A currency that has for its security the real property of the country is more surely guaranteed than by the bullion produced from the mines and stamped at the national mints. The country owns no mines, and who shall say the time is far distant when private ownership shall hold in trust all the mines, and then of what value will be the constitutional provision that gives the government the right to coin money if it has neither gold nor silver to coin and stamp? To coin and issue money for circulation is not the most important function of the government: when it is considered that Congress, the legislatures of the several states, and the municipal bodies of incorporated cities are armed with the powers of taxation, and individual assessors are clothed with the right of valuation for purposes of taxation; that for the non-payment of taxes the tax-collector may sell property without judicial investigation or decree of court, or without any reservation of the rights of minors, absent persons, or persons of unsound mind, how much less significant seems the power to coin money and control its volume of circulation.

"Such an issue of national currency to a limited extent would have its first effect in quieting all apprehension of a panic or financial disaster that are sometimes more hard to bear and more ruinous in consequences than the resulting calamities would be possible to a financial panic. All disastrous possibilities would be made avoidable and all branches of business would have breathed into them new life. Danger of money panics locks the gold and silver (in coin or bullion) in the vaults of the banker and money-lender, and while gold and silver coin is unusable, it is valueless. No man is rich, and no community prosperous with hoarded gold. Money is like any other property, worthless until actively employed."

Senator Stanford says that he has gone over this plan in a general way with a number of senators, who were all apparently well pleased with it, though what its fate will be when our legislators act upon it in an official capacity is quite another matter. If the question is kept free from the taint of politics and personal interest, it is possible that some good may come from a discussion of it.

"FLEE TO THE MOUNTAINS."

They have a prophet in Oakland, and his name is Bennett. He was converted into a religious lunatic by Mrs. Woodworth, and now goes through the streets on a bicycle, crying in a loud voice, "Flee to the mountains." Occasionally he stops at a street corner to harangue the crowd, and then mounts his two-wheeled steed and goes upon his way like another John the Baptist.

The destruction foreshadowed by Bennett is to come in the form of an earthquake, and a tidal wave which will overwhelm San Francisco and Oakland and leave no trace of them standing.

Strangely enough, Bennett finds people who accept his dire prognostication, and really believe that on April 14 the wave will come as predicted. These people "gather in groups on the streets by day and by night to discuss the situation. They fall down and pray. They preach the coming doom. They hasten hither and thither and either with shouts or horrified whispers and uplifted finger give their awful warning to each and every passer-by. Indoor meetings are held at which the details of the coming cataclysm are being arranged and the plan of action by which the faithful are to escape is being carefully formulated."

So large is the following of Bennett that the crowds who gather to hear him block the widest streets, and, with the addition of "holiness bands" and the Salvation Army, Oakland bids fair to be filled with howling cranks. But a counter-irritant is at work in the person of one Captain Hunt, who follows the bicycle prophet about and endeavors to bring the people back to their senses. Here is a newspaper report of last Sunday's proceedings:

"To-day at the corner of Broadway and Eighth street the audience of Bennett, the bicycle prophet, completely blocked the streets, and had to be dispersed by the police, a large posse of officers moving constantly through the crowd and making them give way to pedestrians and teams.

At the same time Captain F. W. Hunt, the street orator who has entered the field to oppose Bennett and his prophetic warnings, commenced his exhortation on the opposite corner.

"Flee to the mountains and save yourselves!" cried Bennett.

"Stay where you are and behave yourselves!" shouted back Captain Hunt.

"All who believe in the prophecy and will escape before the day of doom will be saved, but every unbelieving sinner will be swallowed up!" shouted Bennett, the bicycle prophet.

"All who believe in the prophecy are cranks, and will be in the insane asylums before the day of doom arrives!" shouted back Captain Hunt, and for more than an hour this remarkable oratorical duel was fought from the opposite corners of the street.

It is said that the business men of Oakland are combining to support Captain Hunt in his good work. Certainly something should be done before all the weak-minded people of Oakland go daft entirely. Bad water and the influenza are evils enough for one city without the added infliction of an epidemic delusion.

Since writing the above we learn that Bennett is not the original prognosticator of the approaching flood. It was a man named Erickson, who, while living in the East, obeyed the scriptural command to forsake wife and children for the good of the cause. Mr. Erickson, however, was compensated for his sacrifice by finding another wife in Oakland, though at present his whereabouts are unknown, owing to the threatened presence across the bay of Mrs. Erickson No. 1. Of such, we may remark, is the kingdom of heaven.

THAT DISCUSSION.

Concerning the late discussion on Spiritualism before the Freethought Society, a correspondent of the Carrier Dove reports as follows:

"A lively time was had at the Freethought meeting held at 421 Post street last Sunday evening. A discussion had been announced to take place between Professor Seymour, Spiritualist, and S. P. Putnam, Esq., Materialist, with Spiritualism for a text. The serious illness of Professor Seymour prevented his appearance, much to his chagrin. Consequently Mr. Will C. Hodge, of Wisconsin, upon invitation, kindly consented to deliver a lecture upon the subject: 'The Man-God, or God in Man—Which?' It was an able lecture, and delivered with fine effect, calling down hearty applause repeatedly. At its close, Mr. Putnam took the platform and delivered the address which he had prepared for discussion. It was well wrought and solidly put together, and advanced many ideas

worthy of consideration. Mr. Putnam understands the tricks of the talkers, consequently, when he left the platform he left his audience in an exceedingly high state of hilarity over his comic tales.

"A German gentleman present essayed a reply to the address, which, although good, was not fully comprehended by the audience, in consequence of its broken delivery. A traveling fakir next begged the privilege of taking the stand. He played the stale ballot trick disgracefully on an unsuspecting old man, and considered it glory. These vultures have their use though; they are the scavengers who clean the ranks of true mediumship of lying pretenders and brazen frauds. Mr. Curtis was next up, and — down. There is no argument in heartless ridicule. The gentleman said he had no soul, and the assertion met with the unanimous indorsement of the audience. Through invitation, Mr. Marshal Wheeler took the floor in reply to Mr. Putnam, and judging from the applause, he made a perfect success. With the conclusion of Mr. Wheeler's remarks the meeting closed with the best of feeling."

To the above report is appended this card from Professor Seymour.

"I learn from persons present at the Freethought meeting on Sunday evening, that S. P. Putnam, because I was (through serious illness—having had two attacks of pneumonia in four days) unable to meet him, was unkind enough to say to his audience that my sickness was trumped up, because I was afraid to meet him upon the issue, that Spiritualism is demonstrated by facts. I wish to say that I am ready to meet Mr. Putnam at any time on that question, for one night, or six nights, and feel perfectly able to lift him clear out of his materialistic boots and show him that life is not worth living if 'immortality is a dream.'

"D. C. SEYMOUR."

The Carrier Dove's report is tolerably fair, but Professor Seymour's card is a trifle misleading. Mr. Putnam did not accuse the professor of feigning illness. His remark was that a contemplation of the size of the contract he had undertaken had made Mr. Seymour sick. There is no doubt of the genuineness of the professor's illness. For some weeks he has been suffering from severe pulmonary troubles, and we can only wonder that, considering the precarious state of his health, he should have ventured to attend, as we understand that he did, a meeting of Spiritualists at Metropolitan Temple on the evening in question.

Another thing, in view of Mr. Wheeler's ability as a debater, as shown by his success in answering Mr. Putnam, it is to be regretted that he did not take the professor's place and lift the opposition orator "out of his Materialistic boots."

SOME of the workingmen of San Francisco have addressed a letter to the citizens' Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed denouncing the Executive Committee whose members are agitating for municipal aid. The letter says:

"The leading spirits of that committee are W. M. Willey, E. D. McKenley, William Steinman, a rabbi who had to leave San Jose, and two women—Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Scott Briggs. These people do not want work, and would not take it if offered, and the only interest they have in the needs of the idle men of the city is to put something in their own pockets, and sell out us poor men they have been addressing from day to day. They no more represent the honest workingmen, who are now unfortunately idle, than the vermin on a dog represents the dog. That they are traitors to the workingmen and to the city in which we all live, is proved by their false telegrams to Washington."

It is possible that the telegram sent to Washington, representing the people of San Francisco as in a starving condition, and asking help for God's sake, was a trifle absurd, but the earnestness of the Executive Committee should not be suspected. The very parties who are condemned were the beginners of the agitation in behalf of the unemployed, and if the unemployed get government or municipal aid it will be owing to the efforts of these persons,

In his resignation address Charles Bradlaugh called attention to a fact which English Freethinkers are somewhat slow about recognizing. He said: "One element of danger in Europe is the approach of the Roman Catholic church towards meddling in political life. I cannot believe that the skunk has changed his smell. Beware when that great church, whose power none can deny, the capacity of whose leading men is marked, tries to use the democracy as its weapon. There is danger to freedom of thought, to freedom of speech, to freedom of action. The great struggle in this country will not be between Freethought and the Church of England, nor between Freethought and Dissent, but—as I have long taught and now repeat—between Freethought and Rome."

SENATOR BLAIR has discovered the cause of his speeches in Congress not being more fully reported by the press. He has discovered, he says, that the press is under the control of Jesuits, and that the managers of papers are Catholics. As his Educational bill is essentially Protestant, it is of course opposed by the papal church, so that he has both Rome and reason to contend with. If Mr. Blair would expunge the clause of his bill which provides for teaching the Christian religion in schools, he might possibly gain the support of some Secularists, though many are rather jealous of the general government's interference with local affairs.

A "REGULAR SUBSCRIBER" inquires the value of church property in the United States, and whether it is not equal to the value of all our railroads. We have no statistics of the value of church property later than the last census, but it probably amounts to some twelve hundred millions of dollars. This sum, however, great as it is, does not equal the property owned by railroad companies. There were in operation, in 1880, eighty-five thousand miles of railway in the United States, which has increased to one hundred and fifty thousand miles, costing some \$60,000 per mile, or say \$9,000,000,000 in all.

It is claimed that there is an ulterior design in Senator Stanford's plan to have the government loan farmers money on their lands at one or two per cent interest. The alleged ulterior design is that the government shall also reduce the interest on the Central Pacific railroad's debt to a similar rate. Perhaps it would be more fair to wait awhile before jumping to any conclusion on the subject.

"WHEN a man comes before the judgment seat," said the Rev. J. A. Cruzan last Sunday evening, "the question asked there will not be 'Did you belong to the church; were you orthodox?' but, 'Did you feed the hungry and clothe the naked?'" This is good humanitarian doctrine, but it isn't orthodoxy by any means.

BISHOP FINK, of Kansas, recently fulminated a letter prohibiting Catholics from joining the Farmers' Alliance because of the religious ceremonies forming a portion of the proceedings of that organization. The Alliance has since abolished its mummeries, and the bishop's condemnation is withdrawn.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH has formally resigned the presidency of the National Secular Society, and Mr. G. W. Foote has been elected as his successor. Conceding that Bradlaugh is the ablest Secularist in England, Mr. Foote certainly holds the second place as an all-round Freethought advocate.

THERE is great confusion in the labor ranks in this city. While

hundreds of laborers are asking the city for work, hundreds of others are on strike. There must be strong temptation on the part of the unemployed to take the places which the others have voluntarily abandoned.

MARTIN MULLEN went to sleep in a New York church last Sunday, and was fined ten dollars for the offense. If it costs a man ten dollars to go to sleep in a church, what would be the penalty if he should die there?

COLONEL INGERSOLL has a second contribution in the North American Review for March on "Why I Am an Agnostic." The readers of FREETHOUGHT will be treated to copious extracts from the article next week.

AMIDST all the religious excitement prevailing in Oakland, why is it that the voice of W. S. Bell is not heard in the highways and byways? There is a call in our sister city for the services of the iconoclast.

THE advertisement of Lilian Leland's new book, "Traveling Alone," will be found on another page. This is one of the most interesting books of travel ever written.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN has donated one thousand dollars to the unemployed laborers of San Francisco. It is low interest on the sums they give him every year.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL will speak before the San Francisco Freethought Society on the last Sunday evening of this month.

OBSERVATIONS.

Lilian Leland bloomed on the platform of the Freethought Society last Sunday evening like a blossom in a hedge, and told in simple language the story of "Freethought Around the World." This was, I believe, Miss Leland's third appearance as a public speaker. She lectured first before the New York Liberal Club, and I remember getting myself into deep trouble by attempting to set her right on some historical points. But we were young then, and time has convinced both of us that we were right.

Mr. Lemme presided. He has not occupied the chair before since his trip to Los Angeles, whence he returned with a wife whose engaging appearance indicates that her native city is not inappropriately named. If an apology is needed for not previously mentioning Mr. Lemme's marriage, I may say that the event was a surprise party, and that I have just recovered sufficiently from the shock to record it.

Miss Leland prefaced her address by saying that she had the good fortune to be born of Freethinking parents, who left their children's minds unfettered by any creed or belief, so that the Sunday-school stories of cross and crucifixion took no more hold upon her untterrified mind than the fairy tale of Jack the Giant-killer. In her journey around the world the first heathen country she visited was Japan, whose people she found more ideally Christian than those she left behind. The Japanese were the kindest people on earth, and suffered more than they gained from the introduction of Christianity. She saw in Japan more missionaries than converts. In China the people were different. Their cities and their habits were indescribably dirty, and it was scarcely possible for the missionaries to make the inhabitants any worse—or better. She visited Benares, in India, the oldest and holiest city on the globe. It stands upon the Ganges, the dirtiest river in the world. In both India and Japan she was warned against the native who professed Christianity. The uncivilized Hindoo could be relied on for a certain amount of fidelity, but the converted Hindoo had lost faith in his own gods' power to punish and had learned hypocrisy. Palestine Miss Leland found the barest, poorest, stoniest country on earth, and Jerusa-

lem the uncleanliest city, with the possible exception of a walled city in China. At the alleged tomb of Christ in Jerusalem warring Christian sects are prevented from killing one another by the presence of a Mohammedan soldier who guards the holy sepulchre. The three countries which, outside of Palestine, the traveler found the most pious and poverty-stricken, ignorant, and unwholesome, were Russia, Italy, and Ireland—the latter being infested with beggars who would follow you for miles with beseeching looks. In concluding, the speaker said her experience all over the world had taught her that it is a good thing to be an American, because independence in an American woman is not only forgiven, but admired, while it would subject an English woman to suspicion.

There was no discussion of the lecture. Mr. Putnam paid a brief tribute to the late T. C. Leland, father of the speaker, and said that the daughter was a worthy descendant. Mr. Thomas Curtis offered a resolution that the Christian parents of the country be invited to prove by comparison that as a result of religious training they could show a brighter example of womanhood, mentally, morally, and physically, than Miss Leland afforded as a result of Liberal education. The resolution was unanimously passed.

After this a business meeting was held. Mr. W. H. Eastman was put in nomination for president, but declined, and nominated Mr. Putnam. Mr. Putnam agreed to accept the office if Mr. Eastman would be first vice-president. Mr. Eastman assented, and moved that the assistant secretary be instructed to get into his place at the desk and record the fact. The assistant secretary did so, and Putnam and Eastman were elected. Then these officers were chosen in their turn: Second vice-president, Thomas Curtis; third, Herbert Miller; secretary, Emil S. Lemme; assistant, H. W. Walker; treasurer, A. H. Schou. Mr. Schou celebrated his re-election by reporting. He had received during the past year \$317.60, and expended \$299.55, leaving a balance of \$18.05. It was voted that the president, three vice-presidents, and the secretary should constitute the board of management provided for by the constitution. The appointing of a Social Committee to provide music and occasional festivities closed the business, and the meeting adjourned after passing a vote of thanks to the retiring officers.

Mr. W. S. Bell lectures next Sunday on "Christian Crusades."

And the prayer of faith shall heal the sick.—Bible Crank.

"Prayer saves you," the clergyman said

To the sick man who lay on his baid;

So he prayed half an hour

To the heavenly Pour—

Then he stopped, for the patient was daid.

Mr. F. J. Gould, of London, has written a "Life of Bruno." I have not seen it, but Watts's Literary Guide contains an extended review of the work, written by Felix Greg. Mr. Greg says:

How the glory greatens and flings the glamour of romance on the otherwise prosaic theorizings of dignified and potent speculators, and even lends a new and enduring charm to the passion of poetry, is best left to the guiding hand of the capable instructor. . . . Mr. Gould's able and comprehensive "Sketch," as he far too modestly names his welcome achievement, distinctly out-distances previous and more pretentious reminders of one whose memory should be at once incentive and possession.

And now, may it please Mr. Greg, we would be glad to know what he has the honor to mean.

Mr. A. W. Poole, of Grub Gulch, played a joke last Sunday upon Mr. Putnam and myself, that merited the apology which he has since made. He happened, while visiting this office, to note a traveling Methodist minister named Berlyther gazing in at the window, and, opening the door, Mr. Poole invited the wayfarer to come in. When interrupted, the Rev. Mr. Berlyther was haranguing a few passersby on the mental defects of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and he continued his discourse after he came inside. Mr. Poole made remarks enough to give Berlyther a text, and when he had him well agoing, he slipped out of the door, and left us at the mercy of the blooming imbecile. Berlyther's

tongue wagged and flapped like a rag on a telegraph wire, and to reply was like answering the clatter of a windmill. In ten minutes he had become a nuisance, in half an hour he was an incubus, and at forty-five minutes, a nightmare. Still he gabbled on. "Now," said he, "there was Jonah. He went aboard a ship and a storm arose. He was thrown overboard; a great fish sent by the Lord carried him ashore. You say it didn't happen as recorded, but the book says it did. Now, what are you going to do about it? Then there is the resurrection of our Lord. He was dead, buried, and descended into hell, and on the third day arose and ascended up to heaven. You believe that, don't you? No! That's because it's a mystery and you look at it with the natural eye that cannot discern spiritual things." And so on—gabble, gabble, clatter, clatter. We got rid of him finally by luring him out into the street and running away from him.

My valued friend, Mr. C. Severance, of Los Angeles, writes thus under date of February 23:

Having a leisure moment this morning, I thought I would privately remark that the last issue of Lucifer is unusually interesting, and if one doubts that "Freethought has a positive and constructive side," Brother Harman's reproduction of "Dr. O'Neill's" sensational letter would disabuse his mind on that point. Ye gods! what an article to insert in public print; and what in the name of sense and sanity does the man expect to accomplish by parading such revolting tales before the general public? Is he a monomaniac on the subject, or does he earnestly and persistently seek martyrdom? Now, I think "Dr. O'Neill" is a fictitious character who has imposed on Harman's credulity to get him into Comstock's clutches, or else he is a consummate ass to request the publication of such a letter. Such tales spread broadcast will have no more influence in lessening the evils complained of than Walker's "autonomistic marriage" did in destroying the present marriage system.

As usual, my sentiments. But taking what Stephen Pearl Andrews called a "long-range view" of these things, I have to concede that Mr. Harman and also Mr. Walker are useful members of society. They are what might be called pickets or outside guards, and they naturally draw the fire of the enemy. If it were not for them the main body of reform would be harassed by the guerrillas of church and state. The pioneers always get the hardest knocks, and the most radical men of their day are offered up as vicarious sacrifices. I have myself at times given utterance to unorthodox sentiments, and so has Mr. Severance. If these sentiments were not overshadowed by the extreme unorthodoxy of others, their authors would be looking for bail as Mr. Harman often is. Thus I feel a certain gratitude toward the editor of Lucifer for making a target of himself, and receiving in his own person the missiles which might otherwise hit the undersigned.

For his own benefit, however, Mr. Harman should abjure expressions like those contained in the O'Neill letter, and adopt the innocuous four-letter euphemisms employed by Mrs. Angela T. Heywood.

THE NATIONALISTS.

The San Francisco Central Nationalist Club held an open meeting in Metropolitan Temple Monday evening. The attendance was large, filling every seat in the edifice. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou presided.

The first speaker was Dr. J. W. Moliere, who spoke upon the subject of "Communism vs. Nationalism." He maintained that there was a great distinction between the two. Communism is a death-blow to liberty and ambition, while Nationalism sought to relieve the present hardships which are afflicting the workmen of the world—the true representatives of manhood.

After a song by Miss Anna M. Wood, ex-Judge E. D. Wheeler delivered an address upon the subject of "Assisted Railroads." He touched upon the matter of trusts, which are, he said, the evil agents in this country. There are the oil, copper, railroad, and many other trusts. They must be eradicated. National freedom is one thing, but if there is no individual freedom the land is not a free one, no matter whatever it is—a republic or not. The speaker dwelt particularly on the cases of the Union and Central Pacific railroads, which he said had been built by the government, and the people's money. Yet now the men who are enriched by it are seeking to defraud the government out of

the money which is due. The various points made by the speaker were heartily applauded.

Burnette G. Haskell then read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, after a preamble reviewing the measure before Congress, asking for an extension of the loans on the Pacific railroads:

Resolved, That Congress be requested to reject said proposition and to foreclose the government lien on said railroads, and

Resolved, That the said proposition is an outrage to be denounced by every honest man; and every Representative who will vote for it deserves to be politically buried beneath the waves of public scorn and indignation.

Resolved, That we have reason to fear that the recent proposition in the United States Senate to loan farmers money will prove but a device to aid the proposed loan to these railroads, as they know that the finance committee of the Senate will report adversely on the proposed loan to farmers after the railroad bill has been voted on.

Resolved, That we demand of Congress that no vote be taken on the Railroad Funding bill until after the report of the committee on finance on the Stanford resolutions as to loans to farmers.

Resolved, That to test the comparative power of railroads and farmers in Congress we demand that a provision to loan money to farmers to the extent of their present mortgages at 2 per cent be annexed to and made a part of the Railroad bill to be voted on at the same time.

Resolved, That loans to farmers are as constitutional as those to railroads, as either stand on the ground of possible advantage to support and move armies, and food is more necessary to armies than railroads.

After Judge Wheeler's speech a vocal duet was sung by the Misses Collison. A recitation was then given by Master Leo Reed which was vociferously applauded. It was entitled "The Deacon's Prayer," in which the advantage of potatoes over prayer was cleverly rendered, and a recall was the result; and "The Baby" was next on the programme. This was followed by a vocal solo, "The Day is Coming" (William Morris), by Miss Evangeline Ballou, Miss Mate Hildebrande accompanist, the sentiment and music of which were enthusiastically received. "The Three Clams," an idyl of San Francisco silurians, a recitation, was presented by I. F. Cheesewright, H. A. Sully, and F. D. Jackson, the lively satire of which was keenly appreciated by the audience. This closed the exercises of the evening.

GLASGOW—A MUNICIPAL STUDY.

The following is a synopsis of a remarkable article published in the March number of the Century:

Glasgow in 1888 had a population of 560,000. Its vigorous development has caused so generous an overflow that the whole community, including the continuously built up suburbs, now numbers little short of 800,000 souls. It claims the second place in the British empire.

As a type of the modern city with a highly developed and vigorous municipal life, Glasgow may well repay study. Glasgow has grown quite as rapidly as the large towns of America. In 1750 the population was less than 25,000. In 1800 it was about 75,000; in 1811, 100,000; in 1831, 200,000; in 1851, 329,000; in 1871, 478,000; in 1889, about 800,000.

Glasgow more than a hundred years ago entered deliberately upon the herculean task of making itself an important port by deepening its shallow river, the Clyde, into a harbor and ocean highway. It is peculiarly interesting to observe a city which, having made itself prosperous and mighty by well-directed organized municipal energy, at a later time applies the same energy to the solution of the dark social problems which seem the inevitable concomitant of the new material progress of communities.

GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

The whole government may be said to be exercised by a grand committee of fifty men chosen by the qualified electors. There are sixteen municipal wards, each of which elects three members of the town council. There are two ex-officio members of the council, namely, the "Dean of Guild," who represents the Merchant's House, and the "Deacon Convener," or chairman of the associated trade guilds.

The present number of men entitled to vote is 75,000, and of women 14,750, a total municipal electorate of 89,750.

The councilors of Glasgow come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citi-

zens. No salaries are attached to such offices. It is deemed an honor to be selected to represent one's ward.

From their own number the councilors choose a "provost," usually called the "Lord Provost," and ten "bailies," or magistrates. The bailies sit as citizen magistrates in certain districts of the city upon a plan of rotation.

All appointments are made by the council itself. According to various acts of Parliament the fifty members of the town council are (1) water commissioners, (2) gas trustees, (3) market and slaughter-house commissioners, (4) parks and galleries trustees, (5) city improvement trustees, and (6) board of police commissioners. Each of these departments is organized separately.

The town clerk is the most important standing officer of all British towns. He is expected to hold his position for life.

THE SANITARY DEPARTMENT.

The department was established in 1870. The density of population made it necessary. The density of London is 51 to the acre, of Glasgow, 84. In some of the sanitary districts the average density is from 200 to 300. Localities are not a few where single acres contain a thousand or more people. The tenement house is almost universal. In some cases two or three hundred people use a common stair-case; 126,000 live in single-room tenements; 228,000 in two-room tenements. These are the figures for 1881.

Among these overcrowded tenements the epidemic inspectors are constantly at work ferreting out cases of contagious disease. Last year they discovered 3769. The nuisance inspectors reported 21,886 "nuisances," all of which were in consequence remedied. These had to do with defective drains, matters of water-supply, garbage accumulations, offensive ash-pits, and all sorts of structural defects, decays, and unwholesome conditions.

The "night inspection" is to prevent overcrowding. Fourteen per cent of the one-room houses, and 27 per cent of the two-room houses take lodgers. The average rent of one-room houses is almost exactly \$2 per month, while that of two-room houses is about \$2.60. The inspection of these houses is of immense public benefit.

EPIDEMIC HOSPITALS.

On the extreme edge of the city was a private estate called Belvidere, containing something more than thirty acres, and sloping beautifully down to the Clyde. It was purchased, and the mansion house was enlarged and transformed into quarters for the attendant physicians and nurses. Wards were hastily built of wood in the detached pavilion form. These have gradually been replaced by permanent pavilions of brick and stone. The establishment is now the most attractive and complete and the most satisfactorily administered of any in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. It has the resemblance of a lovely village, with its trees and lawns, its play-grounds and beautiful flower-gardens; with its separate and home-like private apartments, instead of common dormitories, and with convalescing rooms and every convenience attached to each sick ward. The average daily number of patients in 1887 was 332, and the total number received in the year was about 3000.

SANITARY WASH-HOUSE.

Not the least-important feature of the health department's work in Glasgow is the Sanitary Wash-House. In 1864 the authorities found it necessary to superintend the disinfection of dwellings, and a small temporary wash-house was opened with a few tubs for the cleansing of apparel, etc. Larger quarters being needed, a separate establishment was built and opened in 1883, its cost being about \$50,000. In 1887 6700 washings aggregating 380,000 pieces were done. The establishment has a crematory, carpet-cleaning machinery, and arrangements for disinfection by steam, by chemicals, and by boiling.

THE CLEANSING DEPARTMENT.

The work of this department embraces (1) the scavenging of all courts and back yards; (2) the scavenging and watering of all the streets and roads; (3) the collection, removal, and disposal of all night-soil, general domestic refuse, and detritus.

The streets (181 miles) are swept nightly. The summer street-sprinkling is also done by the cleansing department. The sidewalks are left to be swept by owners and occupants, who are required to keep them clean.

It is the policy of the department to send out as manure to the farms just as large a proportion in bulk and weight of the street-sweepings and general refuse as can be made a marketable article. The amount of manure sold last year was 195,000 tons. It is sold in fifteen counties, much of it going sixty and seventy miles. The city owns its railway wagons (700 of them) and has an arrangement with all the roads by which the manure is carried for one cent per ton per mile, cars returned free. The net proceeds are from 25 to 50 cents a ton. The expenditure of the department last year was \$370,000. Sales of manure amounted to \$130,000. There remained only \$190,000 of the general charge to be paid out of the rates—for a population of nearly 600,000, a cost per capita of about 35 cents.

THE IMPROVEMENT TRUST.

The council committee, under the Glasgow Police Act of 1866, purchased an area of 88 acres, and some other small areas in the crowded parts of the city. Tenements of great height ranged on either side of narrow lanes, with no back-yard space, were demolished.

Twenty-seven new streets have been formed, and twenty-four old ones greatly widened and improved. The city is to-day lorded on a large scale. The total cost of the purchases and improvements was \$10,000,000. For lands sold there has been received \$5,000,000. The property still held is valued at \$3,400,000. Its rents bring in annually to the city \$100,000. The improvement trust has given the city, among other things, the handsome new Alexandra Park.

MODEL TENEMENTS AND LODGING-HOUSES.

Early in their operations the council committee found it advantageous to build one or two tenement-houses as a model and example of proper arrangements and construction. Very recently the committee has gone into improved tenement-building. Whether wise or unwise this experiment is not upon a sufficiently large scale to have very significant results.

A much more important and interesting experience of Glasgow is the providing of common lodging-houses. The committee opened two model lodging-houses in 1870. Another one and temporary quarters was opened in 1874, to be replaced by a large and permanent one in 1876. Three more large houses were opened in 1878, and a seventh and last in 1879. They have continued to be an unqualified success. Their incidental advantage as a police measure in promoting the good order of the city can hardly be overestimated. The city's seven establishments provide about one-third of the total accommodation, having nearly 2000 beds out of a total of 6273 reported by the inspector. Every lodger is given a separate apartment or stall, has the use of a large common sitting-room, a locker for provisions, and the long kitchen range for cooking his own provisions. The charge per night is 7 or 9 cents, according to the lodger's choice of a bed with one sheet or two. Six of these houses are for men, and one for women. The six houses for men entertained during 1888 647,681 nightly lodgers, and the house for women 33,986. The cost of these houses is \$450,000. They yield a net return of from 4 to 5 per cent on the investment.

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

There are five large establishments in different parts of the city, the first of which was opened in 1878, and the last in 1884. Each includes under the same roof very capacious swimming baths for men and for women, and numerous small bath-rooms, every modern facility being provided; and also as a distinct feature an elaborate and extensive wash-house for the use of poor families that lack home conveniences for laundry work. The substantial character of these institutions will appear in the fact that, although honestly and economically built, they have cost more than \$600,000. The number of bathers exceeds 400,000 a year. The charges are small—two-pence for the use of the swimming bath, and a little more for the private baths.

For the trifling sum of two-pence an hour a woman is allowed the use of a stall containing an improved steam boiling arrangement and fixed tubs with hot and cold water faucets. The washing being quickly done, the clothes are deposited for two or three minutes in one of a row of centrifugal machine driers, after which

they are hung on one of a series of sliding frames, which retreat into a hot-air apartment. If she wishes, the housewife may then use a large roller mangle operated, like all the rest of the machinery, by steam power; and she may at the end of an hour go home with her basket of clothes washed, dried, and ironed. The number of washings done in these houses increased from 76,718 in 1885-6 to 96,832 in 1887-8.

THE CORPORATION GAS-WORKS.

In 1869 the gas-supply of the city was transferred from private hands to the corporation. The original cost exceeded \$2,600,000. The quantity of gas sold has increased from 1,026,000,000 feet in 1869-70 to 2,427,000,000 in 1887-8—an increase of 140 per cent, while the population has grown only 20 per cent. More than 130,000 meters are in use. From \$1.14 per thousand feet charged in 1869-70 the price has been reduced to 66 cents in 1888-9.

The gas department supplies gas cooking-stoves, either selling them at about cost price, or renting them at a moderate charge by the year, half-year, or quarter. For more than three years this business has gone on briskly, the city having from \$60,000 to \$70,000 invested in stoves. During the year 1887-8 there were sold 1193 heating and cooking appliances, and 1456 were rented.

THE STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The first tram lines were opened in 1872; owned by the city and leased to a company for operation. The interests of the public as passengers are well secured. It was provided that in no case should the charges exceed a penny per mile. It was also specified that the morning and evening cars on certain important "runs" used by laboring men and large masses of the population should be run at half price—equal to one American cent. Since 1880 the dividends have been from 9 to 11 per cent. There is a total of 31 miles of tramways.

THE WATER-WORKS.

More than thirty years ago the city obtained exclusive control of Loch Katrine, in the highlands, and brought to the city through a great aqueduct a magnificent and inexhaustible supply of pure water. The great pressure in the mains, due to the high sources whence the water comes, suffices to extinguish nearly all the fires without the use of engines; and the annual saving in the fire department alone is more than enough to pay interest charges upon the cost of the water-works. Further, the pure and soft water cheaply furnished has made it possible to develop in Glasgow various important lines of manufacture that otherwise would have been driven to the rural districts.

PUBLIC ILLUMINATION.

The city some years ago entered upon the policy of lighting private courts and passages, as well as public streets, and further undertook the lighting of all common stairs in tenement-houses. A light is equal to a constable. The illumination of the dark passages has had a most marked effect in diminishing crime. The presence of public lights on the tenement staircases has added to the security of the population.

THE MARKET TRUST.

The council manages the city's important market properties. All the wholesale marts for produce, meat, animals, and fish are in the city's own hands. Belonging to this department are the great municipal slaughter-houses, which for many years have entirely superseded all private establishments, and are admirably appointed.

THE PARK SYSTEM.

Within the period of the recent improvements a park system has been formed, and its cost has in large part been defrayed by the re-sale at advanced prices of portions of the tracts originally purchased for park sites.

GALLERIES AND LIBRARIES.

Bequests of important collections of paintings have given Glasgow a municipal gallery of importance. Bequests have founded two libraries. The Mitchell library, though but a few years old, will soon have a hundred thousand volumes. It has the best-supplied periodical reading-room in Great Britain.

POOR-RELIEF AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

These are not functions of a municipal corporation in the

United Kingdom. Scotland, urban as well as rural, is divided into "parishes," each of which, through an elected board, has entire charge of the indigent. Elementary education in Scotland is now universal and compulsory. A magnificent array of public-school buildings has appeared in Glasgow since 1873, and admirable provision is made for technical education.

TAXES.

All municipal taxation in British cities takes the form of rates levied upon the rental value of occupied lands and buildings. In Glasgow the rates are divided between owners and occupiers. The general financial position of the city is excellent. Its debt is not large. The numerous undertakings of the municipality, far from imposing heavier burdens, promises in the years to come an income of growing proportions, to the relief of direct taxation.

EXEMPTION.

Another step by Congress toward legislating in behalf of religion appears in a bill—Fifty-first Congress, S. 1748—introduced by Senator Vance, of North Carolina, "For the Relief of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the City of Washington, District of Columbia," which provides that—

From and after the passage of this act a certain piece of land in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, known as lot sixteen, in square two hundred and forty-seven of the plan of that city, and owned and occupied by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and all the buildings and grounds or property appurtenant thereto and used in connection therewith, in the District of Columbia, shall be exempt from any and all taxes and assessments, national, municipal, or county; and all taxes or assessments, together with the interest and penalties now due and unpaid upon said property shall be, and they are hereby remitted.

Why should the property of "the Sisters of the Holy Cross" be exempt from all taxes and assessments any more than the property of everybody else? What is the particular benefit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, over everybody else, to the nation, the city, and the county, that their property should be exempt from all taxes and assessments at the expense of everybody else in the nation, the city, and the county? It will doubtless be answered that this is church property, and that all church property is exempt. Then we would ask the same questions in regard to all the church property in the nation. Why should the people be required thus to pay tribute to the churches? If Congress can require that this measure of tribute shall be paid by the public to the churches, why can it not also require that all the revenues required by the churches shall likewise be paid by the public? If so much shall be done when it is asked, what is to hinder the doing of all the rest as it shall be asked? Our comments upon the bill concerning the clock and bells are to be applied to this bill also; and of this, too, we say, Let it be killed. And let every other like it be annihilated throughout the Union. —American Sentinel.

THE IMPROVED MAN.

The improved man will be in favor of universal liberty—that is to say, he will be opposed to all kings and nobles, to all privileged classes. He will give to all others the rights that he claims for himself. He will neither bow nor cringe, nor accept bowing and cringing from others. He will be neither master nor slave, neither prince nor peasant—simply man.

He will be the enemy of all caste, no matter whether its foundation be wealth, title, or power, and of him it will be said: "Blessed is that man who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid."

The improved man will be in favor of universal education. He will believe it the duty of every person to shed all the light he can, to the end that no child may be reared in darkness. By education he will mean the gaining of useful knowledge, the development of the mind along the natural paths that lead to human happiness.

He will not waste his time in ascertaining the foolish theories of extinct peoples nor in studying the dead languages for the sake of understanding the theologies of ignorance and fear, but he will turn his attention to the affairs of life, and will do his utmost to see to it that every child has an opportunity to learn the dem-

onstrated facts of science, the true history of the world, the great principles of right and wrong applicable to human conduct—the things necessary to the preservation of the individual and of the state, and such arts and industries as are essential to the preservation of all.

He will also endeavor to develop the mind in the direction of the beautiful—of the highest art—so that the palace in which the mind dwells may be enriched and rendered beautiful, to the end that these stones called facts may be changed into statues.

The improved man will believe only in the religion of this world. He will have nothing to do with the miraculous and supernatural. He will find that there is no room in the universe for these things. He will know that happiness is the only good, and that everything that tends to the happiness of sentient beings is good, and that to do the thing—and no other—that adds to the happiness of man is to practice the highest possible religion. His motto will be: "Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof." He will know that each man should be his own priest, and that the brain is the real cathedral. He will know that in the realm of mind there is no authority—that majorities in this mental world can settle nothing—that each soul is the sovereign of its own world, and that it cannot abdicate without degrading itself. He will not bow to numbers or force, neither to antiquity nor custom. He, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and stars, will decide for himself. He will not endeavor by prayers and supplications, by fastings and genuflections, to change the mind of the "infinite" or alter the course of nature; neither will he employ others to do these things in his place. He will have no confidence in the religion of idleness, and will give no part of what he earns to support parson or priest, archbishop or pope. He will know that honest labor is the highest form of prayer. He will spend no time in ringing bells or swinging censers, or in chanting the litanies of barbarism, but he will appreciate all that is artistic—that is beautiful—that tends to refine and ennoble the human race. He will not live a life of fear. He will stand in awe neither of man nor ghosts. He will enjoy not only the sunshine of life, but will bear with fortitude the darkest days. He will have no fear of death. About the grave there will be no terrors, and his life will end as serenely as the sun rises.

The improved man will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist—that behind every fact, every thought and dream, is an efficient cause. He will know that every human action is a necessary product, and he will also know that men cannot be reformed by punishment, by degradation, or by revenge. He will regard those who violate the laws of nature and the laws of states, as victims of conditions, of circumstances, and he will do what he can for the well-being of his fellow-men.

The improved man will not give his life to the accumulation of wealth. He will find no happiness in exciting the envy of his neighbors. He will not care to live in a palace, while others who are good, industrious, and kind are compelled to huddle in huts and dens. He will know that great wealth is a great burden, and that to accumulate beyond the actual needs of a reasonable human being is to increase not wealth, but responsibility and trouble.

The improved man will find his greatest joy in the happiness of others, and he will know that the home is the real temple. He will believe in the democracy of the fireside, and will reap his greatest reward in being loved by those whose lives he has enriched.

The improved man will be self-poised, independent, candid, and free. He will be a scientist. He will observe, investigate, experiment, and demonstrate. He will use his sense and his senses. He will keep his mind open as the day to the hints and suggestions of nature. He will always be a student, a learner, and a listener—a believer in intellectual hospitality. In the world of his brain there will be continuous summer, perpetual seed-time and harvest. Facts will be the foundation of his faith. In one hand he will carry the torch of truth, and with the other raise the fallen.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, in the New York World.

READ on page 173 the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER III.

REVELATION.*

Stars Impaled by the Dragon.—The Angel and the Flea.

1. And there appeared another great wonder in heaven; and behold, a great green dragon, having one eye, and seven elbows, and upon every elbow a row of teeth; and with his tail he impaled a third part of the stars of heaven, and carried them away.

2. And Abraham came forth, and when he saw what was done he cried aloud to his wife Sarah, and she came forth and kicked the dragon behind.

3. And the dragon was astonished, and fell down in a swoon; and Sarah released the stars.

4. And Abraham took soap and water, and bright steel, and burnished the stars afresh, and put them in their places.

5. And the harpers harped with their harps, till they brake their harp-strings, and the harpers ceased to harp.

6. And I saw, and behold, an angel came down to the earth; and he placed one foot upon the earth, and the other upon the sea, and his foot sank into the waters, and he fell into the sea; and when he had clambered out he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Send Joseph the carpenter hither.

7. And Joseph the carpenter came, and bored great holes in the water with a gimlet, and drove in nails; and the angel put forth his foot, and the water was steadfast and firm.

8. And the angel took a scroll from his bosom, and began to read, but suddenly he began to stamp his feet, and to curse and rave, and put his hand behind him, between his shoulders, in much fury; and while I wondered, he called me, saying, Son of man look between my shoulders, where my hands cannot reach. So I rent his garments and looked.

9. And he said, Son of man, what seest thou? And I answered, and said, Nay, my lord, I perceive nothing save a small beast like unto a flea. And the angel cried out fiercely, I charge thee, lay hold on him.

10. So I lay hold of it, and gave it to the angel, and he regarded it with a terrible aspect, and, stooping down, drew from the bottom of the sea a huge rock, and placed it upon the dry ground, and upon the rock he placed the little beast, even the flea, and put down his hand into the sea for another stone, wherewith to put the flea to death.

11. And when he had found the stone, and would have sacrificed the flea, behold it was gone.

12. And the angel lifted up his eyes, and saw the flea about twenty and three leagues off, and he pursued, and I saw him no more.

13. And I saw a second angel descend, and in his hand were the keys of heaven, and hell, and death.

14. And he cried unto the first angel, saying, Wherefore hast thou not proclaimed the judgment?

15. And the first angel answered from afar off, saying, I will do it when I have finished the work I have in hand.

16. And the second angel cried, saying, Knowest thou not that the Ancient one awaiteth proclamation?

17. And the first angel answered and said, As the Ancient one liveth, and as my soul liveth, I will neither issue proclamation, nor even eat nor drink, nor rest night nor day, till I have executed my judgment and poured forth my fierce indignation upon the beast that hath tormented me.

18. And the second angel was greatly troubled, and returned and told the Ancient one.

19. And the Ancient one roused himself, and said to the an-

gel, Verily, Gabriel hath done that which is not right in my sight. Have I not told my servant Daniel that judgment should come to pass at this time? and is it not so prophesied in the guide-book which I have caused to be written? Do thou see to it, that proclamation is made so soon as he shall return. It is not seemly that Gabriel should break his oath, seeing that he hath sworn by himself.

20. And the Ancient one returned to his slumbers.

To be Continued.

AS TO FAITH AND OTHER CURES.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I observe frequent communications like the following, accompanied with severe criticisms, in some of the Freethought as well as other journals: "A child has just died in San Diego as a victim of Christian Science or faith cure." May it not be possible that it died of the disease, if not from the want of proper care in the line of nursing? Or might not its death more properly be attributed to a "mysterious providence," as most cases are where they have died under the treatment of the regular orthodox physician? Where they have depended on prayer and faith in God, the death should be attributed to providence, if it ever should in any case.

Now, we have reports of thousands of cases of deaths where patients were under the treatment of doctors whose medicines were mostly of a poisonous nature (such as are resorted to by suicides), and who "experiment" with the knife, very frequently cutting the patient open (at the risk of life) to see what they can discover inside when they fail to understand the case from outward symptoms; yet these cases are never pronounced "murder," and in all of them where a cure might reasonably have been expected the "taking off" is laid to a mysterious providence.

It seems to me, from observation in that line, that thousands—perhaps tens of thousands—of deaths occur under the "faith" in regular doctors to where there is one under the so-called faith cure. I believe that if they would anoint with soap and water in a proper manner, instead of "oil," and give them enough of the pure air of heaven while their prayers ascended upwards, they would be the means of more cures than occur under the drug treatment. What is there in homeopathy but faith that they are taking medicine, when it is a mere excuse by means of which nature is kept unobstructed until it effects a cure?

There is more superstition in regard to medicine and the healing art than in all others combined. The worst of all superstitions is exhibited in the people's neglect to think for themselves on this subject and their putting faith in doctors to save them when they become sick, when, if they would only observe, they would see that those saved by the drug treatment are (comparatively) as few and far between as those to be saved from the orthodox hell by the blood of Jesus.

Give us Freethought on all subjects. Doctors are but men, and they do not agree any more than do theologians. It is time people should begin to see that it is nature that does the healing, and, if taken in time, it only needs assistance such as our feelings indicate, instead of counter action such as it usually meets under drug treatment. If people would look at this subject from a natural standpoint, they would soon learn to become their own doctors, just as Paine's own mind became his own church.

Since writing the above I notice the case of Mrs. T. C. White, of Cowley, Kansas, who, it was said, under skillful treatment was in a fair way of recovery, when she was visited by two cranks, etc. From what I know of the false reports concerning women doctors, and also of medical reformers of other days, I should say that the case was most likely exaggerated, if not entirely misrepresented. If true as reported, the women must have been lunatics; and the nurse and Mr. White, if not imbeciles, must have been more than reprehensible to have yielded up their trust and to have permitted such proceedings in the case.

I am not an advocate of the faith cure, though I think they may perform some cures, perhaps through magnetism. These women have been accustomed to reliance on others, to faith in doctors, and seeing that they fail them, they put their trust in prayer. Why may they not be allowed to experiment as well as

* This is one of several mysterious chapters having no apparent connection with the history of Simon. We underscore the word apparent, for we are convinced that there is some occult or hidden connection, though it may not appear on the surface; the very fact of the chapters being numbered consecutively ought to be sufficient proof of this to any one imbued with the feelings of reverence so loudly called for by the sacred origin of the MS. That this chapter is fraught with meaning of the direst importance will be denied by no one who reads it. The awful solemnity of the scene it describes; the vigor and terse beauty of the language employed, and its dread significance, stamp it at once as the masterpiece of the book.

the regular M.D.'s, who are endeavoring to force their practice on the people to the exclusion of all others? The "regulars" do not starve their patients, let fever consume them for want of water to cool it, eat them up with calomel, blister them with poisonous flies, leech and bleed them within an inch of their lives to the extent that they did in my early days. But they use opiates, which delude their patients into the belief that they are better, when the efforts of the system are only paralyzed, leaving the disease free to gain headway. And they use anesthetics and the knife to the extent of murdering thousands, if reports are true.

I will cite two of the many experiments where death could only be expected to result. About a year ago, in Seattle, an inexperienced woman was informed by a doctor that she could not give birth to her child. Ether was administered, her side cut open, and the child extracted perhaps weeks before its time. It was a "neat performance," a "wonderful operation," but quickly following was the report of the death of mother and child. In this case there was no trial, no hangman's rope, and nothing said about the murder! There was only notoriety and a surgeon's fee.

The other case occurred in Tacoma this winter. A young lawyer, Houston, had stomach ache, and desiring to finish some writing on a case, he applied to a doctor for temporary relief. Morphine was given, he finished his writing, and when the drug was exhausted the symptoms returned; more morphine was given until the pulse was reduced to a minimum, when brandy was administered and the patient told that he must submit to an operation. Ether was given, an aperture of six inches was made, the intestines opened, and they discovered and extracted a date seed. Wonderful performance! Great notoriety! But death soon followed. Meetings were held in honor of the deceased, and resolutions of regret were passed that a "mysterious providence" had seen fit to call from their midst a young man of such promise and so worthy a citizen.

The above, in brief, is the substance of the reports as given by the doctors themselves, if the reporters are reliable.

It ought to be patent to every one that where an operation is most likely to end in death, the chances should always be given the other way.

Buckley, Wash., Feb. 25, 1890.

Respectfully,
R. B. EWING.

CZAR ALEXANDER REPLIES.

The last number of FREETHOUGHT contains an editorial denouncing in vigorous terms the outrages recently inflicted upon Siberian exiles. The writer of that article will, I trust, give me space to reply, on behalf of Russia, to the following words which you say should be addressed to the czar by "two or three of the civilized nations of the world:"

"Alexander, by grace of God despot, Greeting: You are carrying things with an elevated hand. You are an impostor, and you know it; and it is because you know it that you resort to barbarous methods to prevent exposure. But, in vulgar language, we are onto you. You have consigned all the brains, all the manhood, and about all of the virtue existing in Russia to Siberia, which is to your empire what hades is to the orthodox heaven—the best men are there. You have no respect for age, worth, or sex. But, unfortunately for you, other nations are not like yours, and if you do not mend your ways, we will arise and wipe your infernal despotism off the face of the earth. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc. Signel: France, Great Britain, and the United States of America."

REPLY.

France, Great Britain, and the United States of America:

MY DEAR SISTERS: Your message of March 1 fills me with unutterable surprise and pain, coming as it does from nations with whom I now stand in amicable relations, and whose closer affection I had hoped to secure (in my late Siberian exploits), by following the vigorous example of my more austere predecessor at whose death your grief was unconstrained.

France! I have admired your untiring vigilance in the suppression of free speech and press.

England! Your masterful management of the Irish Nihilists has won my envy and applause. The sufferings of your evicted, banished, and gibbeted rebels, has filled my heart with luscious feasts of joy and gratitude.

America! Of thee; thy vaunted liberty, loud dost thou sing. Thy colossal nerve proclaims my deeds despotic, thy duplicates,

democratic. With Paine and Jefferson didst thou depart from God. I gladly welcomed thy return. Bennett, Heywood, Walker, Harmans, and scores of others have felt thy tightening grip. Thine all-engrossing mammon sway proclaims that the star spangled emblem of liberty waves o'er the land of the rich, and the homeless wage slaves. Thy crowning act of pious skill, performed upon Chicago Anarchists, coupled with my late gems of stately art, should weld our mutual admiration and love. But, alas! thou hast tears for Siberia's Nihilists, and prison bars and gallows for thine own.

"Unfortunately for you, other nations are not like yours."

This cool assumption of superior virtue on the part of these three graces, reminds me of the girl who, when on trial for having become a mother, appeared in her own defense, and holding her two-pound babe before the jury, said: "I do not deny the charge; but see! it is such a little one."

With profound admiration for your deeds, but with sincere regret at your consistent words, I am

Yours for law and order, God, and government, ALEXANDER.

(This may not sound well to the worshipers of Bartholdi's brazen goddess. But where is the Freethinker who can deny the consistency of Alexander's position?—H. W. YOUMANS.)

BRADLAUGH'S PHILOSOPHY.

ON ATHEISM AND PANTHEISM.

I. an Atheist, and X a Pantheist.

I.—You wish me to explain my Atheistic views, distinguishing them from the views you hold. The first I will do readily; and if you will also state your views I will try to make the distinction. I, as an Atheist, am a Monist. The Greek word *monos* is common as the prefix *mono*, and signifies oneness, unity, singleness. In saying that I am a Monist I mean that I affirm one existence.

X.—But as a Pantheist I too affirm one existence; wherein do we differ?

I.—In the *theos*; my *pan* is without *theos*. I only know phenomena. I think each phenomenon by its characteristics.

X.—That is, you are a materialist?

I.—If by "matter" you mean the equivalent for everything, yes.

X.—But is matter with you the equivalent for everything?

I.—By everything, I mean every phenomenon, all phenomena, all that is necessary for the happening of each and every phenomenon. I dislike using such words as "matter" and "spirit," because, instead of expressing agreed-on definitions, they are used with different and inconsistent meanings.

X.—What do you mean by phenomenon?

I.—Object sensated; as "chair," "book," "sun." I mentally condition, that is, I think each object by diversity of characteristic. Each thing apprehended is phenomenon. Everything is existence.

X.—But a chair is not existence.

I.—It is mode of existence; it is conditional existence.

X.—What do you mean by "mode"?

I.—Cognized condition.

X.—Is existence eternal?

I.—By eternal I mean indefinite, undefinable, duration. "Eternal" is not a word of description, it is a word implying inability to describe. If you mean, Can I conceive existence beginning, I answer no; for I should then have to conceive existence non-existent, a manifest absurdity. I can only think beginning, progress, and cessation of duration, when I think of phenomena.

X.—Is existence infinite?

I.—By infinite I only mean illimitable; the word falls into the category covered by the last answer.

X.—Is existence intelligent?

I.—Intelligence is a word describing complex characteristics. Characteristic, *i.e.* quality, is only thinkable of phenomenon. Intelligence is a word loosely applicable to characteristics of animals; possibly to characteristics of some vegetables. I cannot think intelligence as characteristic of metals or minerals. Nor is intelligence a word expressing sameness of characteristic in diverse modes: the intelligence of Negro is not precisely

that of Caucasian; the intelligence of horse is distinguishable from that of spider, in the same human type the intelligence of child is not that of man.

X.—Is mode eternal, infinite, or intelligent?

I.—No mode is eternal or infinite; some modes are intelligent.

X.—How are you able to say that mode is not eternal?

I.—Because I sometimes know its antecedent and consequent, and the conception of mode necessarily involves the conception of its possible antecedent, and possibly also the conception of its concurrents and consequents.

X.—Thus distinguishing each mode from existence?

I.—No; thus distinguishing each mode from other modes.

X.—Your Atheism is therefore a purely negative position; you deny God.

I.—On the contrary, my Atheism is exactly the reverse. It is Positivism. I affirm existence. The affirmation is of everything known. The word "God" is either used without clear meaning, or to hide ignorance, or it is used in opposing meanings by differing Theistic sects, and almost every religious body would regard as Atheistic any proposition which did not in some terms separate its particular "God" from the universe.

X.—But in any case you deny "God"?

I.—Not unless you define the word; if you so define it as to conflict with existence, or if you so describe it as creator of existence, then I am compelled to deny your definition. I cannot think creation except as thinking change. I can think origin of mode. I cannot think origin of substance. But what is it that you mean by Pantheism? The mere word is "all theos." What is theos?

X.—Pantheism teaches that God is the universe; that the universe is God; that the universe is eternal, infinite, intelligent.

I.—With me universe is another word for everything. Does it mean with you the same or less?

X.—The same.

I.—Then does the word "God" make an additional or different description of everything from what would be conveyed by "universe," and if yes, what is the addition or difference?

X.—Pantheism, which does not separate God from universe, is a word of recognized meaning.

I.—Not quite; the Pantheism of the Vedas, the Pantheism of the Greeks, the Pantheism of Spinoza, surely differ. What do you mean by God?

X.—The eternal infinite, intelligent universe.

I.—What do mean by intelligence?

X.—First, as you have said that the word describes complex characteristics, state more fully your explanation, that I may see if we agree.

I.—Sensative ability in exercise is the foundation of each individual intelligence; that is, of the intelligence of each living organism. The perceptions are limited by the ability of the percipient, and by the sphere of its exercise. The memory of, and the distinguishment between, perceptions, are essential to the quantity and quality of intelligence. Perceptions are sometimes clear, distinct, precise; some are vague and blurred. Comparisons of, reflection as to, and judgment on, perceptions, are all, with other mental abilities, included under the word "intelligence." The ability to compare, reflect, judge, is limited by organism, and by life conditions, and varies in each animal. The word intelligence is therefore a word inapplicable to asserted unconditioned existence.

X.—Spinoza maintained the infinity of intelligence; do you contend that infinite implies unconditioned?

I.—Yes; and I affirm that it is impossible to think intelligence, except as characteristic or characteristics of organism or organisms. Nor is it possible to think infinity as perceiving; there would be no distinguishment between perceiver and perceived. Either the word "intelligence" used of infinite must have diverse meaning from the word used of man, horse, cat, or the infinite intelligence is plus the intelligences of man, horse, cat, which would limit infinity; or is identical with horse, cat. In the latter case the intelligence of man (Shakespeare) (Edison) must be precisely the intelligence of horse or cat; a manifest absurdity.

—CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

A LOUD CALL.

A religious paper called *The Truth*, published in San Francisco, prints this call for a clergyman:

Wanted, a first-class preacher, a wide-awake man, at Symposia, Ill. This is a cultivated community and we must have the best preaching talent in the market. The congregation is in fine condition, having only one burden, which is a very weighty and very necessary sense of its own unapproachable culture and selectness. Our preacher must please everybody, and especially giddy youngsters and the self-constituted bon-ton generally. He must be free and easy and full of fun, yet grave, solemn, and dignified. He must know everything except politics—yet spend all his time in making pastoral calls, with no time to pore over books, magazines, and papers. He must make things bounce and bound, yet must not "stir up" things much lest he should awaken unsavory odors. In short he should be a dozen different kinds of men all in one, and must do everything that is to be done in the church, being hired for that purpose.

We would refer applicants to our last preacher, but the fact is we have lost all trace of him. When last heard from he had just escaped from a certain benevolent institution out West, where in a room appropriated entirely to his use he amused himself in his loneliness by constantly preaching to the bare walls from the following singular text: "Go preach the Gospel, you fool; do all church work yourself; knock all opposition endways yet be sure to hurt nothing; please all and offend nobody; or be damned now and forever; on the princely salary of \$700 a year—paid semi-occasionally and partly in damaged wood, potatoes, and butter by the angel of the church at Symposia. Amen; so be it, and may the devil take us all." He said that this peculiar text would be found in the forty-fifth chapter and seventy-fifth verse of "John's Third Revelation" to fool preachers on the way to the poor-house or lunatic asylum. Alas, this latest preacher of ours lost the balance of his mind, you see, in trying to serve us acceptably—not having by nature that invulnerable and imperious quality of brains necessary to meet the wants of Symposia church.

In conclusion, the right man can secure a salary of \$700 a year at this place. Of course he will be expected to live up with the times on this very liberal salary. But at the same time he will be expected to guard against great and needless extravagance in food and clothing, especially if he is a man of family. If he escapes the poor-house or the lunatic asylum after serving us a year we will give him a splendid send-off to some other church.

A FEW IMPORTANT FACTS.

WHICH NO PREACHER CAN CONTROVERT.

This world has existed for unnumbered ages, and man has lived upon it for at least a hundred thousand years. From the remotest ages there have been religions, more or less plausible, and taught as a means of salvation for a future life. The Christian religion, the Bible, Moses, Christ, the prophets, and the apostles taught nothing new, made no new revelation, but every item was taught before their time.

In all nations and tribes of man religion existed before the dawn of history, and priests, preachers, men pretending to be the agents and messengers of God, have organized churches and assumed to be the lawful instructors of mankind. These men in every land have been the enemies of human freedom, have shackled the mind, prevented Freethought, arrested progress, and done their best to create a stagnant dark age, and keep it dark. There is no exception to this rule; and where priests have taken charge of government they have been the worst rulers ever known. They have proclaimed and maintained the most cruel and diabolical despotism man has ever known. They punished for imaginary crimes. Their courts, as the Inquisition, were a mere mockery of a trial; and their punishments the most cruel ever invented—burning at the stake was one.

The first step in progress has been to get rid of the rule of the priest. The Jews did it, and took refuge in a king. The Japanese did it, and elevated the mikado. The Italians threw down the pope for a king of Italy. Any government was better than

that of the priest. Most of the nations of Europe threw off the pope long ago, and entered on the path of progress. The more complete the overthrow, the wiser and better are the people of those nations to-day.

This is the rule—the less priest the more light, liberty, progress, prosperity, and happiness; and the more priest the less of all these good things. And there is no exception, look where you will. The fathers of our republic were the true heroes of liberty. They refused all priestly advice or share or part in their government. They proclaimed the equality of man, all free to think, speak, and act in their own way, only respecting the equal rights of others; and that all government should rest upon the will of the people.

Soon after, a grand council of the Romish church met and proclaimed just the reverse, "The pope is the fountain of all power, and it is a damnable heresy to believe that it rests with the people."

We have lived now a hundred years under the Freethought rule. We have had more religious peace and quiet than any other nation on the globe. We have less rancor and ill-will on account of religion than any other people. We have prospered as no other nation ever did, under this Freethought. We are the most generous people on the earth. We are the most merciful and magnanimous. We spared rebels when they surrendered as no other nation ever did.

Freethought has brought invention, machinery, wealth, and power, and made us the leading nation of the world. But our men of God, so-called, our clerics, priests, preachers, want us to change the rule, put God in the constitution, make a rigid Sunday law, and declare that their religion is the law of the land. Why should we? What is to be gained by it? Shall we be made better in any respect? Can you point to any other land where priests rule, and they are better than we are? Why should we listen to these men?

Can we give them a little and rest there? No; the more you give the more they want. They are content with nothing less than supreme power. And where they rule freedom is blotted out. You must believe as they do, or be ostracized, disfranchised, persecuted in this world, and condemned to everlasting fire in the next. They seem to think that the service of God means the enslavement of man.

Let us remain as we are and nail the flag of our fathers to the mast to wave there forever, "Every man shall think for himself and cheerfully allow all others to do the same." That is peace, good-will, good manners, and social enjoyment.

H. L. KNIGHT.

THE CELESTIAL LEAF

At the dinner of the Legal Protective Association of Cigar Manufacturers at Delmonico's on the evening of Feb. 20, David Hirsh, in speaking for "The Cigar Industry," referred to Colonel Ingersoll as a divine who had dignified the gathering with his presence. Colonel Ingersoll kissed his hand in recognition of the cheers with which this compliment to him was greeted. General Woodford referred to his near neighbor as the Rev. Robert G. Ingersoll, and remarked that Time had hung both their scalps to his girdle. Colonel Ingersoll spoke for "Tobacco." "As to baldness being a sign of age," he said, "the youngest persons I ever saw were bald. Now as to my toast, I am called upon to speak for the divine plant called tobacco. I have loved it all my life—that is, since I was ten years old, and I liked the first chew of old plug I put into my mouth as well as I do now. There's too much hypocrisy about the use of tobacco; thousands use it and lie about it. I want you to use it and defend its use, because it adds something to the value and happiness of life. In spite of the thunders of the pulpit and the anathemas of physicians, its use is increasing, and this is because the brain of man craves it. What would we do without it? Think of waiting for a train without tobacco! Think of crouching in the deadly rifle-pit without tobacco! What would those do who add value to life by spanning the world with the rainbows of fancy without tobacco? All use tobacco and are the better for it. Have the courage of your happiness and defend its use. Tobacco is a lux-

ury, and on that account I want the tax on it removed. No matter what necessities cost, I want cheap luxuries. They say luxuries should be taxed because the rich pay for them. Why, labor pays all the taxes in the world! It is the only solvent thing beneath the stars. The diamonds which glisten on the bosom of beauty are paid for by labor. I want tobacco absolutely free in these United States. Some want poor devils to do all the work in this world and smoke in the next. I want them to smoke in this. The fumes which arose from the pipe of peace of the Indian were as different from the clouds of war as heaven and hell—are there any such places? Tobacco is the best plant that grows on the face of the earth. Personally, I would rather do without an other vegetable. I pity the ancients, who had to do without it, and I envy Columbus, who was the first European to see its smoke rise over the fair isle of Cuba. This new world has given no better gift to mankind than the celestial leaf. Gentlemen, give us straight goods, and future generations will rise up and call you blessed."

In Memoriam—Josiah Lockhart.

It has ever been a custom, when a man of great reputation dies, to proclaim his demise to the world, dilate upon his virtues, and as far as possible perpetuate his memory. While, on the other hand, one who has threaded the obscure paths of life passes away as obscurely as he had lived, and to the world at large is no more than if he had never been. Could it be that the dead were within the reach of help or harm, great injustice might often be done by such neglect, for, be it remembered, the truest worth is often found among the lowly. Even as it is, love and sorrow (twin sisters of divinity) claim the right of utterance, and, it may be, answer posthumous need better than admiration and homage.

The writer recently lost a near and dear friend that possessed all those qualities that make us truly noble. To faithfully delineate his character, no language expressive of honest worth would be inappropriate. There was a pathos, a tenderness in his nature that, while it may not have been sufficiently felt in his living presence, shines out in golden beauty now. It is a redeeming characteristic of Death that while it extinguishes every blemish, it brings out the traits of goodness in the most striking relief. To loving survivors there are no latent virtues in the dead.

He was so kind, so patient, so uncaring of resentment. Although his lot was hard in the extreme, he toiled from year to year uncomplainingly, content in the privilege of striving for those he loved. He lived the philosopher more than the teachers ever do. He was the child of nature, and clung to his mother. Simplicity was a marked feature in his disposition. Suspicion never darkened his mind. Being honest himself, he never suspected dishonesty in others.

The future did not disturb him. Theology was not in his line of thought. He believed in friends and love and home, and that was enough. So when the end came he needed no spiritual adviser. Priestly presence upon an occasion so sacred would only have been wanton officiousness. Superstitious mummeries should not disturb the peaceful conscience. "Kiss me," he said to his family in a moment of returning consciousness, and with the touch of weeping affection upon his brow he died.

In the Lone Star state the stars look down upon his grave. While here he made those around him happy. If, as love bereaved is wont to hope, his mind is immortal, that mind, no matter where it is, will make heaven. Gentle, noble brother, a last farewell.

Neodesha, Kan., Feb. 25, 1890.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

LOUISE MICHEL, the advocate of Anarchy and communistic ideas, has indulged in many vagaries, but her latest escapade is more extraordinary than any previous one. She has written a comic opera, and the plot turns on the sudden appearance in the moon, which has known no women, of several giddy damsels from Paris. There is opportunity in this theme for clever burlesque, but it is doubtful whether this disappointed agitator has the mental lightness to deal with such a subject. No doubt the Paris authorities would rejoice could Louise herself be transferred to the scene of her opera. She is a constant source of anxiety to them, as they never know when she may uncover a volcano in Paris.—Chronicle.

TRAVELING ALONE

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY

AROUND THE WORLD.

—BY—



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Daughter of the late T. C. Leland, Secretary of the National Liberal League.)

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A Midnight Tragedy.

I.

Two lovers lean on a garden gate—
The hour is late.

II.

At a chamber window her father stands,
And rubs his hands.

III.

For a while he watches them unawares,
Then goes downstairs.

IV.

He loosens the dog from his iron chain—
The rest is plain.

V.

The moonlight silvers the garden gate—
The hour is late.

Inoperative Fire-Escapes.

Most all the skippers on the big ocean craft are wags, and Commodore William McMicken of the Umbria, who is now ill in Liverpool, is not an exception to the rule. On his last voyage to New York, among the passengers were three New England clergymen. On the first Sunday out, Captain McMicken, with the most pious thoughts intent, sought to arrange for religious services, and asked the divines to decide among themselves which one would preach. One excused himself on the ground that he had been traveling abroad for his health. The second said the third was the oldest, and that he should speak. The third answered that everyone on board wanted to hear his deferential friend speak. And so with disclaimers and compliments the matter was discussed until it ended in there being no service whatever.

"I did what I could," sighed the old commander to a sympathetic cabin passenger. "But isn't it rather singular," he added confidentially, "three fire escapes on board and no one saved from the burning?"

Adding Sacrilege to Assault.

"I want to report a case of sacrilege," he said, as he stood at the desk in the Central Police Station, and held a faded handkerchief to his red and swollen eye.

"Very well," answered the sergeant.

"Over here on Gratiot I met a man. He owes me \$122. I dunned him. He called me a liar."

"I am no fighter. Never licked a man in my life. I turned and walked up the steps of the church to get rid of him, but he followed me and punched me in the eye."

"You must get a warrant for assault."

"But isn't it sacrilege?"

"I don't think so."

"But I do. It's sacrilege on top of assault and battery, and if he doesn't get five years for it I'm no good. Of course it's a sacrilege. Wasn't I on the church steps? Didn't he haul off and biff me in the eye? If you don't already know you'd better learn that there's a heap of difference between whaling thunder out of a man on the steps of a church or licking him in a beer garden."

Not Collectively in Error.

Minister (from pulpit)—Will the choir please oblige the congregation by making less noise?

First Chorister—Please, sir, the choir is not to blame; it's the second tenor's plaid pants.

The Truth Seeker Annual

AND

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1890—(E.M. 290).

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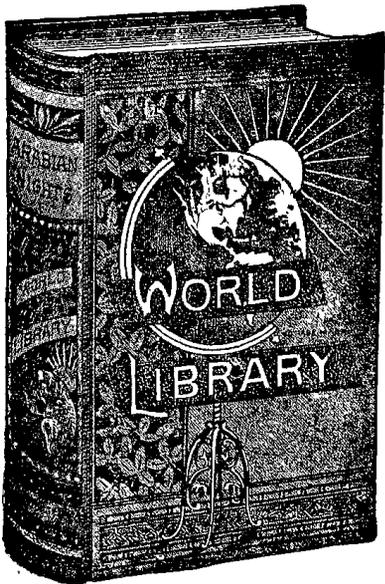
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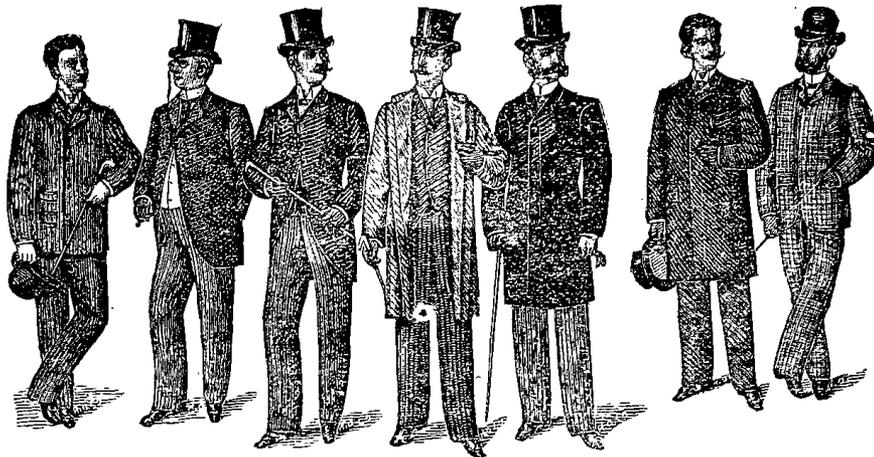
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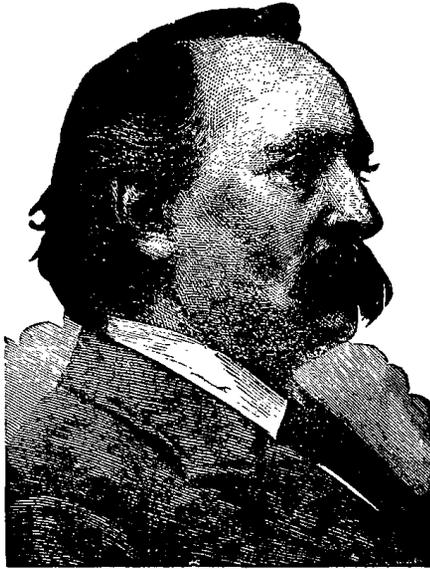
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 22, 1890.

It is reported that Senator Plumb will make an effort to replace the Blair Educational bill with a Land Grant Forfeiture bill. What the provisions of the latter are we are not informed.

A CRAZY evangelist, named J. R. Rice and called "the boy preacher," is working out a ten-dollar fine for obstructing the streets of Oakland. He did not have the money to pay his fine, and so was very appropriately set at work with hoe and broom cleaning the streets where he had formerly harangued.

SAN FRANCISCO now has two Nationalist Clubs, the second one being presided over by Mr. C. F. Burgman. Mr. Burgman's society, we understand, does not favor political action, while Mr. Haskell's society intends to carry San Francisco in next fall's election. There will be a state convention of Nationalists in this city on April 5.

THE board of directors of the Louisiana Lottery Company offered the governor of the state \$100,000 for the relief of the Mississippi valley flood sufferers, and the governor declined to accept the gift, giving as a reason that he did not wish to place the people of the state under obligation to the company. It was a virtuous act, but it won't buy bread.

THE keepers of Missouri's state prison at Jefferson City should read Colonel Ingersoll's address on "Crimes Against Criminals." Stories of brutalities equal to those of Siberia come from this prison. The convicts are flogged until they faint. Evidently the chaplain business in prisons is a failure, and it is time that common humanity was introduced and taught to wardens as well as their unfortunate charges.

A PROTESTANT law in Wisconsin, called the Bennett law, which makes attendance at state schools compulsory, is being strongly fought by the Catholics, the bishop of Milwaukee having issued a manifesto against it. The Catholics hold that compulsory state education is unconstitutional, but at the same time demand a division of state funds for the support of their parochial schools. They appear to regard everything as illegal which helps to maintain public educational institutions, while considering state main-

tenance of parochial schools perfectly legitimate. They think it quite proper to bulldoze children into studying the catechism under penalty of everlasting punishment; but when the state prescribes temporary punishment for neglect of educational facilities, they denounce the act as an injustice. Perhaps the method of the state is questionable, but that of the church is altogether beneath contempt.

THE New York Central Labor Union takes a mean way of fighting banker Eugene Kelly. Because Kelly employs non-union men on the new building he is erecting, the Labor Union appealed to the courts to arrest the laborers who worked last Sunday. If trades unions are unprincipled enough to employ such methods, they will lose the support of those whose sympathies would be with them in a fair fight.

THE Rev. Dr. Sample addressed the Presbyterian Ministerial Union at its last meeting on the negro problem at the South. He said the negroes were being educated faster than they were being Christianized. He thought ignorance to be "better than un-sanctified learning," and said "an intellectual devil is one a hundred-fold." That is to say, the ignorant Rev. John Jasper, of the sun-do-move notoriety, is a better citizen, according to Dr. Sample, than the enlightened Frederick Douglas. The idea is absurd. Those acquainted with the negro question generally testify that the black man has never had education enough to hurt him nor religion enough to do him any good.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society Sunday evening, March 23, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mr. Geo. Cummings on "The Rights of Man."

WHAT THE PRESBYTERIANS DESIRE TO REVISE.

In all the discussions over the revision of the Presbyterian creed we have never seen included the particular articles of faith at which the movement to revise is aimed. It is a matter of general notoriety that something is under discussion, but how many know just exactly what it is? For the benefit of our readers, and also for the enlightenment of Presbyterians to whom these presents may come, we shall quote a few extracts from the authorized Confession of Faith. It is doubtful if they will sound any more familiar to those who believe without reading than to those who do not.

Here are the passages relating to the question of foreordination, to-wit:

"God from all eternity did by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so as thereby neither is God the author of sin; nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the

liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established.

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

"The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of his own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice."

To these statements the writers of the creed add that "the doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be handled with special prudence and care;" all, we presume, to the praise of its glorious incomprehensibility.

So much for foreordination. The reader is of course not expected to ask how the writers of this creed happened to be so far admitted to the "unsearchable counsel of His will" as to be able to tell what that will is. Neither is the reader to inquire why, if God foresaw everything before the foundation of the world was laid, he permitted evil to come into existence. These are "high mysteries" which are also, we presume, to be handled "with special prudence and care."

The other question is as to "infant damnation," popularly so-called. Here is the creed as it now stands:

"Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. . . . Others, not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved."

Here again it is useless to inquire how the creed-writers discovered the remarkable facts which they have set forth, though none can help sympathizing with the infant who is represented as asking:

"If so soon I must be done for,
What on earth was I begun for?"

Such are the absurd propositions now under discussion by the Presbyterians. What they do with their intelligence while soberly claiming that their Confession of Faith is worthy of attention except as a curiosity, is more than a Freethinker is able to divine.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

In the death of Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, who died suddenly at San Jose last Sunday evening, Liberalism suffers a great loss. She has been a good and faithful ally to the cause, for many years. She has always been ready to aid, and has been generous and uncompromising in her devotion to principle. She has been an able and eloquent advocate upon the platform of Liberal

progress. All will mourn her loss—the loss of an earnest worker, of a true friend, of a devoted wife, of a loving mother. To her family is extended the sympathy of thousands of Liberals throughout the country. She has died in the midst of a bright and useful career, but the work that she has done will pass into noble remembrance. Our friend will not be forgotten. The flowers of memory shall bloom fresh upon her grave, and her eloquent teachings will still help on to the victory of truth. Death shall consecrate her life to finer influence, to more enduring power.

S. P. PUTNAM.

PROFESSOR LE CONTE ON IMMORTALITY.

On Friday evening, March 7, I listened to a lecture by Prof. Joseph Le Conte upon "The Natural Grounds for a Belief in Immortality." Professor Le Conte is clearly not an orthodox Christian, and emphasized strongly the statement that he would dwell only on the evidence of nature, "the natural grounds." His demonstration was somewhat as follows: He declared himself a believer in the law of evolution, saying that in fact that law was a necessity; it was the only rational explanation of the methods of the universe. There was a time when, because of the intense heat, there was no chemic action or interaction between molecules. Long ages passed and *suddenly* the law of molecular interaction began to be. Again long ages, and life *suddenly* appeared. Again long ages, and *suddenly* immortality was bestowed on man, or rather appeared in him as a result of the working of the life-forces, "an individuation" of a universal divine power. The elements of consciousness, will, intelligence, emotion, he granted, belong to animals as well as men, but animals have no philosophy, science, art, or religion, and therefore no immortality. As is the difference between the embryo and the new-born creature, so great is the difference between the unimmortal animal and immortal man.

Such is, I believe, a fair, though very brief, summary of his argument. He dwelt at much length upon the analogy between birth and immortality, but, as is clearly seen, his case was very far from proven. Indeed I could not see that he had advanced it one step.

Immortality is such an enormous change of condition, of which we know absolutely nothing, that to affirm it chiefly upon the basis of an analogy is utterly unsatisfactory. Nothing was said of the fact that there is absolutely no trustworthy evidence of there being any such state as that of immortality; nothing of the tremendous physical difficulties that surround it. We know human life only as existing with a body. To assert it as existing without the body, which we know perishes, is to meet unanswered difficulties at every step. Where is it? How is it supported? How protected? Life apart from the body has been called spirit or soul, but that such an entity exists is as yet entirely unproved, and from the standpoint of our present knowledge exceedingly improbable.

Men have often believed that which they wished, and on the ground of his desire Professor Le Conte has erected a structure which science will not sustain. To assume the existence of a form of being, immortality, of which there is no evidence, is utterly unscientific. To declare that immortality became a law in man when the brute passed into the human is assertion unsupported by proof.

Professor Le Conte in his own field is of high scientific attainment, but in the unknown field of immortality, imagination and not science supports his arguments.

H. M.

AS TO MAGDALENE.

FREETHOUGHT is in receipt of the following communication from the author of "Researches in Oriental History:"

To the Editors of Freethought:

I think you greatly err in your reply to your Boulder Creek correspondent. You say, "On the sea of Galilee there was a town called Magdala."

There was no town or city on the sea of Galilee by the name of Magdala. The term Magdala is Greek, and signifies a tower or castle. It probably was applied to some mountain peak overlooking the sea. Smith's Bible Dictionary says: "The chief MSS. and versions exhibit the name as Magadan." The Bible Dictionary further says: "By the Jews the word *megaddela* is used to denote a person who platted or twisted hair, a practice then much in use among women of loose character."

Luke vii, 37-47, clearly relates to this Mary Magdalene, where she is designated, quoting from the revised version: "A woman which was in the city, a sinner."

Both Webster and the Imperial Dictionary define Magdalen as "a reformed prostitute," but I find no authority in the Greek for using the qualifying adjective, "reformed."

I discussed this subject on page 250 of my "Researches in Oriental History," and judge the attention of your correspondent was directed to it by the reading of my remarks at that point.

Very truly and fraternally, G. W. BROWN, M.D.

Rockford, Ill.

We are not quite ready to admit that we have erred in replying to our correspondent who first raised the question as to the meaning of the word Magdalene. Encyclopedists agree that there was a town on the sea of Galilee called Magdala, and we see no good reason for doubting the statement. It may be admitted that "Magdala signifies a tower or castle," but there are towns in the United States called Tower and Castle, and we are not warranted in denying their existence because their names signify something else. Yerba Buena means "a good herb;" it also was formerly the name applied to the peninsula of San Francisco and to the tract of land now called Goat Island.

Magdalen at present means a "reformed prostitute," and there is as good authority for the adjective as there is for the noun.

In default of the connecting circumstances we are still unprepared to concede that the Mary of John xii, 3, was the sinner of Luke vii, 37. What reason is there for saying that she was a Magdalene? Perchance she was the other Mary of Matthew xxvii. She seems to have been a woman of Bethany, while it was in the city of Nain that the alleged "sinner," who is not called Mary at all, anointed the feet of Christ.

The gospels, as is well known, are irreconcilably at variance on nearly every point they touch, but Dr. Brown nor anyone else that we have read has shown that Mary Magdalene's reputation was not good. As stated by a writer in Chambers's Encyclopedia, "there is no hint whatever in the narratives of the evangelists that she had ever been a woman of profligate character." It was through the error of some one who identified her with the sinner previously spoken of, that she has been represented by artists and writers according to this prevalent opinion.

There are facts and arguments enough against the New Testament and the religion founded upon it to forever place them outside the limits of credibility; but an argument founded upon a fallacy, even though directed against some other fallacy, does more harm than good.

AFTER reading this paragraph, hunt up the wrapper of FREETHOUGHT and see how your subscription stands. If you are in arrears, renew at your earliest convenience.

"THE Young Men's Christian Association has entered suit to restrain Tax Collector O'Brien from enforcing against their property the delinquent assessment to pay the Dupont-street widening bond. The association says its property does not produce sufficient income to pay the taxes, and that if collection is pushed it will be a practical confiscation of the property. A temporary injunction has been granted." So report the morning papers, and it is the old, old story of exemption of ecclesiastical property. Why should not the Young Men's Christian Association walk up to the desk in the new city hall and pay its taxes as, for instance, the Freethought Publishing Company is forced to do?

"AT the Second Annual Convention of the California State Liberal Union, Mr. S. P. Putnam was re-elected president. He is supported by an executive council of ten, and no less than ninety vice-presidents. There must be a large number of Freethinkers of importance in the state, or is it that in American organizations vice-presidents are as plentiful as colonels?"—London Freethinker.

Yes, there are a great many Freethinkers of importance in California. In fact, every Freethinker is of importance. Colonels are frequently met with here, but we have fewer native lords, barts, and hon. gents. to the square acre than Great Britain and her colonies.

THE discussion on the scientific basis of Spiritualism, between S. P. Putnam and Professor Seymour, is not yet ended. If both are in the city next month, it may come up again before the Freethought Society. Meanwhile it should be understood that the personal relations between Materialists and Spiritualists are in no wise strained. Liberals are learning that all cannot think alike, and that difference of opinion on questions of minor importance does not prevent them from working harmoniously together for reform.

BENNETT, the Oakland bicycle prophet, has sold his two-wheeled machine and gone out of the doom-sealing business. In the bill of sale for the bicycle Bennett introduced the following clause: "Sold with the understanding that the seller believes both the wheel and the purchaser will sink in the earthquake and be swallowed up in the flood if in Oakland on April 14, 1890." Thus another mischievous humbug relapses into temporary reticacy.

AT the last meeting of the Freethought Society it was resolved to request members who joined the society a year ago to renew their membership by the payment of \$1 in order to provide a fund for larger work. The resolution is not to be understood as an assessment, but as a suggestion for voluntary action. The society has nearly one hundred members.

IT is hoped that Dr. Westbrook's report of the "Gage Gathering" does the subject nothing less than justice. We have noticed that the man or woman who gets up a convention usually has to face the contingency of controlling it himself and having things as he wants them, or letting somebody else control it and having things as he don't want them.

W. F. JAMIESON, who is lecturing in Iowa, has just closed a course of six lectures in Carroll. His address is Des Moines, Ia., where calls for lectures may be directed.

IF Christianity keeps on at the present rate in producing lunatics, the religious problem must soon pass out of the field of metaphysics and theology, and into the domain of the alienist.

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OBSERVATIONS.

At eight o'clock last Sunday evening the Freethought Society's hall contained as many visitors as it could accommodate, and proceedings opened punctually at the appointed time. President Putnam occupied the chair and Secretary Lemme was in his place at the desk. Miss Evangeline Ballou, who has been engaged as a permanent attraction, sang melodiously in the alcove, like a bird in a bay window, and all was sweetness and light.

Mr. W. S. Bell, being the speaker of the evening, read an address on "Christian Crusades." He applied this descriptive phrase to the God-in-the-Constitution and Sunday-law movement inaugurated by the National Reform party, and championed by the Sabbath Association and the Prohibitionists. Mr. Bell's address is in manuscript and will soon appear in the columns of FREETHOUGHT. It is one of the best things that have ever fallen from the fertile pen of Mr. Bell, and the speaker received an amount of applause sufficient to more than pay the expenses of his journey from Oakland.

Miss Lillie Arper gave a patriotic poem having the American flag for its theme. Miss Arper lent to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of her voice, the combination producing the best results.

Mr. Curtis spoke in response to popular demand. He said it was gratifying to remember that Christian crusades generally ended in failure. Centuries ago the Christian world inaugurated a crusade to rescue the holy sepulchre from the Infidel Saracens, and though they fought and prayed and left their bones all the way from Italy to Jerusalem, the holy sepulchre still remains in the possession of Mohammedans.

Mr. Healy took the stand, as he remarked, to humbly confess his belief in God, with whom "a day was as a thousand years." This quotation Mr. Healy followed with the statement that the Catholic church, to which he belonged, had not indorsed the Sabbath crusade; that a Catholic discovered America; that Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup, or words to that effect; that Irishmen made voyages of discovery to America a thousand years ago; that Patrick Maguire was the first man to set foot on American soil in 1492; that Catholicism was destined to rule this country inside of fifty years, and that Irishmen during that time would be the dominant race. Mr. Bell, the speaker said, had ridiculed the idea of a majority of the Presbyterian church settling the question of infant damnation, but Mr. Bell should remember that majority rule was the law of the land. Mr. Healy then sat down.

Mr. Palanca recited a portion of the hymn "Jesus Paid It All," and afterwards gave another version of it in his own inimitable style. Mr. Palanca's daughter followed with a recitation of a more serious character.

Mr. Bell warned Mr. Healy that the present audience was not assembled to hear religious confessions, but to weigh evidence. It would therefore be more in order for Mr. Healy to present evidence of a God, instead of merely confessing his belief in such an institution as the deity.

Mr. Putnam made some remarks calculated to destroy confidence in Mr. Healy. The gentleman had stated that the Catholic church did not indorse the Sunday-law movement, but it was on record that Cardinal Gibbons, the representative of American Catholics, had signed the petition asking for the passage of the Sunday-rest bill, and the lay convention at Baltimore passed resolutions announcing their readiness to join the evangelical churches in their effort to secure Sunday observance. Mr. Putnam would admit that Ireland was a great country centuries ago, but it owed its downfall to the church whose pope, by an edict, placed it under the heel of the despots who have since ruled the Emerald Isle. Mr. Healy here arose to "deny that fact." Then Putnam drew him into a trap by inquiring if he understood that Mr. Healy denied the fact. Mr. Healy fell in promptly and said he did, when the speaker sprung the trap by declaring that if the gentleman denied facts there was no use in arguing with him. The audience grasped the situation and pranced with delight, while Mr. Healy, seeming to have a dim consciousness that something had fallen upon him, gave up the struggle and was heard no more.

Mr. Arper spoke briefly to inquire if Mr. Healy believed that

even the wisest men could by a majority vote decide what was the will of God and what was not. Mr. Healy failed to respond, though Mr. Arper paused for a reply.

The meeting soon adjourned.

I am sorry to have given Mr. E. H. Heywood so much trouble by the remark that his paper, the Word, is unnecessarily offensive. He uses up two columns of space and fifty amper-sands in his endeavor to convince the subscriber that the use of vulgar language on all occasions is not only the inalienable right but the duty of every American citizen. I can't see it. All the senses are susceptible of being offended. There are things that are ugly to look at; things that are rough to the touch; bitter to the taste; revolting to the nostrils; offensive to the ear. Does Mr. Heywood imagine that forever harassing the senses with the unpleasant will materially promote human happiness? His attempt to commit Stephen Pearl Andrews to the use of vulgarism; is unfair to the deceased Pantarch. Mr. Andrews defended the freedom of the press, but he never abused it. He had a sufficient command of language to express his thoughts in elevated terms, and his words seldom gave offense, whatever his ideas may have done. The most expressive word I ever heard him use was fool; and I am reminded of it just now because he applied it to the author of an editorial article in the Word who persisted in parading what he called the night-side of human life in the light of day. He explained the use of the word "fool" to show that he used it advisedly; and, to illustrate, spoke of a person who was an idiot so far as audible music was concerned, since he could not differentiate one note from another. Others were color blind, and foolish to that extent. In the same way the writer under criticism was a fool in not being able to distinguish the appropriate from the inappropriate. If Mr. Heywood cannot see that the words he uses in his paper are out of place, he has a large vacancy in the locality where his sense of eternal fitness should reside.

I wonder how many marines there are who believe that old Gabriel, the Tulare Indian who died near Salinas last Sunday, was one hundred and fifty-one years of age. It is admitted that Gabriel did not know how old he was. The Indians keep no records. They tell of "big cold," "big water," or something of that kind in an indefinite way, but years are unknown to their calendar. Gabriel's age rests on the testimony of Catholic missionaries, and for proselyting purposes he was pointed to as an example of the wonderful effects of baptism by a Jesuit priest. For he was a good Catholic, and the fact that he was semi-idiotic and wholly barbarous did not make him any the less pious. He might have been past his prime in '49, and his age has been drawing compound interest ever since. Given an imbecile aborigine unable to speak any intelligible language, and a lot of miracle-mongering priests for witnesses regarding his age, and in an unsettled country it is as easy to make him one hundred and fifty years old as it was for the Bible worthies to approach ten centuries.

Evidences of immortality are crowding us for room in this office. Putnam visited Dr. Schlesinger, the medium, last week, and returned flourishing a communication from the spirit world, which read:

Heaven bless you, I pray. Your mother, Frances H. Potter.

The writing of the message was reversed as ordinary writing is seen to be when held before a mirror. The name should have been Porter, as Mr. Putnam wrote it in the doctor's presence, but the error may be pardoned in view of Dr. Schlesinger's accuracy on a former occasion when Mr. Putnam wrote by mistake "Frances E." and the message received was signed "Frances E." with marked fidelity to copy. Mr. Putnam holds, concerning this message, that in seeking to explain any phenomenon we are not to suppose a cause greater than is necessary to produce the effect.

I have myself had an experience which is explainable only upon the theory that I am a liar. Lying abed in a wakeful state the other morning, at that uncomfortable time when it is a little too early for a sane man to get up and too late to go to sleep again,

I concluded to compromise, and merely snoozed. And while thus occupied I thought I was sitting at the type-writer in the store behind the counter. I did not hear the door open, but a man with cheeks shaved, and chin whiskers through which the zephyrs sighed softly, stood before me. With a strange motion he drew two large pieces of white metal from his clothing and laying them upon the counter requested me to record his name as a subscriber to this paper. And I said: "Is this a dream? then waking would be pain. Oh, do not wake me; let me dream again." I then inquired his address, which he gave thus: "W. Shakpur, Hades." "What state?" I asked, and he answered, "Your Future." He then directed my attention to the type-writer and dictated these lines:

Kind friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To loaf around here anywhere.
One day a caller tarried long—
He's singing now the Heavenly Song.
Another stepped inside this door—
Like the above, he's Gone Before.
A third one lingered till we tired—
This is the spot where he Expired.
Dear Stranger, do not perish thus,
Nor wait the hour when bores are fired,
But go; delays are dangerous.
Would you avoid a dismal fate,
Depart, get hence, absquatulate.

Then, observing that it had been a rule with him for many years to suit the action to the word, he directed me to post the foregoing lines in a conspicuous place inside my sanctum, and departed. Then I awoke. Upon reaching the office that morning and lifting the cover from the type-writer I found the inspired words as above given printed upon a sheet of paper between the rollers of the instrument. The two white pieces of metal lay upon the counter, but both paper and metal shortly disappeared under scrutiny, and I have seen nothing like them since.

As I dislike to vouch for phenomena for which I cannot give an adequate explanation, I will add a remark that is usually omitted from recitals of this kind; namely, that the only proof of its truth is the copy of the "poem" in my own handwriting pasted up inside my sanctum.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The aged Indian known in the region of Salinas as "Old Gabriel" died on the 19th. He is said to have been born somewhere about 1740, being in consequence 150 years old. Through popular subscriptions for the relief of the unemployed in this city, about a thousand men have been put at work improving Golden Gate Park. They get \$1.50 a day each. Erickson, the Oakland doom-monger who prophesied the earthquake and deluge on April 14, has been placed in the lunatic asylum at Stockton. He is religiously insane. The Las Vegas, N. M., female seminary was destroyed by fire on the 16th. The loss is \$12,000. The Rev. George M. Sanborn, of Eureka, has been cleared of charges of unchastity and untruthfulness by a council of clergymen, and restored to church-fellowship. The ironmolders' strike in this city is still on, and neither side shows any special sign of weakening. Eastern men are coming to take the strikers' places. Those interested in the matter of government loans to farmers at one or two per cent held a mass meeting in Metropolitan Temple Thursday night to endorse Senator Stanford's bill. George Francis Train has left Tacoma, Wash., on his trip around the world, which he promises to make in sixty days.

Mrs. Anastasia Parsells, of Bayonne, N. J., celebrated last Monday what she calls her 104th birthday. She relates that when a child she was kissed by George Washington. A Milwaukee priest recently performed a marriage ceremony between a boy of 15 and a girl one year older. The father of the lad is seeking to have the contract annulled. A French monk is suing a New York wine dealer who, he claims, is manufacturing liquor which he fraudulently labels "Chartreuse," in imitation of the famous cordial which the French monks alone know how to make. He asks for a restraining order and damages. Miss Mabel Jenness, the dress reformer, declares her intention of set-

ting New York women a good example by riding in the park astride her horse. She will affect the accordion skirt, or rather two of them—one on each side of the horse. The streets of New Orleans have been flooded by the rise of the Mississippi, but at latest accounts the waters were subsiding. The boomers who rushed to the Cherokee strip in the Indian territory are now rushing out again, government troops having been ordered to eject them.

Bismarck has resigned his office of Chancellor. There is some disagreement between him and the German emperor, but its nature has not transpired. Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," has settled at Tokio, in Japan, and it is said he contemplates making that city his permanent residence. Catholic authorities deny that Pope Leo is nearing his end, or that he has nominated his successor. One hundred thousand men are on strike in London.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

In this city, March 10, Henry K. Ames, a native of Cambridge, Mass., for many years a resident of San Francisco, died at the age of 54 years. The memorial services were held at his home, 136 Twenty-sixth street, on Wednesday morning. A large number were present. He leaves a wife and ten children.

The following address was made by Samuel P. Putnam:

The husband, the father, the friend, the citizen, the man, hath passed away. The heart has ceased to beat, the eye to glow, the hand to move, the voice to speak. The eternal silence, the eternal rest, is here—the goal of all human life. Memory takes the place of hope. We think of what has been, not of what will be. The toil is over, but that toil has left its fruit. It is not the mournfulness of despair that touches us. The past becomes illuminated by death's mystic shadow. Love becomes more dear than ever, virtue sweeter, devotion nobler.

We cannot look beyond death. The stars may shine there in limitless glory, but we cannot behold them. It is on this side of death that we find hope and consolation, in our living humanity. Death cannot destroy that. It cannot destroy our affections, our sympathy, our helpfulness. It cannot make us less brave or less strong. The radiant bond of friendship still glows, and on the graves of the beloved the flowers are made to bloom. We cannot make death less awful, but we can make life more beautiful. The brain can think, the heart can feel, the hand create the golden harvest. Loyalty, truth, honor, justice, these are ours, and death can take nothing of their glory away.

We come not to the grave with savage fear. We do not stoop to the ground like slaves. Beyond the dark boundary we see not the fires of cruel vengeance. No hell is there, save what man makes himself; no heaven is there, save what is the bloom and blossom of the excellence of to-day. Death may be a sleep, but no horrors haunt its mystic realms. It may be a life beyond, but a life the same as this, where deeds, not creeds, confer the eternal crown.

Thus with lofty spirit we meet this common sorrow. We stand where all the millions of the earth must stand—by the side of the beloved dead. There is no escape. No king or priest is mighty enough to stay this universal stroke. Nothing can sustain, save our own courageous spirit, our own undaunted mind.

Our friend has gone away, a true friend, a generous friend, an honorable neighbor, a worker in the fields of time, faithful to himself, an honest thinker who dared to search for the truth and speak the truth as he understood it, who trusted to reason, who believed in humanity, who recognized and fulfilled the duties of home, of society, of country and the world; a man without hypocrisy, staunch in friendship, who never gave his hand except his heart went with it. We gaze with sorrow upon his silent body; we look with pride, with joy upon his record as a comrade, a husband, a father, a soldier of truth, of nature, of humanity.

Farewell, farewell comrade, brother, your sufferings are over. Disease has won the victory. The pale signet of death is on thy brow. Thou art clothed in its majestic shroud. The wonder, the mystery, is thine of the unfathomable world beyond. Take thy rest in the bosom of the mother of us all, without fear and without pain.

Wife, children, friends, give the last tribute to our honored dead; but from the dead, with peace and hope, turn to the living. With tenderer care for one another, with deeper links of fellowship and love, take the burden and the joy of life—its work, its duty.

The blue sky bends over our dead, but not in their depths is there the flash of angel wing. The divinity is not above. It is within and around. In ourselves must we find the star of hope, the blessing, and the consolation. We must help one another. Was there ever a diviner gospel than that? What is better than human love, human sympathy? What is nobler than a mother's affection, more tender than the radiance of the sky? What is sweeter than the son's, the daughter's devotion, to whom sacrifice is joy? The radiant home circle—brother and sister, do we not find here the "fair humanities" that make life worth living? Though death has broken the circle, still the golden links are glistening. Still there is labor, consecration to make beautiful the path of all.

Death emphasizes our humanity. It makes us cling closer to each other, and struggle more for each others' welfare. It develops the grandeur of our common being. It leads up to sublime and splendid virtues. Call it not the king of terrors. Call it the fountain of sweet memory. Call it the mystic teacher of love; call it the nurse of heroism. In its darkness let us set the glory of sympathy and affection, and turn from the flower-crowned dead to the living, who toil and suffer.

To the dead we give our tears; to the living we give our hands and heart, our hope. We know not life, we know not death; but the secret and the wonder of both are what each can do for the happiness of all. We are bound together, the least with the greatest, and the greatest with the least. We do not live for ourselves alone. We cannot. Bound with the race, with it we rise or fall. The race has toiled for us through many centuries. We should toil for the race, and thus we become immortal on the stream of time. Our individual life flows into the united life of all.

Our brother is thus immortal. In the sincerity, truthfulness, integrity of his life he has become a part of the undying world, which uncounted human hearts and hopes and toils have made. With what a solemn glory over life—

Death draws its mystic and unfathomed grace.
We know not, nor ever hath the veil
From its unsounded deep been put aside;
No music from its endless ocean drops
In harsh or mellow accents on our way.
But 'gainst that awful silence life bursts bright
And wonderful, and seems more excellent.
More fruitful, for the dark unknown wherein
Its wealth appears to perish, but transformed
Becomes a grander lustre, purer stream.

Mrs. Josephine R. Wilson closed the service with a short address. She said:

The life principle of the world is love, wisdom, and truth. In these we have our being. The body decays, but the mind endures. The divine is not far off, but ever present, in our daily duties, in our affections for each other. The consolation of death is in the work that we must do. That which is of real value cannot perish. The flesh is but the veil of the spirit. It decays, but the spirit shines on forever.

Weep not, for beauty and virtue are immortal. Love is at the heart of nature, and will never cease to be. It is in star and flower, in day and night. It is in humanity. It is by our love that we conquer death. Love pervades all and is in all, a principle, not a person. It is a feeling that in human hearts and human deeds finds its lofty expression. Let us recognize love by doing that duty which lies before us, and thus in the soul of nature will be found that sublime joy which crowns death with immortality.

The body was taken to the Masonic cemetery. The grave was covered with flowers woven into beautiful wreaths. The words "Father" and "At Rest" were wrought amid the profusion of colors. The sympathy of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances is extended to the wife and children.

DELICATE CALCULATIONS.

Professor J. T. Richardson of the Lick Observatory, in speaking of the nicety required in astronomical observations, says:

"Few persons are aware of the nicety required in astronomical observations. The rod used in measuring a base line is commonly about ten feet long, and the astronomer may be said to apply the very rod to mete the distance of the stars. An error in placing a fine dot which fixes the length of the rod, amounting to one-thousandth of an inch—the thickness of a single silken fiber—will amount to an error of seventy-five feet in the earth's diameter, of 316 miles in the sun's distance, and to more than sixty-five millions of miles in that of the nearest fixed star. As the astronomer in his observations has nothing further to do with ascertaining lengths or distances except by calculation, his whole skill and artifice are consequently exhausted in the measurement of angles, it being by these alone that spaces inaccessible can be compared.

"Happily a ray of light is straight; were it not so in celestial spaces, at least, there would be an end of astronomy. Now, an angle of a second—3600 to a degree—is a subtle thing. It has an apparent breadth utterly invisible to the unassisted eye, unless accompanied with so intense a splendor—as in the case of a fixed star—as actually to raise by its effect on the nerve of sight a spurious image having a sensible breadth. A silkworm fiber, such as has been mentioned, subtends an angle of a second at three and a half feet distance; a cricket ball two and a half inches in diameter must be removed in order to subtend a second to 43,000 feet or about eight miles, when it would be utterly invisible to the naked sight, even were it aided by a telescope of the same power. Yet it is on the measure of one single second

that the ascertainment of a sensible parallax in any fixed star depends; and an error of one-thousandth of that amount—a quantity still unmeasurable by the most perfect of instruments—would place the star too far or too near by 200,000,000 miles, a space which light requires 118 days to travel."

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APPARITION OF THE CANDLES.

Quagmire of Bewilderment.—Mist of Contradiction.—Fanatic and his Cudgel.—The Lake of Unbelief.—Dame Credulity.

1. And Simon journeyed towards the valley of Repentance, and the thunders and the lightnings ceased.

2. And Simon began to loiter; and presently, seeing one of the great stones called Argument in his way, he had a mind to move it aside, and going about to lift it, he found it greatly beyond his strength, and it fell upon him and bruised him exceedingly sore, and he stumbled therewith and rolled violently into a certain quagmire.

3. And the name of the quagmire was Bewilderment.

4. And he wallowed about a great while in the quagmire, and began to be greatly troubled, and could not by any means help himself out; and while he was debating with himself what he should do, he bethought himself of his guide-book, and he began to read.

5. But, lo! as he read, there rose a great and heavy mist from the book, so that Simon could by no means see his way, and the more he read, the thicker grew the mist.

6. And the name of that mist was Contradiction.

7. And Simon began to be mightily afraid, for he had been told that when a man saw this mist he was in danger to perish, and was likely never to gain the bridge over the river Oblivion, but to be received into the caldron of fire prepared for the enemies of the king Jah.

8. And he began to weep and to wail, and pitifully bemoan himself, and to rush about in hopes to escape from the quagmire and the mist.

9. And he shut fast his eyes, lest he should see the mist, and put on his eye-glasses, but they had received great hurt by the stone, and availed him but little.

10. And as Simon bemoaned himself, he heard a voice calling to him, and, opening his eyes, he perceived at his right hand dry ground and firm, and upon it stood a man of noble and unveiled countenance, and of goodly presence, and courageous mien; and the name of the man was Truthseeker.

11. And Truthseeker said, Wherefore bemoanest thou thyself?

12. And Simon answered and said, Because I have fallen into the mire, and can find no way out.

13. And Truthseeker had a certain strong rope in his hand, called Rational Conversation, and he threw it towards Simon, and bid him take hold of it.

14. But Simon, seeing that the man was on the side of the quagmire leading away from the gutter which led to the city he was in search of, was afraid to take hold.

15. But the rope had magic in it, and it began to approach Simon, and little by little, to encircle him, and wind itself about him, so that at last he was bound therewith; and Truthseeker well nigh drew him out on to the dry ground, and began to persuade him to take a voyage down a certain river near at hand.

16. And the name of the river was Enquiry; and it led away from the roadway.

17. And as Simon and Truthseeker talked together, there came up a man called Fanatic, and he had on a great green cloak, and his face was of a gloomy and austere aspect, and his eyes, by continually looking upwards, had become about the length of a cubit asunder from his chin.

18. And Fanatic said unto Simon, Why talkest thou with this emissary of the evil one? Fly from him, or thou art undone; from his lips floweth poison, and from his tongue proceedeth the stings of everlasting death.

19. Then began Simon to tremble, and said unto Fanatic, How shall I go, seeing I am fast in this quagmire, and a great mist riseth from my guide-book.

20. Then said Fanatic, O fool that thou art, there is no mist, and the quagmire is but a device of our enemy.

21. But of a verity, said Simon, I saw somewhat of a mist, and it was a thick and a dark.

22. Then said Fanatic angrily, I tell thee, wretched man, there is no mist; and immediately he drew a great cudgel from his cloak called Damnation, and began to belabor Simon therewith, and laid on great and heavy blows, and beat him out of the quagmire, and laid the cudgel upon him without mercy; and Simon cried out a main and besought Fanatic to forbear.

23. Then Fanatic, taking Simon by the nose, led him to the gutter and put him therein, and having repaired his eye-glasses and dipped them in the mud and slime of the gutter, he made him put them on, and immediately Simon perceived that there was neither mist nor quagmire, and rejoiced accordingly.

24. And when he saw that the quagmire and the mist were delusions of the adversary, he took courage and went on his way.

25. And when he had traveled a little way, he saw another great stone, and the gutter made a bend to avoid it, and when he saw it he derided it, for by reason of his glasses it appeared small and of no account, and he said, I will not move out of my way for it, for it is despicable.

26. So Simon approached the stone, and the stone being so much greater and higher than his glasses showed it, he ran violently against it with his head, and immediately there appeared to him more than nine hundred and fourscore and seventeen waxen candles, besides two little ones which are not counted; and he fell down in a swoon.

27. Now the river Enquiry ran close by where Simon fell, and on the banks of the river grew certain sweet and wholesome fruits called Knowledge.

28. And when Simon came out of the swoon, he heard the sound of the waters, and became thirsty and crept towards the river and drank a little, and when he had drunk, the waters caused him to be an hungered, so he partook a little of the fruit and was refreshed.

29. And, having lost his glasses, he perceived that the stone against which he had stumbled was exceeding large; and the more he looked upon it the larger it grew.

30. And while he lingered, and wondered, and looked about him, he perceived at a distance a certain smooth and glassy lake, into which the river called Enquiry fell.

31. And the name of it was the Lake of Unbelief.

32. And Simon perceived that the stone blocked up the way, so that he could not return to the gutter except by removing the stone, or else by climbing over it.

33. Then did Simon endeavor to clamber over the stone, but when he had clambered to the top his foot slipped, and he fell down headlong into another great quagmire which was near.

34. And this quagmire was greater than the other; and Simon could not perceive the other side of it, but after wallowing about a great while, he at last perceived that as he went towards the river, the quagmire became shallower; and going that way he perceived dry land, and a certain sluice leading out of the quagmire.

35. And the name of this sluice was Common Sense, and into it the mire of quagmire entered not, but only water.

36. And Simon went into the sluice, and followed it a little way; but when he perceived that it led to the river, and only to the river, he began to fear.

37. And while he debated with himself, he heard a great clamor behind him, and presently there came up Dame Credulity, and with her the beast's concubine, Fearohell.

38. And Credulity cried out, saying, This way, my son, or thou art utterly undone. Turn away thine eyes from that enchanted river, and come out of that accursed sluice, or the cal-dron of fire will indeed be thy portion.

39. So Credulity put forth her hand, and plucked Simon out of the sluice, and immediately she began to dry off the water of the sluice from him, and for that end she did use a certain towel called Cant.

40. And Credulity said unto Simon, Verily, my son, thou hast but narrowly escaped, for that accursed sluice has led multitudes

to destruction, and the unquenchable fire; and few there be, who, having entered therein, have returned to our holy pathway.

41. And Credulity fell to again with her towel, and zealously wiped him therewith, lest there should be any of the water of the sluice left upon him.

42. And when she had done wiping, she gave him back his glasses, which he had lost, and bid him haste with all speed for the valley, for that Ahrimanes was in pursuit of him.

43. And Fearohell drew her scourge and laid on him.

44. And Simon fled to the valley, and Fearohell pursued, scourging. And Simon, looking through his glass, was filled with terror, perceiving that Ahrimanes was near at hand.

45. And Simon saw Ahrimanes, and he was like unto a great winged alligator, with eyes like unto blazing furnaces, and from his mouth issued as it were a raging tempest of flame, and from his nostrils descended as it were two noble rivers of liquid brimstone, the which falling into the raging tempests of flame which issued from his mouth, were set on fire, and gave forth unspeakable stench, and an all-aborrent stink; and in his mouth, that great and hideous cavern, appeared great and all-devouring teeth, as it were a mighty forest of birchen trees with their branches lopped short.

46. And Simon's eyes well-nigh came out, his hair was lift up, and his teeth chattered together, and his knees shook, and his heart battered at his ribs, like unto a battering ram, and there was muttering in his bowels, and the sweat poured forth like springs of water, and he fled with the speed of a wild ass; and Fearohell scourged him, and Ahrimanes pursued him.

47. And Simon came to the valley of Repentance, and fell down therein; yea, he fell down headlong, even into the mire and the mud, by reason of his fear and haste he fell down.

To be Continued.

A COMING MAN IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Bradlaugh is, to all appearances, a coming man. Mr. Bradlaugh has carefully cultivated the House of Commons. He came in with the reputation of being, among other things, a great platform orator—a very Boanerges of the East-End meeting and the provincial meeting. He has a powerful form and a most tremendous voice. When, after a long struggle, he was at last allowed to take his seat in peace, the House assumed that it was in for frequent and ponderous rhetorical exertions. Mr. Bradlaugh gave the House nothing of the kind. He never, so far as I know, made a long speech. He always goes straight to the point, and when he has said what he wants to say he always sits down. He is really a very eloquent and powerful speaker, with a remarkably impressive voice, and it must be a temptation to such a man to let himself fully out now and then. But Mr. Bradlaugh is always concise, and the House now knows perfectly well that he, at least, will never bore his audience. Then he has devoted himself very closely to what we call the "business of the House"—to committees, and private bills, and all that sort of work which your popular orator generally disdains with a lofty disdain—and the House likes a man who looks after its work. Moreover, he is a man of the most winning courtesy of manner. He has disarmed the dislike of all his former political and religious opponents—and he had a good many of them—by his anxiety to oblige, by his willingness to make graceful concessions, by his genial toleration of difference of opinion. He is, I should think, destined before long to be a member of a Liberal administration, and even of a Liberal cabinet.—North American Review.

■ FREETHOUGHT Tracts: "Brains, Science, and Civilization," by the Hon. A. Schell, 5 cents; "Popular Delusions Concerning Popular Government," by W. S. Bell, two for 5 cents; "God and Religion," by G. W. Thurston, 10 cents per dozen. Order of the Freethought Publishing Company.

An article by Professor Huxley, entitled "On the Natural Inequality of Men," will be printed in "The Popular Science Monthly" for April. It deals with Rousseau's idea of the equality of men in the state of nature; with applications to the recent controversy on the land question.

WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC ?

The Christian religion rests on miracles. There are no miracles in the realm of science. The real philosopher does not seek to excite wonder, but to make that plain which was wonderful. He does not endeavor to astonish, but to enlighten. He is perfectly confident that there are no miracles in nature. He knows that the mathematical expression of the same relations, contents, areas, numbers, and proportions must forever remain the same. He knows that there are no miracles in chemistry; that the attractions and repulsions, the loves and hatreds, of atoms are constant. Under like conditions, he is certain that like will always happen; that the product ever has been and forever will be the same; that the atoms or particles unite in definite, unvarying proportions—so many of one kind mix, mingle, and harmonize with just so many of another, and the surplus will be forever cast out. There are no exceptions. Substances are always true to their natures. They have no caprices, no prejudices, that can vary or control their action. They are "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

In this fixedness, this constancy, this eternal integrity, the intelligent man has absolute confidence. It is useless to tell him that there was a time when fire would not consume the combustible, when water would not flow in obedience to the attraction of gravitation, or that there ever was a fragment of a moment during which substance had no weight.

Credulity should be the servant of intelligence. The ignorant have not credulity enough to believe the actual, because the actual appears to be contrary to the evidence of their senses. To them it is plain that the sun rises and sets, and they have not credulity enough to believe in the rotary motion of the earth—that is to say, they have not intelligence enough to comprehend the absurdities involved in their belief, and the perfect harmony between the rotation of the earth and all known facts. They trust their eyes, not their reason. Ignorance has always been and always will be at the mercy of appearance. Credulity, as a rule, believes everything except the truth. The semi-civilized believe in astrology, but who could convince them of the vastness of astronomical spaces, the speed of light, or the magnitude and number of suns and constellations? If Hermann and Humboldt could have appeared before savages, which would have been regarded as a god?

When men knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of the correlation of force, and of its indestructibility, they were believers in perpetual motion. So when chemistry was a kind of sleight-of-hand, or necromancy, something accomplished by the aid of the supernatural, people talked about the transmutation of metals, the universal solvent, and the philosopher's stone. Perpetual motion would be a mechanical miracle; and the transmutation of metals would be a miracle in chemistry; and if we could make the result of multiplying two by two five, that would be a miracle in mathematics. No one expects to find a circle the diameter of which is just one-fourth of the circumference. If one could find such a circle, then there would be a miracle in geometry.

In other words, there are no miracles in any science. The moment we understand a question or subject, the miraculous necessarily disappears. If anything actually happens in the chemical world, it will, under like conditions, happen again. No one need take an account of this result from the mouths of others; all can try the experiment for themselves. There is no caprice, and no accident.

It is admitted, at least by the Protestant world, that the age of miracles has passed away, and, consequently, miracles cannot at present be established by miracles; they must be substantiated by the testimony of witnesses who are said by certain writers—or, rather, by uncertain writers—to have lived several centuries ago; and this testimony is given to us, not by the witnesses themselves, not by persons who say that they talked with those witnesses, but by unknown persons who did not give the sources of their information.

The question is: Can miracles be established except by miracles? We know that the writers may have been mistaken. It is possible that they may have manufactured these accounts them-

selves. The witnesses may have told what they knew to be untrue, or they may have been honestly deceived, or the stories may have been true as at first told. Imagination may have added greatly to them, so that after several centuries of accretion a very simple truth was changed to a miracle.

We must admit that all probabilities must be against miracles, for the reason that that which is probable cannot by any possibility be a miracle. Neither the probable nor the possible, so far as man is concerned, can be miraculous. The probability, therefore, says that the writers and witnesses were either mistaken or dishonest.

We must admit that we have never seen a miracle ourselves, and we must admit that, according to our experience, there are no miracles. If we have mingled with the world, we are compelled to say that we have known a vast number of persons—including ourselves—to be mistaken, and many others who have failed to tell the exact truth. The probabilities are on the side of our experience, and, consequently, against the miraculous; and it is a necessity that the free mind moves along the path of least resistance.

The effect of testimony depends on the intelligence and honesty of the witness and the intelligence of him who weighs. A man living in a community where the supernatural is expected, where the miraculous is supposed to be of almost daily occurrence, will, as a rule, believe that all wonderful things are the result of supernatural agencies. He will expect providential interference, and, as a consequence, his mind will pursue the path of least resistance, and will account for all phenomena by what to him is the easiest method. Such people, with the best intentions, honestly bear false witness. They have been imposed upon by appearances, and are victims of delusion and illusion.

In an age when reading and writing were substantially unknown, and when history itself was but the vaguest hearsay handed down from dotage to infancy, nothing was rescued from oblivion except the wonderful, the miraculous. The more marvellous the story, the greater the interest excited. Narrators and hearers were alike ignorant and alike honest. At that time nothing was known, nothing suspected, of the orderly course of nature—of the unbroken and unbreakable chain of causes and effects. The world was governed by caprice. Everything was at the mercy of a being, or beings, who were themselves controlled by the same passions that dominated man. Fragments of facts were taken for the whole, and the deductions drawn were honest and monstrous.

It is probably certain that all of the religions of the world have been believed, and that all the miracles have found credence in countless brains; otherwise they could not have been perpetuated. They were not all born of cunning. Those who told were as honest as those who heard. This being so, nothing has been too absurd for human credence.

All religions, so far as I know, claim to have been miraculously founded, miraculously preserved, and miraculously propagated. The priests of all claimed to have messages from God, and claimed to have a certain authority, and the miraculous has always been appealed to for the purpose of substantiating the message and the authority.

If men believe in the supernatural, they will account for all phenomena by an appeal to supernatural means or power. We know that formerly everything was accounted for in this way except some few simple things with which man thought he was perfectly acquainted. After a time men found that under like conditions like would happen, and as to those things the supposition of supernatural interference was abandoned; but that interference was still active as to all the unknown world. In other words, as the circle of man's knowledge grew, supernatural interference withdrew and was active only just beyond the horizon of the known.

Now, there are some believers in universal special providence—that is, men who believe in perpetual interference by a supernatural power, this interference being for the purpose of punishing or rewarding, of destroying or preserving, individuals and nations.

Others have abandoned the idea of providence in ordinary

matters, but still believe that God interferes on great occasions and at critical moments, especially in the affairs of nations, and that his presence is manifest in great disasters. This is the compromise position. These people believe that an infinite being made the universe and impressed upon it what they are pleased to call "laws," and then left it to run in accordance with those laws and forces; that as a rule it works well, and that the divine maker interferes only in case of accident, or at moments when the machine fails to accomplish the original design.

There are others who take the ground that all is natural; that there never has been, never will be, never can be any interference from without, for the reason that nature embraces all, and that there can be no without or beyond.

The first class are Theists pure and simple; the second are Theists as to the unknown, Naturalists as to the known; and the third are Naturalists without a touch or taint of superstition.

What can the evidence of the first class be worth? This question is answered by reading the history of those nations that believed thoroughly and implicitly in the supernatural. There is no conceivable absurdity that was not established by their testimony. Every law or every fact in nature was violated. Children were born without parents; men lived for thousands of years; others subsisted without food, without sleep; thousands and thousands were possessed with evil spirits, controlled by ghosts and ghouls; thousands confessed themselves guilty of impossible offenses, and in courts, with the most solemn forms, impossibilities were substantiated by the oaths, affirmations, and confessions of men, women, and children.

These delusions were not confined to ascetics and peasants, but they took possession of nobles and kings; of people who were at that time called intelligent; of the then educated. No one denied these wonders, for the reason that denial was a crime punishable generally with death. Societies, nations, became insane—victims of ignorance, of dreams, and above all, of fears. Under these conditions, human testimony is not and cannot be of the slightest value. We now know that nearly all of the history of the world is false, and we know this because we have arrived at that phase or point of intellectual development where and when we know that effects must have causes, that everything is naturally produced, and that, consequently, no nation could ever have been great, powerful, and rich, unless it had the soil, the people, the intelligence, and the commerce. Weighed in these scales, nearly all histories are found to be fictions.

The same is true of religions. Every intelligent American is satisfied that the religions of India, of Egypt, of Greece and Rome, of the Aztecs, were and are false, and that all the miracles on which they rest are mistakes. Our religion alone is excepted. Every intelligent Hindoo discards all religions and all miracles except his own. The question is: When will people see the defects in their own theology as clearly as they perceive the same defects in every other.

All the so-called false religions were substantiated by miracles, by signs and wonders, by prophets and martyrs, precisely as our own. Our witnesses are no better than theirs, and our success is no greater. If their miracles were false, ours cannot be true. Nature was the same in India and in Palestine.—R. G. INGERSOLL, in the North American Review.

PIONEERS.

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is filled,
Pioneers! O pioneers. —Whitman.

O yes, the pioneer must work on even though seeming defeat be before him. To fail is not always to lose. Progress is not always straight forward. We often have to go back and take a new start. We gain by every experience and in the long run nothing is lost.

Mark the battle for woman suffrage. Take Massachusetts as a sample. She is the "hub" of the universe, and so becomes a beacon-light for the masses.

"In the early history of Massachusetts when the new colony was governed by laws set down in the province charter (1691,

third year of William and Mary) women were not excluded from voting.

"In the original constitution (1780) women were excluded from voting except for certain state officers."

In the constitutional convention of 1820 the word "male" was first put into the constitution of the state in an amendment to define the qualifications of voters. Thus the cause seemed to retrograde for a time, but continual agitation of it by wronged and oppressed woman kept up a real go-ahead sentiment that pushed on in advance of the unjust laws; thus preparing a way for future legislative progression.

All intelligent communities are far in advance of the laws of such communities. The wise minority seldom construct or put in operation the laws that govern the people as a whole.

The pioneers and progressists are like the brightest pupils in our common schools, who have to be ranked in classes far below them in attainments, simply because there is no proper place for them where they can receive their just dues, aids, and helps. The teacher has no time to devote specially to those advanced ones. They must be classed, and consequently classed with inferiors and held back.

Just so with our laws. They make no provision for pioneers who outgrow them and the need of them; and consequently they are classed with the masses, where they have no chance, or small chance at best, of going ahead, save as they blaze a way despite of thorns, briars, brakes, and class-legislation suitable only for their inferiors.

Yet shall the pioneer shrink and falter? Nay; we must only work the harder to bring up the masses higher and still higher. The great majority stand to-day where the pioneers stood only a few centuries ago. A few hundred years hence the masses will stand where the pioneers of to-day now stand. So with hope ahead we can work on sure that the reward will come, though we shall not live to see it. The path is thorny, but it has its roses and perfumes despite the thorns. All is not martyrdom, but the star of hope and success shines ever in the forefront of the struggle.

"Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But it grates and grinds with friction hard
O'er granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals."

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

THE GAGE GATHERING.

I choose words for a head-line which express just what I mean. Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage has practically gathered herself together and held a meeting at Washington, February 24-25, under the guise of a "convention." The convention was a conspicuous failure, but Mrs. Gage was an illustrious success. She had placarded Willard's Hotel with the announcement that the "Woman's National Liberal Union" would hold a convention. Who authorized this name I do not know, as the question of a name did not come before the convention at all. Reference was made to an Executive Board; but who appointed such board I do not know. It is certain that the convention did not appoint it, as the subject was never mentioned there. The programme for the morning of the second day announced "Discussion of Resolutions," but there was no discussion. They were merely read. The "Adoption of Resolutions" was on the printed programme of the afternoon, but they were not even mentioned. The "Announcement of Permanent Officers" by the chair was made according to the programme, but the convention was not asked to approve them.

When Mrs. Gage was asked privately why these matters were not brought before the convention, she curtly answered: "It was not thought best." What I want to say is, that the convention had no voice in anything. I attended every session, and speak from personal knowledge, when I say that but two votes were taken. One was on expressing a preference as to the place of the next meeting; the other was a vote of thanks to the press. There was a preconcerted arrangement that the convention should have no voice; and everything was cut and dried and executed by Mrs. Gage.

One member of her so-called "committee" told me that, although she had attended every meeting, she did not know what was done, as there were matters decided that had never been before them.

When Mrs. Gage assumed the chair at the opening of the so-called "convention," she simply said: "By virtue of the fact that I have been the oldest worker in this cause, and this meeting is, to some extent, the result of my own efforts, I shall assume to act as temporary president this morning. Mr. William F. Aldrich will also act as temporary secretary." The bad grammar of this announcement might be excused, if these persons had not continued to act as president and secretary to the last, without a vote of the convention. They were not approved, either as temporary or permanent officers. This notable woman suffragist did not allow the women of the convention to vote; and there were many "curses not loud but deep" among those present.

The course of Mrs. Gage can be accounted for only in one way. She had been repressed and suppressed by Susan B. Anthony and her compeers so often through a large number of years, that she was determined to have everything her own way for once.

Her very bad grammar, her monotonous voice, her egotism and lack of manners could all have been excused, had she not been guilty of such insufferable self-assertion.

Mr. Wm. F. Aldrich is said to have paid the expenses of the "Gage Gathering." In the *Liberal Thinker*, edited by Mrs. Gage and paid for by the Aldriches, Mrs. Aldrich is said to have been known throughout the United States for years as Miss Josephine Cables, who edited *The Occult World*, published at Rochester, New York, and who is "a woman of wonderful spiritual insight, occult powers, and humanitarian principles."

Now for the officers—not approved by the convention: President, Matilda Joslyn Gage, New York; vice-president, Josephine Cables Aldrich, Alabama; secretary, Mary E. Coues, Washington; treasurer, Wm. F. Aldrich, Alabama.

These are all avowed Theosophists—except Mrs. Gage, who is said to have a way of proving that woman is the holy ghost of the orthodox trinity.

The following persons were added (not by the convention) to the officers, forming the executive council: Susan H. Wixon, Eliza A. Conner, Micca Hoffman, Marietta M. Bones, Clara S. Foltz.

This council is hereafter to fill all vacancies and to elect all officers, without any reference to the convention—a self-constituted and self-perpetuating close corporation which will not allow any interference.

We now come to the resolutions. Professor Elliot Coues was chairman of this committee, but could only have been a figure-head, as Mrs. Gage told me that she wrote nearly all of the resolutions before she left home, and another person told me that she furnished two—which were revised by Mrs. Gage. Instead of taking up space by details, I would simply say that there are twelve resolutions. Ten of these might have been passed by any congress of the American Secular Union (excepting the platitudes). They relate mainly to the work of state secularization, and the separation of church and state, in which our organization is so successfully engaged. The other two are not true. It is not a fact that "every church, of whatever name, is based on the theory that woman was created secondary and inferior to man, and that she brought sin into the world, and necessitated the sacrifice of a savior." The Universalists, the Unitarians, the Friends (Hicksites), and several other churches as heartily oppose this view as does Mrs. Gage. Nor is it true that "every church is the enemy of liberty and progress."

One word more. Mrs. Gage was terribly afraid that there was a plot to capture her convention (?) by the American Secular Union. Ida C. Craddock, our secretary, had said something about auxiliaries in a letter published in our *Liberal* papers, and Mrs. Westbrook had written to Mrs. Gage, suggesting that possibly we might work together, etc.; and Mrs. Gage was very apprehensive on this subject. When Mrs. Westbrook and myself entered a preliminary meeting, on the express invitation of Susan H. Wixon, and with the express consent of Mr. Aldrich (in

whose room the meeting was held), Mrs. Gage sprang to her feet, and seizing us both by the arms, exclaimed, "You must go out. You are the president of another society, and I don't mean to be the bob to the tail of anybody's kite." We were led out into the hall, and were thus unceremoniously dismissed.

This is the probable reason why nothing was permitted to come before the convention for approval or dissent.

Permit me to say that this was an unnecessary fright on the part of Mrs. Gage. I had never thought of capturing the convention. I had no desire to interfere in any way. I am an advocate of woman's enfranchisement, and have been for thirty years, and am heartily in favor of a woman suffrage society to resist the encroachments of the orthodox church; and I am an enemy to all forms of ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism. We have missed a grand opportunity to form such a society. Let every person treat "Mrs. Gage's Gathering" as a nullity. Let us put a woman suffrage plank in with our "Nine Demands" of Secularism—and then we shall not need any other "gathering."

How true it is that, when the slave becomes the master, she is the most tyrannical of drivers. Mrs. Gage was to show Miss Anthony how to run a convention, and she has foolishly run hers into the ground. R. B. WESTBROOK, Pres. Am. Secular Union.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1890.

EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Many inaccurate statements having been made with regard to George Eliot's parentage and early life, says the *London Secular Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* presents the following authentic account:

Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, on the 22d of November, 1820. Her father, Robert Evans, was land agent and surveyor to five estates in Warwickshire—those of Lord Aylesford, Lord Lifford, Mr. C. N. Newdegate, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, and Mrs. Gregory. In this capacity he was highly respected, and his reputation for trustworthiness may be said to have been proverbial. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage, Mr. Evans having also a son and daughter by his first wife. She was a remarkable child in many ways, thoughtful and earnest, and at the age of twelve might have been seen teaching in the Sunday-school in a little cottage near her father's house.

She received her first education at Miss Franklin's school in Coventry, and retained through life an affectionate remembrance of these teachers of her childhood, often speaking of her obligation to Miss Rebecca Franklin for much careful training. Her family resided at Griff until her twentieth year, her mother having died when she was fifteen. It cannot be doubted—there is every evidence of the fact—that her girlish experiences in that prosaic country district were so many treasures in her retentive memory, which, by means of marvelous wit and insight into character, served to enrich her first three novels and her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Her letters of those days show a penetration, wit, and philosophical observation belonging rather to mature life, and they show also that her mind was deeply imbued with evangelical sentiments. Her sisters and brothers having married, she lived alone with her father, who, in 1841, removed from Griff to Foleshill, near Coventry.

In this somewhat more populous neighborhood she soon became known as a person of more than common interest, and, moreover, as a most devoted daughter and the excellent manager of her father's household. There was perhaps little at first sight which betokened genius in that quiet, gentle mannered girl, with pale, grave face, naturally pensive in expression; and ordinary acquaintances regarded her chiefly for the kindness and sympathy that were never wanting to any. But to those with whom, by one unspoken affinity, her soul could expand, her expressive gray eyes would light up with intense meaning and humor, and the low, sweet voice, with its peculiar mannerism of speaking—which, by the way, wore off in after years—could give utterance to thoughts so rich and singular that converse with Miss Evans, even in those days, made speech with other people seem flat and common.

Miss Evans was an exemplification of the fact that a great genius

is not an exceptional, capricious product of nature, but a thing of slow, laborious growth, the fruit of industry and the general culture of the faculties. At Foleshill, with ample means and leisure, her real education began. She took lessons in Greek and Latin from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then headmaster of the Coventry Grammar School, and she acquired French, German, and Italian from Signor Grezzi. An acquaintance with Hebrew was the result of her own unaided efforts. From Mr. Simms, the veteran organist of St. Michael's, Coventry, she received lessons in music, although her own fine musical sense made her in after years an admirable pianoforte player. Nothing once learned escaped her marvelous memory; and her keen sympathy with all human feelings, in which lay the secret of her power of discriminating character, caused a constant fund of knowledge to flow into her treasure house from the social world about her.

Among the intimate friends whom she made at Coventry were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, both well known in literary circles. In Mr. Bray's family she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened.

Emerson, Froude, George Combe, Robert Mackay, and other men of mark, were at various times guests at Mr. Bray's house at Rosehill while Miss Evans was there either as an inmate or occasional visitor; and many a time might have been seen pacing up and down the lawn, or grouped under an old acacia, men of thought and research, discussing all things in heaven and earth, and listening with marked attention when one gentle woman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure had been well matured before the lips opened.

Few, if any, could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain doctor, who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was, with modest politeness, corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction; she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it—so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said.

Miss Evans's father died in 1849, and in the summer of that year she accompanied her friends, the Brays, on a Continental tour, and by her own choice was left behind at Geneva, where she stayed till the following spring. On her return to England she made her home with the same family until 1851, when she was persuaded by Dr. Chapman to take up her residence in the Strand and assist him in the conduct of the Westminster Review. Thus ended her connection with her native country, to which, however, she afterwards paid many visits.

Spiritualism Still Alive.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Seeing your synopsis of my esteemed opponent's argument against the facts of Spiritualism, as I was in too ill health to be present and participate in said discussion, expecting it would be put off until I could do so, I am much disappointed to have had my friend Mr. Putnam carry on the debate all alone, and thus perhaps win an easy victory. But from your report in last week's FREETHOUGHT I feel Spiritualism is not yet decapitated. The three propositions of my worthy opponent, while well stated, are too abstruse for the common understanding, and really amount to but little when brought side by side with the well-attested facts of the intelligence manifesting that has never been accounted for truly, except upon the spiritual theory.

I would ask if our friend imagines that the limits of his ignorance is the bound of all knowledge, so far as Spiritualism is concerned. I am willing to admit in everything else he is wiser than myself, as he is an ex-reverend, but judge by his argument that he is a novice in investigating our phenomena.

He says science does not admit the facts to be facts. No, neither does it pretend to say by what means they occur, or explain how or by what *modus operandi* they are performed. Science has tried for over forty

years to account for the phenomena, but has signally failed. Some of the most able and scientific men of this country and Europe have given years of careful scientific study to this question, and most of them became in the end Spiritualists. Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, Governor Tallmadge, Professor Denton, Robert Dale Owen, Professors Crookes and Wallace of England, Zoellner of Germany, and hosts of other eminent and learned men have labored patiently to account for these phenomena, and became satisfied that they were what they claimed to be.

Now, my friend will not surely undertake to say that because the scientific world has not admitted Spiritualism to be a science or a demonstrated fact it is not one. He knows too well that the facts discovered by Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Newton, Harvey, Jenner, Franklin, Morse, Stephenson, Fulton, Gall, Spurzheim, and many others of our great minds were received with ridicule and opprobrium, censure and hate, and these men imprisoned, burned, scorned, hissed, banished, socially ostracized by the other scientists and conservatives who would not accept the demonstrated facts until years afterwards. Science is ever conservative; but truth goes on all the same, and nature will as heretofore continue to astound these wise heads by the phenomena which her energy is ever unfolding. Forty millions of the best hearts and biggest brains of the civilization that belts the world will arise and testify to the demonstrated facts that they have seen and heard. These millions of believers would be received as worthy witnesses before any court and jury upon other subjects where they had given proper investigations. The ten millions of Spiritualists in the United States are such from the evidence they have received from the demonstrated facts they are knowing to. It is not a matter of faith, nor of superstition, but from evidence that appeals to their senses and reason.

My Materialistic opponent says we are not justified in attributing natural phenomena to supernatural causes. In this again his poverty of knowledge of the phenomena. No Spiritualist ever claimed for a moment that these things occur through supernatural means. We do not believe for a moment in the supernatural, but know that every phenomenon is the result of nature's method of procedure called law. We believe that Spiritualism came as a fact to man, proving immortality as soon as he was advanced enough to comprehend it, just as all other facts have dawned upon his intellect when expanded so he could perceive it. The fact is, the Materialist and Agnostic—although often our very best thinkers on other questions—are not capable of perceiving the spiritual facts so often presented. They are spiritually blind, just as some men are color blind, caused by a deficiency of the organ of color; while others have no ear for music—organ of time very deficient; some, no mechanical ability, because constructiveness is small; others, no financial powers, because no acquisitiveness. A person with small or very small organ of spirituality could not accept the facts of Spiritualism, because they would be outside of his capabilities. To him the evidences of immortality would be "too good to be true." Ingersoll, with all the rest, hopes that death may be "an open door" that leads to a life of grander possibilities; yet he is so organized—spirituality weak—that he says he does not know, but hope gives to the bereft loving heart that in every sound is "the rustle of an angel's wing."

If time and space and your patience would permit of it, I could bring an array of facts that would fill your columns for the next five years, fully attested by men and women of reason and conscience, but I will let these few thoughts suffice, only saying that we have been accumulating these facts for almost half a century; we are willing to rest our case, and now call on our friend and brother, Samuel P. Putnam, and all of his conservative Agnostic friends to rise and explain. We have given them nearly half a century to tell us how these things are done. We pass our hat once more, and ask them for their discovery of the cause. Alas! the hat comes back empty. They are silent, and silence gives consent. The Materialistic world is powerless to answer, while the demonstrated facts are covering the world with their immensity.

I have not written this with any idea of it being more than a few thoughts on this greatest of all questions, the immortality of man. The short space of the column or two allotted me precludes the idea of attempting to make any regular or connected argument in reply to my astute and gentlemanly opponent.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

READ on page 189 the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

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Senator Turpie of Indiana is somewhat absent-minded, and it is said that in 1874-75, when he was speaker of the lower branch of the Indiana legislature, he would do some queer things. Whenever a roll-call was ordered he would pound on his desk until everything was perfectly quiet. Then, in a rather moderate tone of voice, he would say:

"The roll will be called. Those voting in the affirmative will, when their names are called, say 'aye,' those in the negative, 'no.'

Then, quick as a flash, he would turn to the reading-clerk, and, in a loud, shrill voice, would say:

"Call!"

The first time he did this the reading clerk came near jumping out of his skin.

The various preachers in Indianapolis were from time to time asked to offer prayer in the House, and sometimes ministers from other parts of the state, who happened to be in town, were invited to invoke the divine blessing upon the Hoosier lawmakers. One morning Speaker Turpie rapped on the desk and said:

"The House will be in order. Prayer will be offered up by Rev. Mr. Smith of Vincennes."

Then, just as the reverend gentleman bowed his head to begin prayer, he was startled by hearing the speaker command him in a loud voice:

"Pray!"

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APPARENTLY in all seriousness the New York Sun observes: "It is a remarkable phenomenon that this age of skepticism is also an age of faith like that of the first days of Christianity." What is far less remarkable, though more real, is that the skepticism penetrates all thinking and reading portions of society, while the faith is daily becoming more and more confined to the illiterate and hopelessly superstitious.—Liberty.

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1890—(E.M. 290).

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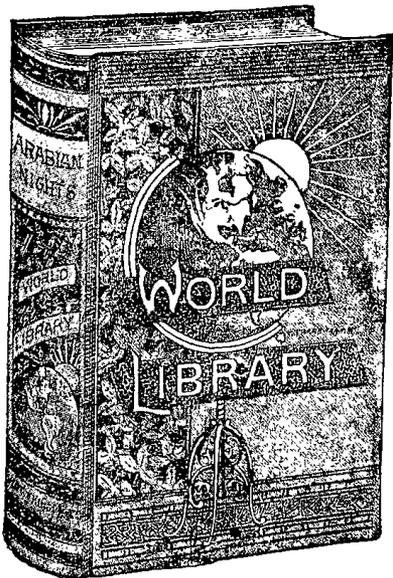
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The Falling of Thrones.

Above the din of commerce, above the clamor and rattle
O' Labor disputing with Riches, of Anarchists' threats and groans,
Above the hurry and bustle and moan of that bloodless battle,
Where men are fighting for dollars, I hear the falling of Thrones.

I see no savage host, I hear no martial drumming,
But down in the dust at our feet lie the useless crowns of Kings;
And the mighty spirit of Progress is steadily coming, coming;
And the flag of our Republic abroad to the world he flings.

The Universal Republic where worth and birth are royal,
Where the lowliest born may climb on a self-made ladder to fame;
Where the highest and proudest born, if he be not true and loyal,
Shall find no masking title to cover or gild his shame.

Not with the bellow of guns, and not with sabres' whetting,
But with growing minds of men is waged this swordless fray,
While over the dim horizon the sun of royalty setting
Lights with a dying splendor the humblest toiler's way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Taking His Own Medicine.

Governor Beaver is known by every Pittsburg boy in the National Guard to be a strict disciplinarian in military etiquette and drill. Austin Curtin of the governor's native town told this war reminiscence last night to some of the delegates at the G. A. R. encampment: While Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-fifth Regiment Beaver was one day sitting in front of his tent, when a slouchy-looking soldier, with ill-fitting costume, came along, stopped, and inquired: "Vere ish der doctor?"

"Is that the way to address your superior officer, sir?" roared Colonel Beaver. The German stared at his superior officer in blank amazement, but never said a word.

"Here, sir; take this chair. You be the colonel, and I will teach you how to address an officer."

"Vas me der boss of der regiment?" "Yes; take this chair, and I will show you how to act."

The soldier sat down in front of the tent. Colonel Beaver walked off a few paces, turned about, returned to a position in front of the officer pro tempore, squared himself around, made a military salute and inquired:

"Colonel, can you inform me where I can find the surgeon of the regiment?"

The soldier arose, and looking seriously and straight at Beaver, replied: "D—d if I know where he is!"

It was a wide awake Buffalo boy who on being reproved by his mother for discussing a wrestling match on Sunday with his brother, meekly replied: "All right, mamma. Will you read us a Bible story?" "With pleasure, dear. What shall it be?" "All about how Jacob wrestled with the angel."

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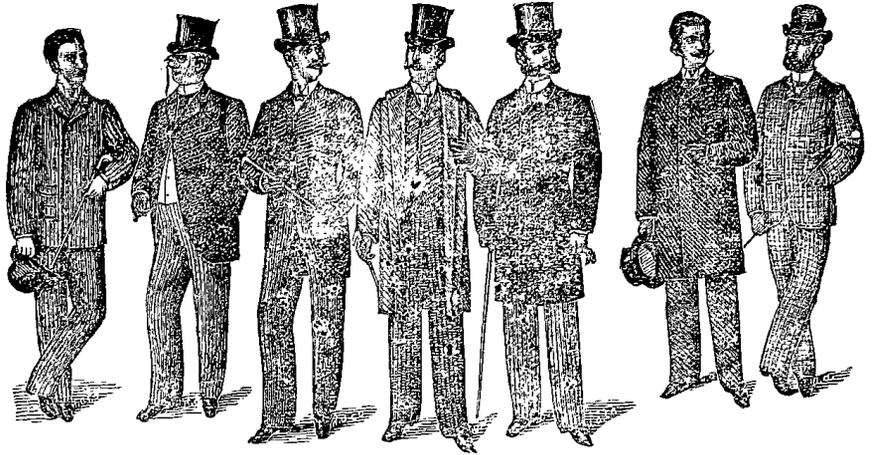
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - MARCH 29, 1890.

BLAIR'S Educational bill was defeated in the Senate last week, and two days later he introduced another. His persistence will bring Senator Blair notoriety if not success.

THAT was a model address which Judge Maguire gave last week at the grave of Miss Kate Kennedy in Oakland. It was eloquent, appropriate, and devoid of superstition.

THE Catholics of Manitoba have a grievance. The Manitoba legislature has passed the Schools act abolishing the right of Catholics to have separate schools and obliging all classes of the community to patronize the national secular schools.

PROPHET ERICKSON'S commitment to the asylum has had the effect of sending some of Oakland's religious fanatics out of town. They fear the same fate, and seem to forget that if their prophecy comes true, their imprisonment would be brief and their vindication triumphant.

It is claimed that several of Brigham Young's descendants have become Catholics, and the cottage which he occupied at Salt Lake City in his pioneer days is now part of the property of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Whether the last state of these people is worse than the first is an open question. The Mormon hierarchy and the Catholic hierarchy are as much alike as two bad eggs.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, the Irish poet and patriot, was advertised to lecture in this city March 21. He drew about a dozen people to hear him, and the event was accorded eleven lines next morning in a daily paper which devoted nearly four columns to a prize-fight between Messrs. Carroll and McAuliffe. As both of these are countrymen of Mr. O'Reilly he cannot feel that his race is slighted by the press of San Francisco, even though he failed to get a corporal's guard.

FLACK, New York's ex-sheriff, who has just been convicted of conspiracy, traces his downfall to the conversion of his second wife, whom he took unto himself without the formality of a divorce from the first, or a marriage ceremony. After living with Flack for many years and bearing him a son who is now of age,

this woman joined the Episcopal church, without, however, altering her relationship with Flack, and insisted on a marriage, as she desired her son educated for the ministry. To accommodate her, Flack got a fraudulent divorce from his wife; hence his conviction.

A PREACHER named Pratt is endeavoring to turn the Infidels of Grant county, Or., from the error of their ways with the statement that "Tom Paine told his daughter on his dying bed to follow the religion of her mother." A few years ago a religious gentleman put in print the charge that Colonel Ingersoll's son, having been raised in the atmosphere of Infidelity, had become insane and died in an asylum. The two stories are equally false, Paine never had a daughter, and Ingersoll never had a son.

A NEW YORK World Washington correspondent states that Senator Blair's wife told a friend a few days ago that she dared not think of the effect upon Senator Blair if his Education bill was defeated. His whole mind has been centered on it, so that fears have been expressed that it might give way. Senator Blair's eccentricities have been increasing of late years and he has become a monomaniac upon his bill. He is convinced that there is conspiracy against him, a conspiracy among his brother Senators and a conspiracy of the press.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, March 30, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel on the subject, "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint."

A SECULAR VICTORY.

A quarrel between the Protestants and Catholics at Edgerton, Wis., over the use of the Bible in the public schools has resulted in a victory for Secularism. The supreme court of the state decides that any reading of the Bible necessarily involves the reading of sectarian doctrine, and is therefore unconstitutional. The judges held that in considering the question whether such reading of the Bible in the public schools is sectarian instruction, prohibited in public schools by the Constitution, the books must be regarded as a whole because the whole Bible without exception has been designated as a text-book for use in the Edgerton schools, and the claim of the school board is that the whole contents thereof may lawfully be so read.

This being so, it is quite immaterial if the portions thus set out in the return as the only portions thus far read are not sectarian. Yet it should be observed that some of the portions so read seem to inculcate doctrines which are not accepted by some religious sects. The court refuses to affirm or deny that the Catholic church opposes the common schools. The court further says that reading from the Bible in the schools, although

without comment on the part of the teacher, is instruction, and holds that the Bible contains many doctrinal passages, and that the general reading of it is sectarian instruction.

It also holds that such text books as are founded on the fundamental teachings of the Bible, or which may contain extracts therefrom, may not be used in the schools. The court says: "Any pupil of ordinary intelligence who listens to the reading of doctrinal portions of the Bible will be more or less instructed thereby in the doctrines of the divinity of Jesus Christ, the eternal punishment of the wicked, the authority of the priesthood, the binding force of the efficacy of the sacrament, and in many other conflicting sectarian doctrines."

The court further says that the place where the Bible should be read is a place of worship, and that as the taxpayers are compelled to erect and to support school-houses, and children are, under the late law, compelled to attend public or private schools, the constitutional clauses forbid the use of school-houses as places of worship. The decision of the court was unanimous.

Thus the falling out of sectarian rogues gives Edgerton a system of education unmixed with religious teaching.

BRAZIL'S CALENDAR.

The statement is made that the new republic of Brazil has, by governmental decree, officially adopted the Positivist calendar, the days and months being named according to the scheme of Auguste Comte. The only change is that of Sunday, which is re-christened Humanidi, or the Day of Humanity.

The Positivist calendar has thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, the months being called after some character representing an era of human history. The first month is Moses (the initial theocracy); the second, Homer (ancient poesy); the third, Aristotle (ancient philosophy); the fourth, Archimedes (ancient science); the fifth, Cæsar (military civilization); the sixth, St. Paul (Catholicism); the seventh, Charlemagne (feudal civilization); the eighth, Dante (the modern epic); the ninth, Guttenberg (modern industry); the tenth, Shakspeare (the modern drama); the eleventh, Descartes (modern philosophy); the twelfth, Frederick (modern polity); the thirteenth, Bichat (modern science).

This Positivist year begins and ends with the Christian year, and its months are divided into four weeks of seven days each. The arrangement leaves a complementary or intercalary day at the end of each year, called the Day of the Dead, corresponding somewhat to our national Memorial Day, May 30. On leap years there is a second holiday dedicated to women. These two days are not counted in the calendar, the day following the latter being the first of the new year. Every year and every month begins with Monday, while the Sundays fall on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days of all the months alike. The calendar therefore becomes perpetual.

Besides naming the thirteen divisions of the year as above, M. Comte assigns each day to some distinguished contemporary of the character standing at the head of the month. Thus the first day of the month of Moses is Prometheus, the second Hercules, the third Orpheus, and so on, while Numa, Buddha, Confucius, and Mahomet are assigned to the Sundays.

It will be interesting to note what progress Brazil makes in introducing this calendar. The prevailing religion of the country at present is Roman Catholicism, and its adherents may fall in with the new order as readily as the pagans of the fourth century adopted the Sunday of Constantine, which was so much like their

own holy day that they were unable to distinguish any difference between the two.

INSTRUCTIVE FIGURES.

The Municipal Reports of San Francisco for the fiscal year 1888-9 give a tabulated statement showing the religion or creed professed by prisoners committed to the House of Correction between June 30, 1888, and June 30, 1889. It is as follows:

Creed.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Roman Catholic.....	531	16	697
Protestant.....	230	37	267
Hebrew.....	9	..	9
Freethinker.....	1	..	1
Unbeliever.....	67	28	95
Pagan.....	76	..	76
Total.....	914	231	1,145

From this table these approximate percentages are deduced: Roman Catholic, .60; Protestant, .23; Hebrew, .007; Freethinker, .0008; Unbeliever, .08; Pagan, .06. The population of San Francisco is some 350,000, of whom about one-third are Roman Catholics, and this one-third furnishes 250 more criminals for the House of Correction than the other two-thirds, or nearly three to one. If we say the Catholics in the city number 115,000, and furnish almost 700 criminals, then about one Catholic in 164 is a lawbreaker.

It is not known how many avowed Freethinkers San Francisco contains, but to place them at 1000 would be a ridiculously low estimate, and even then the proportion of Catholic criminals to Freethinking criminals would be as 6 to 1.

The pagans make a much better showing than the Catholic citizens, and when it is remembered that they stand much greater chances of conviction before our Catholic courts, with Catholic witnesses against them, there is a still larger percentage in their favor as compared with the pope's minions.

These figures do not surprise us. Their ratio is about the same as in other localities. But the single, solitary Freethinker in the list ought to be ashamed of himself for bringing odium on the cause. We earnestly exhort him to go and sin no more.

THAT was a grand ending to the life of the young millionaire, Colonel Donahue, who gave the most of his vast wealth to charitable purposes. Although born and educated a Roman Catholic, he gave the munificent sum of \$5000 to each of several Protestant charitable institutions, which shows that he was no bigot in his religious belief. Where is the Protestant Christian who, dying, would leave money to Catholic institutions? There may be such, but we never heard of one.—Golden Gate.

It is difficult to see much to admire in Colonel Donahue's disposition of his wealth. He left but a pittance, comparatively, to his family, and gave hundreds of thousands to the teachers of superstition. Perhaps his wealth was a damage to him, since it gave him means to shorten his life by constant dissipation, and he did not wish to inflict the same curse upon his offspring. Only on this theory can he be excused for handing over a quarter of a million dollars to the church and cutting off his two-year-old son with five thousand. And even so, with the example of James Lick before him, he could have made a much better disposition of his property than placing it under the control of Archbishop Riordan, the Catholic prelate.

LAST week FREETHOUGHT stated that there were two Nationalist clubs in San Francisco. Further research reveals that there are five, namely, the San Francisco Central Club, the Second Nationalist Club, the New California Nationalist Club, the Ger-

man Branch of the Central Club, and the Ocean View Nationalist Club. If none has got away, this is the complete list.

THE president of the Oregon Secular Union has acted wisely in transmitting for publication the correspondence which appears on another page. Trouble of this kind is always regrettable, but since it exists the Liberals of the Northwest should know the facts so that those having relations with the person causing it may know what to expect.

WE have received a copy of the "Dawn" organ of the Christian Socialists. Its motto is "He works for God who works for man," and it is conducted with pious and uninteresting ability.

At the burial of Frank O. Johnson in Aspen, Col., last month, J. J. Callahan delivered a eulogy, which was published "by request" in the local paper. It was a worthy and appropriate tribute paid to one staunch Freethinker by another.

J. D. SHAW has purchased a corner lot in Waco, Texas, and proposes to establish a Liberal Hall and Independent Pulpit Publishing House. We wish him good luck.

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. George Cummings, who lectured before the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday evening, gave his hearers something to think about. Mr. Cummings was the speaker of the evening, but before his remarks were begun Captain Evangeline Ballou of Precinct 3, District 37, S. F. N. C. (meaning San Francisco Nationalist Club) sang a praiseworthy song, which left the audience in a receptive state of mind.

Mr. Cummings spoke upon the "Rights of Man." He first accounted for the presence of the priesthood in this world by saying that in early times men bartered with each other, and one exchanged commodities which he produced for those which he did not. The production of these commodities, they found, involved labor, and finally some shrewd persons who were born tired conceived the idea that it would be easier to pay in promises than in goods. This method, however, soon destroyed their credit, and then the happy thought struck them to defer the fulfillment of their obligations to the next world. The producers accepted the security, and the shrewd persons called priests have ever since been able to barter corner-lots in the New Jerusalem for the best things of earth. The same individuals, needing the co-operation of temporal powers, selected other shrewd persons, whom they called kings, and, anointing them with ointment and bestowing upon them blessings, crowns, and sceptres, took them into partnership; and these two kinds of frauds still govern the people.

Mr. Cummings denied the right of the majority to govern the minority. Everybody would admit that one man alone upon a certain island would be monarch. Two men would be equal; and the speaker held that when a third one arrived his right would be equal to that of the two others. There could be justice only where there was equality. Thus justice could not exist between God, if there were one, and man, since they would occupy the position of master and slave. Religious people seem to recognize this, as their prayers usually close with "thy will (not justice) be done," and the best commendation they expect is the assurance, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The speaker drew attention to the fact that social science was far in the rear of physical sciences and was a neglected branch of study. He believed, however, that natural laws ruled in this domain as in others, and that a conformity to such law, as discovered and promulgated by Proudhon, would adjust human affairs in harmony with right and justice.

Dr. O'Brock, hard of hearing, dim of sight, inarticulate of speech, and chaotic as to thought, was the first discussor, and got along as well as could be expected considering these drawbacks.

Thomas Curtis followed. Mr. Curtis traces the warped con-

dition of society to the false education which children acquire from religious parents and Sunday-schools.

Patrick Healy, Roman Catholic, was the ensuing speaker. Concerning his discomfiture at the previous meeting Mr. Healy explained that he did not intend to deny facts, but truth. Mr. Healy had a new word, "postulate," which he used frequently with great confidence; he also tried to work in "anthropomorphic," but made a failure of it. He held that if there could be no justice between God and man, neither could it exist between parents and children on account of their relative positions, nor between husband and wife owing to marked physical divergence.

Mr. Gliester pleaded for non-aggression and the abolition of physical slavery.

An unidentified gentleman testified that he was knowing to a case wherein a priest forced a poor woman to send her children to the parochial school and to pay \$2 per month for that privilege. Owing to this tax the mother was unable to provide the children with shoes, so they went barefooted, and yet learned nothing but the catechism.

Mr. H. L. Knight also offered some remarks, and Mr. Cummings closed the debate.

Next Sunday night Mrs. Krekel speaks on "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint."

The more discussions I hear on sociological questions, the deeper becomes the impression upon my mind that the man has not yet been born who can see through the problem of arranging human affairs in short order so they will work harmoniously. I do not believe that the author of any plan for the readjusting of society can tell within a row of apple-trees how the plan will work. One trouble is that there is no apparent law governing the actions of men and women that can be depended upon to move them every time in the desired direction. We know that water will run down hill, and that the planets will be moved by attraction in inverse ratio to the square of their distances, or in some other ascertainable way; but who can point out the one and only motive which governs the human race, and figure therefrom where everybody can be found at a given time? The law that controls the rest of the universe seems to have lost its grip on men. Scarcely two are governed by the same motive. If every man's head were exactly round, like a billiard ball, we could tell what he would do under given circumstances; but it isn't. It is covered with protuberances indicating the predominance or sub-dominance of certain faculties or inclinations at variance with one another, so that even its own possessor cannot prophesy with accuracy his own course of action twenty-four hours ahead. The world may be a stage, and all of us actors, but our parts are not written, and if they were, not one in a dozen could be relied upon to follow his lines. The social reformer sets out with the notion that the face of the earth should be marked like a checker-board, and a man placed on each square. Then he studies his moves and announces that he can beat the game; and perhaps he could if his men would stand still until he was ready to move them. It is plain, however, that they will not do this. They are on legs, and wander about, and some get off the board, altogether. They decline to move with any sort of regularity. They get mixed, or perhaps go over to the enemy, and make a botch of the whole arrangement.

I am often asked why this paper and my trenchant pen are not devoted to the reconstruction of society, and my only answer is that I don't know enough to reconstruct society. I would as soon think of taking a half dozen babies apart and trying to put them together again in the shape of a man. Of course I would have sufficient material, and all the potencies at hand. So we have all the material for a fully developed state of society; and as there is nothing in a man that is not in a baby, so there will be nothing in a perfect society that does not exist now; but society is in its infancy. It enjoys the fairy stories told by priests. Its members amuse themselves with tin soldiers on wheels called armies; they have toy ships called cruisers and ironclads with guns that make a loud report. The animal nature is still in them; they enjoy brutal sports like prize-fights and national wars. They still profess obedience to some sort of a father who has authority over them, and not having earthly rulers, they elect them. They believe

inspooks and good and evil spirits, and all sorts of supernatural beings.

What can be done with this sort of human material—childish, ignorant, undeveloped, superstitious? Clearly the philosopher can only observe it, experiment upon it, study its phases, lead it, persuade it, educate it, and hasten its growth by all judicious means. Having done this, he must wait patiently till we all attain the stature, mental and physical, of men and women fit to be called grown up.

For saying all of which I ask the reader to kindly forgive me.

A few days ago Mr. G. F. Perkins, publisher of the Pacific Investigator, dropped in to talk about his paper. He said it was a journal devoted to Spiritualism, Nationalism, and Americanism. "You have got to have some kind of an ism," he remarked, "or down you go, and the more isms the better. Now," he went on, "you FREETHOUGHT fellows haven't an ism to your name. You are just like the Catholic church: you don't advocate Spiritualism, Nationalism, or Americanism, and you won't last."

While pondering over Mr. Perkins's ominous words, I received the appended card:

The Pacific Investigator is forced to suspend operations for a time. Cause: Partner wanted to rule or ruin—must have God, Christ, and the atonement all in. Result: Bust for a time. G. F. PERKINS.

It strikes me that if a multiplicity of isms are conducive to the longevity of a paper, Mr. Perkins has erred in excluding Godism, Christism, and the atonementism. The result, which he so laconically states, certainly shows that in some way he has erred effectually.

Nothing in the examples of modern rhetoric equals the figure of speech employed by the Rev. James Stacy, D.D., of Georgia, at the late Sunday-law convention in Washington City. Mr. Stacy was arguing for a Sunday law, and in an impassioned period emitted this remark:

The Infidel cry, "Down with the Sabbath," like the bounding kangaroo springing from his lair, has fastened itself upon an unsuspecting people, and with unyielding pertinacity and without any evidence of satiety continues to draw its life blood.

Whereas, the kangaroo is an herbivorous animal, subsisting upon a vegetable diet; and whereas, it never alights upon anything containing more blood than a beet; therefore, resolved, that the above figure of speech is a bounding willapuss-wallapuss springing from its liar.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A bill has passed the Senate to appropriate \$450,000 for a public building in Los Angeles. It is expected that the bill will be strenuously opposed in the House.—The bodies of three persons have been found in the ashes of last week's fire in Seattle.—The baseball season opened in San Francisco and Sacramento last Sunday. The games at both places were witnessed by the largest crowds ever seen at the ball grounds.—The Lick telescope will in a few weeks be supplemented by a remarkable piece of mechanism. This is an eye-piece which has just been completed at Rochester, N. Y. No other eye-piece of anything like equal dimensions has ever been made. The largest now in use is not over two inches in diameter, while the new piece measures over three inches. The eye-piece is constructed on a perfect theory. There are two lenses, six inches apart. The larger one is called the field lens, and is six and one-half inches in diameter. The other lens is the eye-glass proper. It is composed of three lenses, a double concave, double convex, and meniscus, cemented together. The field glass is of brown glass. The meniscus or correcting lens is of flint glass. The light from the heavenly bodies seen through the Lick telescope and this new eye-piece will be 2000 times as bright as that seen with the naked eye.—The ironmolders' strike develops few new features. The eastern men who arrived last week are either scared or bought off, though a few are at work. The bosses and the strikers all express confidence.—Josephine Wohlfrom, an Oakland domestic, took a lamp at midnight last Saturday and started for church. She was taken into custody, being religiously insane.—Seattle sent \$5000

for the relief of San Francisco's unemployed, but Mayor Pond took upon himself the responsibility of returning it.

The past week has witnessed the burial of two noted military men—General Crook, the Indian fighter, and General Schenck, one of Grant's favorite soldiers.—The leading gambling-house at Cambridge, Mass., is kept by a man who, not many years ago, was one of the leading preachers in the city.—The committee of ministers investigating Bishop J. J. Esher, at Reading, found him guilty of all the charges of falsehood, slander, and reviving old difficulties for the purpose of creating dissensions in the church.—Schweinfurth, the alleged Christ, preached to his convention at Rockford, Ill., last week. He repeated his claims to messiahship.—An anti-Chinese war has been begun in New York. The Master Laundrymen's Association of New York and New Jersey, which is composed of all the white laundries doing business in both states, and is determined to drive the Chinese out of business, has a fund of \$500,000 in cash and an equal amount subscribed to be used to force Chinese laundries out of existence.

Advices from St. Petersburg, Russia, state that the student's agitation has extended to the universities of Moscow, Kieff, and Charkoff. Altogether 700 students have been arrested. It is probable that St. Petersburg University will be closed.—Labouchere, Bradlaugh's colleague, last week introduced a motion to abolish hereditary representation in the British Parliament. The motion was lost by a vote of 201 to 139.—Madam Pommery, of champagne fame, died at Rheims, March 21, worth \$4,000,000.—Gen. Von Caprivi is Germany's new chancellor, vice Bismarck resigned.

BOOK NOTICES.

SILVER COINAGE. Speech by Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon.

Senator Mitchell is one of the hardest workers in Congress. He believes in the great West and its prosperity. He wants silver dollars, and why not? He presents an eloquent argument.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF TRUTH. Edited by A. A. Chevillier, No. 13 West Forty-second st., New York. Published monthly. A spiritual organ to proclaim primitive Christianity.

The object of this magazine is to teach that true religion and science are identical, that health and brotherly love are the same; also to help mold the social order. The present system must be changed to fit the law of love. The magazine is devoted to Christian Socialism, and is an exponent of Theosophy. It contains interesting matter for those who can spend the time to study the occult.

SANITARY ENTOMBMENT. By Rev. Charles R. Treat.

The churchyard is one of man's most deadly foes, says the author of this pamphlet. The remedy, however, is not cremation but entombment. The bodies should be embalmed and laid away in vast mausoleums prepared for that purpose. This, better than cremation, meets the demand of most reverent and tender sentiment. It meets the medico-legal demand that the evidence of crime shall not be destroyed, and costs less in view of its manifold advantages. These positions are maintained by the author with learning and ability.

WILL SHAKESPEARE, TOM PAINE, BOB INGERSOLL, AND CHARLIE BRADLAUGH.

This is a humorous and learned attempt to show that nicknames are quite popular in literature and are instances of loving compliment. Shakespeare delighted in the name Will, and punned upon it without mercy. Jonson was Ben Jonson, and there are "Toms" and "Bobs" without number. Better these sportive appellations than the long-drawn Puritanic names, such as Assurance, Tribulation, Maher-shalal-hash-baz, Bind-their-kings-in-chains, Hew-Agag-in-pieces-before-the-Lord, If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-would-have-been-damned, etc., as related by Macaulay. As a treatise on names, their origin, etc., this is a lively brochure.

REMARKS UPON EXTINCT MAMMALS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

A valuable book. It gives an account of the fossils of our country, among them the ancestry of the horse, which was originally no bigger than a fox. This animal had three perfectly

developed toes upon each hindfoot, while each forefoot had four, with a rudimentary fifth one. This wonderful little Eohippus was discovered in the lowest strata of the basin of Green river. It looks as if America was the originator of the horse, but it was a long way back. From the size of a fox the horse gets to the size of a sheep, then to the size of a jackass, the toes disappearing and the hoof forming.

Not only has the horse originated in this country, but the camel also. Tigers ranged all over both North and South America. Man, says the author, has been in existence on the earth for at least 100,000 years. These are a few of the facts presented in this interesting pamphlet.

THE GLEANER. Vol. I, No. 1, 841 Market street, San Francisco. Edited by Julia Schlesinger.

The purpose of this new candidate for favor is to present methods whereby woman may be able to attain financial independence, to solve the problem, "What can a woman do?"

The opening number gives quite a varied picture of what woman is doing to-day all over the world in the way of making a living. The article by Mrs. L. Addie Ballou, "The Status of Women in the Antipodes," is an excellent contribution. The Gleaner has evidently entered upon a good work and a needed work. The editorial "Greeting" and "Notes" evince that an earnest and cultivated woman will glean from the fields of time a noble record of her sex.

ALL ABOUT DEVILS. By Moses Hull.

Mr. Hull's book is an endeavor to show that Spiritualism is not of the devil. Even if it were, however, it wouldn't be a bad thing, for the devil is a reformer. The devil, Galileo, and science were on one side. God, the Bible, and the church were on the other. The printing-press was the work of the devil. Thomas Jenner was denounced as having formed a partnership with the devil. Geology was of the devil. The devil was in Abolitionism, etc.

The Bible devil was an honorable fellow. He imparts wisdom. He helps man. He defeats God.

Moses speaks a good word for the devil if there is one, but finally decides that there is nothing of the sort. Spiritualism has taken the devil away. The author writes in his usual vigorous manner.

NATURAL RIGHTS, NATURAL LIBERTY, AND NATURAL LAW. By Frank Q. Stuart.

This treatise represents the philosophy of individualism, as given by Herbert Spencer, expressed in the following rule:

Every man has the right to do whatsoever he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal right of any other man.

According to this, says the author, all real rights are natural rights, all liberty is natural liberty, and all just law is natural law. According to this the object of government is to protect the individual members of society in the enjoyment of their natural rights in so far as the development of human reason and ingenuity will permit. Government therefore should take no cognizance of duties. It should deal alone with rights.

These propositions are discussed with unusual ability, and the essay is one of the most suggestive of the times.

HEAVY GUNS AND LIGHT—A History of the 4th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. By Hyland C. Kirk, author of "The Possibility of not Dying," and other books.

This book of the wars is written by a comrade of the senior editor of FREETHOUGHT, who was corporal in the regiment whose history is thus recorded, and to whom it brings back many reminiscences of camp and field, and the faces of fellow soldiers living and dead. But the book has more than a personal value. It contains accounts of some of the great actions of the time. The author has a racy style and knows how to tell a story. The regiment entered the Wilderness campaign eighteen hundred strong, and came out with scarcely six hundred left. The pen pictures of these terrific struggles mingled with humors of camp, comic adventures, etc., make a tale of universal interest.

"The Possibility of Not Dying," by the same author, is a curious book. It endeavors to show that scientifically man can live forever, that if he cannot attain spiritual immortality he can

attain an earthly immortality. That is the kind of immortality one would desire above all others. To keep this burning heart and brain amidst these green fields and beneath these blue skies throughout eternity is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." This infinitely surpasses anything ever promised by the phenomena of Spiritualism. This is something worth having. Our author endeavors to show from a purely materialistic basis how we can keep on the track of life indefinitely.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LIFE. By the Rev. Henry Truro Bray, M.A., LL.D., author of "God and Man."

The publication of "God and Man" forced its author from the orthodox pulpit. In "The Evolution of a Life" the history of this change of base is given. It is autobiographical, and contains many interesting passages. The writer still believes in God as the father and savior of all, but in such a manner that he is excluded from the Christian ranks. He occupies about the position of "Robert Elsmere." He has suffered for his sincere declaration of belief, and is compelled to throw in his fortune with the Infidels of the world. An order for this book will greatly aid one who is determined to fight out the battle at any cost, rather than be a hypocrite. In the mind of the author we see a picture of our own struggling and tumultuous age. The book is for sale at FREETHOUGHT office. Price \$2.

FACING THE SPHINX. By Marie L. Farrington. Sold at the office of FREETHOUGHT. Cloth, price \$1.25.

This is an earnest and scholarly dealing with mystical things. It is written in the theosophical spirit, and endeavors to elucidate the meanings of antique symbols. To those interested in such matters it is an interesting and learned book. It is a revival of the ancient mode of thought found partly in the Bible, and also in the literature of Egypt, India, Persia, Chaldea, Central America, China, Greece, Rome, etc. It is anti-orthodox, and seeks entirely to overthrow the miraculous and special element in the Christian religion. It shows that its forms and ceremonies and doctrines are derived from older religions—that Egypt, and not Palestine, is the mother of the Christian faith. The author has evidently devoted a great deal of time to the study of these matters, has read widely and carefully, and given a useful summary of the symbology of the ancient world.

SOUND-ENGLISH—A Language for the World. By Augustin Knoflach.

This book endeavors to show that English will be the language of the future, that what is wanted is a phonetic alphabet, that time and money are wasted with the present system, and great difficulties encountered by foreigners in learning the language. It gives the principles of Sound-English. Of all living languages the English is best suited for a universal language. It is already spoken by over one hundred millions of the most civilized people on earth. Its wonderful simplicity is scarcely recognized by those who use it. It is capable of expressing the most subtle thought. It is the language of progress and freedom all over the world. It is the most practical language. Clear, concise, with words arranged in the most natural order, it is the language of business.

The book is a meritorious one, and its presentation of what improvements can be made in English language is instructive.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The objection made by Catholic priests and others to the Australian ballot, that it would disfranchise illiterates, is too thin. There is ample provision to enable anyone who cannot mark his ballot himself to have it marked for him as he chooses; he can bring in a written or printed list of candidates, for this purpose, in his pocket; and, in one state at least, it would be only necessary for him to say that he wants to vote the straight ticket of his party. At all events, the marking can be done for him by an official sworn to secrecy. The chief peculiarity about the Australian ballot is that any man can use it, without any other man finding it out how he votes. This naturally makes the system highly objectionable to Catholic priests and other enemies of liberty. If anyone wishes to get rid of bribery and intimidation, here is an opportunity.

F. M. HOLLAND.

THE CLERGY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The clergy of San Francisco are great cowards, or mere incompetents, morally, intellectually, and religiously. Their religion is assailed, denied, questioned, put in issue every day in this city by men who are educated, respectable, and in every way desirable as converts, and yet no effort is made to meet them, refute their statements and defend the faith. The clergy will not take the field. They are content to take their salaries, sneak into a corner, and let these boasters keep the field, with banners displayed, and on every banner a defiance of the Christian religion.

The Freethought Society and weekly journal declare on all occasions: That the God of the Bible and the church is only a malignant demon, born of priestcraft, to frighten fools.

That the Bible is a mere compilation of rubbish, indecent, contradictory, cruel, immoral, and contemptible.

That the so-called truths of the Christian religion are all baseless fables of the barbarous past, and utterly unreliable.

That there is no proof that God ever revealed a syllable to man; that a miracle ever took place; that a prophecy ever was made; that Christ was born, as stated, or crucified as stated, or the son of God, or anything but a mere human being; that all these things are mere inventions of priests to make a living for them, at the expense of ignorant believers.

The clergy of this city, from those of Rome to all the rest, are invited and challenged, daily, to meet these denials with some proof; and they decline the encounter. Why is this? "They know they have no proof to offer," says the Freethinker. "Oh, they are powerless against those doubters," says the devout believer. "It would be useless. Our clergy are not skilled debaters! They would only make religion look weak and indefensible."

But what does the preacher say himself? Nothing! He avoids the subject. He feels that he is behind the age, not equal to these Freethought men in facts, in logic, and debating power. He simply keeps out of the way.

Then what do the people do? They glide away from a faith that is no longer defensible, from preachers who are moral cowards. They go over to the brave and the free, and take the pleasant paths of Freethought.

All our people are doing so. It is said of Daniel Webster that on one occasion he declared: "My religion is very brief. My catechism is very short. It includes a wise and beneficent God, a future for the soul, and a reward for well-doing here, and there I stop, and see my way no further."

The fathers of our republic were of the same mould, so they had no king, no church, no creed, no pastors, and no masters. They were Freethought, and said, "All men are free and equal, and shall think as they please." In these words they shut out the pope, cardinal, bishop, and pastor. They made the American sovereign, not a sheep, but a lion, who accepts no falsehood, no dictation, nothing unproved.

And all our people are drifting into the same channel. The religion of the fathers, of Webster, holds its ground. The religion of the churches is fading away.

The vengeful God, the foolish, indecent Bible; the hell for unfortunates; the Son of God, a man; miracles, prophecies, forgiveness for prayers of priests—all these are dying out. Good sense rejects them. Human kindness shudders at them. Good men are better than any such God.

But the clergy cling to them and will not let them go. Even here in San Francisco they met to consider the catechism which sends children to hell before they know their mothers; and they said: "We cannot recommend a change. We cannot reform God. We cannot dethrone the vengeful God or put a good God in his place." Why? "Because our occupation would be gone. A good God would treat all his children alike and show no favor to priest or king. Men would approach him as children do their mothers, and want no mediator. A good God, such as Webster speaks of, would need no clergy to plead for sinners; he would hear only the sinners themselves, and they would trust him as a living father. There would be no need of priests."

So the clergy said: "We cannot amend. It is our interest and our will, and could we vote away at once the vengeful God, the fierce hell-fire, the damnation of infants, and the eternal torment,

we would not do it. It would ruin us. Let them stand that we may live." But dare you defend such dogma? "Perhaps not. At least we don't care to try. If any are so enlightened as not to believe such things let them alone. And let us go into the wilderness among savages and Hottentots and such as they. It is better to be honored priests in Dahomey than utterly defeated, exposed, and beaten debaters with the Freethought people of San Francisco."

And so our clergy hide away from controversy. They accept the inevitable. They will take up collections to make a new field for themselves in Timbuctoo, and send missionaries; but they cannot, will not, dare not meet the advocates of science and Freethought. It is not possible, and no men know it better than the clergy.

H. L. KNIGHT.

DEFEAT OF THE BLAIR BILL.

In the Senate at Washington, March 20, at 1 o'clock, the Blair Educational bill was called up as unfinished business, and Bate took the floor in opposition to it.

After the debate the Senate proceeded to vote on the bill and amendments. The first vote was on the three amendments offered by Moody of South Dakota, that illiterates among Indians shall be included in the calculations.

Hawley, opposing the bill, read the table of appropriations to be made for the next fiscal year with the following recapitulations: Probable appropriations, \$455,600,000; proposed appropriations, \$58,242,000; total, \$523,842,000; estimated revenue, \$450,400,000; excess of appropriations over revenue, \$73,442,000. Moody's amendment was agreed to.

The Senate proceeded to vote on the third reading and the engrossment of the bill. When the vote was concluded and it was known that it resulted against the bill, Blair changed his vote from aye to no so as to make a motion to reconsider. The result as announced was: Ayes 31, noes 37. The following pairs were announced: Butler, Vance, Paddock, Casey, Gibson, Brown, and Call, who were for the bill, with Quay, McPherson, Eustis, Ransom, Washburn, Beck, and Cameron, who were against it.

Blair made a motion to reconsider. The vote with the motion was entered, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.

MR. REYNOLDS'S QUEER TACTICS.

To the Editors of Freethought:

While I was using every effort in my power to secure a treasurer for the Oregon State Secular Union I received an abusive, insolent, and brutal letter from C. B. Reynolds concerning the contributions from Washington. I determined not to answer him, although I have received two more letters from him since. Twice through FREETHOUGHT I have given notice that L. Ames, Esq., of Silverton, was appointed treasurer. The last time, I published this resolution which was passed at our convention:

Resolved by this convention, That the treasurer of this organization be authorized to refund all money received from Washington Liberals who so desire, and that the secretary be instructed to notify them of this resolution.

This gives me no authority or jurisdiction in the matter. I cannot draw a warrant or order for the same, and if I should ask the treasurer for any of this money he should refuse to let me have it. He should treat me as one who was trying to meddle with the funds which the Union was holding in trust for certain defined purposes.

But no one knows the letter and spirit of this resolution better than Reynolds. He and the delegation from Walla Walla drew \$25 from the treasury, as they had an absolute right to do, without any order from me or without consulting me, so far as I now remember, thus establishing a precedent showing how the contributors from Washington could procure their money back. If I was "personally responsible for the return of this money," why did the Union take possession and provide for its return without anything to be done on my part? When funds were received from Washington, Idaho, and Oregon I was simply an agent or conduit to convey the money to the treasurer; and in doing so I invariably received for it in FREETHOUGHT.

Reynolds says he worked hard for the convention. He did

so, and for it he had my profound gratitude. But he fails to say that he wrote me a letter saying that I was making up a "big mob" to meet in Portland; he fails to tell that by the next mail he apologized for his insolence. He calls my attention to the fact that he came to my rescue when speakers were needed. He did. But I was never nearer my "wits' end" than when we got the "funeral oration," which was a disgrace to the cause of secularism.

When Mr. Ames received his commission he came to see me and I requested him to examine all letters on file to the treasurer and to promptly remit to those persons in Washington who asked for a return of their money, and I called his attention to Mr. Martin's claim.

Now, FREETHOUGHT, I ask you to publish the Reynolds letter which I have this day received immediately following this communication.

I also request you to examine the files a few weeks before and after our convention and send a copy of this number to all the contributors from Washington, and send your bill to me and I will pay it.

C. BEAL.

Portland, Or., March 17, 1890.

MR. REYNOLDS'S LETTER.

WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION, 1526, Sixth street, }
SEATTLE, WASH., March 14, 1890. }

C. BEAL, ESQ., *President Oregon Secular Union, My Dear Sir:*
I am in receipt of letter from good friend J. S. Martin, of Snohomish, Wash.:

"I received a letter from Mr. Beal stating that he had got a treasurer. And a few days later I received a card from the treasurer stating that if I answered the card he would send me the money. I did so, but have not received the money yet."

When working for the Portland convention I took pains to write in your praise, and asked each prominent Liberal to send you words of cheer and encouragement.

At the convention, from first to last, when you were driven to your wits' end at disappointment of speakers, and at every other trouble, I came to your rescue. You then expressed appreciation and gratitude for my services.

Despite the unfair treatment at your convention, I knew the Liberals of Oregon are good and true friends, and blame them not for being under the glamour of misrepresentation made by bad advisors and a self-imposed dictator. I gladly award you credit for doing all you could in your announcement from the rostrum to correct misrepresentations. Some were at least self-assertive, and their sense of justice prompted them to—of their own volition—tender the repayment of funds contributed by Washington Liberals under mistake.

Now, for months Mr. J. S. Martin, of Snohomish, Wash., has been trying to recover the amount he sent *you*, only to be met with trifling excuses and pretexts for delay. Looks like trying to tire him out so he will forego his claim.

I have written you twice—no reply. I last wrote you—under cover to friend Wm. Haight, of East Portland, one of your esteemed members—inclosing order for \$5 from Mr. Wilson, of Davenport, Wash., to pay to the W. S. U. the money sent to *you*, acknowledged by you.

Common courtesy would have prompted an immediate reply; common honesty, immediate payment.

I have waited till forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

If the order inclosed to you from the Davenport friends is not at once paid, and if Mr. Martin, of Snohomish, does not receive back the money he sent you, you leave me no alternative but to verify facts in regard to every unreturned contribution, and since you will not answer me by private letter, leave you to do so through the Liberal papers and the Oregonian of your own city. I deplore being compelled to take such a course, but you leave me no alternative.

Permit me to kindly suggest, if you or others have some personal spite or dislike to me—and it is natural for some to hate those they have injured and treated with ingratitude—but that does not excuse the non-payment of money due to others—it is no excuse for retaining their funds, obtained under misrepresentation.

The money was paid to *you*—you are in honor *personally* responsible for its return.

Come, friend Beal, do as you would be done by. Let us have speedy settlement and end this matter, so that peace and good will may prevail.

C. B. REYNOLDS,

Sec. W. S. U., and Pres. Walla Walla Liberal Club.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, the subject of this sketch, is deserving of more than a passing notice. She was a remarkable woman, possessing a versatile talent rarely equaled. Her great-heartedness took in the race in its sympathies. Ready to every good word and work, she spent her years in seeking to uplift humanity. Her musical talents, her voice, and her pen were at the service of all, especially the poor and the needy. She was an active worker in the broad field of Freethought. An intelligent, conscientious and devoted Spiritualist, she lived according to the ethics of its sublime philosophy. Mrs. Schwartz was not narrow, bigoted, or dogmatic in her views, but broad, sympathetic, and charitable. She was a liberal Liberalist, an untrammelled Freethinker, a spiritual Spiritualist, and a champion of the rights of all. She was an active member of the Church of Humanity, of Phil Sheridan Relief Corps, of the First Spiritual Society, and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Untiring in zeal, and unceasing in labors, she worked beyond her strength, and no doubt hastened the end of her earthly pilgrimage. Her funeral was attended from the family residence, corner of Sixth and St. James streets, at 10:30 o'clock, March 18, 1890. The eulogy was delivered by N. F. Ravlin, and was an eloquent tribute to her memory. The esteem in which she was held in San Jose, was evidenced by the immense concourse of people that assembled on the occasion of her funeral, and by the mammoth procession that followed her remains to the cemetery, headed by "Schubert's Band," being a volunteered, touching tribute of respect to her memory. The floral offerings were profuse, many fine and beautiful designs being among them. Her summons was sudden, but she fell with her armor on, in active service to the day of her death.

MOURNED AND HONORED BY ALL.

The following brief account of the funeral of Mrs. R. H. Schwartz is from the San Jose Mercury of March 19:

The funeral of Mrs. R. H. Schwartz took place from the family residence, at the corner of Sixth and St. James streets, yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock. There was a very large attendance of the friends of the deceased, not one-tenth that desired to do so being able to find standing room in the house. The religious exercises were opened with a solemn chant, "Dream On, My Soul," by Professor Rainey, after which Mr. Ravlin delivered a brief address in which a merited tribute was paid to the character of the deceased. "Some Sweet Day" was then sung by Professor and Mrs. Rainey and Mrs. M. A. Boulware, after which the mournful march to the city of the dead was taken up, the procession being led by a band composed of members of the Fifth Regiment and Schubert's. The pall-bearers were B. F. McLellan, Mr. Lewis, L. A. Talcott, Arthur Rice, W. D. J. Hambley, and Wm. Vinter. The Phil Sheridan Relief Corps, of which Mrs. Schwartz was an active member, attended in body, and there were also large delegations from John A. Dix Relief Corps and from both the Nationalist Clubs. The floral offerings were numerous and many of them very elaborate.

Mrs. MATTIE P. KREKEL has the following lecture appointments in California:

Boulder Creek, March 25, 26, 27; Santa Cruz, March 28; San Jose, March 30 (Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, Turn Verein Hall); Sunday evening, San Francisco, 421 Post street; Hanford, April 3, 4; Lemoore, April 5, 6; Norwalk, April 9, 10; Anaheim, April 12, 13; Orange, April 15, 16, 17; Santa Ana, April 19, 20; National City, April 23, 24, 25; San Diego, April 27.

Bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT, 1889, \$3.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER V.

THE VALLEY.

The Ghouls and Dragons.—The Ball of Fire.

1. And Simon fell down headlong into the valley.
2. And the whole valley was full of gloom, and horror, and pitchy darkness, and the air thereof was stagnant, and fetid, and unwholesome.
3. And the valley was full of huge, and unsightly, and shapeless trees, called Doctrines; and the trees were covered with the loathsome slime called Graceogod, and their branches grew down towards the ground, and filled the whole valley, so that the pilgrims could scarce pass through it.
4. And the ground was thickly covered with mud and filthy mire, such as prevailed in the gutter by which Simon had traveled.
5. And upon the mud and the mire was there everywhere strewed the brains of such as had passed, for all that came that way, by reason of their fear and haste, and the darkness of the valley, did assuredly brain themselves against the trees and their branches.
6. And on each side of the valley rose up great and mighty precipices, which did overhang and threaten to fall down continually, and their name was Condemnation.
7. And the valley was inhabited by all fierce and horrible creatures.
8. There did the hobgoblins gibber, and the ogres hold high revel;
9. There did the ghouls have ghastly sport, and restless fiends make hideous feastings;
10. There did many demoniac beasts wander, and the dragons prow about.
11. And the griffin, whose stature was more than forty and three ells, dwelt here, and a huge snake, whose length was a furlong and furlongs and half a furlong.*
12. And the hobgoblins were called Delusion, and the ogres Destruction.
13. And the ghouls were called Hallucination, and the restless fiends Frenzy.
14. And the demoniac beasts were called Idiocy, and the dragons Imbecility.
15. And the griffin was called Despair, and the snake Insanity.
16. And Simon fell headlong into the mud and mire of the valley, and when he came to know of it, he bellowed forth lustily, and gathered himself up, and would have run more quickly, but that he was compelled to go slower by reason of the mud and the darkness.
17. And as he hasted forward, he presently brained himself against one of the trees.
18. And his hurts, by running against the trees, were exceedingly grievous, and his brains issued forth; and immediately he was surrounded by the hobgoblins and the ogres, and they tormented him very grievously, and trampled him down in the mire, and stamped upon him, and bedeviled him till he was ready to give up the ghost, had there been any to receive it.
19. And while they were busy with him, there came up two legions of the ghouls, and after them half a legion more, and they began to bite and to kick, and to leap upon him, and to batter him against the trees, and to trip him up as he ran.
20. And presently there came up also a troop of the dragons, and more than six of the demoniac beasts, and the dragons tormented him with their sharp claws, and the demoniac beasts did battle for him, tugging this way and that, till he well nigh went both ways together.
21. And Simon was in very great straits, and his eye-glass, by reason of his many tumbings into the mud and mire, had become exceedingly clear.
22. And suddenly he saw in the air above him, as it were, a great ball of fire, and the dimensions thereof were very great, and the fire very fierce and hot, and the hissing thereof was like unto the hissing of eleven thousand snakes.

*From this passage it will be at once seen, whence Daniel's "time, times, and a half" was derived.—TRANSLATORS.

23. And on the ball of fire were written, as in letters of blood, these words, The wrath to come.

24. And Simon beheld, and would have trembled but that he trembled already more than he was able.

25. And the ball of fire drew near apace, and though it was hot it gave out no light, but rather made the darkness more dark.

26. And Simon fled and got not away; for the demoniac beasts, and the ghouls, and the dragons, and the ogres, and the hobgoblins continually tripped him up, and trampled him in the mire, and bit and gnawed at him, and dragged him hither and thither and tossed him about, and all the while the great ball of fire drew near; and Ahrimanes pursued, and the hag Fearohell, laid on her scourge.

27. And presently there came up the griffin called Despair, and seized Simon in his hideous jaws, and shot him into the air amongst the branches of a certain tree, the name of which was Predestination; and when Simon fell down again he fell into the jaws of the vast serpent called Insanity.

28. And the serpent shot him forth again through the branches of the tree, and he fell into the jaws of the griffin, and immediately the griffin shot him back, and he fell again into the jaws of the serpent.

29. And after this manner did the griffin and the serpent torment him for the space of nine full days and the third part of an hour.

30. And all the while was he cast from either to the other, through the branches of that tree, and was followed by the great and terrible ball of fire; which did continually threaten to burst upon him.

31. And after this fashion was Simon tormented, night and day was he tormented, and against the tree and the branches thereof was he continually cast, and was battered and bruised, so that what remained of his brains issued out, and he was destitute.

32. And when he was destitute his tormentors ceased to torment him.

To be Continued.

PRACTICAL WORK.

W. J. Dutton, of Kilmer, Ohio, writes as follows:

"Your encouraging letter of the 13th was duly received. . . . I never fail to 'bear testimony' to the truth of my belief on all proper occasions, especially when there is a chance of aiding the cause by it.

"This is a rural district, with no town of any size near here. Farmers, as a rule, are very conservative; and while the more intelligent portion of them are not believers in orthodoxy, yet they do not interest themselves in radical thought, and do not see the importance of resisting the encroachments of the church. Unfortunately, it is a fact that farmers' wives and daughters are superstitious—much more so than the farmers.

"While his family is engaged in revival services John will laugh at the ridiculous proceedings; but he never attempts to persuade nor offer objections, and usually contributes his mite when the hat is passed around. When a person openly opposes the popular faith the female portion of the community regard him as a contemptible specimen of humanity, and John says nothing about it. I do not know whether our community is a representative one or not; but I am inclined to think it is, to some extent at least. However, this was our condition two years ago, and is now, except that John sometimes ventures to mention his disapproval, and that the ladies are not so enthusiastic in their work. This change has been made by hard work by a few Liberals. We have had six Freethought lectures in the community within the last two years, and have succeeded in getting six or eight subscribers for Liberal papers. You see we are making some progress; but I do not believe we can get the requisite number to identify themselves with the movement to make it practicable for us to organize as an auxiliary to the American Secular Union.

"We young people of Elba. . . . have succeeded in keeping up a social organization which damages the church very much in that locality; and this is the best we hope to do at present."

This letter is not only interesting, but instructive, as showing

the three chief methods of educating people up to the necessity of resisting the encroachments of the church, viz.: Freethought lectures, Freethought literature, and social organization of "the young people." The last of these three methods—social organization—cannot be dwelt on too persistently by those of us who have the aims and principles of the American Secular Union at heart. If state secularization is ever to wage a really successful battle against the encroachments of the church, its forces must be trained, not alone in intellectual, but also in emotional warfare. The dictum of Lord Chesterfield has always been, and probably always will be true—that men are swayed, not by their reason, but by their impulses. And, however much we Secularists may pride ourselves on the logic of our position, the fact remains that when we win converts we do so because we instinctively appeal to an emotion which is so universal in the human heart as to rank among the great passions—the desire to grow toward our intellectual and spiritual ideals, unchecked by human dictatorship. The protest against those religious bigots who would deprive us of our right to this unhampered growth toward the light is a noble protest, and should, if rightly presented, have the sympathy of all young people whose hearts are aflame with the longing to act some worthy part in the battles of life. It is natural and beautiful in the young to crave a chance for heroic action. And their enthusiasm is one of the great moving forces of the world.

American Secular Unionists, what are you doing, practically, to recruit your army from these coming heroes and heroines?

IDA C. CRADDOCK,

Cor. Sec. American Secular Union.

Office of the American Secular Union, 930 N. Seventeenth street, Philadelphia, March 7, 1890.

WHY I AM AN AGNOSTIC.

One of the corner-stones of Christianity is the miracle of inspiration, and this same miracle lies at the foundation of all religions. How can the fact of inspiration be established. How could even the inspired man know that he was inspired? If he was influenced to write, and did write, and did express thoughts and facts that to him were absolutely new, on subjects about which he had previously known nothing; how could he know that he had been influenced by an infinite being? And if he could know, how could he convince others?

What is meant by inspiration? Did the one inspired set down only the thoughts of a supernatural being? Was he simply an instrument, or did his personality color the message received and given? Did he mix his ignorance with the divine information, his prejudices and hatreds with the love and justice of the deity? If God told him not to eat the flesh of any beast that dieth of itself, did the same infinite being also tell him to sell this meat to the stranger within his gates?

A man says that he is inspired—that God appeared to him in a dream, and told him certain things. Now, the things said to have been communicated may have been good and wise, but will the fact that the communication is good or wise establish the inspiration? If, on the other hand, the communication is absurd or wicked, will that conclusively show that the man was not inspired? Must we judge from the communication? In other words, is our reason to be the final standard?

How could the inspired man know that the communication was received from God? If God in reality should appear to a human being, how could this human being know who had appeared. By what standard would he judge? Upon this question man has no experience; he is not familiar enough with the supernatural to know gods even if they exist. Although thousands have pretended to receive messages, there has been no message in which there was or is anything above the invention of man. There are just as wonderful things in the uninspired as in the inspired books, and the prophecies of the heathen have been fulfilled equally with those of the Judean prophets. If, then, even the inspired man cannot certainly know that he is inspired, how is it possible for him to demonstrate his inspiration to others? The last solution of this question is that inspiration is a miracle about which only the inspired can have the least knowledge, or

the least evidence, and this knowledge and this evidence not of a character to absolutely convince even the inspired.

There is certainly nothing in the Old or the New Testament that could not have been written by uninspired human beings. To me there is nothing of any particular value in the Pentateuch. I do not know of a solitary scientific truth contained in the five books commonly attributed to Moses. There is not, as far as I know, a line in the book of Genesis calculated to make a human being better. The laws contained in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy are for the most part puerile and cruel. Surely there is nothing in any of these books that could not have been produced by uninspired men. Certainly there is nothing calculated to excite intellectual admiration in the book of Judges or in the wars of Joshua; and the same may be said of Samuel, Chronicles, and Kings. The history is extremely childish, full of repetitions of useless details, without the slightest philosophy, without a generalization born of a wide survey. Nothing is known of other nations; nothing imparted of the slightest value; nothing about education, discovery, or invention. And these idle and stupid annals are interspersed with myth and miracle, with flattery for kings who supported priests, and with curses and denunciations for those who would not hearken to the voice of the prophets. If all the historic books of the Bible were blotted from the memory of mankind, nothing of value would be lost.

Is it possible that the writer or writers of First and Second Kings were inspired, and that Gibbon wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" without supernatural assistance? Is it possible that the author of Judges was simply the instrument of an infinite God, while John W. Draper wrote "The Intellectual Development of Europe" without one ray of light from the other world? Can we believe that the author of Genesis had to be inspired, while Darwin experimented, ascertained, and reached conclusions for himself?

Ought not the work of a God to be vastly superior to that of a man? And if the writers of the Bible were in reality inspired, ought not that book to be the greatest of books? For instance, if it were contended that certain statues had been chiselled by inspired men, such statues should be superior to any that uninspired man has made. As long as it is admitted that the Venus de Milo is the work of man, no one will believe in inspired sculptors—at least until a superior statue has been found. So in the world of painting. We admit that Corot was uninspired. Nobody claims that Angelo had supernatural assistance. Now, if some one should claim that a certain painter was simply the instrumentality of God, certainly the pictures produced by that painter should be superior to all others.

I do not see how it is possible for an intelligent human being to conclude that the Song of Solomon is the work of God, and that the tragedy of "Lear" was the work of an uninspired man. We are all liable to be mistaken, but the Iliad seems to me a greater work than the Book of Esther, and I prefer it to the writings of Haggai and Hosea. Æschylus is superior to Jeremiah, and Shakespeare rises immeasurably above all the sacred books of the world.

It does not seem possible that any human being ever tried to establish a truth—anything that really happened—by what is called a miracle. It is easy to understand how that which was common became wonderful by accretion—by things added, and by things forgotten—and it is easy to conceive how that which was wonderful became by accretion what was called supernatural. But it does not seem possible that any intelligent, honest man ever endeavored to prove anything by a miracle.

As a matter of fact, miracles could only satisfy people who demanded no evidence; else how could they have believed the miracle? It also appears to be certain that, even if miracles had been performed, it would be impossible to establish that fact by human testimony. In other words, miracles can only be established by miracles, and in no event could miracles be evidence except to those who were actually present; and in order for miracles to be of any value, they would have to be perpetual. It must also be remembered that a miracle actually performed could by no possibility shed any light on any moral truth, or add to any human obligation.

If any man has ever been inspired, this is a secret miracle, known to no person, and suspected only by the man claiming to be inspired. It would not be in the power of the inspired to give satisfactory evidence of that fact to anybody else.

The testimony of man is insufficient to establish the supernatural. Neither the evidence of one man nor of twelve can stand when contradicted by the experience of the intelligent world. If a book sought to be proved by miracles is true, then it makes no difference whether it was inspired or not; and if it is not true, inspiration cannot add to its value.

The truth is that the church has always—unconsciously, perhaps—offered rewards for falsehood. It was founded upon the supernatural, the miraculous, and it welcomed all statements calculated to support the foundation. It rewarded the traveler who found evidences of the miraculous, who had seen the pillar of salt into which the wife of Lot had been changed, and the tracks of Pharaoh's chariots on the sands of the Red sea. It heaped honors on the historian who filled his pages with the absurd and impossible. It had geologists and astronomers of its own who constructed the earth and the constellations in accordance with the Bible. With sword and flame it destroyed the brave and thoughtful men who told the truth. It was the enemy of investigation and of reason. Faith and fiction were in partnership.

To-day the intelligence of the world denies the miraculous. Ignorance is the soil of the supernatural. The foundation of Christianity has crumbled, has disappeared, and the entire fabric must fall. The natural is true. The miraculous is false—R. G. INGERSOLL, in the North American Review.

THE OREGON WINTER.

To the Editors of Freethought:

This is the worst winter on record. Our little valley (Coquille) has sustained considerable loss by the flood. Acres of our cleared bottom lands are covered with driftwood, and the fences are gone. The incessant cold rain and snow will take off a great portion of the stock on the ranges, and even the farmers are now losing heavily, not being prepared for so rigorous a winter.

On account of high water and bad weather, our Paine celebration was a failure. Mrs. Waisbrooker, however, delivered the oration to a small audience, which I understand was pronounced good. She subsequently talked on the labor question at Arago and Myrtle Point, and also at some of the towns on Coos bay. She handles the labor question in good shape, making some telling points in her argument. She was here during the flood, and therefore I regret to say she did not receive the encouragement she deserved.

Our roads are demoralized. Until last week we received no outside mail for over five weeks. We now get our letter mail. We have had no FREETHOUGHT since the first issue of January. The weather clerk is no doubt taking his summer vacation this winter. He is probably east of the Rockies. I feel confident he does not know what is going on out here. Were I confident that Blair's Sunday-rest bill would compel such weather to rest even only on Sunday, I would give it my support irrespective of other consequences. I have just written our senators and representative on the Blair Rest and Educational bills and the Breckinridge bill, to prevent anyone from being compelled to work on Sunday in the District of Columbia, calling their attention to the danger of establishing a precedent for such legislation, and asking their careful and serious consideration of these measures before they give them support. What are the Liberals doing in this matter? We must work or these bills will become laws. Let every Liberal write as I have done and get other signatures to his letter. Let us flood the chambers of congress with protests against such pernicious, inconsistent, and useless legislation.

Arago, Or.

J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

A WELL-TIMED CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the National Reform Association, says an exchange, is to meet in Lincoln Music Hall, Washington City, April 1, and continue three days. Rev. Jonathan Edwards is announced as one of the speakers, and he is to speak on the

same subject that he did in the convention of 1873. Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who framed the Sunday bill for the District of Columbia, is to preside at one of the sessions and make a speech.

Of all days in the year, the first day of April is the only one on which that Association can with perfect consistency meet.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish you success and rejoice in the hope that you will succeed. I have confidence in California for Freethought works. Fifteen years ago I traveled all through that state and sowed the Truth Seeker as I went along from Reno to San Bernardino and carried some copies of it as far as Prescott, Arizona, and found that it took well all over, though I was shy of the Spaniards. I trusted to their ignorance of the English language. Had they known the nature of the numerous papers I received and distributed, they would very likely have filled me up with lead, for which I did not care, as I was already sufficiently supplied with cold Materialism.

I sojourned in San Francisco three months and found both Christian bigots and liberal Freethinkers. I formed a very good opinion of Mr. Woodward, the proprietor of the great garden and of the What Cheer House. He was a Freethinker and a good man. One day I was sent from an intelligence office to a big old man in a bank for employment, but I had poor success with him. I answered all his questions satisfactorily but the last one. He asked me what was my religion, and as I did not know his, I could not answer satisfactorily. He then informed me that he had no use for me. I replied that he was no more fit to be my master than I was to be his servant, and left him there with his select religion. There was a little place called Social Hall where I used to go every Sunday. There I heard the first woman lecturer, and a good one she was. Another great Sunday entertainment was the contest between Dr. Cox and Dr. Hopkins, who would fight all day Sunday on the streets. Dr. Cox, with a choir of sacred singers, would commence his course of open-air meetings bright and early in front of the What Cheer House. The singers drew a crowd, when the doctor would elevate himself on an empty merchandise box, Bible in hand, and preach until the roughs would hoot him away, when he would remove to the corner of Montgomery street, and Dr. Hopkins would occupy the stand until it was time to follow Cox to the next. Dr. Hopkins's text was invariably taken from the heading of a paper which he published himself and of which he carried a bunch under his arm, "No God, No Devil, No Heaven, and No Hell." Dr. Hopkins was not an accomplished speaker, and his paper did not show him much more successful as a writer, but yet he succeeded pretty well in destroying Dr. Cox's religious yarns. This was during the great panic in the winter of 1875-'76, when the number of good, honest, and able men out of employment in San Francisco was estimated at 15,000; consequently there were many smart, intelligent men so disguised in rags and neglected beards that they looked like professional paupers. The What Cheer House was always full of them, and a religious crank came there every day with a big Bible under his arm to harass the poor starving men instead of giving them food. He was always trying to start a controversy, and if any one contradicted him he got vexed and abused the other. One day after challenging every one to discuss with him he shouted, "What is faith? Who can describe faith?" A voice from a rough-looking individual answered, "Faith is the absence of knowledge." The rough-looking one proved to be a well-posted man and a good speaker whom the crank soon discovered himself no match for, and soon left.

Pardon my long letter and accept my best wishes for FREETHOUGHT and the Publishing Company, not omitting the young man with the badge pin.

CHAS. LAPERCHE.

Alexandria Station, Ont.

READ on page 205 the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

From Portland.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Upon her return from Washington *en route* to California Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel delivered one of her eloquent lectures in this city. Those who have heard Mrs. Krekel need not be told that she held the close attention of her large and intelligent audience. The Secularists of Portland feel proud of such a champion of their cause, and hope that enough encouragement will be given to such speakers as Mrs. Krekel to retain them upon the platform. Our cause needs them, and it would be an irreparable loss to lose them through lack of interest and support. In Portland, Mrs. Krekel will always have a representative audience.

MATTIE BLAISDELL, Sec. of Secular Association.

Portland, Or., March 13, 1890.

"Brains, Science, and Civilization."

To the Editors of Freethought:

The lecture in your paper on "Brains, Science, and Civilization," by the Hon. A. Schell, is so grand and capable of doing so much good that it ought to be put in print and distributed among the people. I would ask you, if you will, to print it in pamphlet form and send me a dozen or two for distribution. I hope you can do it. Fraternally yours,

MCMINNVILLE, OR., March 10, 1890.

M. J. OLDS.

Mr. Schell's address has already been issued in pamphlet form. It deserves all the commendation bestowed upon it by our correspondent. The Freethought Publishing Company sells the pamphlet at 5 cents per copy, or fifty cents per dozen.

Shall the Irish Inherit the Earth?

To the Editors of Freethought:

The assertion made by Mr. Healy the other Sunday evening at the Freethought meeting you may think too absurd to take notice of. Addressing the audience Mr. Healy said: "When you and your descendants are dead and gone, Irishmen and their descendants will rule this country." He gave no explanation. I wonder if Healy is a real live prophet. Perhaps he has information that God will adopt them as his chosen people, and all who have no Irish blood in their veins are to be slaughtered; or perhaps the Lord will cause great floods and earthquakes and none will be saved but Irish. Mr. Healy believes in a God—the God of the Bible. Every Freethinker at that meeting could tell him as much about that God as he knows himself.

WM. W. NOBLE.

San Francisco, March 20.

Mrs. Schwartz.

To the Editors of Freethought:

There is not a friend of Freethought, nor one individual within the whole realm of her acquaintances, who will not be pained to learn of the death of this most estimable woman, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz. An affectionate wife, a loving mother, a kind and philanthropic neighbor, all must agree that we have lost a friend. Scarcely has there been since her residence in this city a charitable or humane work with which her name is not pleasantly associated. The world appeared to be her country, to do good her religion. She fearlessly and faithfully did that which she conceived to be her duty towards all living creatures, and tenderly cherished the memory of dear ones gone before. Who in the small army of Liberals in this city can fill the place made vacant by her death? I fear there is not one. We extend to the heart-stricken husband and only child our deepest sympathy.

L. R. TITUS.

San Jose, Cal.

Notes from Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have a little case here of orthodox financiering worthy of mention. An old farmer of about seventy-five years, the possessor of five or six hundred acres of good land, and farm stock in abundance, became, a few years ago, captivated with the "Church of Holiness," and went daft on "African missions." He has just now sold the larger portion of his land and turned over \$3,400 of the proceeds to "The Transit and Building Fund Society of Bishop Wm. Taylor, Self-supporting Missions, a corporation duly organized under the laws of the state of New York, at the city of New York, in such state."

Whether such "society" is a reality or only a myth, I am not informed; neither is it any of my business that an old dotard leaves the children, begotten of his loins, out in the cold, and gives their birthright

to a swindling "bishop" and his pals; but if an Infidel had done so, and given his property to a Secular cause, what a howl of righteous wrath would have gone up around here! The natural heirs would have been importuned to demand a guardianship of the old man, and holy indignation would have been hurled at the wicked signets who had taken advantage of an old man in his dotage. It depends altogether on whose ox is gored.

We have a new political party now being organized in this state. It is called the "Union party," and is gotten up by the old "prohi" leaders. It advocates free trade, anti-monopoly, the "interests of the working classes," etc., but makes prohibition an essential issue of course. It seeks alliance with the Grangers, Knights of Labor, United Workmen, Free Trade Democrats, and anything else it can capture. The method of operating is the old prohi method—sending an agent to speak, and organize clubs in every precinct wherever he can. The "organizing officer" is an eastern importation, one Rork (or Rork), a preacher, but of what denomination I am not informed.

What the object is I am unable to divine, as they can scarcely hope to elect anything, and men don't usually put up money to pay a speaker for visiting every precinct in the state of Oregon just for the fun of it. Is it a "God-in-the-Constitution" dodge—I dunno? Can you inform us who is the representative of that party in Oregon? Does his name sound like a relapsed prohi when he leans up against a fence to repeat, "R-o-r-k, r-o-r-k?"

F. S. MATTESON.

Aumsville, Or.

The Scoffer in Rhyme.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your issue of the 8th inst. a correspondent talks knowingly about "finger marks" in creation, etc., but says nothing about bad judgment and worse management. With due respect for the opinions of others, I can hardly help thinking that this correspondent is mistaken in his belief that "the great mass of the scientists of to-day are profound believers in God, and see his finger in ten thousand works," etc. "God's wonderful plan" is known only by inspiration. Truth seeks vindication but needs no inspiration. Therefore the following plain doggerel is not inspired:

What Science proves is all we know,
Yet vain, deluded man,
In every form of weal or woe,
Beholds a "wondrous plan."
We see the stars in the vaulted sky,
And their beauty nightly scan,
And these we say, but know not why,
Are part of the "wondrous plan."
The orbs that fill the unbounded all,
Have rolled since time began;
And he who "marks the sparrow's fall"
Still guides the "wondrous plan."
There's joyous life in the festive flea,
And hate in the heart of man;
How do we fail in these to see
The glimpse of a "wondrous plan?"
There's want and woe in every place
Beneath the azure span;
The sadness seen in many a face
Reveals a "wondrous plan."
On crimson field and battle plain
Where blood in torrents ran,
Unnumbered millions have been slain—
The work of this "wondrous plan."
While myriads sleep beneath the waves,
Still sorrow, pale and wan,
Is seen to weep o'er countless graves,
All made by this "wondrous plan."
There's many a tyrant, many a slave,
And many a pirate clan;
There's many a rogue and pious knave,
All parts of this "wondrous plan."
There's many a lordly millionaire,
There's many a gay *galan*
And toiling millions, born to share
The fate of this "wondrous plan."
The driveling priest, for paltry hire,
Presumes a God to scan,
And through the world, with threat'nings dire,
Proclaims a "wondrous plan."
But Science yet has found no sign
(Nor human vision can)
Of thought, or shadow of design
In all this "wondrous plan."

Turlock, March 13, 1890.

J. C. P.

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The Everlasting Blair.

Men were buried and babes were born,
Ships sailed around Good Hope and the Horn,
Youths turned into oldsters gray,
But Big Bore Blair still talked away.

Day after day a steady rain
Of dullness from a cloudy brain;
Day after day a fog most thick
With words confused and lunatic.

The weary galleries slept and snored,
Ingalls looked acid, bilious, bored;
And visitors, with bated breath,
Asked, "Will Blair talk himself to death?"

Alas, there is no hope he will!
Others, but not himself, he'll kill.
All Christendom's junk shops he'll fill
With speeches on his blasted bill.

His Fun Was Spoiled.

Minister (to small boy whom he had met in the street)—Is your father coming to church this morning, Henry?

Henry—I guess so. Somebody stole his fishing tackle last night, and I heard him tell ma at the breakfast table this morning that his fun for to-day was spoiled, and he s'posed he might as well go to church.

A NEW weekly periodical, entitled "Five Stories a Week," is to appear in Boston immediately. Each number will consist entirely of five novelettes chosen from the works of the best short-story writers of all countries, care being taken to present the greatest possible variety of motive and style. The periodical will have 16 pages, and will sell for five cents. It is to be published by Benj. R. Tucker.

LITTLE Edith—"Mamma, did you say that we should all know each other in heaven?" Mamma—"Yes, my child." Little Edith—"You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see?"

AN old negro who had business in a lawyer's office was asked if he could sign his name. "How is dat, sah?" "I ask, the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?" "Well, no, sah. I neber writes my name. I jes dictates it, sah."

MRS. ANGELICA—"Won't it be just too lovely for anything to have wings and harps forever!" Mr. Angelica (a dyspeptic)—"I don't want any of it in mine. We wouldn't be there a week before you'd want my wings to put on your hat."

GALLIGAN—DOCTOR, haven't you been attending old man Gilfullaw? Doctor—Yes. "How is he to-day?" "He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear." "What, is he dying?" "Oh, no. He's broke."

FIRST MAINE MAN—Going out West, are you, Budger? What state—Dakota? Second MAINE MAN—Not much! No more prohibition states for me. I mean to turn over a new leaf and be a sober man if I can.

THE tramp handed him a slate on which was written: "I am deaf and dumb, and I am hungry." And he handed it back, indorsed thus: "Say nothing and saw wood."

The Truth Seeker Annual

AND

FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.

1890—(E.M. 290).

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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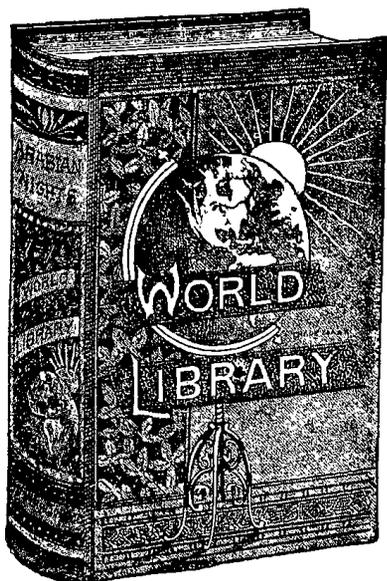
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He sat where rolled a river deep; A woman sat her down to weep; A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand. His heart was touched. He passed from land. But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind word, that one good deed, Was as if you should plant a seed In sands along death's sable brede.

And, looking from the farther shore, He saw, where he had sat before, A light that grew, grew more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng Of happy people, white and strong With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed Of good sown in that day of need, Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said, With youthful heart and lifted head, "No good deed ever joins the dead."

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

Ode to Night.

The evening, for her bath of dew, Is partially undressed, The sun behind a bob-tailed flush Is setting in the west; The planets light the heavens with The flash of their cigars. The sky has put his night-shirt on And buttoned it with stars.

A Lady's Toast to the Men.

At a literary meeting recently, Mrs. Dunaway toasted the men as follows: "God bless 'em. We halve their joys, double their sorrows, treble their expenses, quadruple their cares, excite their affections, control their property, and out-man-euver them in everything. In fact, I may say, without a prospect of successful contradiction, without 'em it wouldn't be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em, and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means matchless. They are the most agreeable visitors; they are handy at state fairs, and indispensable at ice-cream saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing to boast of as a legislator of woman's rights, and not even very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our father we overlook his shortcomings, and cover his peccadillos with the divine mantle of charity. Then as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime words of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them, We'll cry for them, And if we could we'd fly for them, We'll do any thing but die for them."

MRS. BILKINS—In what part of the church is the nave? Bilkins—The knave is generally to be found in the pulpit.

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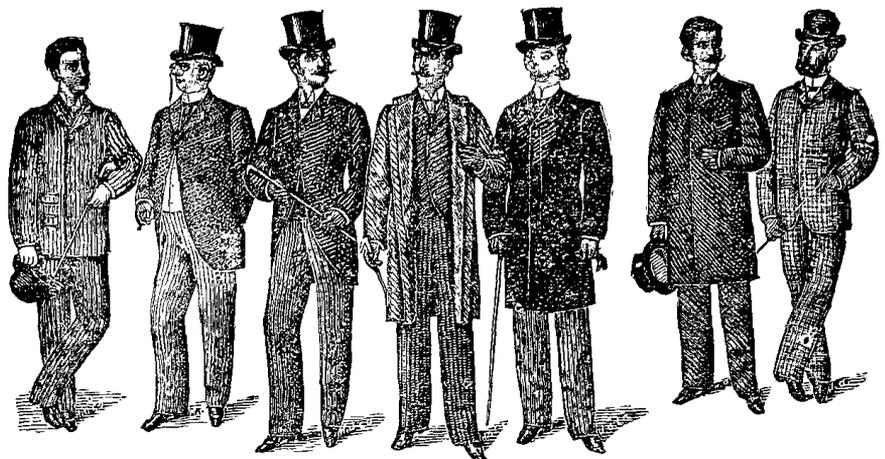
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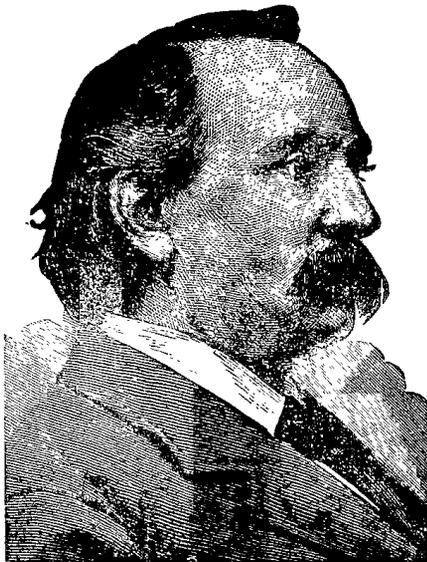
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - APRIL 5, 1890.

It is fourteen years since the death of James Lick, and not half his charitable bequests have been carried out. Meanwhile the trustees draw a salary of \$1000 each per year and the secretary gets \$300 a month. Somebody should smuggle a bent pin into the comfortable chair these somnolent functionaries are occupying at the expense of the Lick estate. It might wake them up.

ONE of New York's leading clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Rylance, who a short time ago recovered in suit by default ten thousand dollars for slander from his vestryman, is again charged with misconduct. It is the old story of ministerial relations with a woman not his wife. It is a characteristic of pious people that they love to stir up matters of this kind and to prove one another immoral. And it usually happens that the scandal-monger is just as bad as the one he slanders.

SAYS the Chronicle: "There are seven orthodox Congregational churches in San Francisco, with an aggregate membership of 2196. Their benevolent contributions for the last year amounted to \$8905, and the amount raised for parish expenses was \$45,825. There are eleven Sunday schools, with an aggregate attendance of 2114. All these churches have houses of worship, the total valuation of which is \$238,000. All the churches have pastors, whose salaries aggregate \$16,300, the average being \$2334. The gain in churches during the last decade has been two; in members 837." At this rate how long will it take the Congregationalists to save the world.?

In connection with the death of Mother Superior Mary Joseph O'Leary at Baltimore, comes the story that Cardinal Gibbons has been seeing visions. During his address at the funeral he related this singularly able yarn: He said he was sitting in his room the other night and fell asleep. He dreamed that both the late Bishop Thomas Foley of Chicago and Bishop John S. Foley of Detroit appeared before him. The cardinal greeted them and asked how Mother Mary Joseph was. Both bishops replied: "She has passed away." Cardinal Gibbons thought no more of his dream until next morning, when he received a message saying

that the mother superioress had died the night before. The suspicion is that Mr. Gibbons is trying to boom himself as a medium, and if the plan succeeds the residents of Baltimore may shortly see on the walls of the episcopal residence a shingle bearing the legend, "James Cardinal Gibbons, clairvoyant. Deceased bishops interviewed at \$4 per seance; saints, \$1 extra."

SCHWEINFURTH, the messiah, and his followers have been holding a ten-days' convention at the establishment called "Heaven" in Rockford, Ill. About one hundred people were reported to be in attendance, and all slept under the same roof. Inasmuch as there are sleeping accommodations for only about thirty, the "Angels" were rather crowded, but Schweinfurth said that all were pure-minded and free from any worldly passion, and they could therefore all be accommodated very well. It is sufficient for the present to merely inquire, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" and await developments. At last accounts there had been a violent row in these angelic quarters on account of a woman named Rogers who declares she is Eve reincarnated, and therefore the mother of the whole human race. All of which comes properly labeled "Christianity."

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, April 6, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou on the subject, "Is Man Immortal?"

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

They have in Wisconsin a school law, called the Bennett law, which makes attendance at schools where rudimentary English instruction is given twelve weeks in the year compulsory upon all children between the ages of seven and fourteen years. The law has no reference to parochial or private schools, and does not attempt in any way to interfere with them; it merely directs that three months' instruction shall be in English.

A fight against this law is being made by the Roman Catholics and German Lutherans, who claim that it is aimed at parochial and other religious schools, as possibly it may be, since in some of those schools the instruction is in German instead of English. The bishops take the anarchistic ground that the state has no right whatever to make education in any language compulsory, and the war is waxing hot. The question has entered politics, the Republicans espousing the Bennett law, while the Democrats have secured the alliance of both Lutherans and Catholics by opposing it, and the fight will be an important factor in both municipal and state elections.

Concerning the policy of the state in enforcing attendance at public or private schools there will always be great difference of opinion, but if the state has the right to thus compel attendance, its right to prescribe the form of education would seem to follow

as a natural consequence. But there is strong argument against the state having this right. The opponents of state education argue that the decision must hinge on the question whether children belong to the state or to the parents. If to the state, then the state is bound to support them, and parents are under no obligation in the matter whatsoever. If, on the other hand, children belong to the parents, and parents may be compelled to support them when able to do so, then the state has no right to interfere with the children's education, the right to control going with the obligation to support. The state is represented by public officers, and these public officers are alleged to be servants of the people. Such being the fact, shall parents turn their children over to their servants to be educated otherwise than as those parents desire? It would beyond doubt be infinitely better for the pupil if every child of Catholic parents could be educated in correct history, in science, and in the rights of citizenship by a well-ordered public school system. So it was infinitely better for the African to be brought to America and civilized than left in his native savage state. Nevertheless our right to bring him here forcibly is denied, and the act punished as a species of piracy. How much difference is there between the two cases? If we violate the rights of parents, even to benefit their children, how far are we from practicing the Jesuitical precept which allows evil to be done that good may come? Thus might argue the individualist, the philosophical anarchist, and even the disciples of the eminent Mr. Herbert Spencer.

In taking, practically, this same ground the Catholic bishops of Milwaukee present a change of front. The Catholic plea has heretofore been for a division of school moneys. Now the right of the state to tax the citizen for the support of schools is wholly denied. In this the Catholics may be as viciously right as in other matters they are viciously wrong, but with no public schools, and with the present prolific increase of Catholic children, we should soon see an increase of illiteracy more than equalling inversely the advance of education in the past. With the public school out of the field as a competitor, the establishment of parochial schools would languish. The church would educate only those designed for the priesthood, and ignorance among Catholics would be as near universal as the ecclesiastical powers could make it. For they do not establish parochial schools for the purpose of education, but to draw pupils from the public schools, where what they learn is calculated to make them anything but dupes of the superstition-mongers. The policy of the church is to create an ignorant many to be led by the learned and crafty few. If she cared for education in a general sense, she would be glad to have her own schools supplemented by the public schools.

The religious war in Wisconsin will not, probably, be confined to that state. The issue will be carried into other states, and all the intelligence and the best statesmanship of the country will be needed to meet and settle it in accordance with the principles of right and religious liberty.

A CHEEKY PROPOSITION.

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, secretary of the Sabbath Association, has forwarded to this office a copy of his "Reform Syniccate's Quarterly Special," being a lot of articles written by such lights of literature as Mr. Crafts himself, Anthony Comstock, the Rev. Joseph Cook, and other representatives of compulsory religion. Mr. Crafts offers to forward this "Special" fortnightly at the rate of eight dollars per annum, giving us the privilege of

publishing the articles as original contributions to FREETHOUGHT; or "they may be adopted as editorials, omitting signatures if desired." This is about as impudent a proposition as we have ever been unfortunate enough to run across; but we accept it on one condition, namely, that the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts shall print in his "Special" a fortnightly article, such as we will furnish him, on the subjects discussed by his contributors. If he agrees to this proposal any article he may select shall be published in FREETHOUGHT, and he shall have his money in advance.

By the way, why does John Wanamaker allow Mr. Crafts to send his advertising circular through the mails without postage stamps?

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Raymond, April 16; Grub Gulch, April 17, 18, and 19; Fresno Flats, April 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, AND IT DOESN'T.

In March, 1827, there were 1927 laborers in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, who reported themselves out of work to an Executive Committee chosen to investigate the wants of the unemployed. Following is the official report of the committee:

"State of the Unemployed Operatives resident in Edinburgh, who are supplied with work by a Committee constituted for that purpose, according to a list made up on Wednesday, the 14th of March, 1827.

"The number of unemployed operatives who have been remitted by the Committee for work, up to the 14th of March, are	1481
"And the number of cases they have rejected, after having been particularly investigated, for being bad characters, giving in false statements, or being only a short time out of work, etc., etc., are	446
Making together,	1927

"Besides these, several hundreds have been rejected by the Committee, as, from the applicants' own statements, they were not considered as cases entitled to receive relief, and were not, therefore remitted for investigation.

"The wages allowed is 5s. per week, with a peck of meal to those who have families. Some youths are only allowed 3s. of wages.

"The particular occupations of those sent to work are as follows:— 242 masons, 643 labourers, 66 joiners, 19 plasterers, 76 sawyers, 19 slaters, 45 smiths, 40 painters, 36 tailors, 55 shoemakers, 20 gardeners, 229 various trades. Total 1481."

The above account is found in an old book entitled "The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects," written by George Combe about the year 1835. It is of considerable interest just now when the unemployed-labor problem is again to the front, and it is instructive as showing the extent to which wages have increased in the past sixty years. It seems that in 1827 laborers were glad to get work at five shillings, or about \$1.25, per week, which is exactly the price per day that San Francisco's unemployed have so recently refused to accept. Edinburgh at that time had 112,000 population and was a city five hundred years old. San Francisco, at one-fifteenth the age of Edinburgh, has achieved three times the population the latter city then had, and about the same condition industrially. But it appears that the authorities of the Scottish capital thought the day of idleness among the poor was a good time to return to them some of the taxes they had previously paid to the municipality. The authorities of our favored city, however, think otherwise. Not only does San Francisco declare itself unable to give work to the unemployed, but, through the mayor, it takes occa-

sion to return to the donors funds contributed for that purpose from other sources.

Thus, as stated in the heading of this article, history repeats itself, and it doesn't.

ILL luck seems to have followed the Owen family. Several years ago Robert Dale Owen, well known for his writings on political economy and social science, became absorbed in the study of Spiritualism. He believed that he saw the spirit of a beloved girl appear nightly, and when it was proved that this spirit was only a very material damsel who lent herself to the fraud for hire he sickened and died. Now his brother, Professor Richard Owen, perishes miserably by drinking embalming-fluid in mistake for mineral water.—Chronicle.

This is indeed a remarkable discovery, since by it we are instructed that to mistake a living person for a dead one is as fatal as to mistake embalming-fluid for mineral water, and that both errors come under the general head of "ill luck." Still, since Robert Dale Owen died a natural death, while Richard was accidentally poisoned, it is difficult to trace any marked fatality in the family, except that both of the Owen brothers have the ill-luck to be dead. But that is a misfortune which no family can hope to escape, not even that of the editor of the Chronicle.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has recently written an article for the Nineteenth Century, republished in the Popular Science Monthly for April, in which he endeavors to demonstrate the natural inequality of men. He quotes the Declaration of Independence as affirming that "all men are born free and equal," and proceeds to demolish that statement, his misquotation furnishing the larger amount of the material for criticism. As a matter of fact, the Declaration says nothing about how men are born, and does not declare that they are free at birth. The affirmation is that they are "created equal," which was doubtless intended as a denial of the notion that men should always remain either rulers or slaves because of slave or royal ancestors. Human equality is not an accomplished fact in any sense, but because it is not is no reason why it should not be sometime. The theory is at least a good one to work upon.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU, president of the Nationalist Club, has certainly made a good point against the city authorities. In a recent editorial on methods of relief for the unemployed, the Daily Report said:

"The city is powerless to do anything. No matter how dire the distress might be, the city would be unable to take any steps toward relieving it."

Whereupon Mrs. Ballou answers with the query:

"If the city has no authority to act legitimately for its unemployed wards, what is its authority for refusing the proffered aid of \$3000 from the bounty of a sister city that could and did make ours the bestowal from a general fund?"

We leave the editor of the Daily Report and Mayor Pond in the hole where Mrs. Ballou has put them. There seems to be no way for them to get out.

THE deceased Rudolph Meyer, renegade Jew, ravisher, Roman Catholic, and finally a suicide, wrote a letter to the public just previous to his death in which he attacked a prominent citizen of San Jose because the latter reads FREETHOUGHT and does not believe in God. And yet Meyer, not reading FREETHOUGHT, and believing in God, was everything that people call contemptible, while the man he denounced is respected by all whose good opinion is worth having.

Mr. JOHN E. REMSBURG proposes to come to California soon, and would be glad to hear from Liberals desiring his services as a lecturer. His address is Oak Mills, Kansas.

LEWIS OLSON, of Deep River, Wash., will please accept the thanks of the Freethought Publishing Company for stock transferred back to the company as a gift.

THE Investigator says that there is \$30,000,000 worth of un-taxed church property in Boston.

OBSERVATIONS.

Many persons who attended the meeting of the Freethought Society last Sunday evening declared that Mrs. Krekel's address was the most eloquent they had ever heard, and no doubt they were right. I expect there is not in the ranks of Freethought, or in the ranks of anything else, another woman who so combines the reasoning faculty with good judgment as to what ought to be said, and the power to express it in language that so carries an idea into the head that a legible impression is made on the mind. Her thoughts are mainly original, and she presents her subjects in fresh attire. Yet she makes things so plain that the hearer wonders why he had not thought of that before.

The address was preceded by a song by Miss Evangeline Ballou. President Putnam introduced the speaker with appropriate remarks, and the audience, which filled the hall more than full, listened with pleased attention for an hour and a quarter while Mrs. Krekel argued out the points involved under the general head of "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint." The applause was almost continuous. I make no attempt to epitomize the address, because those who heard it would pronounce the attempt a failure, and those destined to hear it will enjoy it all the more from not knowing what to expect.

After another song, and remarks by the chairman, but twenty minutes were left for discussion. Mr. Thomas Curtis offered some reflections on the Louisville disaster of the past week, and then a stranger amused the audience at his own expense until time was called.

The card for April is out. On the 6th Mrs. Addie Ballou's subject will be "Is Man Immortal?" April 13, S. P. Putnam speaks on "Spiritualism Not Science;" April 20th "Christianity" will be talked about by Mrs. A. Lindal, and on the 27th Messrs. H. L. Knight and P. Healy are announced to debate about "The Good and Evil of the Roman Catholic Church."

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

I desire space in these columns to correct the misapprehension that Lilian Leland is identical with Mrs. M. The facts are quite otherwise. Some time ago she consented to be a sister to me, and another member of the family concurring, the relationship was entered into by the usual process. It is not a failure.

The Bancroft Company have just issued a new poem from their press. It is entitled "Mankind," and Mr. H. Tintrop wrote it. Here is the opening stanza:

Ha, mighty Lord! who am I?
What plan hast Thou Supreme with me?
What's the reason I am here
Among tigers and monkeys?
And why am I created?

I know Mr. Tintrop to be the original possessor of this poem, because he submitted it to me in manuscript for an estimate of the cost of printing it, and to show me its quality he read the lines I have reproduced above. He is a German, and this is the way the poem sounded:

Ach, mighty Lort! Oo vas I?
Vot blan ast dow subreme mit me?
Vot's der h'reason I was here
Mong deigers and mongies?
Unt vy vas I created?

Then, as a rhetorical flourish, he added, "Alretty," though that is not in the poem.

Mr. Tintrop's elocution struck me so forcibly that in studying

his poem I cannot separate the printed from the spoken words, and his accent runs through the work as I read it. Here are four other lines. As written they read:

Quickly down
The angel rushed on cherub wings,
And provided first
Some other things.

Totally unmusical and uninteresting in arbitrary English, how these words gather attractiveness from the author's voice:

Kervickly down
Dot anchel h'rushed on cheerup wings,
Unt browided feerst
Some oder dings.

These samples show how the thing is done. Here are more examples for practice. Reflecting upon the disadvantages under which man is produced, our poet says:

Only born jumps so happy
Every lamb around its mother;
Only born finds alone every chick
Its bit of fodder.
Only now the human child —
This fork beast,
And perhaps
The Creator's
Most finished piece of work—
Cannot move one step ahead,
Nor talk;
Must first learn how to eat
And how to walk.

Again:

Science's heroes and bigot impostors
Lived savage-like—
Bloodthirsty and always in dispute—
And Old Age's prophecy
Did cry
Rooster-like,
In the early morning sky.

Any one can see how much better these extracts would take with a crowd if the author read them than they would if rendered by an ordinary elocutionist. The poet reveals his misanthropy in the words:

Canst thou lie and steal,
And betray thy friendly host.
Thou are'st here a welcome guest,
Deceive, swear false, and flatter;
Put oil on fires instead of water;
Plunge daggers in the backbone of mankind.

Perhaps the best place to stop is right here, where we have before us the spectacle of mankind with a dagger in its backbone marching down the aisles of time. Mr. Tintrop's poem, as a roaring absurdity, is worth fifteen cents, but considered in any other light it is not worth anything.

The Nationalist movement here looks as large from a distance as when closely viewed. The Boston magazine, the "Nationalist," says: "Immense meetings are held in San Francisco in the Metropolitan Temple, and flowers and flags are displayed in abundance. Rev. Samuel Freuder has taken up the Nationalist cause to that extent that he has given up his synagogue and is devoting himself to preaching to both Jew and gentile the gospel of Nationalism." I surmise that Rabbi Freuder is the "Nationalist's" San Francisco correspondent.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The post-office clerks of San Francisco have adopted resolutions asking for an eight-hour day and a two-weeks vacation annually.—The religious-crank nuisance in Oakland is being abated. Prophet Erickson's imprisonment in the asylum did the business.—Rudolph Mayer, the San Pablo suicide, against whom action for criminal assault was recently begun in San Jose was a Jew converted to Catholicism.—The Prohibitionists of Alameda county held a convention in Oakland last Saturday. They passed a mixed set of resolutions condemning high license, trusts, and monopolies, and indorsing ballot reform, restriction of immigration, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union.—The late Miss Kate Kennedy left \$10,000 in trust to Judge Maguire to be devoted to the propagation of the Single

Tax idea.—A Nationalist club has been organized in Petaluma.—The Nationalists met on the evening of March 27 to elect delegates to the state convention to be held April 7 and 8. Following are the persons chosen: Albert Currlin, Thomas V. Cator, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, J. L. Carter, E. D. Wheeler, J. L. Hunsaker, F. D. Jackson, Dr. H. C. French, James F. Cheeswright, Dr. Carl Walliser, W. T. Forsman, Benjie B. Haskell, Evangeline Ballou, Otto Blankart, Dr. I. W. Moliere, R. I. Wilmot, Burnette G. Haskell, Mrs. H. R. Houghton, Col. T. G. Ashton, P. R. Martin, J. C. Gore, B. W. Batchelor, Harry Hambly, Dr. W. Botsford, Julia Schlesinger, Miss Mate Hildebrande, Dr. N. Russel, Mrs. S. J. Howard. There were 85 delegates nominated, and the process of electing the above 28 occupied the attention of the meeting from 8 o'clock in the evening until daylight the next morning. The discussion is said to have been animated.—There were 600 deaths in San Francisco during the month of March—129 more than in March of last year.

The damage done by last week's tornado in the East is almost beyond computation. The storm extended from Dakota to Texas, and from Nebraska to Ohio, Kentucky being the greatest sufferer. In Louisville the devastation was appalling, millions of dollars' worth of property being destroyed and a hundred lives lost. It was the most destructive storm known to the century.—The state treasurer of Maryland, named Archer, is a defaulter in the sum of \$500,000.—At his second trial in Raleigh, N.C., the Rev. Father Boyle was acquitted of the charge of criminally assaulting his domestic.—The Rev. Alexander Smith was in court at Trenton, N. J., March 29 for stealing a pocketbook.—Richard McNichols, sexton of a Catholic church in Baltimore, Md., shot his priest, the Rev. Lenneghan, at a funeral the other day. The cause of the shooting is concealed.—A Catholic convent at Milwaukee, Wis., was burnt last Monday. Several of the inmates sustained fatal injuries.—Ex-Sheriff Flack of New York has been sentenced to two months in the county jail and fined \$500 for seeking a fraudulent divorce.

A rumor is current that Queen Victoria will abdicate the British throne in favor of the prince of Wales.—The Liverpool dock strike, involving thousands of men, has been settled by the intercession of Michael Davitt.—Trieste, in Austria, is the latest locality offered to the pope as a place of residence.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL UNION.

ORGANIZED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 27, 1890.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

Inclosed please find the organization of the new Liberal Society, its objects, resolutions, etc. I hope you will give them publicity in your paper. I think you will find the resolutions of a very radical nature, and the objects stated even more radical than those of any other society yet formulated. I find Mrs. Krekel in unison with the W. N. L. U., and I hope to see your paper with notice of the convention. I expect to issue a pamphlet report, but am hindered by not getting the material from the stenographer. Very truly yours,
MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

Fayetteville, N. Y., March 25, 1890.

THE CONVENTION—WHY IT WAS HELD.

For several reasons the woman suffrage reform advances slowly. Men trained from infancy by the church to a belief in woman's inferiority are loth to concede her capable of self-government. Four new states have recently been admitted to the Union, neither one possessing a republican form of government as required by the federal constitution; neither one recognizing the right of self-government as inhering in its women citizens. Of Wyoming, now seeking statehood, with a constitution providing for woman suffrage, the press declares that an applicant for admission, coming with this condition, may not find the entrance into statehood thereby facilitated, but because of it "may be discovered by wary congressmen to have insufficient population." Such lessons as these should not be lost upon woman.

Existing woman-suffrage societies have ceased to be progressive. The new-comers, and many of the old ones, fear to take an advance step, and from motives of business and social policy cater to their worst enemy, the church. We therefore deem a

broader platform necessary in order to reach the many-sided thought of the country; to more clearly show the cause of delay in the recognition of woman's demands; and to promote fearlessness in denunciation of that cause.

Again: A crisis in the nation's life is at hand. The encroachments of "The Christian Party in Politics," composed of both Catholics and Protestants—its aim a union of church and state—were never as great as at the present time. The decrees of the Plenary council, held in Baltimore, 1884, the speeches and resolutions of the recent Catholic congress in the same city, the effort towards parochial schools, etc., show the drift of Catholic thought in this direction; but to no greater extent than is the like purpose of Protestant effort made known by the work of the National Reform Association, the American Sabbath Union, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the discussions, canons, and resolutions of state and national ministerial bodies, together with the various bills before Congress for religious education in schools, Sunday Rest, etc.

Therefore, not alone to aid her own enfranchisement—valueless without religious liberty—but in order to help preserve the very life of the republic, it is imperative that women should unite upon a platform of opposition to the teaching and aim of that ever most unscrupulous enemy of freedom—the church.

OBJECTS.

First. To assert woman's natural rights to self-government, to show cause of delay in the recognition of her demands, and to promote fearlessness in the denunciation of such cause.

Second. To preserve the secular nature of our government and the principles of civil and religious liberty now incorporated in the federal constitution, and to arouse public thought to the imminent danger of a union of church and state through a proposed amendment to the constitution the object of which is to recognize the Christian religion as the foundation of our government and the true basis of our laws.

Third. To show that the real foundation of the church is the doctrine of woman's inferiority by reason of her original sin—a doctrine which we denounce as false in science and its foundation a theological myth.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. That it is essential to the life of the republic that the purely civil character of the government be maintained and that church and state be forever kept separate; that the legal foundation of our government is not any creed of Christendom, nor any authority of the church, nor a divine revelation, but it is simply the consent of the governed; that the state has not grown out of the church, but should outgrow the need of any church and be henceforth and forever independent of the church.

2. That the efforts now made by the Christian party to bring religion into politics in order to place a religious amendment in the constitution of the United States must be resisted, because the success of such efforts would make the church the arbiter of the legislative functions of the government and place dangerous irresponsible power in the hands of the priesthood.

3. That according to the principles of the government of the United States of America, the church and state are and must be forever kept separate. The state should govern its civil affairs, give its protection to every form of religious belief, and secure freedom from molestation to every sect in the exercise of its religious sentiments, and therefore any amendment to the constitution proposed by the so-called Christian party in politics is destructive of existing civil liberty and should be energetically opposed.

4. That the real endeavor of the Christian party in politics is to establish a papacy in place of the present secular form of government of the United States; that a papacy does not alone mean a pope's one-man power in the church, nor a claim of infallibility, nor an immoral pretense of power to bind or loose sin, nor the celebration of mass, nor use of holy water, nor the making of marriage a sacrament, nor the doctrine of extreme unction, nor consecrated ground for burial, nor the claim of any number of sacraments, nor the establishment of parochial schools to teach children what they cannot understand, nor a celibate priesthood, nor any form of theological doctrine regarding hea-

ven, hell, or purgatory; but that a papacy is any church asserting divine authority for its teachings and therefore claiming the right to exercise civil power—whether that church call itself Roman, Greek, Anglican, or Protestant.

5. That the centralization of power, whether in the church or in the state, is dangerous to civil liberty and to individual rights, and therefore all attempts toward such centralization, either in church or state, must be constantly and firmly opposed.

6. That as our nation is composed of people holding various and conflicting religious views, Roman Catholics disagreeing with Protestant forms, both disagreeing with Jewish rites, and the Agnostic holding to no defined system, therefore it is wrong and unjust to impose religious instruction of any kind upon the pupils of our common schools, and in simple justice to all people we denounce and oppose every kind of religious instruction in our public schools.

7. That the great principle of the Protestant Reformation, namely, the right of individual conscience and judgment heretofore claimed and exercised by man alone, should also be claimed and exercised by woman, who in her interpretation of the scriptures should be guided by her own reason and not by the authority of any church or creed.

8. That as the first duty of every individual is self-development, the lessons of self-sacrifice and obedience taught woman by the Christian church have been fatal not only to her own vital interests but through her to the vital interests of the race.

9. That every church is the enemy of liberty and progress and the chief means of enslaving woman's conscience and reason, and therefore as the first and most necessary step towards her emancipation we should free her from the bondage of the church.

10. That the Christian church, of whatever name, is based on the theory that woman was created secondary and inferior to man and brought sin into the world, thus necessitating the sacrifice of a savior. That Christianity is false and its foundation a myth which every discovery in science shows to be as baseless as its former belief that the earth was flat.

11. That morality is not theology, but has a basis independent of "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," that right is right and wrong is wrong, not because any being in the universe so declares, but in the nature of things, the origin of right being in truth and not in authority.

12. That we seek the truth, come whence it may and lead where it will; with the Greek Plato we deem nothing so beautiful as truth; with Hindu Mahajah we believe no religion can excel the truth; and with the American Lucretia Mott we accept "truth for authority and not authority for truth."

Officers: Matilda Joslyn Gage, president, Fayetteville, N. Y.; Josephine Cables Aldrich, vice-president, Aldrich, Ala.; Mary Emily Bates Coues, Cor. Sec., 1726 N street, Washington, D. C.; W. F. Aldrich, treasurer, Aldrich, Ala.; Mrs. Mecca Hoffman, Enterpriser, Kan.; Susan H. Wixon, Fall River, Mass.; Marietta M. Bones, Webster, South Dakota; Eliza Archard Connor, 34 Vesey street, New York; Clara S. Foltz, San Diego, Cal.

PAPAL LOGIC.

There must be something wrong with the pope's head, if he is the author of a statement now hanging on to his name. But there you are, you never know when it is the pope who speaks and when it is another man. However that may be for the present, the pope is said to be pleased with the prosperity of his church in free countries, and to be displeased with its condition in Italy, where, so it is said, he thinks he ought to have temporal control; not for its own sake but for the sake of the church, that its condition may be as good in Italy as in free countries like America and England. Now this, when you look at it, is seen to be a good deal mixed. If the church is prosperous in America and England and in all other free countries, then plainly temporal power in the hands of the church is not necessary to her prosperity. But the world has been told over and over again with anathemas that it is. Popes who were infallible have said so; and yet it turns out not to be so. Take the other side. The church in Italy does not prosper as she does elsewhere. What is

the reason? We must find it out, before we attempt a remedy, or we may apply the wrong remedy. The proposal of the pope is that temporal power should be given to him. But how do we know that that would be a remedy, since elsewhere, as in America and in England, to wit, without temporal power in the hands of the church she prospers so greatly? Perhaps in Italy the remedy would be not in a change of the center of temporal power, but in a better aspect of the present secular government of Italy towards the church. Perhaps the church's state there is due to the fact that a change of soil is needed. Italy has been so long cropped with the papal church that the soil no longer answers to the call made upon it. Do not blame the government; do not change the seat of power. Whatever you do, do not run against the rash conclusion that because the church does very well in free countries therefore all that she wants for her prosperity in Italy is for her to be armed with temporal power. This vessel does not hold water.—Brisbane Week.

FACTS ABOUT THE CONVEXITY OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

[One Professor Speer has recently lectured in Hillsboro, Or., on what he calls "Koreshan astronomy." His theory is that the earth is a hollow globe, and that we are living inside of it. This doctrine is not new to us. The Rev. Cyrus R. Teed, of the famous "Bennett-Teed Discussion," preached it, and gave plausible reasons for the faith that was in him. Professor Speer is doubtless one of his converts. The following article by a subscriber of FREETHOUGHT subjects the theory to the test of science. The article contains also much that is instructive and valuable to know.—ED. FREETHOUGHT.]

PROFESSOR SPEER ANALYZED.

MR. M. R. CHENEY, *Dear Sir*: Your kind favor in loaning me the pamphlet of R. O. Speer, called "Koreshan Astronomy," is duly appreciated, but I hardly think one is repaid for the time spent in its perusal. His indiscriminate attack upon the Copernican system of astronomy is of such baseless character that it will elicit no attention or reply from one of the astronomers of any standing, for this reason: Many of the theories put forth by them, which he makes such a great show in attacking, are only put forth as the most reasonable conclusion that they can draw from the facts observed; and that they are patient, even laborious, collectors of facts, only a perusal of some of their works will convince any unprejudiced reader. As to the distances given to the sun, planets, etc., we must remember that the observers are working under great disadvantages, but constant improvements are being made in their instruments and methods, and better results are now obtained than ever before. We have good reason to believe that the results now obtained in measuring the solar distance is very nearly correct, and that the methods are correct is capable of mathematical demonstration, but whatever inaccuracies exist are known to no one better than the observers themselves, and they are striving to overcome them.

But this pamphlet puts forth a new system, if it can be called a system, which he claims is the correct one, but a careful analysis of it discloses the fact that he depends upon reflection of light and optical illusion for an explanation of the many facts which can be arrayed against his system (so-called).

His whole system is based upon the theory that the earth is a hollow globe and that we are on the inside, or concave surface, instead of the convex surface, and this theory he proves by one experiment or observation, and to this experiment I shall devote my attention. We find this experiment on page 51, and I quote: "Take a boat; go out on a lake or the ocean far enough, so the field of vision will be clear. Then adjust a post with a spirit level to an absolute perpendicular. On this perpendicular post, fasten a smooth board ten or twenty feet long, and use a spirit level to make the board perfectly horizontal and at right angles to the post. Now you have a perpendicular and a horizontal, and the board is at right angles with the post. It is all nonsense to say that this is not a sure test. Every person must admit that you can place the board at right angles with the perpendicular post by the use of either two spirit levels or a square. When the board is properly adjusted, step to one end of the board and bring

the eye on a level with the board. In the distance the water or land comes upon a level with the eye.....step to the other end of the board and bring your eye on a level with it, and the water in the distance will come up and meet the eye. Now you have looked over ten or twenty feet of a straight line both ways. The result is the line.....is a straight line and not a broken one. If you will turn your board to every point of the compass and look both ways over it, you will have a circular horizon of which you are the center. If you are twenty feet from the water, the basin is twenty feet deep. A straight edge at any height, if made horizontal to the plane of the water on which its base rests, will cut the water in both directions if continued each way; this proves concavity instead of convexity or a plane surface. All measuring instruments demonstrate that the vortex or horizon is on a level with the eye in every direction of the compass; hence we cannot be on a convex surface. The highest anyone has ever been is 25,000 feet, and the distance to the rim of the basin is one hundred and ninety-eight miles from the point of vision, and the basin is 25,000 feet deep." Yet he admits that one looking at a ship coming in sees first the top of the mast, then more of the mast, and finally the hull. But he must account for this some way, so he assumes that a line of refraction starts from the point where the eye meets the surface, and beyond that the objects appear lower than their true position, and objects on the earth's surface beyond this line disappear. This is the most vague, incomprehensible, and inconsistent theory that I have ever had the misfortune to encounter, and can only become necessary when one is hard pressed to account for something that absolutely demolishes his so-called facts. His colossal assumption is brought out plainly by the above quotation and I unhesitatingly assert that the so-called test is no test at all. As my avocation requires a thorough practical knowledge of measuring instruments I think I may be qualified to speak as to their testimony.

I repudiate his experiment utterly, and give my reasons for so doing. First, the ordinary carpenter's spirit level is not infallible on account of its two imperfections, that is, the want of sensitiveness in the bubble, and the imperfect means of prolonging the level line when determined. I have tried a foundation laid and leveled by a mason's or carpenter's spirit level, and found that one-eighth to five-sixteenths of an inch error can easily be made in the length of 50 feet, even under careful management; and after careful examination of the levels used by ordinary builders, I am prepared to say that the most sensitive one I ever saw will not detect an error of less than one foot in two thousand, and so will be utterly worthless in trying to find a curvature that amounts to but two inches in half a mile or six feet in three miles.

Again, if the level was an accurate one the board must be straight, and until the professor has tried it he cannot realize the difficulty there is in getting one that is even approximately straight. He may take a dozen boards to an expert joiner and have him to make "straight edges" of them, and then compare them together, and he will find that they will not go together easily, and in short, any one of them will prove all the rest to be crooked, only to a small extent, it may be, but, nevertheless, so inaccurate as to be utterly worthless in making any scientific observation. It was not ten years ago that the workmen in one of our factories announced that they had at last succeeded in making a straight edge, 10 feet long, in which there was no probable error greater than one twelve-thousandth of an inch. This may surprise our learned professor, but the scientists have long known and are sparing no pains to eliminate these mechanical imperfections, and any work treating upon astronomy that gives any treatise upon the instruments used in the observatories goes to great length to bring out these mechanical defects and to instruct the student as to the best means to guard against the errors caused by them, and there is far more time spent by the manufacturers of these instruments in making devices to aid the observer to detect these fundamental errors in instruments than in the making of the telescope itself.

But after the board is leveled perfectly and proved to be a straight edge—and this is really the simplest operation involved—I still repudiate the observation, for the reason that a board is about the poorest thing that could be thought of with which to prolong a level line, after it is determined, for the reason that

the eye can not take into view all at once three objects situated as in the observation given. To do this the eye must be focused so as to take into perfect view an object 1 or 2 feet distant, another 21 or 22 feet distant, and another 3 or 4 miles distant—something that a very simple test will prove to be impossible. If in this observation you look at the end of the board nearest you the farther end and the horizon will be blurred and indistinct; if at the farther end of the board the nearest end and the horizon will be blurred; if you look at the horizon the board will be blurred. I am not theorizing on this, for I know what I am talking about, and any one can test it for himself. I have good eyes and have trained them to this very work of prolonging lines, and I know that I cannot prolong a straight line without the use of a telescope; and furthermore I have found no one else that can. I have tried this in city surveying by sighting along the side of a building and locating a flagrod some three or four hundred feet away, and I find that the telescope will always reveal an error (sometimes more and sometimes less); and furthermore my right eye and my left eye do not agree, so that very little reliance can be placed on such tests.

But there is a way by which this can be tested, and I have been brought face to face with this very problem and can say without hesitation that the surface of the earth is convex, and every practical civil engineer will bear me out in saying it. The solar compass itself will prove the convexity of the earth's surface to any man of common sense. But there is still another instrument that is a better witness, and that is the engineer's level. This is the most indisputably accurate of the portable instruments in use, and is capable of almost faultless work. There are certain means by which we can run a level line, no matter whether the curvature is the one way or the other, and the instrument is fitted for its work, so that no one will question its correctness; and it furnishes also the means of testing this curvature question. Any civil engineer who has ever tried it knows that if he runs a level line a mile in a straight line and then turns back on his starting-point his reading will not agree with its calculated height. His level will invariably strike too high, or in other words the object he sights at will be below its calculated height. Yet he has run the mile by equal fore and back sights, thus balancing all errors of distance (or curvature) and refraction. He may continue his forward movements and run a circle of fifty miles and close on his bench mark with an error of less than one-tenth of a foot, yet he cannot eradicate this disagreement and is forced to admit that if observation is worth anything at all he has run a line on the convex surface of a sphere. I have sighted both ways across the Columbia river where it is over a mile wide and my work would not close by more than 1.5 feet, and the deviation was downward. Thus suppose I have a bench mark on the west side of the river. My level being set up on the west side, I sight to the leveling-rod held up on the bench mark; it reads 6.4 feet. I then direct the level to the bench mark on the east side of the river, and the reading is 5.9 feet; therefore (taking no account of the curvature) we would say at a glance that the bench mark on the east side is .5 foot higher than the one on the west side. I then cross over, set up near and sight at the rod held on the bench mark on the east side and find that my level reads 4.2 feet; then I sight across again to the rod on the bench mark on the west side and find that my reading is 6.3 feet, which would indicate that the east bench mark is 2.1 feet higher than the one on the west bank. Here there is a disagreement of 1.6 feet, and proves that the curvature is convex and our learned Koreshan astronomer is undeniably mistaken.

But he goes further and says that "all measuring instruments demonstrate that the vortex or horizon is on a level with the eye." Now he is either ignorant of the facts or is dishonest. But he may ask, "If your engineer's level shows a falling away from instead of approaching to a straight line of the earth's surface, why will not the board test show it?" Simply because the curvature is so slight that you cannot detect it by such a crude observation; and I will turn his own book against him. On page 27 he says that "it is a fact, yes, a law, that opaque bodies by perspective come to a point in just 3000 times their diameter." So if the board is six feet above the surface of the water, then an object at the horizon three miles off, if 5.28 feet in diameter,

would appear as a point. Place another object of the same size above this and you simply superimpose one point upon another and it still would be a point, and this can be repeated indefinitely and still you would have a point and nothing more, for a point is position merely, without length, breadth, or thickness, so that you cannot add to the diameter of a point by placing beside it another point which has no diameter. Thus you could not make anything out of spheres of that size, at that distance, except a point. I do not say this is correct, but it is "Koreshan philosophy" logically carried out. But this I do say, that in sighting over this board he could not determine the true level line within ten feet in that distance. In other words, he could not determine at that distance whether an object sighted at is ten feet above, or below, or directly on the level line.

He says also that no one has been higher than 25,000 feet, and that the rim of the basin on a level with the eye was 198 miles distant. By whose authority, pray? Not the men who have made the ascent, for I have yet to find out any modern explorer who has seen such startling evidence of this concavity. While I have not ascended to such a height, yet I have been up on some pretty good hills and had some curiosity to test this convex theory, and my observation is exactly opposite to what he says. Thus at the snow line on Mt. Adams in Washington the level line from that point strikes about half way up on the snow on Mt. Hood, while the summit of Mt. Jefferson is clear below it. Yet Mt. Jefferson is a snow peak farther south than either Hood or Adams, and the snow line is higher the farther south you go. So that phase of the subject is against the "Koreshan astronomer."

I have already taken up more time than the subject deserves, as this pamphlet is a mere bundle of absurdities not worth a second thought. But I have no doubt the professor finds many to convince and more to confuse and dumfounded by his peculiar ideas. He boasts of his conquests over graduates of Yale and other colleges, but I can inform him that if he will try one well-informed civil engineer he'll find that he will get more hard facts and absolute proof of the Copernican theory than he can get from the whole graduating class of any college in America.

I was away when the professor visited our town, but if he ever comes back I hope to be around, and shall at least ask him a few questions; and I am ready at any time to give him some more of my objections to his theory.

THOS. S. WILKES.

Hillsboro, Or., March 10, 1890.

SENATOR BLAIR DUMFOUNDED.

A delegation of women, says a correspondent of the Truth Seeker, went to the national capitol, February 27th, to interview members of Congress with a view of having two females appointed, as well as two male delegates, to represent industrial and educational interests at the World's Fair, in 1892. Senator Blair, being a woman's rights man, received the delegation with suavity, and began to talk about his educational bill. "I hope," said he, "that you are in sympathy with this measure?"

As no other woman seemed ready to answer the question, Miss Susan H. Wixon, after a pause, responded:

"Well, I do not appreciate the religious part of it."

Senator Blair then said:

"Think of the thousands and thousands of children in this country growing up without knowing whether there is a God or a devil!"

Another pause ensued, when Susan replied:

"Who does know, Senator? Do you?"

Here again was a pause. Such a question had probably never before been put to him by a woman, and perhaps not by a man. What could he say? He appeared to be dumfounded. But fortunately for him at this moment a messenger entered announcing that Vice-President Morton was ready to receive the delegation.

At the Women's Liberal convention, in Washington, Miss Wixon twice read an original poem, each stanza of which ended with "When womanhood awakes." It is to be hoped that Senator Blair will soon realize the fact that there are many women besides Susan H. Wixon who are already awake out of the sleep of superstition.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER VI.

GAMMO.*

An Encounter with an Angel.

1. And I looked, and behold there came up out of the sea a very great beast, such an one as was never seen at any time, neither past, present, nor to come. And I looked, and lo, the beast had ten feet that were situate behind, and three that were situate before; even thirteen feet; and it was a very great beast,

2. Yea, a very great beast.

3. And as I looked and wondered, I heard a voice crying to me, saying, Son of man, turn hither thine eyes.

4. And I said, Nay, my lord, how can I turn mine eyes to thee, seeing I cannot see where thou art.

5. And immediately there was a great noise, and I saw an innumerable company of trumpeters with their trumpets; and they cried through their trumpets as with one voice, saying, Go look!

6. So I went and looked, and behold an angel was sitting in one of the ears of the great beast; and I fell down and worshiped.

7. And the angel said unto me, Son of man, understandest thou what thou seest? And I answered and said, No, my lord.

8. Then took he me by the hair of mine head and drew me to him into the beast's ear; and the pain was very great. And I was angered, yea, I was exceeding wroth that he should take me, who was a prophet, by the hair of mine head, and I kicked; yea, I kicked mightily, and fought bitterly with the angel.

9. And the very great beast put up one of its feet to its ear, even the ear in which I fought with the angel, as it were to scratch itself therewith, and I fell out; and, being exceedingly wroth, I gathered up stones, and stoned the beast, and the angel also.

10. And the beast bent down its head, and out of its nostrils issued a very great and fierce snort, and I fled with the swiftness of a wild hart; but the beast overtook me, and the angel took me again by the hair of mine head, and lifted me into one of the beast's ears, even that one on the southern side, but not into that in which he was seated.

11. And when the angel left hold of me I fell down through the beast's ear into a great and spacious chamber beneath, and was filled with astonishment.

12. And I heard the angel speaking unto me, but could not distinguish what he said; and the angel grew angry that I answered him not, and stretched over to see why I answered not.

13. And when he found me not, he stretched himself over and put his head into the chamber into which I had fallen.

14. And I, being still angry, sought about, and finding a spade and a rope, I took the rope and made a loop therewith, and cast it about his neck, and strangled him.

15. And he began to pull back his head vehemently, but I, digging my feet into a great heap of wax, held on valiantly.

16. And in his struggles his feet slipped through the other ear-hole into the chamber; and I ran and quickly bound the other end of the rope about them, so that by this means he could not get into the chamber, or yet get his head or his feet out.

17. And the angel's body was laid across the great beast's head, and his feet were down the one ear-hole and his head down the other, and his head was made fast to his feet by the rope; and when I saw he was secure, I took the spade and began to dig and delve my way out of the beast.

18. And when I began to dig, then did the great beast begin to roar and bellow mightily, and to run about hither and thither, and to kick and to plunge.

19. But I dug away manfully, and after a time I saw daylight; and then I lay down, and put out mine head, and looked about.

20. And lo, the great beast was running about with incredible

swiftness and bellowing mightily, and rushing this way and that, like one distraught. And I lay still and took comfort, and folded my arms till he should grow weary.

21. And I took note and found that the beast had seven horns and fifty-two tails; and the horns ploughed up the earth as he ran, and the tails were all erect.*

22. And the angel began to roar and rave violently, and to curse, and to swear, and to shed bitter tears.

23. And I stretched myself out comfortably, and began to sing.

24. And when the beast grew weary and lay down, I crept out, and went my way home and washed myself.—*To be Continued.*

HOW THE SINGLE TAX WOULD WORK.

We have received questions from two correspondents relative to the working of the Single Tax, which we will answer to the best of our light on the subject, and we will be glad to answer any other questions on the subject which may be offered.

A correspondent in Calaveras county writes that many make a similar inquiry to this:

"When a man has taken up land under the present laws, the new law [Single Tax] comes in force, his land is improved; all the land around him is not; a stranger comes along, and says that land is of such a value—something three times as much as the land around. Must the man that made it of that extra value, pay the extra [?] in order to retain it?"

No; the purpose of the Single Tax is directly the opposite; it is to encourage improvement and discourage speculation.

The present constitution and laws of the state require land and improvements to be separately assessed, and require unimproved land to be valued, as to the land, the same as adjacent land of equal natural capacity. The Single Tax would continue this latter requirement, but abolish all taxes on improvements. The man in question would be called on to pay a tax on what his land would be worth, were it totally unimproved; and the owners of adjacent lands would have to pay the same tax if the lands were of equal value, without reference to improvements. It would pay the owner of the improved land to pay the tax, but it might not pay the others to do so on land which was yielding them no income; if it did not, they would have to improve, sell, or abandon their land, so as to give place to persons who would not only improve said land, but also benefit the pioneer in improvements by enabling him to have neighbors, better schools, and other advantages of social intercourse.

Another correspondent incloses an extract from a communication in the Jackson, Amador county, Dispatch, in which objection is made to the Single Tax, because one man with a seven-story building on his lot would be only taxed the same as a neighbor with a one-story cottage on the adjoining lot, so that while the rich man could readily pay the tax, the poor man could not, and would have to abandon his home. The answer is, that the tax would not be too high for any one to pay who uses the land, either as a residence in towns and cities, or as a cultivator in the country, but it would be high enough to render speculative holdings of land unprofitable. Furthermore, it would gradually lessen the disparity in means and incomes, which render it possible for one man to own a seven-story building with a million of dollars, while his neighbor must necessarily be content with a small cottage. But as things now are, the man who put up a million-dollar building benefits the community in some degree, while if he puts his million of dollars into holding land for speculation (as Stanford, Crocker, and others have into 5,800 acres of land just outside the city), he would be an unmitigated curse. The Single Tax movement is to compel these malefactors (in a general not personal sense) to become benefactors in a degree, while leaving the way open for reforms in other directions that would prevent persons from acquiring more wealth than they could earn by their own labor, skill and legitimate enterprise.

The correspondent of the Dispatch also claims that it is im-

* It is abundantly evident that this very curious chapter has an astronomical reference. The thirteen feet represent the months in a year, the seven horns the days in the week, and the fifty-two tails the weeks in the year.—TRANSLATORS.

* Dedicated to St. Crispin. Our reason for dedicating this singular and eminently mysterious, and therefore prophetic chapter to St. Crispin is as follows: Not being able to decipher the meaning of the title, Gammo, with which the chapter is headed, we showed it to a reverend gentleman who, with appalling irreverence, suggested the addition of another letter, to wit, N. And the summary vengeance inflicted by the saint in question upon the irreverent brute, induced us to dedicate the chapter to him.—TRANSLATORS.

possible to value lands without also valuing the improvements, because "it is the improvements that establish the value of lands." He evidently confounds the improved values of land conferred by the growth of population, on which the Single Tax would be levied, with the value of improvements made by the owner of the land individually, or by voluntary co-operation with his neighbors. That it is not "all bosh to talk of their ever being taxed irrespective of improvements," is disproved by the fact that the laws of the state now provide for such separate valuation, and, so far as we know, the law is carried out, as it has been for many years.

As to taxation of farmers, Mr. Shearman has proved conclusively, by comparing assessed values in several counties in Ohio, classifying rural counties in one batch, and counties containing populous cities in another, that the withdrawal of the taxes on personal property, and their exclusive levy on land values would reduce the taxation of farmers and increase that of city owners of real estate—that is, supposing that the amount of tax to be raised would be the same in each case. We believe that a similar comparison in this state would establish the same conclusion.—*Weekly Star.*

When Womanhood Awakes.

(Read at the Convention of the Woman's National Liberal Union, in Washington, D. C., February 24, 1890.)

No more shall Error 'round her play
In fitful moods and clouds of gray;
Or cruel fancies crush her down
Where demons wait and furies frown,
When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall bigot turn and rave,
A ranting yet a cringing slave,
At Truth who, in her garments white,
Stands facing ever to the right,
When Womanhood awakes.

No more shall sisters turn aside,
With haughty tread and sullen pride,
From those who walk in clearer light,
Whose keener vision sees the right,
When Womanhood awakes.

No more in abject fear she'll cower,
Before a mitred tyrant power;
Nor grope in darkness, pain, and shame—
A hopeless wretch without a name,
When Womanhood awakes.

No more she'll idly dream away
Life's splendid hours in trifling play,
Nor think the whole of life to be
To lose her own identity,
When Womanhood awakes.

No more the story will be told
By writers young and writers old,
That man but toils till set of sun,
While woman's work is never done,
When Womanhood awakes.

The chains that bind her foot and hand—
That hold her close in every land—
Will drop and crumble in the dust,
By force of their own ancient rust,
When Womanhood awakes.

Her eyes are closed in slumber now,
The poppy-wreath is on her brow;
But soon her night shall change to day
And 'mid the tombs no more she'll stray,
When Womanhood awakes.

In horror will she view the past,
That, vise-like, held her hard and fast.
The coming time her mind shall dower
With vigorous strength and helpful power,
When Womanhood awakes.

The future day shall see her then
Clothed rightly as a citizen,
And she'll behold with judgment clear
The sovereign rights that wait her here,
When Womanhood awakes.

And man shall stand on grander height;
Shall see the truth in larger light;
Shall rise from grovelling in the dust,
To realms where dwell the true and just,
When Womanhood awakes.

And all these things shall surely be,
When Justice reigns from sea to sea;
Fair Freedom then, in fullest measure,
Shall give to each her equal treasure,
When Womanhood awakes.

How gloomy all the Past will seem!
A misty way—a dreadful dream!—
With Superstition's slimy trail
O'er mossy bank and flowery dale,
When Womanhood awakes.

O rosy dawn in eastern skies!
Thy morning light the world supplies!
Joy-bells shall ring from shore to shore;
Anthems shall swell forevermore,
When Womanhood awakes.

—Susan H. Wixon.

THE CASE OF HARMAN.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am so much pleased with your remarks on C. Severance's letter and Moses Harman's work I must write and tell you what I think, to-wit: It is well to give due credit to those who go to the front and engage the enemy, well to acknowledge how much we are indebted to such, but it is not often done. Yes, such men draw the fire of the enemy to themselves, and while doing so it is hardly generous for those from whom the fire is thus drawn to stab them in the back. I have not read the letter from Dr. O'Neill, so am not prepared to speak of that particular letter, but have good reason for saying he is not a "fictitious character," but a genuine student of sexology; and I have also good reason to believe that not only one but scores and hundreds of letters could be published fully as bad as that of Dr. O'Neill possibly can be, were all physicians to speak out and tell what they know to be true.

Ye gods! what a state of things; "and in the name of sense and sanity," is it worse in the public print than in the private fact? Permit me to ask Mr. Severance how putrid sores can be healed if not probed to the bottom?

But enough of this, and we will now turn to a more pleasant subject. Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel spoke at Masonic Hall, Portland, on the evening of March 9, and to say that we were pleased does not express it. Her logical reasoning, coupled with her dignified bearing of gentle and refined womanhood, cannot fail to make a good and lasting impression wherever she goes. I wish we had scores like her. Her method is educational, not antagonistic. Instead of forever barking at the Bible, she gives people something to think about. And I heartily agree with R. B. Westbrook, who said that we should have a suffrage plank in our Nine Demands of Secularism. Yours for truth and humanity,
CARRIE E. HAIGHT.

East Portland, Or., March 17.

WHY THERE ARE FEW GREAT PREACHERS.

Men of intellect and education, who are capable of enthusiasm and ardor in the service of mankind, are deterred from seeking to do that service through the Christian ministry. They cannot honorably accept its doctrinal requirements and will not submit to its mental restrictions. Hence they are excluded from a calling in which they are fitted to accomplish great good for the human race. The young generation, absorbing as it grows to maturity the knowledge and thought of the living time, the results of investigation and criticism that filter from the studies of scholars through the printing-press, the public library, and the reading-room, and permeates the subtle medium of communication in which all society moves and lives, is repelled from religious association by dogmas which its common sense will not accept. The prediction in Victor Hugo's tale of the time of Louis XI., that the printing-press would kill the church, was true of the ecclesiastical fabric of that time, which is already a curious fossil. Whether it is true of the universal Christian church depends upon whether the vitality of that body is in the integuments of creed and doctrine that have been wrapped about it, or in the enduring necessities of the human soul.—A. K. FISKE, in Forum.

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ROMAN CATHOLIC SENTIMENTS.

The pest of all others most to be avoided in a state, is unbridled liberty of opinion. (Pope Pius IX.)

Let the public school system go where it came from—the devil. (Freeman's Journal.)

Our church is God's church and not accountable either to state or country. (Pope Pius IX.)

The power of the church is superior to the power of the state. (Pope Gregory VII.)

The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. (Father Hecker.)

For every musket given to the state armory let three be purchased forthwith. (Irish Journal.)

The pope by divine right hath power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs. (Bellarmine)

The public school has produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards. (Father Schauer.)

It is necessary to salvation to believe that every human being is subject to the pontiff of Rome. (Pope Leo X)

Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic church. (Bishop O'Connor.)

All who maintain that liberty of the press and all advocates of the liberty of speech are to be anathemized. The liberty of the press is the liberty of perdition. (Encyclical letter of Pope Pius IX.)

I would as soon administer the sacraments to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to the public schools. (Father Walker.)

The Catholic religion, with all its votes, ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted. (Pope Pius IX.)

The Roman Catholic citizen of the United States owes no allegiance to any principle of the government which is condemned by the church or pope. (Tablet.)

Undoubtedly it is the intention of the pope to possess this country. In this inention he is aided by the Jesuits, and all the Catholic prelates and priests. (Brownson's Quarterly Review.)

While the state has rights, she has them only in virtue, and by permission of the supreme authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Roman church. (Catholic World.)

Nationalities must be subordinate to religion, and we must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next. (Bishop Gilmore's Lenten Letter.)

The pope and the priest ought to have dominion over temporal affairs. The Roman church has a right to exercise its authority without any limit being set to it by the civil power. (Encyclical letter of Pius IX.)

If the pope should curse the government of the United States, every consistent orthodox Roman Catholic would thereby be absolved from his oath of allegiance to the government. (St. Thomas, vol. IV, pp. 91-94, etc.)

The Catholic church numbers one-third the American population; and if its membership shall increase for the next thirty years, as it has the past thirty years, in 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it. (Father Hecker.)

You should do all in your power to carry out the intentions of his holiness, the pope. Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who assist you in so holy a struggle. (Daniel O'Connell)

I acknowledge no civil power. I am the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this; I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men; I am the sole, last, and supreme judge of what is right and wrong. (Cardinal Manning.)

I do give my allegiance, political, as well as religious, to the bishop of Rome. Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our lord, the pope, or his successors, I will to my utmost oppose and persecute. (Part of the creed to which every cardinal, bishop, and priest swears unalterable fidelity before he is ordained to his place.)

The government of United States ought not to stand and it will not stand. But it will be destroyed by subversion and not by conquest. The plan is this: To send over the surplus popula-

tion of Europe. They will go over with foreign views and feelings, and will form a heterogeneous mass, and in course of time will be prepared to rise up and subvert the government. (Duke of Richmond.)

If the pope should declare war against the government of the United States, all true Roman Catholics would be compelled to take the side of the pope against the government. (Golden Manual.)

USELESS COURT FORMS

The other day in the courtroom of one of the Eastern states a witness refused to go through the court ceremony of kissing the Bible. The reason given for the refusal was that the volume was greasy and grimy from the contact of other witnesses through its years of use. The judge excused the witness from this idle form.

It would seem as though the time had about arrived for the removal of all such useless ceremonies from the procedure of our American courts. They have outlived all their original purposes and add not a whit to the dignity of the courts or to the likelihood that truth will be uttered within them. The statutes prescribe fully what shall be the penalties of perjury and it requires neither the witnesses' kiss of the book nor the clerk's mumbling of an oath to give them efficacy. A witness nowadays who comes into a court of justice with a premeditated lie upon his lips will utter it though he sat on a stack of Bibles and uttered a chapter of oaths. Let the law therefore rid itself of these idle ceremonies and base its claim to truth from the mouths of witnesses upon the honesty of men and the common sense mandates and penalties of the statutes.—San Jose Mercury.

THE WILY MUSEUM MAN.

The American Sentinel says: The attempt to shut all places on Sunday except those which are run in the interests of religion and the church has led an enterprising proprietor in Boston to label his dime museum on Sunday as follows:

Scientific church. Grand concert and lecture on old maids and prize-fighters. Collection, 10 cents.

The genuine churches ought to be ashamed of such company as that. It may be replied that they are ashamed of it. Hardly; if they were ashamed of such company they would be ashamed to create it, as they do by the laws which they demand shall be enacted and enforced. So long as they are not ashamed to create such company, it cannot be said that they are ashamed of it after they have created it.

EVERY war terminates with an addition of taxes, and consequently with an addition of revenue; and in any event of war, in the manner they are now commenced and concluded, the power and interest of governments are increased. War, therefore, from its productiveness, as it easily furnishes the pretense of necessity for taxes and appointments to places and offices, becomes the principal part of the system of old governments; and to establish any mode to abolish war, however advantageous it might be to nations, would be to take from such government the most lucrative of its branches. The frivolous matters upon which war is made show the disposition and avidity of governments to uphold the system of war, and betray the motives upon which they act.—Thomas Paine.

RELIGION does not play a very important part in the courts of New York nowadays. A juror in the Flack conspiracy case, on his examination, was asked:

"Have you any religion?"

"No, sir. We live to-day and die to-morrow."

"Then you have no fear of the future?"

"Not at all."

He was sent to the box as a juror.

A few years ago the man would have been discharged from the jury panel as incompetent to serve.—Truth Seeker.

READ on page 221 the list of premiums offered for new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT.

The Brotherhood of Moralists.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A Brotherhood of Moralists has been organized here with the following officers: Superintendent, O. W. Draper; secretary, F. V. Draper; treasurer, D. M. Smith. Directors, F. V. Draper, F. Johnson, and D. E. Brown.

Meetings will be held at Liberal Hall every Sunday at 2:30. There is a good reading-room in connection. F. V. DRAPER, Sec'y.

Prairie City, Ia.

Freethought Lecture at Stockton.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mrs. Kregel, as announced, lectured here on Sunday evening, March 23, to a good audience, notwithstanding there was a mechanical spiritual show at the theatre. These physical spiritual exhibitions are always well patronized here, and are invariably pronounced failures by the general public. Still they are numerous attended, indicating that people like to be humbugged or grasped at a straw.

Mrs. Kregel fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of her hearers in every respect. Her stay was short, which permitted but little fellowship. Stockton, Cal. W. F. FREEMAN.

Lilian's Book.

Follow Infidels, Heretics, and Unbelievers:

I have just completed a mental trip around the world with Lilian Leland, and the journey was highly enjoyed and very satisfactory. Her descriptive powers are most excellent, and the natural, common-sense manner in which she deals with places and people is an agreeable feature of the book. There is not a word of cant or affectation from beginning to end; and being a keen observer, endowed with rare intuition and reasoning faculties of a high order, she has produced an instructive, interesting, and fascinating work; a book which no one will care to lay aside after leaving New York on the Santa Rosa until they have circled the globe. This was an unusual trip by an unusual woman, and she has demonstrated the fact that the woman who respects herself and carries a proper amount of reserve can travel the world over without insult or imposition. Courage, tenacity, and powers of endurance are qualities strongly manifested in her nature, and the book is permeated with a spirit of felicity and cheerfulness from first to last. The fresh and spontaneous wit which bubbles and sparkles from day to day as she journeys on, regardless of *mal de mer*, "genial bores," and poor grub, diverted my mind from the serious side of life and the fact that potatoes are three cents a pound, and any one living in kind of a hark-from-the-tomb condition will be benefited by coming in rapport, as it were, with this cheerful traveler.

I will remark that all your readers should take this mental trip around the world and get the benefit found therein.

Hoping you will all survive the 14th of April without "fleeing to the mountains," I am
Yours truly,
C. SEVERANCE.
Los Angeles.

DEAR GEORGE: I have been riveted with intense interest to "A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone." Have not read another book through for months, nor remained alone in my room to read a single night. But the more I read of this the more I was fascinated and determined to go it to a finish. They talk of realism in art, but this is realism in writing—*naive* but graphic, piquant and penetrating—an "altogether lovely" specimen of American womanly independence, combined with wit and literary skill.

Yesterday I was asked (as a special favor) if I would remain by the bedside of a sick lady, as the family were compelled to be out for a couple of hours. I was reading this book, and suggested that I might read to her. The lady's sister thanked me, but thought she was too weak and low to allow that, etc. After they had all safely departed I hinted to the invalid the sort of book I was interested in, and selfishly hoped she would permit me to continue. The permission was granted, and I read the story of travel aloud, asking occasionally if it distressed or wearied her. She always replied: "Oh! do go on; it is perfectly delightful." I am satisfied it did her more good than all the medicine she had taken for weeks. She promises to devour the rest of the book herself at the earliest opportunity.

How proud T. C. Leland would be if he could be a partaker in the tri-

umph which this work will doubtless achieve for his wonderfully gifted daughter! Though I am sorry she has put me out of conceit with the glorious "climb it" of California. E. A. STEVENS.

An Explanation.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your March 29 number there is an attempt to have a little sport at the expense of myself and my little Investigator because of the remarks made in your office relative to "isms," and suspension of the paper soon afterwards. I have no objection to the laugh that may go around at my expense; better laugh than curse or growl with envy any time. But your comments make me say that FREETHOUGHT would go down because it had no ism, which was not the idea given out by any means. What we said was to the effect that the time had not yet arrived when the people could be led to do away with isms, and that as all reforms had for their purpose to do good, it followed that we must use all the possible ways and means to bring about this result. Freethought by recognizing no ism or catering to the conditions of mind which the masses are in at present, did not build up but rather tore down. Further than that, Freethought was a decided lonesome ship to sail in, as it had no particular harbor in view or object but to attack every other ship which floats on the same sea. No reference was made to the paper going down whatever. The Pacific Investigator had no money to buy off the mule. Simply that and nothing more. G. F. PERKINS.

San Francisco, April 1, 1890.

Judge Quint.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Judge Leander Quint, who died last week, was one of the chance acquaintances I made through having a little business at the old city hall a few months ago. He lived on Mason street near its junction with Washington, and I was accustomed to see him often in that locality. On the morning of his decease, which was Friday, at seven o'clock I passed his house, and saw him sitting on the low bank wall beside the path leading to the street. He did not look up and I did not disturb him. I went by and left him seated there leaning upon his cane, white, and motionless, and—dead.

Like a weary traveler needing rest,
On that wayside stone he had sought repose
For his failing limbs, but he never guessed
That his journey would finish before he rose.

He had seen the arrows of coming day
Pierce through the fog as his eye grew dim,
And one bore death, and it came that way,
And dawn to others was night to him.

So he rested, and entered the sleep of death,
On that wayside stone in the little lane,
And his sleep was akin to the sleep of breath,
Save those who take it wake not to pain. M.

A STYLISH young woman had been sworn and had partially given in her testimony before Judge Arnold at Philadelphia, one day last week, when one of the jurors objected on the ground that she had not kissed the Bible. After a breezy discussion between counsel Judge Arnold cut the matter short by ordering the witness to be sworn by the uplifted hand. "I am not surprised," said the judge, "that this witness did not kiss the book. I would not do it either—a dirty book like that. This custom is a relic of idolatry and the sooner it is abolished the better it will be. I don't think this witness objected to kissing the book because she intended to lie, but because it is a dirty book. I respect her regard for her person and her health."

At the Lyceum sociable on Saturday evening, March 29, F. K. Blue and Gertrude F. Michener were the recipients of congratulations from a large number of friends, and good wishes were given them with the rhythm of the music and dance. They were married Mar. 25, 1890. It is hoped they will have all the happiness that Cupid can give to venturesome mortals. Mr. Blue is a well-known radical reformer, and his wife is in sympathy with his advanced ideas. In such golden bonds Freethought rejoices.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

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Borrowing Scripturally.

From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—Matt. v., 42.

"Good morning, Jane; I have come to borrow your best suit, your hat, dress, cloak, gloves, and shoes. We are just of a size, and they will fit me to perfection. I want to go to church to-morrow and hear the new preacher."

"But, Anna, I want to go also, and what should I wear if you borrow my suit?"

"Oh! I have nothing to do with that. You are a Christian and believe in the doctrine of Christ, so I thought you would be glad to lend regardless of your own needs."

"So I would, but I've no other suit that I could wear to church. Then just think! Suppose half a dozen others would come and ask to borrow clothes? I would be left with none at all. Must I then wrap up in a blanket or go to bed to keep warm, or buy more or borrow in turn?"

"Yes, I have considered all that; and some one might want your house a few years, and all your money and other possessions. What would you do then?"

"Really, Anna, I never thought of all this before. I must consult our preacher. You always do carry things so to extremes that I get puzzled and bewildered. How came you to think of this wholesale borrowing?"

"Well, I had \$50 that I was saving to go and visit my mother with next month, and yesterday John Jones came to borrow \$30. He knew I had the money and should not want it for two weeks, and he promised to bring it back in ten days."

"I would not have let him have it," said Jane; "you know he will never pay back what he borrows."

"Yes; but the Bible don't say you must lend expecting it back, but rather lend where you do not hope for the return."

"Yes, I know—but—but—well, I don't know how to interpret that part of the scriptures, so I must wait for further light. But did you lend Jones the money?"

"No; I told him I could not risk disappointing my friends and myself as regarded the promised visit, and that no matter how good his will was, something might delay returning the money, and I did not like to risk lending. He quoted the text on borrowing, but I said I did not believe in taking no thought for the morrow, but must prepare for the future as best I could. And as soon as he left I ran over here to test the text on a good Christian like yourself and see how you would take it."

"Well, Anna, suppose we search for the evident meaning of the text and not take it just as it reads. Suppose we understand it to mean that we shall lend where it will not seriously incommode us and will be a help to others."

"Yes, that is what I believe in doing. Drop all the holiness out of the Bible and treat its sayings just as you do those of other books. Modify its texts by common sense. That is just the point I wanted to make by coming here as I did this morning."

"I don't know how it is, Anna, but you

always get the better of me in arguments on theology."

"This is because I use reason and you fly to authority—but I must hurry back home, and I hope you will not think hard of me for my impromptu practical lesson. Truth is what we all want, and every new truth does good, even if it be unpalatable at first."

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

—BY—



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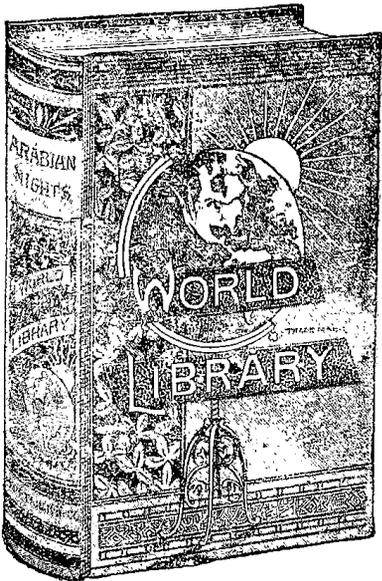
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HEARER (to clergyman)—"If your text had the small-pox you would not have caught it, because you did not go near enough to it."

"Spring, gentle spring," the blue bird sang,
With welcome laden breath,
"Behold the buds and violets"—
And then it froze to death.



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One Deed of Good.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed
Upon the careless wind to earth
Of its short life has only need
To find the germ fit place for birth;
For one swift moment of delight
It whirls, then withers out of sight.

Why She Works.

When the pretty country schoolma'm isn't trying
To guide her little flock on wisdom's way
She is very likely to be occupying
Herself in manufacture of crochet,
Or tatting, or embroidery, or sewing,
Or some other useful, ornamental thing,
For 'tis rumored 'round the district that she's
going
To be married in the early days of spring

Fooled the Parson.

Rev. Mr. Tullis, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Princeton, N. J., was the victim of a practical joke the other day, which caused much indignation among his congregation.

George Haines and Budd Narcross, of Vincentown, played the prank on the parson. Narcross attired himself in some of his mother's clothes and accompanied Haines to Mr. Tullis's residence.

The minister was asked to marry the couple, which he proceeded to do and wound up the ceremony by kissing the supposed bride. Then he made out the marriage certificate and sent the couple away with his blessing.

The Maiden and Her Gum.

"George, darling," she murmured, as they strolled in the garden, "let us stop at that rustic seat yonder for a moment."

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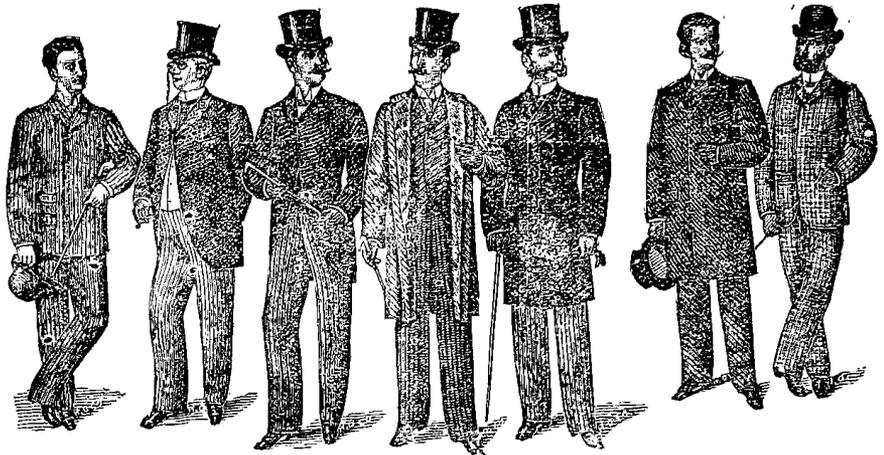
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - APRIL 12, 1890.

THE followers of the bicycle prophet, who believe that April 14 will see Oakland and San Francisco shattered by an earthquake and overwhelmed by a tidal wave, petitioned Governor Waterman to appoint a season of fasting and prayer with the hope of averting the dread calamity. The governor declines the request. He will wait until next fall and then proclaim a day of Thanksgiving, the last Thursday in November, which, of course, is different.

THE Rev. Dr. Harcourt, pastor of the Howard-street Methodist church, has got himself into bad odor with the trades unions by patronizing the printing firm of Jacob Bacon & Co., who run what is called a "rat" office. Bacon, the head of the firm, is a pious old hypocrite with a bad record, who uses the Young Men's Christian Association as an employment bureau to recruit the ranks of his underpaid employees. It is to be regretted that Dr. Harcourt patronized the firm, as his book "The Great [Roman Catholic] Conspiracy against America's Public Schools," is a good one and deserves a wide circulation.

In the course of an article on "Flaws in Ingersollism" in the April North American Review, the Rev. Lyman Abbott expresses surprise that the "inspiring story" of Abraham should have no attraction for Colonel Ingersoll. Abraham, it will be remembered, was commanded by the Lord to kill his son, and appears to have been willing if not anxious to obey the command. A similarly "inspiring story" now comes from Faulkton, South Dakota, to the effect that E. Eckhart, while suffering from theological dementia, stabbed his two young sons with a bread knife and cut his wife's throat. Eckhart claims that the Lord told him to commit the murder. Since this incident involves the killing of three persons instead of one, Dr. Abbott should find it three times as inspiring as the story of Abraham.

THE Methodist Episcopal Conference at New York repudiates the recent decision of the supreme court that Bible reading in schools is unconstitutional. These Methodists hold that to exclude the Bible is "unamerican and pagan and a menace to the perpetuity of our institutions." They further declare that it is the

duty of every Christian citizen "to deny that the Bible is sectarian and to claim for it a place wherever the state attempts to educate youth for the duties of citizenship." It is strange that these zealots cannot understand that in foisting the Bible upon the public schools they are compelling those who reject the Bible to pay for having it taught to their children. But perhaps they believe in robbing Thomas to pay Peter. If so, their actions are quite consistent with their belief.

P. T. BARNUM is a famous humbug, but occasionally he offers the public something that is genuine. Of such a nature are his recent remarks concerning a minister who had denounced the imported ballet girls that take part in the great showman's circus. Mr. Barnum said: "I want in a friendly way to preserve in amber the name of Rev. George L. Thompson. He spoke from his pulpit disparagingly of five hundred ballet dancers (so-called) that I brought from Europe. I don't know one of the ladies personally, never spoke to one of them, but I do know that every one of them has a brother, father, husband, or other near relative traveling with her; that the contracts which they have signed call for their instant dismissal if they commit any impropriety or act unbecoming a lady, and it is believed that these girls are as respectable and moral as the same number of ladies in any church in our land. This sensational preacher never saw them except while, unbeknown to him, they were in his church and writhing under his unjust and unchristian denunciations. As a friend I advise him to discontinue his circus pranks in the pulpit, of which a dime museum manager would feel ashamed."

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, April 13, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Samuel P. Putnam on the subject, "Spiritualism Not Science."

ABOUT FREE MONEY.

Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost's treatise on finance to be found in another column is very interesting reading. It is always gratifying to see a man at least attempt to justify the doctrine which he preaches. Such attempt is a sign that he has confidence in the correctness of his views. There are two classes of questions which no effort is ever made to answer by sensible people, and these are (1) questions that are unanswerable, and (2) questions that are unworthy of notice. Fair-minded people always acknowledge the force of the former kind, and ignore the latter, while theologians ignore the unanswerable, and rend the atmosphere with replies to the inconsequent. Our queries put to Mr. Pentecost were not so put because we especially object to his ideas on finance, but because further elaboration of them seemed desirable.

Mr. Pentecost objects to government monopoly of the right to

make money. His notion is, presumably, that every man may have his money printed as he does his business card, and exchange it for whatever he desires with whomsoever may have sufficient confidence in him to accept it for equal value of something else. But it is proper to call Mr. Pentecost's attention to the fact that money is essentially different from shoes or bread. These latter articles are good or bad according to the material and workmanship entering into their composition or construction, while money is not, unless it be insisted that only metal is a proper medium of exchange. The purchaser of a pair of shoes cares nothing for the stamp on the shoes, so long as the material and workmanship are good, while the seller cares nothing for those qualities in the money he gets for the shoes, if only the stamp is genuine. The buyer requires no collateral security, but the seller does. Between money and shoes there is all the difference that exists between a prophecy and its fulfillment, between faith and knowledge, between shadow and substance.

If we define money as a medium of exchange it would indeed be an inexcusable superstition to entertain the idea that "the issue of money is purely a function of the government," because a great deal of the exchange of values in this country is effected by means of paper in the form of drafts and checks with which the government has nothing to do except to protect them from forgery, which protection inspires the holder with a certain feeling of security and infringes the right of nobody but forgers. The practicability of free coinage of metal and unrestricted issuance of paper obligations can be demonstrated only by experiment, but the plan looks a trifle loose and shaky.

In the face of facts Mr. Pentecost is rash when he asserts that authoritative government is a myth. Unfortunately such a government exists. It imprisoned D. M. Bennett, it hanged the Anarchists at Chicago, it is trying Moses Harman at Valley Falls, it is enforcing Sunday laws in every state but California, it is protecting the monopoly of vacant land, it is extorting money from all citizens except wealthy ones by a system of compulsory taxation. It is, in fact, doing a thousand things to prove its existence. "Uncle Sam" is as mythological as the unicorn, but the government never lets us forget that it has a being and a local habitation. That the powers that be are ordained of God, is false; that the majority are infallible, is a fiction; that two have more rights than one is a pestilential error; but that a compact or arrangement, voluntary or compulsory, between the people does exist and is called government is a thing that cannot be denied except in a metaphysical way. The fact that politicians represent, and in reality are, the government does not affect the question at all. The priests rule over our minds in the name of a myth called God, and the politicians rule us physically in the name of a myth called "Uncle Sam," or the "will of the people," but the name of their rule is government and we cannot escape it. We speak of the "will of the people" as a myth because the majority of the people have no will of their own, and under the direction of the politicians outvote the intelligent minority. Some of the politicians are bad men, but the most of them are doubtless good men gone wrong.

FREETHOUGHT agrees with the Twentieth Century to the extent of urging that there is altogether too strong a tendency among the people to apotheosize government, state, and nation; to exalt the honor of office-holding; to cringe to authority, to fawn upon the successful though rascally politician, and to forget that service and not patronage should be expected of public employees. To this degree more or less Freethinkers may be superstitious; but

it cannot be called a superstition to hold that some sort of arrangement should be entered into for providing a common medium of exchange and for guaranteeing its stability. This is a question of expediency, and not of faith founded on belief without evidence or reason.

HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

The Hon. John A. Collins, of this city, died on the morning of April 3. He was president of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists and was a most earnest worker for human progress.

He was born in October, 1810, in the state of Vermont, being left in infancy an orphan. He depended on his own resources. At the age of twelve he began his apprenticeship as a printer and was associated with Horace Greeley. They became warm and intimate friends. He entered Andover Theological Seminary to prepare for the ministry. While pursuing his studies here his attention was called to Spiritualism, which was then attracting some attention. He investigated the subject and became a believer and advocate of modern Spiritualism.

Before finishing his course at Andover he was called away to engage in the anti-slavery movement. He was a born reformer and during his whole life has been a prominent worker in temperance, anti-slavery, woman-suffrage, Spiritualistic, and industrial co-operative reforms. A Quaker poet wrote of him in his early years:

John Collins, I wonder
If thou wouldst knock under
If Satan himself should appear.
I question his bluster
Thy temper could fluster,
Or cause thee to feel any fear,
John Collins,
Or cause thee to feel any fear.

His mission to England was very successful in giving information and raising funds for the anti-slavery movement. He took an active part in the famous anti-corn law agitation.

When the Fourier co-operative movement was made prominent by the efforts of Albert Brisbane Mr. Collins organized the "Skaneateles Community" in the state of New York.

He arrived in California early in June, 1849, and became one of the pioneer merchants of San Francisco. His attention was attracted to the rich quartz veins of Grass Valley, where he built and successfully operated the second quartz mill erected in California.

In 1851 he became a candidate for the state senate from Nevada county. He was defeated by a small majority on account of his anti-slavery record.

In 1860 he removed to Virginia City, Nevada. He organized the public schools of Storey county, of which he was chosen superintendent. He opposed the use of the rod in schools.

Mr. Collins was elected a member of the two constitutional conventions held in Nevada in November, 1864. He took a leading and active part.

In 1865 he returned to San Francisco and engaged in the practice of law, and the promotion of various social reforms. He believed in a system of harmonious fraternal co-operation in all branches of business, aided by the national government. This he regarded as the most important of all the reforms in which he was engaged.

In later years Mr. Collins practiced law as a profession, one of his latest acts in that capacity being the incorporation of the Freethought Publishing Company. He gave his services with-

out charge, declaring that none of the incorporators could feel a greater interest in the enterprise than himself.

Judge Collins has left the record of a noble and self-sacrificing life. He was a Freethinker in the best sense of the term, broad and genial in his views. He was thoroughly sympathetic with all advance movements. A friend, a philosopher, has passed away. Upon his grave we place the wreath of honored remembrance.

SPEAK YOUR THOUGHT.

Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly recognize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinion rightly forms a part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that he may properly give utterance to his innermost conviction: leaving it to produce what effect it may. He must remember that, while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the unknown cause; and when the unknown cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet:

. Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes.

Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not—well also, though not so well.—HERBERT SPENCER.

GIVE US LIGHT.

In last week's FREETHOUGHT is an article copied from the Weekly Star in which occurs the following statement:

A correspondent incloses an extract from a communication in the Jackson, Amador county, Dispatch, in which objection is made to the single tax, because one man with a seven-story building on his lot would be only taxed the same as a neighbor with a one-story cottage on the adjoining lot, so that while the rich man could readily pay the tax, the poor man could not, and would have to abandon his home. The answer is, that the tax would not be too high for any one to pay who uses the land, either as a residence in towns and cities, or as a cultivator in the country, but it would be high enough to render speculative holdings of land unprofitable.

Let us see if that is so. We have for a starting-point a lot with a one-story cottage on it. Let us call the cottage worth \$2000 and the lot \$3000, only the latter sum being taxed, say at the rate of 2 per cent—amounting to \$60 per annum. Adjoining this lot is another lot worth \$3000, on which is a seven-story building. We will offset the first story of this building with the one story of the cottage, and there are six stories left for renting at \$25 per month each, or \$150 per month all together, or \$1800 per year. This \$1800 will pay the taxes on thirty other lots, and if the proprietor of the seven-story building owns that number of

lots he will thus be enabled to hold them for a raise. The exemption of improvements, then, gives increased means for investment in land; because, if the seven-story house were taxed for its value, say \$20,000, at the same rate as the lot, the owner would have \$400 less wherewith to pay taxes on the lots held for speculative purposes, and must relinquish six or seven of them.

If there is any mistake in this argument, the single-tax advocates can have no difficulty in pointing it out.

FREETHOUGHT is "catching it" from various directions, for failing to attempt any defense of Moses Harman in publishing the O'Neill letter which caused his arrest. We would like to have it understood that so far as the writer of this is concerned he considers the persecution of Mr. Harman totally unjustifiable. If Harman did not know better than to print O'Neill's letter he has not reached years of discretion. He is irresponsible, and there is no hope that discipline or experience will teach him anything. E. H. Heywood is another of the intractable species, and his "Word," with its list of cracked contributors having their brains and controlling organs located at the lower end of the backbone, makes an indecent exposure every time it appears. Still, people who are morally robust have less to fear from these men than from brutes like Anthony Comstock who would apply to ethics the discipline of the policeman's club.

THE Sonoma county delegation came into the convention of Prohibitionists here last Wednesday with the proposition to eliminate the Sunday law plank from the platform of the party. That is good. Now let them expunge the prohibition law plank, and resolve that temperance is a moral, not a political force; that men and women cannot and should not be kept sober by law; and that the temperate citizen, being free to get drunk, yet practicing sobriety, is a nobler specimen of manhood than the teetotaler who is abstinent simply for the reason that he cannot get anything to drink.

WE hear of a western clergyman who announced that he would deliver a sermon on "Looking Backward," and when all the Nationalists in the neighborhood had assembled he gave a discourse about Lot's wife. It was a mean sell, but it teaches a lesson nevertheless. The people who a few centuries from now look back to the time when men believe in the myths and fables of Christianity will have as much pity for their deluded and credulous predecessors as the dwellers in a paradise like Bellamy's would have for those who suffer under our present industrial abuses.

ALWAYS against the interests of the working people, the clergy of Chicago have resolved in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday. This matter should be settled at once, and no city that will not promise to keep the fair open seven days in the week should be allowed to control it. People who are obliged to work six days should be given Sunday to spend as they choose, and to close the exhibition is practically to shut them out.

KEMMLER, the wife murderer, now under sentence of death in the Auburn, N. Y., penitentiary, has experienced a change of heart. Like Saul of Tarsus, he has seen a vision, the appearance being nothing less than Jesus Christ, who, so Kemmler claims, appears to him in his cell and assures him of sympathy and salvation. Thus the brutal murderer's calling and election are assured. The fate of the woman he killed is uncertain.

SUBSCRIBERS TO FREETHOUGHT are invited to examine the date

on the wrapper of their paper, and act accordingly. It is unpleasant to be continually sending out notices; we prefer to practice the golden and silver rule and to dun others only as we would ourselves be dunned.

THE Carrier Dove, our Spiritual contemporary, has concluded to be a monthly magazine instead of a weekly paper, and comes out again with its familiar host of wingless angels on the front page. The said angels still preserve an appearance of good health.

FROM a copy of the "Texas Cartoon" just received it is learned that Northern Texas is suffering from an attack of the Rev. Sam Jones. His arrival is announced in this manner; "The circus has opened in Ft. Worth with Sam Jones as ring-master."

OBSERVATIONS.

If the Rev. Dr. Harcourt, who dropped in at 838 Howard street the first part of the week to converse about his new book, had not told me his name, I should not have ventured to guess that he was a Methodist clergyman, and my acquaintance with the cloth for many years has made me a fair guesser on ministerial goods. His cravat was orthodox, his spectacles were gold-rimmed, and his legs had the right crook for a man with an intellectual brain; but his conversation made me nervous, there being a lady present. He condemned the priests in eloquent and highly adorned language, denounced theology as the great enslaver of the human race, spoke of Bible idolatry and ecclesiasticism with the utmost contempt, and lauded Voltaire as the loftiest mind produced by France. Whenever a touch of profanity seemed necessary to perfect rhetorical effect, Dr. Harcourt gave it with that easy grace which comes only from long practice. By a clergyman or the unwordly Methodist, I suppose such phrases as "The devil of it is," "go to h—," "damnation," "damnable," and so forth, are regarded as conducive to clearness, but, as I remarked, they made me nervous, because I did not know when something worse would follow. He remained only about five minutes, but during that time the air was more livid with profanity than I had seen it before since Putnam tipped over his last ink-bottle. I would not intimate that Mr. Harcourt was intentionally irreverent. His language was that of pulpitical license. The fact that it sounded weird to me shows how far I have drifted from the Sunday-school religion of my childhood.

The editor of the Golden Gate knows enough about the unsolvable mystery of death to assure his readers that the Hon. John A. Collins has "passed to a higher life." Yet Judge Collins lived on this earth a purely unselfish and wholly unspotted life. He had courage and energy in his youth, and wisdom and tolerance in his old age. Always he had charity. Everything he did was for the good of this world, and he did all that circumstances gave him opportunity to achieve. Is there a higher life than this, and if so will the editor of the Golden Gate tell us in what it consists?

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou lectured before the Freethought Society last Sunday evening to a full hall, and essayed, by citing visions, appearances, and premonitions, to answer in the affirmative the question, "Is man immortal?" The audience listened attentively, even patiently, to the discourse, which would have found more receptive ground among a body of Spiritualists. Nevertheless the lady is of such pleasing address, has so musical a voice, and such an eloquent tongue, that the absence of argument or demonstration may well be overlooked. Her fundamental postulate was that man is a triune being, having a body, soul, and spirit. The body is the outward or visible man; the soul the invisible duplicate of the body, and the spirit the germ of life. The body, as I understood the proposition, is not immortal except to the extent that matter cannot be destroyed; the soul gives form to the body, and endures as the form of a house endures after the house is burnt up; while the spirit exists for-

ever, if not longer. I am a poor hand to report lectures of this kind, as I lack spiritual insight. FREETHOUGHT needs a religious editor.

The address was preceded and followed by singing by Miss Evangeline Ballou.

President Putnam pronounced the matter of the lecture the best that could be presented on the subject, though it did not convince him. Mr. Thomas Curtis argued that Mrs. Ballou's hypothesis would prove the immortality of a mule. Mr. George Cummings expressed himself as a doubter of immortality. Mr. P. Healy supported the spiritual theory and thought it desirable that he should live forever. Professor Seymour took the same stand. Meanwhile I was not present. I had gone home. A consideration of these other-world questions always invests me with an irresistible inclination to sleep. The same feeling overtakes me as I write. Gentle reader, are you awake?

I doubt if there has been any great change in the mental condition of Governor Goodell of New Hampshire, though a late report states that he has become incapacitated for the duties of his office. Besides being what is termed a prohibition fanatic, Governor Goodell is a religious bigot. He lives on a farm in Antrim, Hillsborough county, away off from the civilizing influences of the intellectual world, and his inane piety turns his household into a perpetual prayer-meeting. FREETHOUGHT formerly went to a cousin of mine who lives in the governor's family, but it was imperiling the souls of the whole community, and notice was given to discontinue. I judged then that Governor Goodell's brain was not robust, and am not now surprised that somebody else has discovered it to be suffering from the softening process. A man who cannot tolerate a Freethought paper in his house is not broad-minded enough to preside over anything but an experience meeting.

Last week I made some quotations from a "poem" printed by the Bancroft Company and bearing the name of H. Tintrop as author. I then knew that Mr. Tintrop was not a poet, but I did not know that he was a fraud. It now transpires that the poem is not original with the alleged writer, Tintrop, and the title is not "Mankind," but "Despair," or *Verzweiflung*, under which name it was written in the German language by Kotzebue. Moreover, the translation is wretched—"Ein sehr miserable Uebersetzung," as a German-speaking reader has remarked.

Careful reading discloses some original ideas concealed beneath the rags and tatters of raveled English wherein the Teutonic and too fresh translator has arrayed this philosophical poem, but they are not Tintrop's. He has merely stolen a great picture and daubed it with foreign substances.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Some of the religious fanatics of Oakland are actually leaving town to escape the disaster prophesied for this week.—The force of destitute laborers given employment in the Park is being rapidly reduced, as the fund for paying them is nearly exhausted and contributions have practically ceased to come in. Some of the men are finding work elsewhere, but many are still idle.—The resignation of Leland Stanford as president of the Southern Pacific Company, and the election of Collis P. Huntington to fill the vacancy, is reported.—Eastern workmen are rapidly filling the places of the striking ironmolders in this city. The strikers appear to have plenty of funds to back them. The foundries are running, and so far as they are concerned the strike is practically over.—The Morrow Chinese Enumeration bill is being vigorously opposed in Congress by the missionary societies all over the East. It is claimed that Chinese restriction will interfere with missionary work among the Celestials.—The Pioneers and Native Sons intend to have a grand celebration, beginning Sept. 9, of California's fortieth anniversary as a state.—The statue of Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, will be unveiled at Coloma, El Dorado county, about the last of this month. The monument has cost \$5000, will be forty-one feet high, consisting of a bronze statue of Mr. Marshall eleven feet high surmounting a granite base thirty feet high, and will be placed in the lot in which the discoverer of gold is buried.

A committee of the Baptist church at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, find their pastor, the Rev. Edward Whitman, guilty of immoral association with divers young women, misappropriation of church funds, and untruthfulness.—One thousand journeyman plumbers and 5000 carpenters are on strike in Chicago.—Prof. Joseph Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, testifies that Keeley, the motor man, has discovered a new force distinct from magnetism or electricity whereby weights are raised and lowered by the sounding of musical notes. Professor Leidy thinks it possible that a mill may be run by connecting it with a piano.—Representatives Herbert of Alabama, Hemphill of South Carolina, Turner of Georgia, Stewart of Texas, Wilson of West Virginia, and ex-Representative Barksdale of Mississippi, Senators Vance of North Carolina, Pasco of Florida, Vest of Missouri, and W. M. Fishback of Arkansas, Ira P. Jones of Tennessee, S. S. Long of West Virginia, and B. J. Sage of Louisiana have collectively written, and will soon publish, a book entitled "Why the Solid South? or, Reconstruction and its Results."—Many Mormons from Utah are expected to join the Mormon colony this spring at Lee's Creek in the Northwest territory, Canada.—Horace Greeley's old homestead at Chappaqua, N.Y., was destroyed by fire last week. The house was built by Mr. Greeley in 1851.—The women temperance crusaders are conducting a reign of terror in and around Farmington, Mo. Licensed saloon men do not dare to open their places of business for fear of being mobbed.—The son of the late Richard A. Proctor is insane. He lives at St. Joseph, Mo.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas McMasters, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., was the other evening observed to be decorated with a halo which, according to his daughter's testimony, "illuminated the room and transfigured his countenance." Immediately after this phenomenon had appeared, the reverend gentleman was stricken with paralysis. A reputable physician who was told of the occurrence says that the supposed halo is easily explained by the presence of phosphorus in the old man's hair. A promising miracle is thus spoiled by inexorable science.

A sensation has come up in London in the form of a church scandal which implicates the Rev. Dr. White, who for thirty years has been chaplain of the Chapel Royal at Savoy and of the House of Commons. Dr. White has been accused by Eliza Hildon, a laundress, with immorality. The woman gives the fullest details and evidence.—There has been an appeal made by the high church and the Catholic priests to their respective congregations to boycott Mme. Bernhardt while in London, as a punishment for what they call her blasphemy in reading the part of the Virgin Mary.—Turkish troops have pillaged the churches and insulted Christians in the province of Candia, in Crete. At the request of the foreign consuls the governor has ordered an inquiry into the outrages.

THE NATIONALISTS.

The sixteenth public reception of the San Francisco Nationalist Club at Metropolitan Temple was one of the most brilliant and successful of the series. It was opened with an organ solo by Prof. Richard J. Wilmot, followed by a recitation by Mrs. Jennie Reed, and a piano solo by Mate Hildebrande.

Miss Anna T. Smith, of San Diego, delegate to the convention, made a short address. She referred to the strong hold of the principles of Nationalism upon the people throughout the state. The first club in Southern California was organized at Los Angeles May last, and to-day there are thirty-five clubs in that part of the state. The people not only of America but of other nations were awaking to the importance of the issue.

Mr. Walter Leman, of old-time fame upon the coast, gave a wise and witty recitation on "The Glorious Fourth," which was received with such enthusiastic approval that he was recalled, and gave "Bingen on the Rhine."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, president of the club, made the address of the evening. The speaker said: "This is woman's hour. Even as a child I was interested in politics. I always believed that woman's time would come some day with a political party. Now the time has arrived for justice and equity for men and women alike. This is the people's hour. Woman has a voice

and a work in Nationalism. But then we must watch as well as work in this great movement. We are growing almost too fast for our own good. Men may enter into our movement in behalf of the old political parties. There is much for women to do in politics, and first of all we must make poverty impossible. Women are unemployed and suffering simply because they can't vote."

"Help One Another," a National hymn, music by Professor Wilmot, was then sung by Miss Evangeline Ballou, organ accompaniment by Professor Wilmot, the audience joining in the chorus. It was beautifully rendered, and the voices of the vast audience mingled with the grand notes of the organ. The singer was recalled with long-continued applause, and the last two verses were repeated.

The following are the words of the song:

"Help one another," the snowflakes said, as they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;

"One of us here would not be felt, one of us here would quickly melt; But I'll help you and you help me, and then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray said to its fellow leaves one day; "The sun would wither me here alone, long enough ere the day is gone;"

"But I'll help you and you help me, and then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried, seeing another drop close to its side;

"This warm south breeze would dry me away, and I should be gone ere noon to-day;"

"But I'll help you and you help me, and we'll make a brook and run to the sea!"

"Help one another," a grain of sand said to another grain just at hand; "The wind may carry me over the sea, and then, O what will become of me?"

"But come, my brother, give me your hand; we'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

"The Brickyard Drama," presented by Frank D. and Master Jackson, was one of the hits of the evening, and was worthy of the ovation it received.

The zither solo by Miss Julia Valentine was excellent and the encore was well deserved.

The meeting was closed with a few remarks by Mr. Owen, of Los Angeles, urging harmonious action at the convention.

The California Nationalists met in first annual convention at Metropolitan Hall at ten o'clock a.m., Tuesday, April 8. Ninety-five delegates were present.

The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. Wreaths of flowers were tastily arranged about the stage. Over the organ was suspended the motto "Harmony the Watchword."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou called the convention to order. She said:

"I hope, in the outset of our first convention, the delegates of the respective clubs will give their attention strictly to the principles calling us together, and I hope that harmony will prevail. We recognized in the outset of this movement that it was a movement for equity and justice, and if we cannot do better than some of the conventions that have preceded us, we shall certainly make a sad and sorry record. We must recognize equity and justice now, as the representatives of the people. If any one has come here with anything uppermost in his mind except our principles let it die in his mind. We are here for principle, not politics, and I hope if any one has come here with a slate, he will break it at once. This is the people's movement."

J. B. McCormack, H. B. Wiseman, and T. B. Wiltshire were elected temporary secretaries, and the list of delegates was made out, after which the convention adjourned until 2 p.m.

At the afternoon session W. C. Owen, of Los Angeles, was elected president of the convention, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, J. W. Hines, and Laura de Force Gordon vice-presidents, and I. McCormick, H. B. Wiseman, and T. B. Wiltshire secretaries.

Addresses were made by Mrs. Gordon, Judge Wheeler, and others

The following committees were appointed:

Committee on State Organization—Mrs. Anna F. Smith, B. G.

Haskell, T. V. Cator, of San Francisco; Eugene Hough, of Oakland, and H. G. Wilshire, of Fullerton.

Committee on Order of Business—J. F. Redstone, Dr. Moliere, of San Francisco; Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon, of Lodi, C. E. Daily, of Los Angeles, and George Thistleton, of Ocean View.

Committee on Resolutions—Albert Currin, Peter R. Martin, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of San Francisco; J. H. Hines, of San Jose, and E. C. Schnabel, of Los Angeles.

LIVELY TIMES IN SAN DIEGO.

Mrs. Mary A. White, corresponding secretary of the First Nationalist Club of San Diego, writes as follows:

To the Editors of Freethought:

Things are getting lively down here, Mr. Editor. The seeds of truth sown by the Secular pilgrim and others are coming up and growing rapidly under the weekly irrigation of Dr. York's lectures. His first address—before the Nationalist Club to a full house—succeeded in packing Lafayette Hall to its utmost limits on the following Sunday evening. We then procured the Louis opera house for the next Sunday. This, too, was crammed to its utmost seating capacity, and the end is not yet. The doctor has agreed to deliver five more lectures in a regular series. The first, on "Natural Evolution," already given, met with such enthusiastic response that we are wishing for a larger opera house to accommodate the audience.

The opposing forces are waking up to the danger, and this occasions the liveliness. Beautiful women, fearing that their God will get hurt in the contest, declare that they will not go themselves nor let their husbands and lovers listen to such blasphemy. Shylocks, who live by grinding the faces of the poor, openly avow that the churches must be sustained, not for their religious truth, but their political influence; hence they are arrayed against the power of Dr. York's persuasive eloquence. The daily papers in the city, which are owned by the Shylocks and afraid of church influence, keep ominously silent. But for the daily San Diegan and the weekly Clipper the people would never know, except through advertisements, that a great wave of Freethought was sweeping over the town and people were beginning to think who never thought for themselves before. The mightiness of the press, viz., the dailies, is falling into "innocuous desuetude" except to sustain kingcraft and priestcraft.

A Catholic lady, with the courage of her convictions and the ignorance of her class, attacked Dr. York in a public office, telling him that she was praying that God would smite him down as he did Paul of old. As the doctor remains unsmitten we naturally infer that God is treating her prayers as he did those of the millions of pious souls who prayed for the success of the Southern Confederacy, and also for the life of President Garfield. It is not to be expected that this pious sister will learn a lesson from God's failure to comply with her righteous and reasonable request. It is the best thing that God could do under the circumstances; and if he were as shrewd as this female member of his flock he would have thought of it himself.

We hope to be able to build up a good Liberal Society in San Diego. Mattie P. Krekel is coming here; so is the champion, John E. Remsburg. Let them come. We need them all to break up the dense fog left here by the old mission fathers and held by the smoke of Presbyterianism.

THE FINANCE OF ANARCHY.

FREETHOUGHT says:

Mr. Pentecost, of the Twentieth Century, says that an Anarchist is "one who believes that money should be issued by anybody who can get his money accepted." Of course, but what would those do for a circulating medium who could not get their money accepted? Don't the Anarchists believe in a co-operative currency, and if so, in what respect would it differ from that now in circulation?

Those who could not get their money accepted would have to use the money that other persons would manufacture, taking it for something of their own making that they can get accepted; just as those who cannot make good shoes get good shoes by giving something that they can make well for them.

Anarchists believe in a co-operative currency. The money

now in circulation is, in itself, unobjectionable. It is the monopoly of the right to manufacture money and issue it that is objectionable. No one, two, or more persons should have a monopoly of the right to make anything that we need, and we certainly need money. If we think of money just as we think of bread or clothing—a *thing* that everybody needs—it should be easy to understand that anybody should be allowed to make it. Good money will be used and poor money will be rejected, just as good bread will be used and poor bread will be rejected. We decide what kind of bread we want, and we could just as easily decide what kind of money we want. If the government assumed the monopoly of bread making and allowed a few persons to share the monopoly, prohibiting bread making by others, everybody would understand that a wrong was being done. The idea that the issue of money is peculiarly a function of government—something that could not be as well done by private undertaking—is a pure superstition; just as much a superstition as that priests have power to forgive sins. If the editor of FREETHOUGHT is influenced in his thinking by this superstition he should free himself from the erroneous belief as he has from erroneous religious belief.

The priest asserts that a person called God exists; that God has a power peculiar to himself to forgive sins; that God has conferred that power upon him. This is a baseless lie, whether the priest knows it or not. The editor of FREETHOUGHT knows that the person called God is a myth; that he exists only in imagination; and that, therefore, what the priest says is not true. The politician asserts that there is an authoritative thing called government; that this authoritative thing called government has a power peculiar to itself to issue money; that government has conferred that power upon him. This is a baseless lie, whether the politician knows it or not. The authoritative thing called government is a myth; it exists only in imagination; and therefore, what the politician and his master, the national bank man, say is not true.

Where is God? Nobody knows. He is an idea. The editor of FREETHOUGHT understands this. Where is the government? Nobody knows. It is an idea, also. The priests claim that God authorizes them to issue indulgences. The editor of FREETHOUGHT knows this is a lie. The politicians and bankers claim that government authorizes them to issue money. This, too, is a lie. There is no such person as God; but the priests know that they would have no power without the God idea behind them. There is no such thing as the government; but the politicians know they would have no power without the government idea behind them.

Regarding money, the simple truth is this: a number of thieves get together and assume the monopoly of its manufacture. Interest is the result of monopoly; and by interest laborers are robbed and the owners of money are enriched. As long as these cunning thieves can make laborers believe that there really is such an authoritative thing as the government behind them the laborers will call the thieves statesmen, they will call devotion to a myth patriotism, they will reverence the thieves, and will call unsuperstitious persons traitors and stone them because they puncture the myth-bladder.

One of the strangest and saddest things in life to me is to see men free from religious superstitions, but held, as by a vise, in the grip of political superstitions. And of the two the political superstitions have a stronger hold upon the human mind. The God delusion is weak and growing weaker. The government delusion is strong, if not growing stronger. Many persons have learned to do without God who think society could not exist without a board of aldermen. Many persons have broken from the chain gang of the priests, but they gladly obey when the politicians crack the whip over them. Many persons understand the fallacy of monarchical Roman Catholicism and republican Protestantism. They understand that the ideas upon which all churches are founded are erroneous. Many of these same persons know that there is no such thing as the divine right of kings; but when the politicians tell them that the will of a majority of the men over twenty-one years of age must be obeyed by everybody, they go down on their faces in the dust like the fetich worshippers they really are. They have escaped from the mon-

archical superstition, but they are held by the republican superstition. There are superstitious Roman Catholics, superstitious Presbyterians, superstitious Methodists, and superstitious Free-thinkers. And when a Freethinker is superstitious he is, in that respect, exactly like any other superstitious person—it is very difficult to convince him that his superstition is a superstition. These remarks are not meant to apply to the editor of FREETHOUGHT unless he is a believer in the government myth, in the sacred right of a few men to arbitrarily govern all the other men, women, and children, in which case they do apply to him whether I wish them to or not.

HUGH O. PENTECOST (Twentieth Century).

THE PROFOUND PHILOSOPHY OF MR. P. CARUS.

An attempt is made by Mr. P. Carus, in a recent number of the organ of Mr. Hegeler's peculiar kind of "Monism," to show that Materialism is philosophically, as well as morally, a very absurd system of thought. "Matter," he says, "is an abstract. Abstraction is a mental process." This is as clear as mud. There are, he says, two properties not included in the term matter, "viz., (1) motion and (2) form." *Mirabile dictu!* A jack-rabbit moves; a marble is round. To use adjectives instead of verbs, we say a moving jack-rabbit, a round marble. Then to express the moving of all objects we say motion; to express the shape of all objects we say form. The motion of a thing, the roundness, squareness, or other form of a thing, is a condition, a quality of material substances. Motion and form do not exist *per se*; these words designate the condition or quality of actual objects. This all intelligent Materialists and Spiritualists alike understand; but Mr. P. Carus is in the a b c of philosophy and does not understand it; so he talks of matter, and "besides matter," of something more than matter—"motion and form." This is philosophical twaddle.

He says that the mistake of Materialism is that it "identifies matter with reality," and in the same sentence he declares that "every reality is material." Then he says: "Spiritualists, in a certain sense, ought to be called Materialists, for they have one error in common with Materialists. They cannot see that the formal and the relational are non-material realities." He had just said that "every reality is material."

I will give two sentences from this writer which, without any comment, will indicate to every thinker how far he is qualified to set himself up as a critic of any school of thought: "Certainly Materialism went too far when it tried to explain everything from matter, when it identified itself with reality. Yet it stands on solid ground when it maintains that *every reality is matter*." "Spiritualists, in a certain sense, ought to be called Materialists, for they have one error in common with Materialists. They cannot see that the formal and the relational are *non-material realities*."

Enough. No Monism of this sort for me! The Monism of Spencer, the Monism of Haeckel, is consistent, but the Monism of the sort quoted is a spurious article. AGNOSTIC.

INGERSOLL'S LATEST.

At the anniversary of the Lotus Club in New York, the following remarks were made by Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Sometimes I think, and especially when I am at a meeting where they have what they call reminiscences, that a world with death in it is a mistake. What would you think of a man who built a railroad knowing that every passenger was to be killed—knowing that there was no escape? What would you think of the cheerfulness of the passengers if every one knew that at some station, the name of which had not been called out, there was a hearse waiting for him; backed up there, horses fighting flies, driver whistling, waiting for you? Is it not wonderful that the passengers on that train really enjoy themselves? Is it not magnificent that every one of these under perpetual sentence of death after all can dimple their cheeks with laughter; that we, every one doomed to become dust, can yet meet around this table as full of joy as spring is full of life, as full of hope as the heavens are full of stars? I tell you we have got a good deal of pluck.

And yet, after all, what would this world be without death? It may be from the fact that we are all victims, from the fact that we are all bound by common fate: it may be that friendship and love are born of this fact, but whatever the fact is, I am perfectly satisfied that the highest possible philosophy is to enjoy to-day, not regretting yesterday, nor fearing to-morrow. So let us suck this orange of life dry, so that when death does come, we can politely say to him: "You are welcome to the peelings. What little there was we have enjoyed."

But there is one splendid thing about the play called life. Suppose that when you die that is the end. The last thing you know you are alive, and the last thing that will happen to you is the curtain, not falling, but the curtain rising on another thought, so that as far as your consciousness is concerned you will and must live forever. No man can remember when he commenced, and no man can remember when he ends. As far as we are concerned we live both eternities, the one past and the one to come, and it is delightful to me to feel satisfied, and to feel in my own heart, that I can never be certain that I have seen the faces I love for the last time.

When I am at such a gathering as this I almost wish I had had the making of the world. What a world I would have made! In that world unhappiness would have been the only sin; melancholy the only crime; joy the only virtue. And whether there is another world nobody knows. Nobody can affirm it; nobody can deny it. Nobody can collect tolls from me, claiming that he owns a turnpike, and nobody can certainly say that the crooked path that I follow, beside which many roses are grown, does not lead to that place. He doesn't know. But if there is such a place, I hope that all good fellows will be welcome.

BOOK NOTES.

An open letter to the Rev. Dr. R. F. Burns, of Halifax, N. S., under the title of "Theological Presumption," is Charles Watts's latest shot at the clergy. In pamphlet, 5 cents.

The "Abolitionist," Samuel Freuder, ex-rabbi, editor and proprietor, comes from 426 Oak street dressed in a suit of blue ink. It promises to issue every Saturday and to advocate Nationalism.

The Transatlantic of April 1 contains an article on M. Trivier, the "French Livingstone," in which the peaceful method employed by Trivier in his recent two years' journey across Africa is contrasted by the writer with the warlike and bloody methods of Baker, Emin Pasha, and Stanley. The magazine contains also many attractive features. Send 10 cents to 328 Washington street, Boston, Mass., and get a sample copy.

The Catholic church receives a fearful going-over in a new book by Dr. Richard Harcourt entitled "The Great Conspiracy." The work is made up of twelve discourses delivered in this city during the past autumn and winter, evidently printed as reported, since they retain the various parenthesized "applauses" and "sensations" which some authors deem it more appropriate to expunge. Every person in San Francisco ought to read this book. It will open their eyes to the great truth that in nearly all departments of the city government the will of the pope and not of the people is the controlling power.

The debate which Mr. Charles Watts, editor of the Toronto Secular Thought, recently held with the editor of the Halifax, Nova Scotia, Evening Mail, is now issued in a 50-page pamphlet, with prefatory letters by Geo. Jacob Holyoake and Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and an introduction by Helen H. Gardener. It is necessary to read only one-half of this debate to be convinced that in challenging his opponent to discussion the editor of the Mail overestimated his own ability. And it makes little difference which half is read. Mr. Watts is unanswerable, and the other editor's replies, which amount only to criticisms, simply corroborate the fact. On platform or on paper Mr. Watts is practically invulnerable. He is also an able dramatic elocutionist, his rendering of the "Maniac" being the most effective we have ever heard.

Bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT, 1889, \$3.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITY AND THE GATES.

The City and its Thousand and Seven Gates.—Guides with Mystic Bottles.—Simon and Hydrocephalus.—Simon's entrance into the City of Conversion.—Receives the Glass of Faith.

1. Now, the city of Conversion was a great city, and round about it was a wall built of huge and rough stones, and they were exceedingly soft, and had no strength in them; and the names of the stones were Fancies, except the bigger of them, which were called by the learned, Fictions; and the foundation of the whole city was of Sackcloth and Ashes.

2. And in the wall of the city were a thousand and seven gates, besides many that were built up, and some that were about to be opened.

3. And over every gate was written in letters of blood, these words, This is the way, and he that entereth by any other gate is a thief and a robber.

4. And by every gate was one of the guide-books open; and a guide stood by showing to the pilgrims that came that his gate and his only, was the one through which the book directed them to enter; and over every gate were many figures and strange devices.

5. But the devices were diverse from each other, and did not accord with one another.

6. Over one gate was the figure of a man crowned with three crowns, and he had a key in his hand, and the name of that gate was Katholikos.

7. And over another gate was the figure of a goose, and beneath it the man with the three crowns was kindling a fire; and the name of that gate was Bo.

8. And over another gate was the figure of a marten; and below that a temple, having at its western end a large tower, and upon the tower a crown; and the name of that gate was États.

9. And over another gate was the figure of a certain plant called kale, and a vine; and a temple with a tower, albeit there was no crown to the tower, but, instead thereof, a lamb. And the people of this gate boasted that such of the pilgrims that entered by their gate could not afterwards by any means get out of the roadway, for that they had hedged it in, and the name of that gate was Electio.

10. And over another gate was the figure of a lighted lantern and a fox; and the name of that gate was des-amis.

11. And over another gate was the figure of a man in a pool of water; and the name of that gate was Aquatilia.

12. And over another gate was the figure of a serpent giving suck to a young kid, and of a wolf sporting with a ram; and beneath was the figure of an old man, having wings upon his shoulders, and in his hand a reaping-hook; and the reaping-hook was well nigh worn away by much usage; and behind the old man with wings there was the figure of an angel, having no belly; and he held aloft, over the head of the old man having wings, a huge hollow cone, as if he would bring it down and smother him thereby; and the name of that gate was Millennium.*

13. But time would fail us to speak of all the gates, therefore these shall suffice.

* After much study, we have, we believe, discovered the import of these gates, and the figures belonging to them. They are symbolic (prophetically of course) of the various creeds of the present day. And the exactness of the metaphoric representations is marvelous in the extreme, and, in our estimation, puts the inspiration of the whole MSS. beyond dispute. The gate, verse 6, represents Catholicism; the three crowns and key are the well-known symbols of the pope. The gate, verse 7, is typical of Huss and his followers (the word Huss, in Bohemian, meaning goose); he was roasted by order of the pope, and therefore, roast goose is his appropriate symbol; and, as everybody knows, Bo is the proper thing to say to a goose. The gate, verse 8, is the Lutheran; the temple and crown, in juxtaposition representing the union of church and state. The gate, verse 9, is the Calvinistic; the temple and the lamb referring to their claim that Christ, and not the state, is head of the church. The gate, verse 10, is the Quaker's gate. Fox is the name of the founder of the sect, and a lighted lantern symbolic of the "inner light" they boast of. The gate, verse 11, evidently has reference to the Baptists. That of verse 12 to the "Adventists," believers in the immediate advent of the millennium, the "old man" is Time, who is about to have the extinguisher put upon him by the bellyless angel behind him.—TRs.

14. And by the gates were many of the guides standing, some with trumpets, some with horns, others with baskets of brimstone and fire, others with censers of smoke, others with nets full of very fine dust.

15. And when any of the pilgrims of the roadway came up, there immediately arose a hubbub, and a tumult, and shoutings, and revilings, and much heavenly howling.

16. For the guides belonging to the various gates loved each other mightily, and lent each other many charitable cuffs, and fought stoutly for the pilgrims, and condemned each other to the flames with abundant heartiness and indisputable equity.

17. But by the gate Des-amis was a man of sober and sedate aspect, looking neither this way, nor that, nor any way; and his hands were clasped together, and the thumb of his right hand revolved as it were in a circle, and the thumb of the left hand pursued it for ever and ever, yea, from everlasting to everlasting did it pursue. Selah.

18. And I, Philo Alet'heia, perceived that many of the men of the gates had on great and greasy cloaks, and under their cloaks had some of them certain bottles, and upon the bottles were exceedingly strange and marvelous devices engraven.

19. And the hieroglyphics upon the bottles were a hidden and ineffable mystery, the meaning whereof no man can tell. And the number of the mystic hieroglyphics were the sacred three.

20. And the first hieroglyphic was like unto a half-circle thickened and, as it were, bent upon itself at the lower end; and the second was a straight line erect; and the third was two straight lines erect, having another line proceeding from the top of the first straight line erect to the bottom of the second.

21. And within the vessels, whereon were the triune hieroglyphics, was a certain curious and potent liquid, the smell whereof was like unto the smell of juniper berries; and the liquid was called by some the water of life, by others the spirit, and by others the comforter; and they who drank plentifully thereof were filled with the spirit, whose surname is the Ghost, and spake with tongues of fire and prophesied.

22. Now when Simon came out of the valley, and saw the city and its gates, he was filled with astonishment; and perceiving the inscriptions that were written over the gates, that they were all written with letters of blood, and all of them alike saying, This is the way; and he that entereth by any other gate is a thief and a robber, he began to be confounded, and marveled with himself how they should all be the right way, when there could be but one right way.

23. And while he debated with himself, the guides about the gates perceived him, and beset him on all sides, each bidding him to come in by their gate, and moving him thereto with many hard threats and emollient promises.

24. And they took hold of him and dragged him this way and that, and the other also. And Simon was utterly confounded, and bestirred himself to go every way, and went none.

25. But presently there came up from the gate called Aquatilia a man of pallid aspect, whose name was Hydrocephalus,* and his voice was like unto the croaking of a multitude of frogs; and he approached Simon and said unto him,

26. Oh, son of my yearning bowels, rejoice that I have found thee; for, verily, if thou goest with me, thou art as a brand plucked from the fire. But, said Simon, What meaneth these other gates, and how should they also be the right way, and each of them the only one? Then answered Hydrocephalus, saying, Heed them not, my son, they are but snares to entrap the unwary; turn away thine eyes from beholding them, and come with us. Look, then, into thy guide-book, first putting on thy glass, and thou wilt know for a surety that ours is the right way.

27. So Simon looked where the guide bid him, and was satisfied, and would have gone with Hydrocephalus, had there not come up a guide from the gate called Electio, and the name of this guide was Cannotbedamned.

28. And Cannotbedamned had an open guide-book in his hand, and he howled furiously at Simon, saying, Read it, and thou wilt perceive that there is no way but ours.

29. And Cannotbedamned would have taken hold of Simon, but that he was filled with the spirit; yea, verily, he was loaded

* In the Greek tongue Hydrocephalus imports water on the brain,

therewith, and, by reason of his burden, he staggered to and fro, and went hither and thither, and elsewhere, and all manner of ways; and his voice was thick, and his words came out of his mouth as it were in great bundles; and when he would have gone forward the spirit drew him violently back, and when he would have gone to the right the spirit sent him vehemently to the left.

30. And when Cannotbedamned perceived that the spirit would not let him approach Simon, he suddenly lay down on the ground, and began to speak in an unknown tongue, and his speech issued from his nostrils; and Simon opened his ears and his mouth and hearkened.

31. And Simon marveled and drew near to Cannotbedamned, and looked into his guide-book and perceived that the gate called Electio was indeed the right way, and would have gone in thereat, except that Hydrocephalus was dragging him to the other, even that called Aquatilia.

32. And when Cannotbedamned had made an end of his discourse in unknown tongues, he looked up and saw Simon about to enter the city by the gate Aquatilia, and immediately he leapt up and ran and caught Simon by one of his legs and pulled it within the gateway of the gate Electio, and Hydrocephalus laid hold of Simon's other leg and drew into the other gateway, for the two gateways were next to each other.

33. And there came up some with the nets of fine dust, and beat Simon with them on the face, so that his eyes were filled with the dust; and others came with baskets of brimstone and fire, and others with censers of smoke, and they all let go together, and Hydrocephalus and Cannotbedamned tugged away mightily.

34. And Simon remembered the smell of the fire and brimstone, and fearing that Ahrimanes was upon him, he struggled valiantly to get in, and the two guides pulled and the others laid on, and the stone which divided the gates being (as was said before) very soft, they at length pulled him quite through the stones, having one leg in each gateway.

35. And when Simon was got within the city, and had finished sneezing, the guides bid him weep for his sins. So Simon wept, and the tears burst forth as a great and mighty flood, and the bridge that spanned from the one nostril to the other was carried away by the force of the waters, and still he wept.

36. So he wept till the springs dried up and the waters abated.

37. And they repaired the bridge that was carried away by the floods, and Simon rested himself after his manifold labors.

38. And after some little while Hydrocephalus and Cannotbedamned took Simon by the nose and led him to a certain pool called Bapto.

39. And when Cannotbedamned came to the pool, the spirit again came upon him so that he staggered under his burden, and presently fell into the water.

40. But having, by the grace of the king Jah, been preordained to die in the air, he was not drowned, but was drawn out again.

41. And the spirit having departed from him, he laid hold of Simon, and Hydrocephalus laid hold of him also.

42. And Hydrocephalus addressed himself to the congregation,* saying, Men and brethren, listen to me, and open wide your ears that the words of knowledge may enter. Forasmuch as this sheep hath entered into the sheep-fold of our great king it is needful that he should be well-washed, and ye are gathered together to the sheep-washing, therefore it behoveth us to tell him what is necessary.

43. And Hydrocephalus addressed himself to Simon, saying, Hear, O my son, and give ear to thy shepherd; this day art thou become one of our flock; yea, thou art henceforth a young ram amongst the sheep of our great king. Therefore, see to it that thou obey the voice of thy shepherd; meddle not with the young ewes, and give up thy fleece when it is required of thee; what thy shepherds teach, that shalt thou steadfastly believe, and question not their sayings.

* This is a somewhat abrupt intimation of the presence of a congregation, no previous mention being made of one; but we can only translate the MS. as it really is, we have no idea of improving the language of inspiration.—Trs.

44. But I, Philo Aletheia, hereabouts fell asleep, not being any longer able to listen to the preacher, so that I heard not the remainder of his speech, though I doubt not that it was exceedingly pleasant, and caused the congregation to shed many winks, and mayhap tears also. However, I was awoke from my sleep by much bleating of the heavenly flock; and, looking up, I saw Simon gathering himself out of the pool, and Hydrocephalus helped him.

45. And the guides gave Simon another glass called Faith, and it was exceedingly like unto that called Imagination, nor could any man distinguish between them, except he was skilled in such matters; and he could use his glasses together, either before the other, and they fit into each other, and when he looked through them so great was their virtue that he could by them see many great and wondrous sights, though nothing was present.

46. And Simon was greatly delighted with his glass, and rejoiced exceedingly, and the guides with him.

To be Continued.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

Secretary Rau sends to FREETHOUGHT the appended items relating to the Brotherhood of Moralists, of Hannibal, Mo., for the month of March:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

During the month 54 membership certificates were issued, making the total number enrolled 947. The new members are from Oregon, 25; Texas, 1; New Mexico, 2; Iowa, 13; California, 1; Missouri, 1; Ohio, 1; Georgia, 1; Idaho, 6; Kansas, 1; Colorado, 2.

During the month two local Brotherhoods have been organized: one at Taney, Idaho, and one at Prairie City, Iowa. The secretary of the former is Thomas Weaver, and of the other F. V. Draper.

We are under obligations to brothers C. Close, of Grattan, Mich., F. M. Cone, Axtell, Kan., J. D. Shaw, Waco, Tex., Geo. E. Macdonald, San Francisco, H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y., for papers and magazines.
F. H. RAU, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from February.....	\$3 30
Received from Samos Parsons, Cal.....	5 00
H. Foetish, N. M.....	2 00
L. A. Thornton, Ala.....	1 00
G. W. Tillotson, N.Y.....	75
Amasa Wood, Mass.....	30
R. M. Stender, Mo.....	40
S. Kitchens, Ga.....	15
J. W. Fitch, Mass., Charles Miller, M. Gordon, Charles Dal-	
kenberg, S. D., J. W. Swansgood, Ind., each 50 cents...	2 50
Dr. Lottridge, Kan., and A. L. McFarlane, Idaho, each 25	
cents.....	50
G. H. Eversole, F. Steiner, T. Weaver, Chas. Lambert, W.	
G. Morgan, J. Newman, D. Cook, each 10 cents.....	70
	16 60
Expended in mailing constitutions, circulars, membership cer-	
tificates, letters, etc.....	6 35
	Balance 10 25
	A. R. AYRES, Treasurer.

THE MYTH OF LOT'S WIFE.

The more recent history of the salt pillar, since Lynch, deserves mention. It appears that the travelers immediately after him found it shaped by the storms into a spire; that a year or two later it had utterly disappeared; and about the year 1870 Prof. Palmer, on visiting the place, found at some distance from the main salt bed, as he says, "a tall, isolated needle of salt or salt rock, which does really bear a curious resemblance to an Arab woman with a child on her shoulders."

Three years later, Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" makes its concession to the old belief regarding Sodom and Gomorrah as slight as possible, and the myth of Lot's wife entirely disappears.

The theological effort to compromise with science now came in more strongly than ever. This effort had been made long before: as we have seen, it had begun to show itself decidedly as soon as the influence of the Baconian philosophy was felt. Clerc thought that the shock caused by the sight of fire from heaven killed Lot's wife instantly and made her body rigid as a

statue. Eichhorn suggested that she fell into a stream of melted bitumen. Michaelis suggested that her relatives raised a monument of salt rock to her memory. Friedrichs suggested that she fell into the sea, and that the salt stiffened around her clothing, thus making a statue of her. Some claimed that a shower of sulphur came down upon her, and that the word which has been translated "salt" could possibly be translated "sulphur." Others hinted that the salt by its antiseptic qualities preserved her body as a mummy. De Saulcy, as we have seen, thought that a piece of salt rock fell upon her; and very recently Principal Dawson ventures the explanation that a flood of salt mud coming from a volcano incrustated her.

But theologians themselves were the first to show the inadequacy of these explanations. The more rationalistic pointed out the fact that they were contrary to the sacred text; Von Bohlen, an eminent professor at Königsberg, in his sturdy German honesty, declared that the salt pillar gave rise to the story, and compared the pillar of salt causing this transformation legend to the rock in Greek mythology which gave rise to the transformation legend of Niobe.

On the other hand, the more severely orthodox protested against such attempts to explain away the clear statements of Holy Writ. Dom Calmet, while presenting many of these explanations made as early as his time, gives us to understand that nearly all theologians adhered to the idea that Lot's wife was instantly and really changed into salt; and in our own time, as we shall presently see, have come some very vigorous protests.

Similar attempts were made to explain the other ancient legends regarding the Dead sea. One of the most recent of these is that the cities of the plain, having been built with blocks of bituminous rock, were set on fire by lightning, a contemporary earthquake helping on the work. Still another is that accumulations of petroleum and inflammable gas escaped through a fissure, took fire, and so produced the catastrophe.

Against this sort of rationalism perhaps the most vigorous of recent protests appeared in 1876, in an edition of Monseigneur Mislin's work on "The Holy Places." In order to give weight to the book, he spread his qualities at great length on the title-page. Among other things, he was prelate of the papal household, apostolic prothonotary, a doctor of theology and of philosophy, and his work is prefaced by letters from Pope Pius IX. and sundry high ecclesiastics—and from Alexandre Dumas. His hatred of Protestant missionaries, in the East, is phenomenal; he calls them "bagmen," ascribing all mischief and infamy to them; and his hatred is only exceeded by his credulity. He cites all the arguments in favor of the salt statue at Usdum as the identical one into which Lot's wife was changed, adds some of his own, and presents her as "a type of doubt and heresy." With the proverbial facility of theologians in translating any word of a dead language into anything that suits their purpose, he says that the word in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, which is translated "statue, or 'pillar,'" may be translated "eternal monument;" he is especially severe on poor Monsieur De Salcy for thinking that Lot's wife was killed by the falling of a piece of salt rock, and actually boasts that it was he who caused De Saulcy, a member of the French Inquisition, to suppress the obnoxious passage in a later edition.

Nor did such rationalizing efforts fare much better among Protestant theologians. In his excellent work on "The Land of Israel," Canon Tristram makes an energetic protest against scientific explanations of biblical statements.

Between 1870 and 1880 came two killing blows at the older theories, and they were dealt by two American scholars of the highest character. First of these may be mentioned Dr. Philip Schaff, a professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at New York, who published his travels in 1877. In a high degree he united the scientific with the religious spirit, but the trait which made him especially fit for dealing with this subject was his straightforward German honesty. He tells the simple truth regarding the pillar of salt, so far as its physical origin and characteristics are concerned, and leaves his reader to draw the natural inference as to its relation to the myth. With the fate of Dr. Robertson Smith in Scotland, and Dr. Woodrow in South Carolina before him—both recently driven from their professor-

ships for truth-telling—Dr. Schaff deserves honor for telling as much as he dares.

Similar in effect, and even more bold in statement, were the "Travels" of the Rev. Henry Osborne, published in 1878. In a truly scientific spirit, he calls attention to the similarity between the Dead sea, with the river Jordan, to sundry other lake and river systems; he points out the endless variations between writers describing the salt formations at Usdum; accounts rationally for these variations, and quotes from Dr. Anderson's report, saying, "From the soluble nature of the salt and the crumbling looseness of the marl, it might be well imagined that, while some of these needles are in process of formation, others are being washed away."

Thus came out, little by little, the truth regarding the Dead sea myths, and especially the salt pillar at Usdum; but the final truth remained to be told, and now one of the purest men and truest divines, of this century, told it. Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, visiting the country and thoroughly exploring it, allowed that the physical features of the Dead sea and its shores suggested the myths and legends, and he sums up the whole as follows: "A great mass of legends and exaggerations, partly the cause and partly the result of the old belief that the cities were buried under the Dead sea, has been gradually removed in recent years."

So, too, about the same time, Dr. Conrad Furrer, pastor of the great church of St. Peter at Zurich, gave to the world a book of travels, reverent and thoughtful, and, in this, honestly acknowledged that the needles of salt at the southern end of the Dead sea "in primitive times gave rise to the tradition that Lot's wife was transformed into a statue of salt." Thus was the mythical character of this story at last openly confessed by leading churchmen on both continents.

Plain statements like these, from such sources, left the high theological position more difficult than ever, and now a new compromise was attempted. As the Siberian mother tried to save her best-beloved child from the pursuing wolves by throwing over to them her less favored children, so an effort was now made in a leading commentary to save the legends of the valley of Siddim and the miraculous destruction of the cities by throwing overboard the legend of Lot's wife.

But even this utterly failed, for there soon followed the worst blows of all. First, from Van de Velde, who made his journey in 1851 and 1852. He is a most devout man, but he confesses that the volcanic action at the Dead sea must have been far earlier than the catastrophe mentioned in our sacred books, and that "the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah had nothing to do with this." A few years later a very eminent dignitary of the English church, Canon Tristram, doctor of divinity and fellow of the Royal Society, who had explored the Holy Land thoroughly; after some generalities about miracles, gave up the whole attempt to make science agree with the myths, and used these words: "It has been frequently assumed that the district of Usdum and its sister cities was the result of some tremendous geological catastrophe. . . . Now, careful examination by competent geologists, such as Monsieur Lartet and others, has shown that the whole district has assumed its present shape slowly and gradually through a succession of ages, and that its peculiar phenomena are similar to those of other lakes." So sank from view the whole mass of Dead sea myths and legends, and science gained a victory both for geology and comparative mythology.

An amusing result has followed this development of opinion. As we have already seen, traveler after traveler, Catholic and Protestant, now visits the Dead sea, and hardly one of them follows the New Testament injunction to "remember Lot's wife." Nearly every one of them seems to think it best to forget her. Of the great mass of pious legends they are shy enough, but that of Lot's wife, as a rule, they seem never to have heard of, and, if they do allude to it, they simply cover the whole subject with a haze of conventionality and sacred rhetoric.

Naturally, under this state of things, there has followed the usual attempt to throw off from Christendom the responsibility of the old belief, and in 1887 came a curious effort of this sort. In that year appeared the Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie's valuable work on "The Holy Land and the Bible." In it he makes

the following statement as to the salt formation at Usdum: "Here and there, hardened portions of salt, withstanding the water, while all around them melts and wears off, rise up isolated pillars, one of which bears among the Arabs the name of Lot's wife."

In the light of the previous history, there is something at once pathetic and comical in this attempt to throw the myth upon the shoulders of the poor Arabs. The myth was not originated by Mohammedans; it appears, as we have seen, first among the Jews, and, I need hardly remind the reader, comes out in the Book of Wisdom, and in Josephus, and has been steadily maintained by fathers, martyrs, and doctors of the church, by at least one pope, and by innumerable bishops, priests, monks, commentators, and travellers, Catholic and Protestant, ever since. In thus throwing the responsibility of the myth upon the Arabs, Dr. Geikie appears to show both the "perfidious genius" of his countrymen and their incapacity to recognize a joke.—DR. ANDREW D. WHITE, in the Popular Science Monthly.

KISSING THE BOOK.

"Straws show which way the wind blows;" and the latest straw which indicates the ever-freshening wind of state secularization is a decision of Judge Arnold, of Philadelphia, on March 26, that, in giving testimony in court, it is unnecessary to kiss the book.

The case in question was brought by the pupils of one Professor Stone, the owner and manager of some "Artistic Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmaking Parlors," on a charge of conspiracy and false pretense. One of the witnesses for the defense, a Miss Marian Taylor, had partially given in her testimony, when a juror objected, because she had not kissed the Bible. Thereupon a breezy discussion sprang up between the lawyers, which was cut short by Judge Arnold's ordering the witness to be sworn by the uplifted hand. He added:

I am not surprised that this witness did not kiss the book. *I would not do it either*—a dirty book like that. *This custom is a relic of idolatry*, and the sooner it is abolished the better it will be. I don't think this witness objected to kissing the book because she intended to lie, but because it is a dirty book. I respect her regard for her person and her health.

The italics are our own, as we wished to emphasize that portion of the judge's speech which is especially startling to this conservative city of ours. When our court judges protest against kissing the book, not only on hygienic grounds, but because it "is a relic of idolatry," and when they clinch their protest by the assertion that they themselves "would not do it either," the days of the judicial oath are numbered. The daily papers, indeed, already acknowledge that Judge Arnold's decision "may work a complete revolution in the courts in that particular." And the Press has deemed the occurrence of sufficient importance to be made the subject of editorial comment—being careful, however, to change the words of the judge, "a relic of idolatry," into "a relic of barbarism." This change has doubtless been made to spare the feelings of its orthodox patrons, who may be sensitive over the slight upon their Bible fetish; and for this little concession to prejudice, I suppose, we can hardly blame any newspaper. It further adds editorially:

The Bible in use is generally a very dirty one, and the practice of having every witness, high and low, clean and dirty, healthy and sick, press his or her lips to it in taking the oath, is a disgusting survival from an age of superstition, which is extremely offensive to a nice taste, and favorable to the spread of disease.

After the trial, Judge Arnold was interviewed, and asked "what he meant." He replied:

I mean that it was established by the church, to show the humiliation of the people before the first judges, who were clerics. It has been abolished in England; judicial declarations subject to penalties being substituted.

I mean that it is a relic of a superstitious age and superstitious people, under the subjection of priestcraft. It is a relic of that age in which trial by fire took the place of trial by jury; when a man's guilt or innocence depended on his physical capacity to resist pain and torture. But its worst feature is the dirt and disease which is imparted to the book by the constant handling it receives from dirty witnesses; and I not only would not kiss such a book myself, but I have respect for those who have enough respect for themselves to refuse to do so.

It is like the custom of kissing brass toes of graven images; some worshippers kiss the toe until it is worn smooth; while others only stoop down and pretend to kiss it. They are just as devout as those who touch the toe with their lips, but they have too much regard for their health to touch their lips to the spot where thousands of others have been.

I think swearing on the Bible should be abolished. I think a witness can take just as good an oath with the uplifted hand as on the Bible.

But it is not likely that the ripples of excitement created will be confined to the abuse into the midst of which this decision dropped so unexpectedly. As is usual in such cases, the effects will eventually spread far beyond the present area. If kissing the Bible is acknowledged by such high authority to be "a relic of idolatry which ought to be abolished," people will soon be asking why that other relic of idolatry, the uplifted hand and the oath, should not also be done away with. "It is only the first step which costs." And they will then come to see the advisability of bringing about what the American Secular Union demands in this respect, viz.: The substitution of a solemn affirmation, under the pains and penalties of perjury, in the courts, and in all other departments of the government, in place of the common forms of a judicial oath.

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Corr. Sec'y Am. Secular Union.

Perhaps So.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The city of Magdala is wholly in your eye, and in the eyes of modern Christians. It has been changed from the east side of the lake to the west side to accommodate Christian writers. The town had no existence until a hundred years after Christ.

G. W. BROWN, M.D.

Rockford, Ill.

Around the World.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Please send me a copy of Miss Lilian Leland's journey "Around the World." I was a subscriber to "Man" as long as it was published and edited by her father. I never met him, yet for some reason I always loved and admired him. For this reason and on account of her handsome face I am anxious to read her book. Your paper, like whisky and fiddles, improves with age. I met Mr. Putnam when he was here some years ago, and suppose he remembers me. He was at my house and talked for some time about his work in the Liberal field. I was very much surprised at his enthusiasm in the cause, but I see from his letters it has not abated any. He has done as much to make Liberalism popular and respectable as anyone in the United States—Colonel Ingersoll excepted.

Louisville, Ky.

Truly,

WILLIAM T. CARTER.

Mrs. Krekel at Boulder Creek.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have had a rare treat in the way of a course of lectures by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel. To say that our expectations were more than realized hardly does justice to the gifted lady. She argues from the constructive standpoint of Liberalism in preference to the destructive, and is evidently a believer in the evolution of religion. For these reasons she is eminently and particularly fitted to do pioneer work. She does not repel by ridicule, burlesque, and sarcasm, people of refined sensibilities who are just outgrowing the mental shackles of the unhappy past, but by invincible logic she appeals to their heads and also to all that is highest and best in their hearts. The beautiful ethics she advocates are not only ennobling, but also eminently human and natural, and cannot fail to attract wherever she may give them from the rostrum. She has done much good here for our cause by removing prejudice and inculcating new ideas. We have all learned something. Wherever pioneer work is particularly needed, this lady should be heard. Hoping she may receive many calls before she leaves the Golden state, and the good work thus be given a lasting impetus, I remain

Yours very sincerely, W. S. RODGERS.

Boulder Creek, Cal.

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Two Pious Souls With a Single Thought.

A young man who travels for a New York Bible concern was at the Boody House yesterday, and along in the afternoon, following the prompting or rather the wooings of the spirit, started back to the bar for a drink. He had just reached the door when he was startled by an apparition in the somber-clothed person of his employer, who had stopped over a day on a flying trip to Chicago, where Bible houses find a large and attractive field.

Seeing the employer, the young man unconcernedly walked on into the washroom, and began to lave his hands. The employer carelessly sauntered down the long corridor, round through the billiard hall, and just as he entered the bar again encountered his traveling employee, who, bowing politely, walked on into the billiard hall and became absorbed in watching a game of billiards. But he kept an eye on his employer, and when he disappeared returned to the bar after the coveted drink.

Again he ran into the old man and proceeded on into the washroom, where he again bathed his hands. The employer then took a turn watching the spinning ivory globes. Anon the young man made another effort. The employer was again encountered. Then they changed places once more, the young man watching the billiards and the old man washing his hands.

The drummer then conceived and executed a *coup d'état*, or something of that sort. He called for his coat at the coat-room and told the old man as they again passed in the bar that he guessed he'd go out and call on a minister whom he was working up into a Bible-buying mood.

Then he walked around, came through the billiard hall, and once more went into the bar.

"Well," he said, smiling pleasantly, as he encountered his employer again, "forgot to wash my hands." Then he stole into the washroom, peered around the corner of the wall until he saw the old man disappear, then he hastened back to the bar. The same inspiration had fired the old man, and they collided once more. Then they had to wash again.

By this time their hands were white and soft and their fingers beginning to shrivel up like a Canton-avenue washerwoman. Both were growing desperate, and the old man said in a careless, off-hand manner:

"Oh, by the way, Phillip, do you ever drink a glass of beer?"

Phillip said; "Well, once in a great while."

Then a great feeling of relief filled them. Distrust was metamorphosed into perfect trust and sweet confidence, and the dark despair of the hope that was dying in each longing breast suddenly brightened into the glad, joyous, sparkling sunshine of expectations all fulfilled and hopes fully realized.—Ex.

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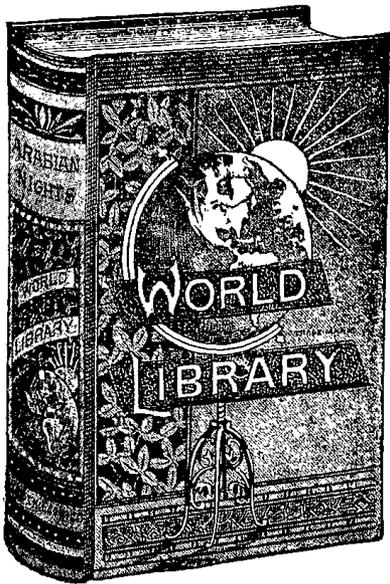
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"And now, Johnnie, what are the men called who govern or rule over us in this country?"

"Kings," said Johnnie, promptly.

"O., no. Tell me, the next one, by whom are we governed?"

"Queens!"

"No! Next boy."

"Jacks!" said the next boy.

And he was not promoted to the head of the class.

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"Oh, would I were a bird!" she sang. And the young man leaned his head wearily upon his hand and murmured—"Would you were, and the window open."

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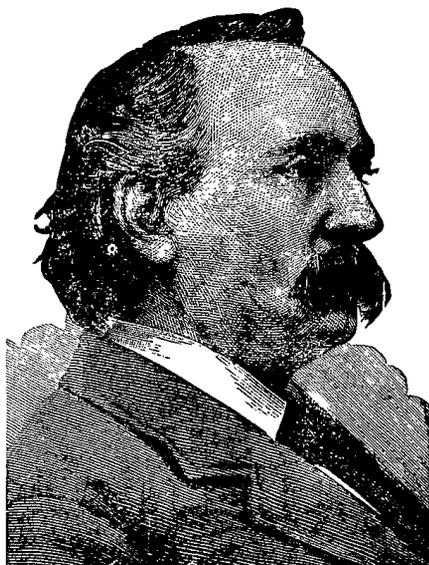
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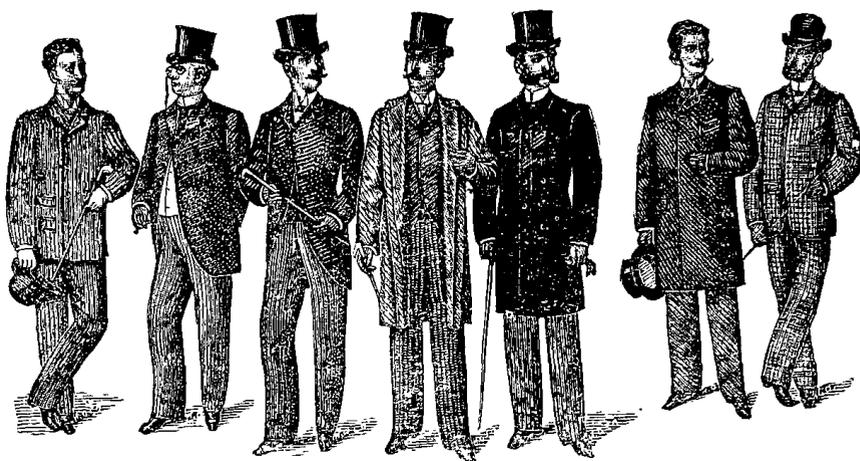
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Mistakes will occur even in as sacred an observance as the Holy Sacrament. Of course the observance is only symbolical and hence it made no particular difference. The good people at the Methodist church, as is their custom at quarterly meetings, observed this scriptural injunction last Sunday, and the sinners in the back seats could not help but wonder what made the people look so wry-faced after leaving the communion altar. The joke was too good, however, and it leaked out the next day that a mistake had occurred and the communicants had partaken of the contents of the wrong bottle. It was perfectly harmless, however, as it was only horehound syrup and if it did not produce the desired effect, may have relieved somebody's cold. —Aitchison Co., Mo., Journal.



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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - APRIL 19, 1890.

SAN FRANCISCO has all sorts of religious curiosities. The latest addition to the collection is Archimandrite Innocent, a Russian prelate contributed by St. Petersburg. He will go into the Greek museum on Powell street.

THE Young Men's Christian Association has protested against paying its taxes, and the authorities have the protest under consideration. Meanwhile the Association has raised about \$90,000 toward building another hall. The plea of poverty on the part of these religious deadheads is a great humbug.

THE believers in Erickson's prophecy that the cities of the bay should be destroyed last Monday had the good sense to hedge. They prayed that the disaster might be averted, and now claim that their prayers were answered. If the conditions of God's prophecy can be done away with in this manner, the almighty and his chosen might as well save their wind, and let things drift.

THE Eastern churches and missionary societies who favor Chinese emigration should turn their attention to San Francisco's Chinatown before expending any more effort in foreign countries. Of the twenty thousand or perhaps forty thousand Chinese in this city not one in one hundred is Christianized or civilized. They are all as oriental as when they landed. They live in filth and squalor, and their women are prostitutes. Why should the clergy desire more of them until these are converted to ways of decency and civilization?

PRIEST ROONEY told a large Catholic audience in St. Francis church last Sunday evening that the restoration of the temporal power of the pope was a necessity to the spiritual rule of the supreme pontiff. Said he: "The vicar of Jesus Christ should not be the subject or even the guest of any king or potentate. It is not compatible with the dignity of the church. He should be the head of a principality modest enough, may be, not to excite his human ambitions, but where he could discharge his sacred functions with the absolute liberty his great office demands. The church, the bishops, and 230,000,000 Catholics think that his spiritual independence requires that he should be

the head of his own principality." This argument rests on the fundamental fallacy that the pope is the representative of Christ, than which there was never a greater error. He is merely a man raised to power by the delusions and superstitions of mankind. He is the chiefest among ten thousand impostors, and altogether detestable. He has the same right to temporal authority that any other citizen has, and no more.

A DEBATE.

On the evenings of Thursday and Friday, May 1 and 2, there will be a debate on Spiritualism at Metropolitan Temple, between MOSES HULL and SAMUEL P. PUTNAM. The question is: "*Do the Phenomena of Spiritualism Demonstrate a Future Life?*" Mr. Hull is one of the most skillful debaters on the platform, and he will take the affirmative of the above proposition, Mr. Putnam denying.

Tickets may be procured at the office of FREETHOUGHT, 838 Howard street; at the Carrier Dove office, 841 Market street; at the office of the Golden Gate, in the Flood Building; or at the Freethought and Spiritualistic meetings. Admission to the hall both evenings is fixed at 25 cents, or 15 cents each evening. It will be well for those desiring to attend to get their tickets in advance, as only a number sufficient to comfortably fill the hall are to be issued.

This debate should rally some splendid audiences, both of those who believe in Spiritualism and those who do not. Mr. Hull is confident that the former will be present in a body, and there should be enough of the skeptical in attendance to preserve the equilibrium.

PROPHECY GONE WRONG AS USUAL.

Prophet Erickson or some of his followers last week favored us with a printed warning headed "The Doom of the Cities. Woe, Woe, Woe!" giving the occupants of FREETHOUGHT office to understand that unless they took to the hills before Monday, the 14th inst., they would be swallowed up by an earthquake and drowned by a large tidal wave.

Mr. Erickson sets forth that he is a native of Norway; that on the 24th to 27th of January last he was "in the spirit," and that during this time the Lord showed him the destruction of San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda, eighty days from date. It was to take four minutes to complete the devastation. We are assured by Mr. Erickson that those seeking refuge on the mountains will be provided with free passes to the East by the Lord, who will preserve the railways.

Other features of the prophecy are the destruction of Chicago

and Milwaukee. Lake Michigan was to do the business for Chicago first, and then proceed to Milwaukee. The latter place would come up again, but Chicago should be heard of no more.

more or less interest in the Nationalist propaganda: First is the Weekly Star, which, though committed to the Single Tax as a means, looks to something like Nationalism as an end. Mr. F.

a resolution at the head of the editorial column declaring itself the official journal of the movement. It was naturally expected, considering the warmth of the discussion, that the Pacific Union would express more or less feeling, but it does not. On the contrary its remarks are mild; thus:

"The two sections of the movement are the same in principle, the same in object, differing only in method and in choice of leadership. That inaugurated by the seceders is in a position to command public respect, and we confidently look for its steady growth, and final recognition, not only as the true exponent of the principles of Nationalism, but as the legally constituted state organization."

In view of the animosities engendered by this convention, it is very gratifying to know that some old sores are in a fair way to be healed. For instance, the Weekly Star and the Pacific Union, formerly not friendly, now find themselves on the same side of a great question. Rabbi Freuder's strained relations with J. H. Redstone should be cemented hereafter by the kinship of a common cause. Even the dissolution of friendship heretofore existing between Burnette G. Haskell and Mr. C. F. Burgman seems likely to be forgotten. Mr. Haskell, we understand, consents that the dead past shall be its own undertaker.

FREETHOUGHT takes an interest in Nationalism because many of its readers are connected with the movement, and because it is an agitation for something better than old-line politics. With the recent split we have no concern except so far as it affects the progress of ideas. The seceders call themselves the conservative element, which is rather against them, as conservatism never does more than hold its own, and rarely that. Perhaps we have in this article given a view of the local field not to be found in any other paper.

TO OUR PATRONS.

As our readers know, we have just passed through one of the hardest winters ever known to this coast—five months of unprecedented dullness of trade. We hope that all this time the subscribers to FREETHOUGHT have borne in mind the effect that this stagnation must have had upon the business of FREETHOUGHT'S publishers. The first three months, as all publishers of papers know, are usually the best months in the year. In 1889, January, February, and March were better for FREETHOUGHT than any six other months. This year, however, owing to the causes mentioned, the case is exactly opposite, and there are a thousand dollars due on subscriptions that should have been paid the first of January. It is hoped that subscribers will not allow this state of affairs to continue. Those in arrears can ascertain the fact by consulting the date on the wrapper of their paper. Besides, we have sent them "reminders" by letter, and we look confidently to our friends to give the matter their immediate attention.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SCIENCE.

What is Spiritualism? It is a certain set of phenomena and an inference from these phenomena. The phenomena simply do not constitute Spiritualism. To admit the facts of Spiritualism is not to admit Spiritualism itself. Spiritualism is more than the facts, infinitely more. It is an opinion, a philosophy, a metaphysics founded upon these facts. A vast spiritual world far greater than the present visible world is inferred from the facts. Facts and inference, therefore, are what constitute Spiritualism. Let this be thoroughly understood. One says he sees a spirit. That affirmation includes two elements; it includes mental phenomena and a mental conclusion. There are certain modes of

consciousness, and from these modes of consciousness it is inferred that a spirit is present. No one ever sees a spirit, that is impossible. Only material manifestations are seen, and from the manifestations it is reasoned that a spirit is at hand to produce them.

Understand, therefore, that Spiritualism as I define it includes two things, facts and inference. What I am dealing with are not the facts but the inference. I don't deny any facts but I do deny an inference. The whole question is right here, on the inference, not on the facts.

Immortality is not a fact of Spiritualism; it is simply an inference. An inference may be a truth, it may be knowledge, it may be science. An inference from facts may be as indisputable as the fact themselves. I don't deny the validity of an inference. But I want it distinctly understood that immortality is not to human experience a fact, but an inference of the reason confronting certain facts.

Spiritualism is, therefore, first of all, certain facts; secondly, an inference, or conclusion from those facts.

What is science?

Science is not simply a vast aggregation of facts, it is not simply knowledge; it is classified knowledge. It is knowledge arranged, correlated, put into a body of universally accepted truth. The fact that I slept last night is not a part of science. So with millions of facts of daily occurrence. They do not belong to science, but simply to experience. All experience is not science. Science is the choice result of experience, it is selected experience, it is the perfect fruit of knowledge.

Until Spiritualism is correlated with this knowledge, made harmonious with other accepted truths, it cannot be science. It may be knowledge to the individual, but it is not science to the race.

One man cannot make science, nor two men, nor a hundred men. It takes the experience and the faculties of the whole race to make science, and what the whole race cannot know will never become a part of the science of the race.

Science is pre-eminently and altogether common sense. It is founded on common sense and not on special senses. If there is a truth in this universe that can only be discovered by a special sense, then that truth will never be incorporated with the science of humanity. Science is thoroughly democratic, and it will admit no truth except what comes by the senses or faculties of every human being.

Our Spiritualist friends claim a higher sense than what is common sense, something special, not universal, a kind of aristocratic sense that only a superior few can enjoy. Grant this sense, it can never contribute one iota to the wealth of science. Science absolutely refuses anything that cannot be vouched for by our common humanity. One may say, "I have a sixth sense. I see things that others do not see." Science answers, "I do not deny that you see these things, but so long as you see them by a special faculty and not by a universal faculty, just so long they cannot be admitted into my domain." Until your sixth sense becomes the sense of the ordinary human being, that sense has no validity to the scientific world.

Suppose one or a few are clairvoyant and see things that the vast majority of others cannot see, not until this clairvoyant gift becomes the gift of all, can anything that it discovers be science. It must remain unclassified knowledge until clairvoyance becomes the natural faculty of the race.

It is said that some lack the sense of music or mathematics,

Is there therefore no music or mathematics? Understand the distinction, and see that the analogy is misleading.

In the case of music and mathematics, it is the lack which is special, and not the possessing. In the case of clairvoyance it is the possessing which is special and not the lacking.

Almost everybody has the sense of music or mathematics. Not to have the sense is abnormal. Practically the sense is universal. It is the exception not to be musical or mathematical.

The clairvoyant gift is just the other way. It is having the gift which is exceptional—not the lacking of it. If almost everybody was clairvoyant as almost everybody is musical or mathematical, then clairvoyance, like music and mathematics, might be a part of the science of humanity. But being exceptional and singular, to a most extraordinary degree, it may give knowledge to a few, but it cannot give science to the many. The road to science must be open to all the millions of the human race. If the ordinary common faculties of mankind cannot discover what Newton has reasoned out, then some of Newton's knowledge is unclassified, and therefore not science. But I claim that everything ever discovered by Newton, Kepler, Copernicus, Darwin, can be discovered by the ordinary faculties of every human being, if only these faculties be patiently used. The greatest lights of science in all their discoveries never used anything except common sense. Genius is patience, says Newton—it is not the possession of an extra faculty, but the extraordinary use of an ordinary faculty. There is not one of you but can know the truth of every scientific discovery by the use of those reasoning faculties which you possess in common with all. You need no new faculty. All you want to do is to think with what you have.

I insist, therefore, that every special faculty or gift—if there be such—is ruled out by science; and if Spiritualism depends on special faculties, then it cannot be science in so far as these special faculties are used, and not those faculties or senses which are common to the race.

Again, the opinions of scientific men are not science. The Spiritualist frequently quotes the opinions of scientific men, as if these opinions were a part of science. Darwin was a scientific investigator, but the opinions of Darwin are not science. They are merely opinions—not knowledge. The opinions of Professor Hare, of Wallace, of Crookes, are simply opinions and nothing more. No one man can make science. No body of men can make science. Science cannot be established by authority. It is established by the constantly free reason and experience of the whole race. It is the unification of the knowledge of mankind. It is not a set of opinions to which this or that man contributes. It is the expressed and combined knowledge of millions of intellects, attained through centuries of experience. The knowledge of a Darwin even cannot be incorporated into the world's science until it has been tested and demonstrated by others. Much less can any mere opinions held by a scientific man be made a part of science.

Again, the method and spirit of science demand the utmost alertness of intellect, the active mind and not the passive mind, the critical and not the recipient brain. The very method of Spiritualism is opposed to science. It calls for the passive mind. We must shut our eyes. If we are on the lookout the spirits will not come. They are afraid of daylight. They love mystery. The manifestations will not manifest unless we are ready to receive them like little children with faith. The man of science submits to conditions, of course. Nature moves by law, and law cannot be changed; but the mind itself is not to be passive. It

must be in the keenest state of watchfulness. It must eliminate every possible chance of error. The very fact that Spiritualism insists upon a passive condition of acceptance instead of criticism prevents scientific results. The laws and conditions of physical nature must be adhered to. All experiments must be in accord with them; but if in order to experiment the condition of success is the passive mind, then, no matter what the result, it has no scientific validity, for the supreme condition of all scientific research is the active, the alert, brain.

What is the procedure of science? First, the discovery of facts. Secondly, the classification of the facts. Thirdly, the explanation of the facts, and fourthly, prediction founded upon the explanation—and no explanation is scientific until on the basis of it there is prediction—that is, given certain antecedents, certain consequences will appear, known beforehand to be inevitable consequences, if the explanation is correct.

FORTHCOMING.

While weather-bound this winter Mr. S. P. Putnam has written a book which he calls "MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE." It is now being put in type, and will make a thick pamphlet.

As Mr. Putnam has passed through many of the various phases of religious thought—such as the Atheism of youth, conversion to orthodoxy, reversion to Unitarianism, and thence to philosophical Materialism—his work covers quite a large field, and cannot fail to be of interest and value to all who indulge in the luxury of thinking for themselves. The publication of the work is undertaken with the hope that it will meet with a large sale. The price is 25 cents, and we shall be glad to take as many orders as we can get in advance.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, April 20, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mrs. A. Lindal on the subject, "Follies of Christianity."

THE Chronicle wants a law passed immediately "making it an offense to predict such disasters as were promised" for last Monday. That would be a fine idea indeed. As if a legal enactment could stop the spread of a superstition whose chief tenets are advocated by eighty thousand paid and licensed preachers throughout the country, and in which nine-tenths of the people of the United States profess to believe! The remedy for delusion is not legislation but enlightenment, for the difference between the religious belief of Erickson and that of the ordinary Christian is not a difference in kind, but in degree. All religion is a delusion, and one believer is as guilty as another.

WHILE the trembling believers waited last Monday for the earthquake which was to destroy the city, there came over the wires from the observatory on Mount Hamilton these words: "No earthquake tremor, however slight, registered on the delicate seismometers of the Lick Observatory." It was like the voice of the Freethinker James Lick rebuking the cowardice of the Christian community.

TWENTY writers contribute to the Truth Seeker's Symposium on "Freethought—Is it Destructive or Constructive?" now issued in a twenty-five cent pamphlet, and there is substantial agreement among them that the question should be answered in the

affirmative. As a reply to the current objection that Freethought is a mere negation, the work is without an equal.

AN address sent out to the Liberals of Washington gives the information that since the Secularists of that state organized their Union paid chaplains have been abolished in the state legislature. G. T. Thompson, of Walla Walla, in the Senate, and A. H. Eddy, of Snohomish, in the House of Representatives, were the champions of the secular measure.

WE shall be prepared in a few days to fill further orders for Lilian Leland's book, "A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone." The work is having a splendid sale, and the delay of the local agents in filling our orders leaves us temporarily short, but more are on the way from the printers.

THERE ought to be no misunderstanding between the Liberals of Washington and those of Oregon, and any man who tries to foment discord does not deserve the support of the Liberals of either state. A word in time often averts the necessity for extended remarks.

MR. G. G. BECK has located a place in Scott county, Kan., which he calls "Ingersoll Springs," and desires to found a settlement. Those interested should address Mr. Beck at Scott City, Kan., and get further information.

FRIENDS, are you doing anything to extend the circulation of FREETHOUGHT? If nothing more, send us names of known Liberals; we will forward them sample copies, and it will be their own fault if they do not subscribe.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM left San Francisco for Fresno county the first part of the week. He is on a lecturing tour and should not be under the suspicion of fleeing to the mountains for any other reason.

READ the list of books advertised in FREETHOUGHT. You are sure to see something that you want.

OBSERVATIONS.

The large audience that usually attends the meetings of the San Francisco Freethought Society repeated itself last Sunday evening. Miss Evangeline Ballou sang as sweetly as ever, and Vice-President Eastman took the chair to introduce Mr. Putnam as the speaker of the evening.

Mr. Putnam's discourse was on Spiritualism and science, the object being to show that immortality did not come within the scope of classified knowledge. The interested reader will find the opening argument in this issue of FREETHOUGHT under the head, "Spiritualism Not Science." The address occupied an hour, and none except those who were obliged to stand showed any signs of being tired.

After the applause which greeted the speaker as he laid down the last page of his manuscript, had subsided, Mr. Schou arose to offer a motion. He set forth briefly that whereas Mr. Putnam had been with the society all winter, and had worked and spoken for it without reward or hope for the same, and whereas his personal appearance, his always increasing eloquence, and his tendency to outgrow his clothes cast a reflected credit on the organization, and whereas he was about to leave for Fresno county, therefore it was in order to tender the departing pilgrim a vote of heartfelt thanks for his valued services.

Mr. Eastman put the motion and it was carried without opposition. Mr. Putnam responded by saying that although his presence in the city for the past few months had been due to the weather over which he had no control, and which had caused some profanity on his part, he was nevertheless thankful for such

opportunities as he had enjoyed to be with the Freethought Society. He hoped the meetings would be continued throughout the year, and that a still larger hall would be inadequate to accommodate the audience.

The Chair followed in some able and complimentary remarks, extended to considerable length and delivered with great eloquence.

A discussion followed, participated in by Mrs. Lindal, Mr. P. Healy, George Cummings, Mr. Lund, and Thomas Curtis. The collection was ample.

Next Sunday Mrs. Lindal speaks upon "The Follies of the Christian Religion."

I wonder what it is back in the brain or elsewhere that preserves the memory of a face where you can refer to it, read its label, and recognize the original, years afterwards, when you run across it. This reflection was caused last Tuesday morning by Moses Hull opening the door of FREETHOUGHT office and walking into the range of my optics. I was writing. I looked up, recognized the visitor, and resumed my work, as I do when other visitors come in. As usual, I finished writing the sentence, and then asked myself, What is this man's name? Answer: Moses Hull. Question: Where did I see Moses Hull? Mind runs back, skips over the past few days, then jumps a year. Doesn't hit him. Jumps five years. No result. Jumps a dozen years, three thousand miles of continent, and lands in the Truth Seeker office at 141 Eighth street, New York. There he is. Then mind returns to San Francisco, and I realize that it is my duty to get up and shake hands. The journey has occupied about one second of time. Moses looked as natural as life, but hardly as large as he did when I was a slim and callow youth and knocked elbows with him at the printer's case. He also presents a clerical appearance.

Mr. Hull had not been in the office more than two minutes before he and Putnam locked horns on the spiritual question, and had me out looking for a hall where they could debate the subject before a jury of their peers and vicinage. Moses said he thought he could demonstrate that there was a future life, and Samuel said he guessed he couldn't. So they will have it out the first and second evenings of May. Mr. Hull is a snorter on debate, and Putnam—well, we are all familiar with him.

But I started out with a remark about the queer phenomenon of memory. I conclude it is nearly as absurd that a shadow falling upon the eye can be stowed away out of sight in the brain for a dozen years, and then brought out when the original appears, as that the phenomena called spiritual should occur.

Mr. C. Severance, of Los Angeles, proposes a test of spirit communication which I take delight in giving him. He writes:

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: Should you with contumacious pertinacity, peculiar to people born in New Hampshire, refuse to flee to the mountains before the 14th of April, I wish to make arrangements with your soul for a slate-writing "seaonce," to settle all doubt in regard to Job's conundrum. Don't disappoint me.

I will prove that I have passed to a higher life by a syllogism.

Thus:

Major Premise: God's promises are always fulfilled.

Minor Premise: God promised the destruction of San Francisco and all its inhabitants on April 14.

Therefore: San Francisco and all its inhabitants were destroyed on April 14.

If it is admitted that when an inhabitant is destroyed he is dead, I see no way to escape the conclusion that I have risen. Let Mr. Severance form himself into a circle, joining hands and singing the "Sweet By and By," and if I do not manifest, the fault will be with his positive state of mind.

MR. T. J. O'BRIEN, Collector of Taxes, *Respected Sir*: I learn from the daily papers of San Francisco that the Young Men's Christian Association have made what in politics is called a kick against punting the taxes assessed upon their building over near Dupont street, and that the courts have thrown a judicial lariat over your neck to restrain you from collecting the said taxes by the consuetudinary method of auctioning off the prop-

erty. You are doubtless familiar with the italic sentiment, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, which, as you know, signifies that we may often get a straight tip from the opposition party. So I have concluded to study financiering of the above Y. M. C. A.—to fall into the religious ranks and let them be my tutors, so to speak, since they have sounded a suggestive note. My point is this, that if the Young Men's Christian Association may be legally exempt from taxation, there is no good reason in equity why the concern which I am working for should not also be let out. I forward you a copy of the paper which we publish. You will see that it deals to some extent with religious subjects. Besides, we handle many religious books, and have some of the best commentaries on the Bible to be found anywhere in the country. I might cite Colonel Ingersoll on Moses and Mr. Remsburg on Bible Morals and Sabbath-Breaking as important works calculated to do great good in a community like San Francisco; and as the Christian people claim exemption on the ground that they are public benefactors, I am here to make the same plea. I hold that we benefit the public in a religious sense a great deal more than they do, and when it comes to genuine enlightenment the Y. M. C. A. are not in it. We hold meetings, too, every Sunday, and if you could be restrained from collecting the taxes on Union Square Hall we would not need to rustle for so large a collection. I would be glad to have you furnish me a transcript of the reasons set forth in the injunction why the Christian property should not be taxed, and I will see them and go them several better on all material points. Our tax is not large. It will be about \$15 this year, but if you have ever published a paper you know that \$15 does not come in every remittance, and we may have to rustle for it when the time comes to pay up.

I wish you would give this matter your serious attention. Understand that I do not ask for exemption agreeable to the statutes made and provided. I merely point to the Y. M. C. A. building near Dupont street and ask why, if that is exempted, I should be forced to go to the city hall and pay \$15 for the privilege of filling orders for religious books.

At the New York Press Club's annual dinner awhile ago Colonel Ingersoll made an address in which he said:

And after all, gentlemen, I call upon you to witness that there is nothing so weak and helpless as the truth. She goes into the arena without shield or spear. A good healthy lie, clad in complete armor, with sword and shield, does the business.

Unfortunately, there is a great deal of accuracy in these words, and the fact that the members of the Press Club dissented from the statement showed the unpopularity of truth. If further proof were needed, look at the conventional lies of our civilization—the political lie and the religious lie. If every politician were honest and every minister truthful, how long would politics and preaching be a profitable business? It is falsehood that places one man in power above another, while truth leads to equality, and this state of affairs will last as long as people open their mouths to lies and shut their ears to truth.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The earthquake and tidal wave failed to keep their appointment on the 14th, the day being one of the serenest of the season.—The Russian church in San Francisco is now in the holy-week period. Russians still use the Julian calendar and are several days behind the rest of the world.—The colored people of this city have a new weekly paper called the Sentinel. R. C. O. Benjamin is editor.—The Nationalists celebrated their convention last week with a sociable and dance on Friday evening. The entertainment consisted of music, recitations, and athletic exercises, all of which were good.—There were 152 deaths in San Francisco last week against 87 for the corresponding week of 1889.—The Prohibitionist convention in San Francisco last week opened with something like a riot, but finally passed a Sunday resolution and nominated Gen. John Bidwell, of Chico, for governor.—The reverend president of Mills College, San Jose, is under a cloud, charged by a young woman with improper intimacy.—Alfred Symonds, president of the Petaluma Nationalist Club, has become insane. Deep contemplation of social

problems is said to have unsettled his mind.—The United States Supreme Court at Washington has rendered a decision disposing of all proceedings against Neagle for the killing of Judge Terry.—The Rev. J. H. Weber, called the Tornado Revivalist, is running his lunatic mill at the First Methodist church of San Francisco.

Samuel J. Randall, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives, died at Washington last Sunday morning. He was 62 years of age.—The Sunday law was rigidly enforced in Denver last Sunday. The police arrested seventy violators of the law and they were imprisoned, bail being refused them.—The congregation of the First Methodist church at Lockport, N. Y., are starving out their pastor, the Rev. J. W. Sanborn. Last Sunday Dr. Sanborn announced from the pulpit that he had but six cents in his pocket and that his family was destitute. The congregation desire to be rid of Mr. Sanborn, and as the bishop does not remove him, the starving-out process is resorted to.—The Rev. M. Marshall, president of the Northwestern Baptist College, Winnebago City, Minn., has been obliged to resign. He is the father of a child whose mother is not his wife.

There was a great mass meeting of the unemployed in Rome last Sunday. It was closely guarded by the military; thus, it is alleged, preventing a riot. The agitation is said to be instigated by the opponents of the present government.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER VIII.

BICKERINGS.—THE NARROW PATH.

Falls in with Papista.—Conversation with Papista.—Simon and Papista fight.

1. And Simon rejoiced exceedingly, and accounted himself one of the saints, and was elate and lifted up, and skipped about like the colt of an ass.

2. And he composed himself a song, and sang melodiously, yea, like a raven did he sing, and poured out his soul in praise like an owl; and this is his song:

3. Praise ye our king, ye coral rooks; sing joyful hymns, ye wanton brooks; take up the song, ye tuneful swine; for now a kingdom shall be mine.

4. Praise ye our king, ye trembling trees; ye rocks go down upon your knees; come bellow praises, all ye kine; for now a kingdom shall be mine.

5. Praise ye our king, ye verdant shrubs; and sing for joy, ye crawling grubs; prolong the hymn, each prickly vine; for now a kingdom shall be mine.

6. Praise ye our king, ye planets bright; and shout, thou moon when out at night; ye stars come sing as well as shine; for now a kingdom shall be mine.

7. And when Simon had made an end of singing, and the listening angels had gone back to their duties, and nature had somewhat composed herself, he began to look about him and to converse with the other pilgrims.

8. For there were many pilgrims come into the city about this time.

9. And Simon fell in with one whose name was Papista. And Simon fell out with him also, yea, verily, they fell upon each other; and this was the occasion:

10. On the first day of the week Papista said unto Simon, Come with me into our temple; so Simon, nothing loth, went with him.

11. And in the temple was a lamb enthroned, and the people worshiped the lamb, and besought it to be their guide and helper, and sang innumerable hosannas to it, and magnified it, and extolled it, and called it their god.

12. But presently they seized upon it, and tore it to pieces, and divided it up, and may I die in a ditch if they devoured it not!

13. As I live, and am a lover of truth, they tore their god to pieces, and chewed him, and drank his blood; and may I die in two ditches if they let so much as a morsel of him escape.

14. And Simon was amazed, and had need.

15. And it came to pass that as Simon departed from the city, Papista went along with him; and Simon said unto him, Art

thou not my brother, and are we not each alike bound for the glorious city? Come then, and we will hold sweet converse together and beguile away the time in brotherly discourse.

16. And Papista answered and said, With all my heart, brother, so they kissed each other.

17. And they departed out of the city of Conversion on their way to the House of Relics. And the way they went by was a filthy gutter called the Narrowway.

18. And Simon and Papista kissed each other, and shook each other by the hand.

19. And Simon said unto Papista, Pray thee, brother, what meant ye, yesterday, in eating your god? Verily, brother, ye amazed me.

20. And Papista looked very hard at Simon, and said, What meanest thou, my brother, knowest thou not that if thou eatest not thy god thou hast no part in him?

21. And Simon answered and said, Nay, brother, I know not that, but pray thee tell me since thou hast eaten thy god, doth he remain god?

22. And Papista said, Verily, brother, I have eaten of the flesh, and drank of the blood of the lamb, and he liveth forever. Surely thou hast been but an ill listener to our holy guides.

23. And there was a deep voice as from one outside the gutter, and it said, Papista, thou art somewhat wolfish. And presently there came up the man whose name was Blunt. And the man, Blunt, looking towards Papista, said, Verily, friend, thou art well-equipped for thy journey, seeing thou hast got thy god in thy belly; but prithee tell me, since thou hast eaten him, wilt thou also digest him?

24. And Papista answered and said, Be thou Anathema Maranatha; thou art one of the scoffers, and I am forbid to have speech with thee.

25. And Simon said unto Papista, Verily, my heart misgiveth me; by what gate enteredst thou?

26. And Papista said, Of a surety I came in by the only true gate, by the gate called Katholikos, and besides that, there is no other.

27. And Simon started back and said, What, then art thou one of the children of the Crimson Harlot, drunken with the blood of the saints.

28. Harlot! cried the other; harlot, saidst thou? As my soul liveth, thou shalt not escape punishment for that! and he smote Simon, so that he fell down.

29. And the deep voice, even the voice of the man Blunt, cried, If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also.

30. But Simon heard not the voice, but leaped up, and faced the other, even Papista, and glared at him, even as a tigress bereft of her whelps glareth.

31. And the deep voice cried, Freely ye have received; freely give.

32. And Simon hearkened unto the deep voice upon this occasion, and he fell upon Papista like a whirlwind, and they pounded each other zealously, and rolled over into the mire of the gutter, and there they wallowed, and belabored, and bethumped, and bethwacked, and bemired, and bedeviled each other, with immeasurable good will.

33. And the deep voice cried, saying, Behold how these men love each other.

34. And there was a noise of fierce contention and terrifying strife, and an inconceivable splashing; and the beasts of the fields fled away to the everlasting forests; and the trees were forsaken of their strength, and bent down to the ground moaning pitifully; and the grass withered away; and the rocks burrowed into the ground like moles; and the waters of the rivers ran up the hills, and took refuge on the mountain tops, and froze with horror; and the moon hid herself in the dark caverns of the earth; and the stars came down like hail; and the lamps of the sun went out; and the heavens shriveled up; and the earth vomited up all that she had ever swallowed; and nature had a fit; and the gutter got drunken with the blood of battling saints.

35. And Simon was not dead but buried; yea he was buried in the mud and slime of the gutter, very deep was he buried, even to the depth of a furlong; and he was in great straits,

36. For Papista had thrust him down into the mud, and trampled upon him, and leaped upon him, and battered him piteously.

37. And Papista went his way singing triumphantly.

38. And when, after much searching, Simon found himself, he moaned in bitterness of spirit, and began to grope his way out of the mud.

39. And after many days, and much toil, and hard labor, he emerged from the mud and the slime, and was plentifully bedaubed therewith. And when he saw not Papista, he began to glorify himself, and without doubt had great cause for it.

40. Saying, Ha, ha, he hath fled; he dared not stay. I would have torn him to pieces, and have scattered him to the winds of heaven.

41. And Simon was comforted and went on his way.

To be Continued.

LIGHT ON THE SINGLE TAX.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you allow me a word as to the justice and policy of taxing equally the respective owners of a one-story and a seven-story building occupying lots of equal value?

First, as to the more important question of justice. Land not being produced by men, and, like the air, being necessary to life, all men are equally entitled to its use. A tax upon its value is a charge upon its possessor for the common benefit. It is a practical method of enforcing this equal right to its use, which is necessary to enable all to enjoy equal rights to life and liberty.

On the other hand, a tax upon buildings or any other product of human exertion is unjust, because what a man produces he is entitled to the use of without charge. But for his labor it would have had no existence; therefore the community has no just claim upon it.

But, it may be said, present owners of buildings, etc., obtained them, not by their own labor, but by appropriating the results of other men's labor. Very true, but the remedy for that is to go to the root or source of the trouble; and the main root of the trouble is the power of owners of valuable lands to take the lion's share of the products of labor in the form of rent. The single tax would remove this power by taking the rental value of all land, or at least the larger share of it, for public use.

Taxing the buildings is no remedy, for the tax is paid in the end by the tenants, not by the landlord. The higher the tax the fewer buildings will be built. The fewer buildings there are built the more tenants must pay for their use, and the less employment there will be for builders. Four hundred dollars less tax on a building means \$400 less for tenants to pay, not \$400 more net income to the landlord and house owner. Instead of having \$400 more to pay taxes on vacant lots with, he would only have the same amount, and the taxes on the vacant lots would be greatly increased, for besides the taxes now levied upon improvements and personal property, all federal taxation would fall upon land values also. And there would be no object in holding land for a rise, for the prospect of continual heavy taxation of such property—just as heavy upon idle land as upon land in use—would prevent the possibility of any considerable rise, or of any profit after paying the taxes. Instead of speculating in vacant lots, he would have to build more houses, or invest in some other legitimate and productive enterprise that would furnish employment to labor and tend to lessen, instead of increasing, the cost of living.

W. G. SELLERS.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments.

Fresno Flats, Sunday, April 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24; Porterville, April 27 and 28; San Francisco debate with Moses Hull, at Metropolitan Temple, May 1 and 2; Livermore, May 6 and 7; Ft. Bragg, May 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15. Liberals of Ft. Bragg please take notice. No postponement of the dates now given.

"Papa, how old was Methuselah when he died?" "Nine hundred and sixty-nine years, Rollo." "And what was his business?" "Boy preacher."

CHRISTIAN CRUSADES.

I.

In the middle ages crusades were gotten up to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Saracen. In our day crusades are set on foot to rescue the holy Sabbath and the Constitution of the United States from the hands of Infidels.

You are doubtless well aware of the fact that this is the object the National Reform Association, commonly called the God-in-the-Constitution party; the American Sabbath Union, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Prohibition party.

The avowed object of the National Reform Association is to so change the Constitution of the United States, "as to place all our Christian laws and institutions and usages on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land."

The Sabbath Union and the National Women's Christian Temperance Union are circulating the following petition in all parts of the country.

To the House of Representatives of the United States [duplicate to the Senate]:

The undersigned organizations, and adult residents (21 years of age or more) of the United States, hereby petition your honorable body to pass a bill, forbidding, in the United States mail and military service, and in interstate commerce, and in the District of Columbia, and in the territories, all Sunday traffic and work, except works of religion and works of real necessity and mercy, and such private work by those who religiously and regularly observe another day of the week, by abstaining from labor and business, as will neither interfere with the general rest nor with public worship.

The object of all these organizations is to unite church and state. They want the power to establish a state religion, power to put down free speech, a free press, and a free Sunday. But if they want to unite church and state, why don't they say so? Look behind you. See the fifteen centuries of Christian history where church and state were one. You there behold the most damnable record in the history of man. And this is why the crusaders do not want to baptize their cause with such a name. For although it must be confessed that the people at large do not know any more than they ought to, yet it would be presuming entirely too much on their ignorance to paint on the reform banners the words, "Church and State." It would be interpreted by the people to symbolize death's head and cross-bones, and that they would have to furnish the heads and bones as they did in the mediæval crusades when the bones of millions of witless but honest souls covered the ground from Italy to Jerusalem. Let us see whether our modern crusaders mean to unite church and state.

In one of the official organs of the National Reform Association, the Christian Nation, of September 15, 1886, we find the following: "Neither does the National Reform propose to deprive any citizens, without forfeiture, of any just and inalienable right."

Dr. A. D. Mayo, at the Cincinnati National Reform Convention, in 1872, after declaring that the people of the United States would acknowledge God in the Constitution, said: "They will protect the rights of every citizen, and persecute no man for his religion until that religion leads him to disobey the law which expresses the will of the majority concerning the moral duty of the citizen."

All that this means is that "we will make laws governing religious belief and practice, and if you don't fall into line with our laws, off goes your head." At first these organizations made fair promises, but as they grow in strength they are less careful to hide their real designs. Let me quote a few illustrations of this fact:

Constitutional laws punish for false money, weights, and measures, and, of course, Congress establishes a standard for money, weights, and measures. So Congress must establish a standard of religion, etc.—DR. BLANCHARD, in Pittsburg National Reform Convention in 1874.

It is the duty of the state, as such, to enter into alliance with the church of Christ, and to profess, adhere to, defend, and maintain the true religion.—SECRETARY J. M. FOSTER, in Christian Statesman, 1884.

To be perfectly plain, I believe that the existence of a Christian constitution would disfranchise every logically consistent Infidel.—SECRETARY W. J. COLEMAN, in Christian Statesman, Nov. 1, 1883.

Of course a government organized on a basis embracing Christianity could not, with propriety, intrust those with office who are hostile to its char-

acteristic faith. And none of this class have any right to claim that they should be legally eligible to office with those who are *bona-fide* citizens.—Christian Nation, September 15, 1886, National Reform Organ, New York city.

Secretary Foster, in speaking of the National Reformed state, says:

The expenses of the church in carrying on her aggressive work, it [the state] meets in whole or in part out of the public treasury.—Christian Statesman, March, 1884.

Lastly:

But shall we take—is it right to take—public money to teach principles, enforce laws, and introduce customs to which many members of the community are opposed? Most certainly. The gospel from its very nature is aggressive, contemplates the rectification of corrupt, disorderly, and degraded human nature, casts down every high thing that would exalt itself against the knowledge of God, and brings every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.—WM. SOMERVILLE, in Christian Nation, July 7 and 14, 1886.

Once I thought that voting was altogether secular; now I perceive it to be an act of religion or irreligion, according to the purpose of him who casts the ballot. Once I thought politics secular, but now perceive that the new theocracy must enter at its portals, and Christ must dwell in government or not, according to our political decisions.—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

This is not merely the opinion of Frances E. Willard but it is the devout wish of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union; and if it does not mean the union of church and state, then I fail to see what it does mean.

If Congress does not find in our Constitution a basis for Sabbath legislation, then let us elect a Congress who will find such a basis.—HON. JOHN COLE, Tingley, Iowa.

The Hon. John Cole, of Tingley, Iowa, has no idea of right and wrong except that it lurks in a majority vote. But this is every robber's rule; *i.e.*, submit, because I can and will make you submit.

Dr. Edwards, in a speech at the New York Reform Convention, says:

What are the rights of the Atheist? I would tolerate him as I would a poor lunatic, for in my view he is scarcely sound. So long as he does not rave, so long as he is not dangerous, I would tolerate him. I would tolerate him as I would a conspirator.

And later he exclaims, "Tolerate Atheism, sir? there is nothing out of hell that I would not tolerate as soon."

With such men as this all liberal-minded people are lumped together as "Atheists."

No one can read the passages just quoted, or any of the papers that advocate the so-called reform measures, and not perceive that these religious organizations are simply a crusade upon the liberties of the American people. If the Christians were persuaded that their religious rights were invaded, if the laws of the land were unfavorable to the free exercise of religious worship, in a word, if Christians had any grievance, or any cause of complaint, there might then be some excuse for some sort of reform measures. But as it is, the Christian has no cause of complaint. He has all his rights cheerfully accorded to him, and about the only thing he now seems capable of undertaking, is to deprive other people of their rights and liberties. These reformers aim directly at changing the Constitution of the United States, and such a change as they seek to make is nothing less than its destruction. In the insidious methods they use, in the denial of their intentions, in their equivocations we have Protestant Jesuitism. We need not look to them for an explanation of the situation.

The obvious fact is that the church cannot control public opinion, or personal conduct, or the public purse as it did in the centuries gone by. The Protestant church is more alarmed than the Roman Catholic church is. Protestantism is only half-hearted infidelity at best. It professes to court knowledge, to favor free schools, free conscience, a free press, and a free people, yet it feels bound to draw the line on this free business somewhere, but just where to locate this "somewhere" has always been and always will be the difficult problem of Protestantism. Science is a standing menace to Protestantism, and free public schools are sources of alarm to Catholics. The decay of religious belief is going on so rapidly that many Christians are greatly alarmed and think that something must be done. With them there is such a

word as progress, but their minds and lives furnish no evidence of the fact. They never for a moment dream of the possibility of any improvement in their creed. And, in fact, changes in them do not take place until long after the creed has lost its life, and has been embalmed. In such instances where an old creed has been changed, has dropped a little more of its barbarism and superstition, see what fierce struggles and even bloody battles it had to encounter.

W. S. BELL.

PIOUS MISINFORMATION.

Up in Grant county, Oregon, a clergyman by the name of L. H. Powell offers a reply to the statement of Colonel Ingersoll, who, admitting the possibility of a life beyond the grave, adds: "If honesty goes without bread here, why not there?" The reverend gentleman says: "Nothing can be plainer. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven;" and also, "Man cannot live by bread alone." He also declares, "If a man plunges from his high estate into the sea of unbelief and degradation, it is no fault of God," etc.

To this Joseph Putnam, of Monument, responds as follows:

"Is a man responsible for his unbelief? If a man sits on a jury and hears evidence on both sides of a case, he comes to some conclusion in regard to it, and decides the case according to his belief. Suppose it should turn out that the man is mistaken, ought he to be punished when he gives his honest decision? I have 'plunged into the sea of unbelief' (head and ears) and cannot help it. It is impossible for me to believe that an omnipotent, all-wise, all-merciful being would create a world and cause billions of people to exist upon its surface, and then send ninety and nine out of every hundred of them to a place of torment to burn in an endless fire. I believe that a being possessed of as much wisdom as they claim he has could get his revenge in far less time."

In reply to Mr. Putnam a "converted skeptic" of Painsburg, California, by the name of J. M. Pratt enters the controversy, claiming that he is a Christian by an honest investigation of facts. Among his "facts" are the following:

"Have you investigated the lives of such noble men as George Washington, Garfield, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, and scores of others that space will not allow me to mention, that have gallantly scaled the ladder of fame, led by the Bible? If you have not, then you are not yet prepared to render an impartial verdict. It is an historical fact that Voltaire did repudiate his doctrine, and asked that his works and influence might be buried with him. It is also a fact that Tom Paine told his daughter on his dying bed to follow the religion of her mother, who was a lifelong Christian notwithstanding the persistent denials made by his admirers. It is also a fact, recorded in history, that the reign of terror in France was brought about by the abolishing of the Bible. And now in the face of all these facts, I answer, that man is responsible for his unbelief, for there is no such thing as an honest conviction without a consideration of the facts on both sides of the question involved, and in this day of light and knowledge there is no excuse for a man being ignorant of the facts in this case, except that he chooses to be so."

To these "facts" Joseph Putnam makes the following reply, which was refused admission in the local paper that published the foregoing:

"Mr. Pratt speaks about a juror being required to hear the evidence on both sides of a case, etc. That is just what made an Infidel of me. It was investigation. When a boy about sixteen years ago I read Rollin's 'History of the World.' I learned from it that the ancient people believed that the world was flat; that the blue sky we see overhead was a solid mass, resting upon the earth. They called this the firmament. They believed there was water above this firmament. There was a great difference of opinion in regard to astronomy, but none of them knew anything about it. I found in the Bible these words: 'God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament;' 'God raised the window of the firmament,' etc. It soon became clear to my mind that the author of Genesis was not inspired by the power that created this universe. I learned that the ancient

people were of a bloodthirsty and warlike disposition. I could plainly see that the author of Genesis was of the same sort of disposition. The author of the old Bible has his God giving orders to his children to commit all sorts of crimes. 'Spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling.' 'Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children.' These are only samples of orders from the all-merciful God that we hear so much talk about.

"I have investigated the life of Abraham Lincoln enough to find out that he did not believe in the divine authenticity of the Bible. It is claimed that he once wrote a work against the Bible and that his friends burned it, knowing that it would interfere with him as a politician. Ingersoll says: 'Candidates are forced to pretend that they are Catholics with Protestant proclivities, or Christians with liberal tendencies, or temperance men who now and then take a glass of wine, or that although they are not members of any church, their wives are, and that they subscribe liberally to all.'

"I should like to learn more about this daughter of Thomas Paine, as I am a seeker after truth. Who was her mother that you speak of as a 'lifelong Christian?' You say that Paine told his daughter to follow the religion of her mother. If Thomas Paine had no daughter, then it would look as though some one had lied. Please tell us whether she was Paine's first or second wife's child, or both.

"Compare Thomas Paine with Constantine, whom the Christians style the good emperor, and under whose fostering care Christianity first came into power. 'He drowned his unoffending wife, Fausta, in a bath of boiling water; beheaded his son, Crispus, in the very year in which he presided in the Council of Nice; murdered the two husbands of his sisters, Constantia and Anastasia; murdered his own father-in-law, Maximian Hercules; murdered his own nephew, being his sister Constantia's son, a boy only twelve years old,' and a few others. (See Gibbon's History of Christianity.) If this is what the Christians call a good emperor, I would like to know what they would call a bad one.

"Christians frequently ask what we are going to give in the place of Christianity. We need nothing in the place of Christianity. There is no more necessity of putting something in the place of Christianity than there is in putting something in the place of witchcraft. If a physician is trying to cure a patient of a disease we do not ask him what he is going to give in the place of it. He needs nothing except good health; and that is all we need in place of Christianity."

THE DILEMMA OF REASONING THEISTS.

When the world thinks and the church reasons, theology must fall.

To me nothing has so much the appearance of a would-be over-smart boy as the Theist who reasons. He sees the absurdity of his great-grandmother's belief, repudiates myths and miracles, yet forthwith professes other notions equally or even more absurd. He complacently prides himself on having discarded the absurd doctrines of the six-day creation, the fall, a man-god, a devil, and hell, yet freely boasts of entertaining "rational" ideas of a God, religion, and immortality. As if all notions concerning a God, or all Gods, and all arguments in favor of immortality were not equally absurd and sadly inadequate to prove a miraculous "hereafter."

If a physical body is a necessity to the origin of man (and no spiritist has ever yet presumed to name a spirit not first born of woman) it must be a necessity to the continuation of man. If a physical organization is a necessity to produce, cause, or generate mind, then a physical organization is a necessity to the existence of any God. Then denying a physical or personal God is virtually denying *any* God, the entire God, the only possible, thinkable God. (Though even when thus conceived, being necessarily limited, the idea explodes when such a God is considered in relation to an infinite universe.)

The God idea in its original conception had no name. The idea was first, then the concept was called "God." Some one thought that a certain being endowed with personality, in the image of man, who could talk, walk, hear, see, reason, love, hate,

etc., "in the beginning" created (from nothing) the heavens and the earth. They put this idea upon record and called this (imaginary) being "God." So, in spite of all cavil, argument, sophistry, and putting new wine into old bottles, as our so-called progressive Christians are doing, the name "God" means to-day precisely what it did eighteen hundred or six thousand years ago, or it means nothing; or something that is not God, but something different and which something must be called by a proper or different name more consistent with its real character.

I insist that any conception of a "first cause," the potency of nature behind all phenomena, the attributes and subtle forces of all matter causing life, etc., *not invested with personality*, cannot consistently and without confusion of ideas be named "God."

Now, the Christian theology, being founded solely upon the Bible, and upon nothing else, is precisely what the Bible says it is, or it is a fraud and a lie. And it means to-day what it meant eighteen hundred years ago, because it is precisely the same as it was then. Its authoritative character depends entirely upon its divine origin, but since that time not a word of divine inspiration has been given to the world, not a new truth revealed, nor a single communication "from on high" received by man. Therefore theology is positively unlike all else in nature; unlike the sciences, arts, races, and society, it is emphatically non-progressive, inert, chained to the traditions of the dark ages, committed to the many unscientific statements revealed on its pages; until, indeed, the heavens open again and a personal God in the sky again reveal himself to man, until then it is absolutely stationary, non-progressive, in eternal *statu quo*.

When, therefore, one of these inconsistent so-called progressive Theists now-a-days triumphantly concedes his unbelief in the original Bible God and kindred dogmas, and boastfully proclaims a belief in the something which he calls "God," but which something is entirely unlike God, I must laugh, indeed, at the audacity and the schoolboy logic which denies the "only true God" according to Moses, the prophets, and Luke, Peter, and John, and instead proclaims to the world a belief in a God according to Tom, Dick, Harry, and—himself! And the saying "man makes God in his own image" is again verified.

Supposing these wisacres had not had the doctrine of the Bible God instilled into their minds in childhood, or supposing the world had never possessed a Bible, what science or what authority would ever have placed upon an authentic basis the belief in any God? What do we *know* about a God anyhow? Are not all attempts to define such a being consistent with reason the most wretched failures?

Look at good brother Knight's recent attempts to make clear his notions concerning *his* God—an entirely new God, never heard of before, and for the originality of which I cheerfully give him credit: First, as usual, repudiating the "only true" Bible God in the form of man he proceeds, "This personality consists, not in a personal form [!], but in a consciousness of his own existence, and of all other things, a self-existent mind that knows all things, and does all that requires mind to do."

Profound indeed? So much so that I, brother Knight, or anyone else cannot understand it! But why our good brother should leave the church, repudiate a personal God, a harpoon-tailed devil, or anything else, for that matter, when he can believe such mystic and miraculous stuff as the above is beyond my comprehension.

His advanced or so-called rational notion of a God is simply more absurd than his great-grandmother's; more absurd because she accepted the ancient Bible God upon blind faith and authority, humbly and devout as becomes a consistent and obedient Christian; he repudiating authority and miracle, substituting human fallibility for "divine infallibility," and creating a new God *a la* Knight, equally if not more absurd than his grandmother's!

Think of a "personality consisting *not* in a personal form," and "in a consciousness of his own existence and all other things," and "does all that requires mind to do!" Here we have: First, a personality without personality—a miracle. Second, "His," implying masculine gender without personality! Second miracle! Third, something—not a personality—"continually conscious of 'his' own existence." Third miracle! Fourth, a con-

sciousness (not emanating from a personality) which "knows all things and does all that requires mind to do." Fourth miracle! Because the latter implies that this mind can think about, do, or cause to be done by some mysterious mode of volition, everything in the universe now and in the future.

All of which is strictly unscientific, unreasonable (mind, like personality, implying limitation, bounds, concentration upon certain subjects, cannot be universal or infinite), and therefore unthinkable and infinitely more absurd than the belief which our friend boastfully proclaims to have discarded.

Denying a personal God or repudiating personality in the imaginary divine being as he does, there is absolutely not the slightest proof in nature, in logic, or reason which directly or indirectly sustains the reasonableness of the God idea. All is subtle (in the sense of delicate, fine, wonderful), senseless chemistry and potency, penetrating and filling with life and vitality every atom, and which in infinite differentiations and greater or less aggregation produces, of its own subtle attributes, every phenomenon of nature and life.

Where is this God brother Knight's belief has evolved into? Is "He" between the earth and the sun, in planetary space where vast orbs fly through their orbits at the rate of thousands of miles per minute? Can we posit consciousness there? Supposing from this earth, radiating into every point of space, ten millions of cannonballs were fired at once, each ball capable of sweeping on and on, forever increasing their relative distance, would either or all of these balls hit God or brother Knight's "consciousness?" Supposing our strongest telescopes were pointed to the sun, to Sirius or beyond, to the farthest star, would we then discover God? If not, where is brother Knight's God he still believes in? Where was his God when the late cyclone swept south from the far West and wiped Louisville in part from the face of the earth? "Knowing all," did "He" hasten to a place of safety, leaving the good people to their destruction?

But the origin of species, flora, and man (why not God also?) the brother thinks needs a God. But supposing God were real, why would he be exempt from the logical necessity existing for a God to create "Him" if such a necessity really exists for the lower order of beings? Here brother Knight sinks entirely to the level with the church, which has ever monopolized this long-exploded argument. Let him read Darwin and Haeckel, and they will tell him how the species originated without a God.

Rochelle, Ill., April 6, 1890.

OTTO WERTSTEIN.

THE NATIONALIST CONVENTION.

There was a lively time at the second day's convention of the California Nationalists. It was supposed the clouds had blown over, and that Bellamy's dream would be fulfilled and harmony prevail. If anything could soothe perturbed spirits and calm the storm, it was the singing of the Nationalist hymn, "We Here in Council Now Have Met," by Miss Evangeline Ballou, the audience joining in the chorus. The order of business reported by the committee was accepted. Then came the report of committee on organization.

Mr. Haskell stated that the report was the result of a series of mutual concessions. The report consisted of a series of resolutions condemning the methods of existing political parties by which all power is lodged in the hands of state and county committees, and it was declared that all powers must rest with the members themselves of the party, as organized in clubs. All original measures or propositions should be referred to the clubs by the Administrative Committee, which, it was recommended, should be composed of three delegates from each congressional district. The committee should only exercise the powers conferred on it by the clubs, and its members should be removable at all time by the vote of the clubs that elected them, the principles of the referendum, the initiative, and the imperative mandate being regarded as the basis of the organization. The report recommended that the powers conferred on the committee should be to further the organization of the state, to distribute tracts, and to organize a bureau of speakers. To meet expenses a per capita tax of 5 cents per month should be levied on each member of the party.

No special objection was made to the first part of the report.

Upon reading the question of the constitution of the Administrative Committee, Mr. T. V. Cator took the floor and moved an amendment to the effect that the convention elect one delegate at large who shall act as chairman of the committee, and that such shall be J. W. Hines, of San Jose. Mr. Hines, who is proprietor of the Pacific Union, published in San Francisco and San Jose, was specially recommended by Mr. Cator as removed from city influences, and as carrying weight with the farming element. The amendment came as a surprise to the majority of delegates, as Mr. Cator had been placed on the Committee of Organization, and no hint of any such proposition had been given. A long and most heated discussion ensued, taken part in by Messrs. Haskell, Burgman, Weissman, and many others. Upon the roll being finally called the amendment was declared lost by a vote of 56 to 54. During the roll call two votes were challenged, the chair declaring against both. In one case an appeal from his decision was taken, and the house sustained him; in the other case no appeal was called for. Upon the announcement of the loss of the amendment, Mr. Cator rose and called for those who had supported the amendment to follow him in leaving the hall for the Palace Hotel, there to form another convention, the ground of the withdrawal being that they had been illegally deprived of their votes. Some fifteen or twenty followed Mr. Cator out of the hall, amid a scene of great excitement. Resolutions inviting the seceding delegates to return and assist in completing the work of the convention were moved by Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon and carried unanimously, and the chairman of the convention, with Mr. H. G. Wilshire, of Fullerton, and Mr. Brown, of Fresno, were appointed a committee.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou presided at the evening session, the chairman being absent on committee duty. Mr. E. C. Schnabel, on behalf of the Committee on Platform and Resolutions, presented its report, which read as follows:

We, the Nationalist party, of the state of California, in convention assembled, in order to establish equity and justice among mankind, without regard to race or sex, hereby declare our adherence to the Declaration of American Independence and re-affirm the declaration of principles as announced by the First Nationalist Club of Boston to wit: We condemn the prevailing competitive industrial system as being destructive of the best interests of the human race, and instead thereof recommend one of national co-operation, which shall be for collective instead of individual profit. In order to inaugurate this reform we advocate, first:

POLITICAL.—The adoption of the Australian ballot system, with the initiative (together with the legislative securities for the Imperative Mandate and Referendum) and the election of presidents and senators of the United States by direct vote of the people, the representation of all citizens on equal terms, and the abolition of all congressional district lines.

ECONOMICAL. First.—The national ownership and control of all means of transportation and communication. Second.—The issuing by the government a medium of exchange direct to the people, and ultimately a medium current between the government and the individual only. Third.—The establishment of postal savings banks and fourth;—Nationalization of land and all its resources.

We also advocate municipal ownership and control of the water, light, telephone, and street railway systems and all other municipal functions.

The following were elected an Administrative Committee: Second Congressional District, Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon; San Francisco District, Messrs. Wilmot, Harrington, and Mrs. Schlesinger; Third District, Messrs. Eugene Hough and E. Kelsey, of Oakland, and Mr. Page, of Alameda; Fifth District, Mrs. R. Walsh, of Ocean View; Sixth District, Mrs. Anna F. Smith, of Encinitas, Mr. H. G. Wilshire, of Fullerton, and E. C. Schnabel, of Los Angeles.

The following resolution was carried by acclamation: Resolved that the next state convention shall be held at Los Angeles and shall be called by the State Administrative Committee soon after the holding of the state conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties.

That Little Growl.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see in your issue of March 29 that C. Beal, president of the Oregon State Secular Union, and C. B. Reynolds are having a little growl. I am really amused at Mr. Reynolds. It does seem that despite that colossal brain, his extensive experience, and natural aptitude, he still insists on getting the wrong pig by the ear. At the first meeting of the Oregon State Secular Union after its organization he presumed to assume

that there was no organization, then that the convention as an organization should recognize the proceedings of an informal meeting as the proceedings of the Oregon State Secular Union, and found fault with the president for not deliberately and unceremoniously declaring the dissolution of the O. S. S. U. without the consent of the members of that body.

Mr. Reynolds did work for our convention, to get in, and to get all of the Washington Liberals, money and all, into the convention; he worked very hard, and we all like him and thank him for it, and we never would intimate for one moment that he ever dreamed of trying to hurt the society or Mr. Beal, but if he keeps right on putting it in the papers everybody will know it.

Mr. Reynolds is peculiar about some things, and in this coming-in affair especially. He was invited and urged to come in and be one of us. True, our house was not very large, just ordinary doors, large enough for a common-sized man, and plenty of room when once in; but no, sir; he insisted on tearing the shanty down, throwing it out at the window, and then coming in. Mr. Reynolds is not a very large man, still he invariably insists on plenty of moonshine—lots of room. I do not dislike him really, and in all kindness to him I want to say by way of settling the difficulty, that he is beginning at the wrong end and in the wrong way. The whole proceeding looks childish to me. Mr. Reynolds will have to excuse me for laughing at his efforts to get in and out of the O. S. S. U., for he reminds me of the peevish man's efforts to manipulate the affairs of his cow and calf, of whom it was said that he had to pull the darned thing's ears off to get it to the teat, and then to pull the fool thing's tail off to get it away.

It seems to me Mr. Reynolds is having a bad time with this calf, and owing to the way he is managing it, it will be a pretty tough-looking calf when he gets through with it.

Nonsense, Mr. Reynolds, there is no use of so much fuss about nothing. Apply to Mr. L. Ames for your money, and stop your crying. Get your money and run along about your work. You are doing good in the cause of Liberalism, and it is a shame to thus pretend to be trying to recover the money in question when it is plain that you feel ugly towards President Beal, and thus seek to abuse him. In this the "improved man," "the man who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid?"

I would be glad to think that all Liberals, and more especially the Liberal leaders of our time, are real magnanimous men—men who have learned that the man who commits an error is a "victim of conditions and circumstances."

D. R. SUTTON.

East Portland, Or.

Gratifying Progress.

To the Editors of Freethought:

According to promise I inclose remittance for FREETHOUGHT for the present year. It does me good to see the advancement Liberalism is making in the west, to see how many are becoming interested in the Nine Demands who a few years ago had scarcely an inkling of them. No wonder the Blairs are getting scared and doing their utmost to stay the tide that threatens their destruction. But as FREETHOUGHT truly says the numerical strength of our adversaries is not to be despised, and the lovers of liberty have no time for slumbering.

We note with pleasure R. J. Wilson's work in Seattle, Washington. He is a splendid gentleman.

Fraternally yours,

Neodesha, Kan.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

Mrs. Krekel's Lecture Appointments.

Santa Ana, Sunday, April 20; National City, April 23, 24, 25; San Diego, April 27; San Pasqual and Escondido, April 28, 29, 30, and May 1; Los Angeles, May 4; Livermore, May 6, 7; San Francisco and Oakland, May 11; Santa Cruz, May 13, 14, 15; San Jose, May 18; Lodi, May 20, 21; Stockton, May 25; Sacramento, June 1.

ALL subscribers of "Equity," published in Liberal, Mo., in 1886, who have changed their address since that time are requested to send their present address to Equity Publishing Company, P. O. Box 1678, San Francisco, and have the balance of their subscription filled with a new paper.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

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Henry George at the Antipodes.

A letter from Sydney, Australia, dated March 18 says: Henry George arrived here March 6th on the Mariposa. On landing he was enthusiastically received by a large gathering of friends and admirers. Many delegates from the Single-Tax League in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand were present. Mr. George entered a four-horse drag, and amid the wildest enthusiasm was driven to the City Hall, where he was formally welcomed by the mayor and other public officials.

On the following night Mr. George was given a banquet by the Single Tax League, at which over two hundred persons were present. On rising to respond to the toast of the evening, he was greeted with the wildest applause. Saturday night Mr. George gave his first public lecture, before a packed audience, and received a regular ovation, the people standing on the seats and cheering again and again. He referred to the persistent growth, amid advancing civilization, of conditions that brutalize and degrade the masses and foster vice and crime. After showing conclusively that in all countries the advance of population is accompanied by an advance of want and suffering, Mr. George traced the cause to the monopolization by some of natural opportunities to labor and produce necessary to all, and pointed out that the only remedy was to tax away the advantages possessed by monopolists over others. This lecture produced a deep impression, and has been republished very widely by all the papers.

On Sunday night Mr. George delivered a sermon from the text "Thy kingdom come" to perhaps the largest congregation that had ever gathered in Sydney. The following evening he appeared before between six and seven thousand persons in the Exposition building. Since then he has addressed large crowds, not only in the city but in the up-country towns of Lithgow, Orange, Bathurst, Newcastle, and Maitland. He goes from here in a few days on a tour through Victoria to South Australia and Queensland, proceeding thence to Tasmania. The result of his visit to New South Wales will be undoubtedly to stimulate the single-tax idea greatly.

At present in this colony the struggle is between protection and free trade. New South Wales has always held fast to the idea that the greater the measure of freedom to exchange products and commodities with other countries the greater the national and individual well-being, while most of the other colonies adopted tariffs more or less protective. At the last election, however, the parties were almost evenly balanced here.

It may be said that over the whole of Australia a free-trade wave is rising, and, with the help of Mr. George's vigorous utterances and the ardent support of his many believers, it will probably be a wave before which custom-houses will go down altogether. In every part of the continent newspapers are now to be found, especially those devoted to agricultural interests, in-

sisting that land values only should be resorted to for public revenue.

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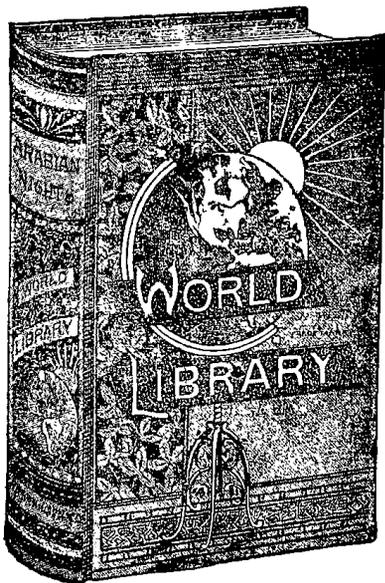
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Tho' I bide 'neath the zone of the morning
star,
Bringing a message to me, aye, to me.

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Whose new marriage ring of mountain and sea
Encircles a cottage for me, for me;
A cedar-log cabin, I ask no more,
Cradled with pyramids' mighty ranges,
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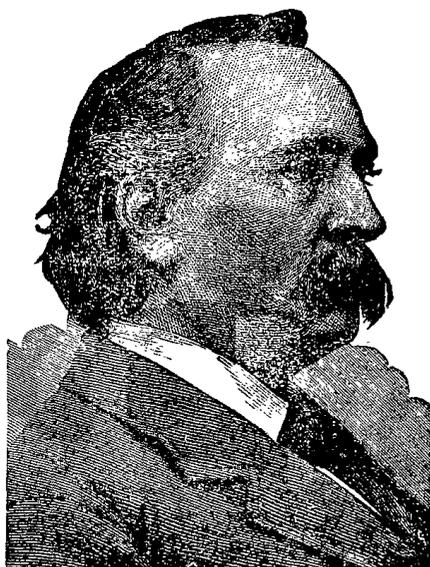
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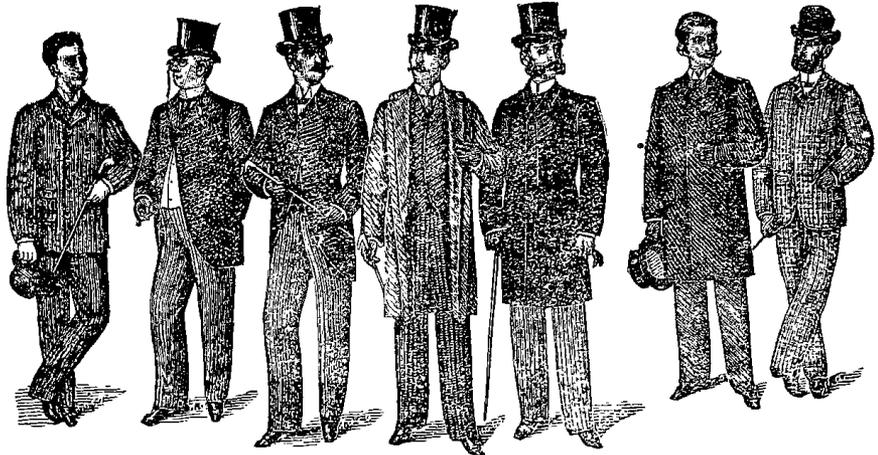
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - APRIL 26, 1890.

CHANCELLOR GOSHEN of the English exchequer reports in his budget presented to the House of Commons that during the past year the gross revenue from alcoholic beverages was nearly \$141,000,000. It is no wonder that there are poverty and destitution in England.

ST. IGNATIUS church, San Francisco, is to be furnished with decorations costing \$30,000, and with stained glass windows costing as much more. Having \$60,000 worth of gewgaws in the place where he mumbles his prayers should make the poverty-stricken Roman Catholic contented to work for nine dollars a week and to give half of that to his priest.

FIVE thousand Italian dupes made a pilgrimage to Rome last week and were addressed by the pope, whom they hailed with "Long live pope king." The dispatch describing the affair says that "the pope admitted to kiss his feet the principal personages of the pilgrimage." It is presumed the other members of the party had to content themselves with less exalted privileges.

WHEN Prince Albert Victor of Wales left Mandelay, in India, the rain came down in torrents. An Indian authority thus explains the matter: "It was cloudy above because the prince's glory outshone the sun, and of course the heavens wept at his departure." This is called oriental exaggeration. It might be appropriate to remark that our Bibles are a product of the East.

IT may be proper to remind the Nationalists that in working separately, holding rival meetings, and paying the rent of two halls when one would accommodate both the principal clubs, they are not following the system which they advocate. When Christians, professing to love their enemies, make war on those who have never injured them; and when Nationalists, working in the interests of co-operation, adopt the methods of competition, it looks as if there was a wide chasm between preaching and practice.

CALIFORNIA is not of much account in Congress except during election year. The state wants anti-Chinese legislation, but can't get it. The silver coinage business has gone wrong. Appropri-

ations for public buildings hang fire. The tariff legislation is all in favor of some other locality, river and harbor money seldom comes this way, and our mail service is the worst in the country. If our representatives at Washington are shrewd they will formulate the necessities of the state in the shape of some demands, and spring them upon Congress early in the campaign of 1892. When the parties are looking for presidential suffrages they are complacent, and at such times the electoral vote of a state will purchase almost anything.

A DEBATE.

On the evenings of Thursday and Friday, May 1 and 2, there will be a debate on Spiritualism at Metropolitan Temple, between MOSES HULL and SAMUEL P. PUTNAM. The question is:

"Do the Phenomena of Spiritualism Demonstrate a Future Life?"

Mr. Hull is one of the most skillful debaters on the platform, and he will take the affirmative of the above proposition, Mr. Putnam denying.

Tickets may be procured at the office of FREETHOUGHT, 838 Howard street; at the Carrier Dove office, 841 Market street; at the office of the Golden Gate, in the Flood Building; or at the Freethought and Spiritualistic meetings. Admission to the hall both evenings is fixed at 25 cents, or 15 cents each evening. It will be well for those desiring to attend to get their tickets in advance, as only a number sufficient to comfortably fill the hall are to be issued.

This debate should rally some splendid audiences, both of those who believe in Spiritualism and those who do not. Mr. Hull is confident that the former will be present in a body, and there should be enough of the skeptical in attendance to preserve the equilibrium.

REPORTER AND POPE.

If we can believe the newspapers, which is by no means certain, a reporter of the New York Herald has lately interviewed his so-called holiness Pope Leo XIII. The subjects discussed between the reporter and the pope were religion and politics. Taken as a whole, the interview was an inane and wishy-washy affair. The pope first treated his visitor to several paragraphs of gush about the tenderness and love in which he held the American people, in return for which, he thought, he had "a claim upon Americans for their respect." He then puffed the press as a powerful engine for good, and invited it to co-operate with him in spreading the spirit of religion and morality. He was quite sure that the church was the only means through which peace could be inaugurated and maintained, and the quiet of nations restored. Socialism received a good deal of denunciation, his

ing and picnic, not the least of which is the element of sociability thus supplied, without which we cannot expect to reach the indifferent masses.

A COLORADO physician who takes FREETHOUGHT recently loaned two copies to a brother physician residing in a neighboring town, with the request that he should read two marked articles, and return the papers. This is the reply he got:

"I received from you a few days ago two pamphlets with marked articles for my perusal. I have read the articles and pronounce them vile, malicious, and contemptible, and the pamphlets I *consigned to the flames*. Such trash is not meant for the thinking, intelligent man."

The two papers or "pamphlets," as the writer terms them, were the issues of FREETHOUGHT for March 29 and April 5. One of them contained extracts from high Catholic authorities concerning the attitude of the church toward secular government, and the other contained statistics concerning the religion of criminals. It is not at all strange that the Catholic physician wished to get the damning evidence out of sight. Our correspondent pertinently inquires: "If we get such treatment from the intelligent and cultured, our professed friends, what may we expect from a great, ignorant, unwashed, and brutal mob of open enemies? I answer: To be served ourselves as this man served the paper, or worse, just so soon as they dare or get the power." This answer is right. A man who will burn a paper simply for telling the truth has in him the spirit that would burn the author for the same offense.

THE Sacramento and San Jose presbyteries have voted against revision of the Confession. In the San Jose presbytery six ministers and six elders voted for revision; ten ministers and six elders against. The Sacramento presbytery subsequently expressed a desire for a change in one article so as to provide for the salvation of all infants dying in infancy and not "elect infants" only. The only question of importance in this connection is whether the vote of any number of presbyteries would make any difference with the facts of "election" and "predestination." If it would not, what is the use of voting on the subject? and if it would, why not vote everybody into heaven?

A PAPER called "Christian Science Thought," published at Kansas City, Mo., makes this statement:

"A friend has just told me of a very remarkable case that came under her notice yesterday. A lady let a heavy window fall on her hand and it cut two of her fingers clear off. She was treated by a Christian scientist and those fingers have grown on, nails and all perfect, and just as shapely as before."

So the age of miracles is not past; that is to say, there are still people mendacious enough to affirm the miraculous, and others credulous enough to believe them; and that is all that was ever necessary to any age of miracles.

THE Catholic newspapers are placing Lillian Leland's book on the index expurgatorius along with the writings of Mark Twain. Miss Leland, in describing the Vatican paintings at Rome, was candid enough to admit that the pictures were well executed, but that most of the subjects portrayed were in bad taste, the old saints and martyrs wearing, as a general thing, "an expression of sublime idiocy." The Washington Church News (Catholic) is especially worried about the effect of that kind of treatment of sacred subjects.

MOSES HULL's paper, "New Thought," once published at Des Moines and later at Chicago, will not appear again, but its place

will be filled by another Spiritualistic journal, the "Better Way," to which the list and good-will have been transferred. Mr. Hull says that he was obliged to either continue or discontinue his paper, and of the two opportunities chose the most promising.

JAMES CULVERWELL, of Dentonia, Kan., has found a new name for a paper and has bestowed it upon his four-page sheet just started—the "Institutionist." As its title implies, the Institutionist will defend things as they are, which is a quite unnecessary task.

W. E. REID, the medium of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been convicted on a charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. He will appeal the case, but if the verdict is sustained it follows that all mediums who advertise will be liable to prosecution.

GOOD friend, if your subscription to FREETHOUGHT has expired, hasten to renew.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The trip of the new cruiser Charleston to test her armament and guns was successfully made. The experiments are reported to have been satisfactory.—The Army of the Republic is holding a grand encampment at San Jose, whose citizens have given the old soldiers a hearty reception.—The eight-hour movement is gaining strength in this city, many employers giving it their indorsement.—Defective brakes caused the derailing of the New Orleans express on the north slope of the Tehachapi mountains April 17; and although several passenger cars jumped the track and were overturned, nobody was seriously injured.—The Hon. Irving M. Scott, president of the Union Iron Works, spoke on the subject of trades unions before the Starr King Fraternity of Oakland April 18. He classed all trades unionists as socialistic in their views and quoted from papers that had been issued by Herr Most at various times, showing the anarchistic paragraphs. He then followed by making a somewhat famous quotation from "Truth," published by Haskell in San Francisco, saying that "the price of Truth is 5 cents per copy and that of dynamite 40 cents a pound" and advising all to become chemists and make dynamite to blow up capitalists. At a meeting of workingmen last Saturday evening in Metropolitan Temple Mr. Scott's remarks were denounced by the speakers.—Wm. Parker, a member of the Salvation Army, dropped dead while parading the streets in Chico one day last week. His death is supposed to have resulted from injuries received at the hands of a mob in Oakland a few weeks ago.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a convention in San Francisco last week. The speeches were much more Christian than temperate.

Many spectators at a baptismal ceremony in Springfield, O., last Sunday were fatally injured by the falling of a bridge.—The action of the two rival conferences of the Evangelical Church in each appointing a pastor for every church in the state resulted in serious trouble at the Humboldt Park church in Chicago last Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Morloch was to preach his farewell sermon and his successor to be installed. Bishop Eschers's candidate, Rev. John Vittler, demanded recognition, and all the people rose from their seats and dragged him bodily from the church. After this the service proceeded.—The New York World editorially confesses that the interview recently printed with Grover Cleveland, in which he attacked Charles A. Dana, was a fake.—The Rev. John Wood is in jail at Olean, N. Y., for bigamy, having married two women. Mr. Wood is a Methodist exhorter.

The pope has at last recognized the republic of France and withdrawn his support from the royalists.—Bismarck declares that he is not yet out of politics, and it is said that he will be a candidate for the German Parliament.—The O'Shea divorce case, in which Charles Stewart Parnell figures as co-respondent, is not yet settled. Parnell desires a thorough investigation, but Mrs. O'Shea is anxious for a divorce on any terms, and may be an obstacle to the Irish leader in his attempt to vindicate himself.

QUERIES.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Please answer the following: 1. What is the address of the Freethought paper published in Sweden? 2. Can you give any information in regard to the Leland Stanford University? Do you know what opportunities will be offered, etc.? 3. What is the difference between Freethought and Secularism?

Marshfield, Or.

T. P. BRINEGAR.

1. Fritankaren, Stockholm, Kungsgaten 33.
2. We do not know that Mr. Stanford has divulged his intentions as to opportunities to be offered students. The university does not open until fall, and the president and faculty remain to be elected.
3. There are some who recognize a difference between Freethought and Secularism. Freethought has to do with mental freedom from creed and dogma. Secularism claims to be this and more, *i. e.*, a system of ethics for the guidance of men in their relations with one another in this world. Its moral maxims are such as experience has tested and found to be for the best interests of the race.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The Freethought Society was addressed last Lord's day by Mrs. A. Lindal, of Norway, whose discourse to a large congregation comprised a series of historical statements about the Christian church. She pointed out how, with simple faith, the people of past ages had accepted Christianity because it was untrue, and believed in its miracles for the reason that they were impossible. She called attention to the persuasive arguments used to interest those who in those days rejected the religion of love, the said arguments being the thumbscrew, the rack, and the stake. These pieces of church bric-a-brac, the speaker reminded her hearers, were the only authentic relics of the time when Christianity was in the business of manufacturing the civilization which we now enjoy.

Mrs. Lindal spoke but twenty minutes.

Music and a collection were on the programme, but before they could be introduced Mr. P. Healy had the floor. Mr. Healy is a Catholic, also a Jesuit, and is skilled in that kind of oratory which, when presented before an intelligent audience, amounts to mere undulations of the atmosphere. His arguments are to logic what Chinese music is to the harmony produced by Miss Evangeline Ballou, who followed with a song.

Dr. O'Brock was the next speaker, what he had to say being in the nature of a reply to Mr. Healy.

Mr. George Cummings mentioned a fact in history to show that Christianity had not fostered civilization. The Mohammedan Moors, he said, had formerly occupied the Spanish peninsula, and among them science, learning, and the arts were patronized and flourished. The Christians came upon the scene, drove out the Moors, destroyed their institutions, and in the place of them established the Inquisition. In this manner had religion contributed to the welfare of mankind.

A gentleman named Watts pleaded for a more charitable view of the church. We should think of its hospitals as well as its dungeons and inquisitions. Those who could not sympathize with Christ when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," could at least see beauty in the command to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mr. Ney averred that he had been in nearly every country of the world. In South America he found a priest to every ten inhabitants—the priest fat and dirty and lazy; the inhabitants poor, illiterate, and pious. In Russia, whose church differed from the Roman Catholic only in having a czar instead of a pope as its head, the people were degraded and superstitious, and men wore their shirt outside of their trousers like Chinamen. Wherever he had found the most Freethought, there he had found the people most advanced; wherever the most religion, the most power in the hands of the church, there the most illiteracy, degradation, and crime.

The discussion was continued between Mr. Healy and a lady in the audience who asked Mr. Healy to explain why the ma-

jority of criminals were Catholics. Mr. Healy replied that he would be glad to answer the question if he could. The lady went on to say that she attributed it to the dogma of forgiveness of sins and eleventh-hour repentance. Mr. Healy thought that the reason Freethinkers were not criminals was because they had a wholesome fear of the law. Their numbers, too, were so insignificant that they could not be expected to contribute as liberally to the penitentiary as their more numerous opponents.

A German young man intervened, and then Mrs. Lindal closed the discussion. In course of the reply to her critics she instanced the fact that the invention of printing came at a very opportune period when the church was distracted by internal dissensions, otherwise the art would have been repressed and extinguished.

A debate next Sunday evening between Mr. Healy and Mr. Knight is looked forward to with anticipations of great interest.

CHURCH TAXATION.

The promised pamphlet on "Church Taxation," issued by the American Secular Union, is now ready for distribution among our members. It is written by President Westbrook, and is a *resume* of just the facts that our people need to have at hand in their missionary work.

A moderate estimate, according to Dr. Westbrook's researches, places the value of the present untaxed church property in the United States at about fifteen hundred millions of dollars (\$1,500,000,000). This sum at 2 per cent taxation would yield the state governments the sum of thirty millions of dollars (\$30,000,000) annually. Church property, however, as has been more than once shown, is always estimated far below its real value. For instance, in New York, the church buildings of the Protestant Episcopal church alone, exclusive of its hospitals and other charitable institutions, are estimated at only thirteen million three hundred and nineteen thousand dollars (\$13,319,000); "whereas it has recently been shown by Louis N. Megargee, a well-known journalist," says Dr. Westbrook, "that this does not cover the exempt property of Trinity church corporation alone."

The above, with other interesting statements, will be found in our pamphlet on "Church Taxation." Dr. Westbrook sums up his argument at the close, in the following points:

1. The exemption of churches from regular taxation is in violation of every principle of equality and justice, and is an evident disregard of the most obvious obligations of public morality.
2. The church does not render an equivalent for this exemption. Two-thirds of the people do not regularly attend any church; and they should not be taxed to pay for the other third. Moreover, those who attend the churches are, for the most part, of that educated and refined class who do not need any special moral restraint to secure the observance of the law.
3. It creates a prejudice against the church, and drives the masses into an attitude of antagonism, because of the huge injustice of the church's increasing their personal taxes and receiving favors to which it has not the shadow of a claim.
4. It detracts from the glory and independence of true religion to be a pauper and a leech upon the state; and all honorable persons should be ashamed to imply that the church needs this favor from the state, even if an incidental service be rendered.
5. The people are in duty bound to carefully consider whether any given appropriation of the public money is wisely made; but, as exemption from taxation is the same as appropriation, they have no opportunity to judge and act in this matter.
6. The taxation of church property would make very little difference to church-goers, as they are already mainly tax-payers, and what is saved to the church by exemption is added to the duplicate of personal taxation.
7. A system of mendicancy is encouraged by the exemption of convents and similar institutions, where the vow of poverty is taken, and convent expenses are paid by the proceeds of beggary.
8. The same reasons can be given for the exemption of many other kinds of property from taxation, that are given for the exemption of church property; and if these additional exemptions were allowed, the state would become bankrupt, and sequestration and revolution would be the result.
9. Why should the church assume the character of a beggar, asking remission of taxes, instead of paying its full share of the cost of protection and defense, and thus rendering unto Cæsar that which rightfully belongs to Cæsar?
10. We do not attack the rights of the church when we insist upon the just taxation of its property; but we champion the rights of the people, in claiming that all property, except that belonging to the state, shall be equally liable to taxation.

11. In new countries there may have been some excuse for encouraging the building of churches by exempting them from taxation; but this policy does not apply to our large towns and cities. The most valuable property on our principal streets is owned by the churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, which pay no taxes. This is manifest injustice, if not downright dishonesty.

12. The people are ready for the just policy of taxing church property in common with other property.

One very curious fact came to light during the compilation of this pamphlet: "In the census of 1880, no returns for churches, schools, cemeteries, and other similar institutions were made."

In 1850, 1860, and 1870, however, the figures seem to have been obtainable, as President Grant gives the amounts in his message to Congress in 1875. (For details, see the pamphlet.)

Why did the census of 1880 omit an estimate on the untaxed church property of the United States?

Why, indeed, but because there was somebody who was interested in suppressing the facts? That our latest and most thorough census should have left completely out of account the statistics of fifteen hundred millions of dollars' worth of property, is inexplicable upon any other hypothesis but this. Of course, the church is the party specially interested in maintaining the present unjust system of taxation, by which all citizens are obliged to help support places of worship, whether they attend them or not.

The census of 1890 is now being arranged for by the powers that be. Will the statistics of untaxed church property be omitted this time also? It is quite possible. Silently as well as openly the church is massing its forces for a great and final war of extermination against religious liberty and freedom of thought; and it would be a poor general indeed who sought to display his sources of strength before the day of battle, especially when he is the attacking party, and when he knows that the enemy, though unorganized, are far greater in numbers than his army.

American Secular Unionists, here is a matter in which you can do practical work for the cause of Freethought. Insist upon our census-takers being instructed to make returns on all untaxed church property. In your local papers, where you have influence, by personal appeal to your friends and neighbors, by the distribution of our pamphlet on "Church Taxation;" in short,

To all the people you can,
At all the times you can,
In all the places you can,
In all the ways you can,

do your best to make apparent the facts and figures and the injustice of allowing churches to escape taxation.

Within a week or two from now, one of these pamphlets on "Church Taxation" will have been mailed free to every member of our society. We want you to read them over carefully, fortify yourselves with the facts and arguments contained therein, and pass the word along to others. These pamphlets are not sent you to be tucked away on your closet shelves, out of sight; they are weapons put into your hands to do battle with every day if possible; and they should lie on the table in your living-room and on your office desk. If one pamphlet be not sufficient to do your missionary work, so much the better. Send us ten cents for another copy, or sixty cents for a dozen, and so help to put money into the treasury, at the same time you supply yourselves with more ammunition. Our treasury is very low, and we are straining a point in sending out these pamphlets now to you, without waiting for the postage and printing money for which we appealed to you a week or two ago. But we realize how pressing is the need that more light should be turned upon this subject throughout the length and breadth of our land.

We have been obliged, through lack of money chiefly, to move more slowly than we at first planned to do. This pamphlet on "Church Taxation," as you will see, deals with the first of our Nine Demands; and we propose to take the others up, one by one, as money and opportunity offer. But, until the other eight pamphlets do appear, we trust that you will make good use of the weapon which we now have ready to put into your hands. Many and many a conservative church member will be found willing to agree with us on this subject of church taxation, and, if rightly approached, even to ally himself with us. Let us, one and all, work hard to swell our ranks, and press steadily forward all along the line to do battle in behalf of this, the first of our

Nine Demands—"the equitable taxation of church property in common with other property."

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Corr. Sec'y Amer. Secular Union.

THE NATIONALISTS.

The Central Nationalist Club held last Monday evening its first public reception since the late convention. The meeting took place in Metropolitan Temple, which was not more than half-filled. Still, as the hall is large, the audience was a good-sized one. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou presided. Mr. Wilshire, of Los Angeles, a scholarly man of prosperous aspect, was the principal speaker. Mr. Wilshire is not a born orator. He lacks imagination and sentiment. He talks along at moderate speed, never caring to use argument, never introducing any sort of propositions necessary to a conclusion; never rising to a climax. He stated facts, however, about trusts, monopolies, and great accumulations of wealth that were more convincing than any argument or rhetoric could possibly have been. He remarked, for instance, that if Mr. Spreckels, the sugar king, chose to withhold the supply of sugar from this coast he could do so, and our coffee would have to be drank without sweetening. If Rockefeller thought we had coal oil enough he could stop the supply. Jay Gould could at a word shut off our telegraphic communication with the East. Armour controlled the meat market and we were dependent upon him for beef. These tyrannies called monopolies also regulated the condition of the working man; they could give him employment or not as they chose. Thus we have in this republic a class of men more influential than the nobility of Europe, more potent even than any absolute despot. There are millionaires—men possessed of from twenty to one hundred millions—whose fortunes, so immense that they cannot be dissipated, are transmitted to their children, who are thus made a perpetual aristocracy. Of course Mr. Wilshire held that the only relief from this state of things was the nationalization of railroads, mines, and manufactures.

Mrs. Anna F. Smith was another speaker. She is a woman of remarkable force, and would make a powerful revivalist. Mr. Wilshire had given facts; Mrs. Smith expounded principles. The reason why there were Jay Goulds, she said, was because there were so many others who were selfish enough to want to be Jay Goulds also. On every side men were grabbing for the almighty dollar and climbing over one another to reach it. Unless there had been an awful error made, said Mrs. Smith, we are here for something better than this quarrel and struggle to get a corner on the bounties of nature. Nationalism did not propose to make saints out of sinners, but it did propose to bring about such conditions that it would be more profitable to be honest.

Mrs. Smith spoke of the California Nationalist, whose owner had endeavored to make a political organ of it, and failing in that object had left it to its fate. The paper would now be dependent upon the Nationalists for support and would be conducted by a co-operative stock company, with Mr. Owen as editor. Shares were for sale at five dollars each.

Professor Wilmot, the blind musician, was led forward and made a brief address. The exercises were varied by recitations and instrumental music, and made still more attractive by the singing of Miss Evangeline Ballou.

THE DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

At Nuremberg a case of some public interest was tried in the police court, says the London Lancet. A commercial traveler while in a restaurant told the waitress to look steadily at the white of his eye, and hypnotized her. On a second occasion he repeated the experiment; but this time the sleep was so profound that a medical man had to be called, who had the utmost difficulty in rousing the girl. The commercial traveler was accordingly summoned to appear before the magistrates, and the severe sentence of eight days' imprisonment was passed on him, which will probably be efficient in checking similar performances in that region. In France the practice of hypnotizing people for amusement seems to be very common, and unpleasant consequences are frequently reported. At a supper-party in Paris one of the company hypnotized a girl, and was unable to rouse her.

She was consequently taken to the house of a medical man, and after a time she recovered consciousness. The whole party were taken into custody by the police, and were not released until next day. Even when hypnotism has been practiced by competent medical men for remedial purposes, unpleasant accidents and ulterior consequences have again and again occurred; so much so that an order has been issued by the French government prohibiting surgeons in the army and navy from practicing it. It ought to be distinctly understood, both by the profession and the public, that hypnotism is not devoid of danger at the time, and not infrequently has permanently impaired the moral and emotional control of patients. A medical man is bound, before recommending hypnotism for a patient, to weigh the question as carefully as he would that of the advisability of administering an anæsthetic.—Science.

MISSIONARIES AT HONOLULU.

The term missionary, says a Hawaiian correspondent of the Examiner, will never convey the same meaning to me after this. The missionaries at the islands are a rich, powerful faction who are the aristocracy of the place. The natives are all supposed to be thoroughly Christianized by this time, and there are as many sects among this easy-going, pleasure-loving people as among the hardest headed theologians in the world. They are devout church-goers; but, alas, when there is any great calamity at hand they throw off their new religion as easily as they doff their hats and plunge into the idolatry of the past.

During the lava flow of four or five years ago the natives were beside themselves with fear and made all sorts of sacrifices and promises to the Goddess Pele, the spirit of the volcano, to propitiate her. But she was obdurate, and the cruel lava came slowly but relentlessly on, crushing the growing rice and making of the fertile fields a mass of gray stone and ashes.

The people were in despair. If the flow could not be stopped the beautiful town of Hilo would be wiped out as completely as were Pompeii and Herculaneum. There is an old tradition which says that the petitions of one of royal blood will sometimes soften the heart of the fire goddess when all else fails. The Princess Ruth accordingly went to Hilo and with great ceremonies made sacrifices to Pele. Into the molten, sluggish stream she threw burnt offerings of pigs, chickens, and bottles of gin.

The next day the flow had ceased to move.

There was great joy among the people, and although they outwardly returned to Christianity, who can doubt the effect of such a coincidence upon the credulous minds of a simple nation?

HANG THE CRIMINAL.

Nearly every month I notice some statement like the following, which I clip from to-day's Oregonian:

FAULKTON, S. D., April 6.—E. Eckhardt, while afflicted with religious mania, stabbed his two young sons with a bread knife and cut his wife's throat. All three are expected to die. Eckhardt is under arrest. He says the Lord prompted him to do the murder.

Now, if the Lord prompted him to do the murder, why not let the Lord know that he is wanted at the bar of reason and justice to account for this murder? Is it not high time that such infamy should be stopped?

What is the remedy? It is needless to say, Messrs. Editors, that you know how to prevent such infamous conduct on the part of Christians—and that is by destroying the "bloody superstition" known as Christianity. Thanks for your good work. Christianity is responsible for *all* such murders. It would be well for humanity if every priest and preacher were put into either the asylum or penitentiary. They deceive the people with their religious lies and rob them with impunity to build houses for the nonentity known as God.

Offer these impostors a million dollars to prove the existence of their God, and they cannot do it. They might point with exultation to the recent Kentucky cyclone or Mississippi flood as proof—that would be just like a priest or preacher. But I say hang such a God. They cannot scare any sensible or morally conscientious person into Deism by such horrors. *

It is just such things as these that convince sensible people of the non-existence of God, and prove to such that Atheism is the truth. This is a godless world, if I say it against all the priests and preachers, popes and czars that ever lived.

We must get rid of the "curse of religion"—the Bible, its priests and preachers. These apologists of even a "merciful God" are impostors. The facts are against them, and facts are what count. Were there an "infinite and just Ruler over all," there could be no evil in the world. Evil exists. Iniquity, crime, and cruelty are going on all the time—God is deaf, dumb, and blind. With all his reputed omnipotence he does nothing. Why is this? The Christian story is a lie. The Bible is false. There is no truth in religion, and such a doctrine, founded as it is, upon immorality and supernaturalism, must go down for the sake of humanity. It is time that such imposition were thrown aside and natural morality took its place. Not until then will there be justice for all.

Science is the only savior and it is useless to worship dead Gods. Every church is a lie, and instead of these hot-houses of superstition we need schools and colleges—education and not religion—reason and not superstition—truth instead of priestly dogmas and lies. Down with the pope, czar, and all tyranny.

Portland, Or.

CHAS. F. BLACKBURN.

PRESIDENT WESTBROOK of the American Secular Union has just published in pamphlet form "An Open Letter to Hon. Edward M. Paxson, Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania." The letter is called out by a late address by Chief-Justice Paxson before the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, in which the statements were made that the law of Sinai was the "first of which we have any knowledge," and that Moses was the "greatest statesman and law-giver the world has ever produced." Mr. Westbrook has the advantage of wide biblical and historical knowledge, and he has left of these claims nothing substantial except the paper upon which they are printed. The pamphlet should sell for 10 cents, and is printed by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

THOSE who desire light on the subject of philosophical anarchy and what its advocates believe will find the matter ably discussed in Dyer D. Lum's "Economics of Anarchy. A Study of the Industrial Type," published by Geo. A. Schilling, 169 Washington street, Chicago, price 25 cents. Mr. Lum is a thorough student of the industrial problem, and has the ability to express himself clearly even if not the power to convince the reader that he is always right.

BRIGHT, vivacious, interesting, and instructing, FREETHOUGHT, San Francisco, Cal., is one of our most welcome exchanges. Every Freethinker, and others as well, will do wisely by sending \$2 and receive its weekly visits for one year.—Plaindealer.

Mrs. Krekel's Lecture Appointments.

San Diego, April 27; San Pasqual and Escondido, April 28, 29, 30, and May 1; Los Angeles, May 4; Livermore, May 6, 7; San Francisco and Oakland, May 11; Santa Cruz, May 13, 14, 15; San Jose, May 18; Lodi, May 20, 21; Stockton, May 25; Sacramento, June 1.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments.

Porterville, April 27 and 28; San Francisco debate with Moses Hull, at Metropolitan Temple, May 1 and 2; Livermore, May 6 and 7; Ft. Bragg, May 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15. Liberals of Ft. Bragg please take notice. No postponement of the dates now given.

A Disclaimer.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see in your issue of March 29 a letter from C. B. Reynolds to C. Beal, president of the Oregon Secular Union, in which the name of W. E. Haight is mentioned. I wish it to be distinctly understood by your readers that neither my son nor myself had anything to do with collecting funds for our convention; neither do we wish to be identified with the effort to collect for the Washington friends what they contributed because the one through whose influence it was sent desired its return after failing to secure a position for himself.

East Portland, Or.

CARRIE E. HAIGHT.

CHRISTIAN CRUSADES.

II.

There have been instances when the rancor and savagery ran so high that members of the church councils have killed each other. See what a battle the Presbyterians have been having over Calvinism. A spicy item comes to us through the Cincinnati Commercial of Nov. 20, 1889. In referring to the vote of the Presbytery whether all infants dying in infancy are saved, the paper comments thus:

By a vote of twenty-two to eighteen, the Presbytery of Cincinnati concluded that "all infants dying in infancy are saved." Bless their dear little hearts, how they must rejoice at this declaration! But let them pause a moment and reflect upon the solemn fact that a change of only three votes would have damned them forever.

This sort of voting infants into the heavenly kingdom may do well enough for Cincinnati and that region of country, but it will not do for San Francisco. The Presbytery of San Francisco has not taken any stock in that method. It refuses to let up or make any concessions on this question. If infants don't know any more than to come into this world and to die in infancy and be damned, that is none of the Presbytery's business. Doubtless these Calvinists will cherish their mouldy creed and refuse to let the light of truth fall upon it. Let them do so; babies will be just as sweet as ever. We have no pity to waste on babies that are supposed to be lost, nor can we say that we have pity for the bigots who profess to believe in such doctrine as infant damnation. We feel an inexpressible scorn for him who can revel in the atmosphere of hatred and cruelty, and at the same time cant and snivel over "the precious love of our Lord and savior Jesus Christ."

Bishops, presbyteries, and popes may all prohibit a free discussion of the creeds, questions that have been settled by a majority vote, yet it invariably comes about that in the fullness of time some one breaks over the boundary lines and sets the world in commotion. It is the human yeast rising.

As soon as a man fancies himself commissioned by heaven to preach he becomes a dangerous element in society. If he is divinely called to preach and to teach, then you are also "divinely called" to listen, and if you hear not those whom God has sent, you shall certainly be damned. Still, this is not enough. God does not damn people in this world but only in the next. But God's people are not satisfied with God's way of postponing damnation to another world, and so they make an improvement on God's old-fashioned ways of doing things, and damn them here and now.

These saints pass laws by majority votes, to force you to believe what they tell you and to do as they bid you. If you do not obey their commands, then you are fighting against God. Think of it! a man fighting against God! It seems to me that such a fight would be of very short duration. Is it not silly to talk about man fighting against God? What business has the preacher to step in to interfere in such a fight? Has God called on him for help? Is not God able to fight his own battles? Where does the preacher find out the fact that you are fighting against God?

All this talk about fighting against God is foolishness. God has no hand in this fight at all. It is a battle between the hoary past and the youthful present—between tradition and knowledge—between superstition and science—between humanity and inhumanity.

The churches see themselves robbed of their former power. The pews are occupied by fewer and less-attentive hearers. Very many of those who go to church are hypocrites who attend "divine service" through force of habit, to see their neighbors, and to be seen by them. The preacher sees the church decaying, and he is impelled, by the bread-and-butter question, to say nothing about his zeal without knowledge, to do something; and that something does not occur to him to be more faith and prayer, but the use of the strong arm of the law. "If people don't do right, why, make them do right." It is true there is nothing new about this method, but it never goes out of fashion.

It is just as good now as it was the first time it was tried. In the Iowa Sunday-law convention President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Ill., said: "I would rather swear for half an hour than

buy a Sunday paper for half a minute." This gentleman on one occasion was frank enough to say of himself and others like him that they "are the representatives of God." We are willing that these agents shall represent things spiritual. We will give up to them the affairs of the New Jerusalem, but when we put in our claims let them know that we "want the earth." We want all men to have equal agencies here for all the good things that the earth affords.

But why do the sky-pilots oppose the Sunday newspapers? Because when the people can have bright Sunday papers to read they will not attend church to listen to stupid sermons. The preacher wants to see the pews filled, for the more people the larger number of shekels drop into his pocket.

Why do these so-called reformers want the libraries closed on Sunday? Simply because the people prefer the useful information obtainable there to church mummeries.

Why do the crusaders want all places of amusement closed on Sunday? Because most people are employed through six days of the week in dull and wearisome toil, and when Sunday comes the desire of millions of workers is to find recreation, amusement, and sport. But they can't find it at church. They prefer the woods and streams, the mountains and lakes, picnics and all sorts of cheerful excursions that will take them away from the dull routine of daily life.

"But all these pleasure-seekers are invoking the wrath of heaven upon themselves." In reply we must again insist that these pleasure-seekers are responsible to God alone, if there be a God, and not to any self-appointed agents. Let these agents attend to their own business and leave other people free to do the same. No, that does not suit their purpose. They must rush in between the Almighty and the people to defend him. Just think of it! They are defenders of God. Who can tell what would happen to him if he were not properly defended? They want to drive the people like sheep into the church on Sunday, so as to keep God from sending earthquakes, floods, and famine to destroy the wicked Sunday-breakers. (We have no "Sabbath.")

Business is constantly growing less with these fire-insurance agents. The people are beginning to discover that these fire-insurance agents do not represent any company whatever. The agent represents himself and a small clique who gather about him. And to add to these difficulties there are quite a number of different fire-insurance companies, all of which claim to insure against sulphur and fire in another world, and each claims to be the only genuine and original company, and that all the rest should not be trusted. The poor people are greatly concerned about this fire alarm. They want to hear more about it, and if it is not convenient for the preacher at all times to gratify this yearning to know more about the great blaze, he is, however, able at all seasons of the year to keep up a great smoke.

The Sunday Rest bill pretends "to secure to the people the enjoyment of the Lord's day, commonly known as Sunday, as a day of rest, and to protect its observance as a day of religious worship." This word "protect" means not "rest" but the enforcement of its observance religiously by the strong arm of the law. It is as if they should say to us: "We will show you when we get the law on our side what we can do towards the maintenance of the Sunday laws and insuring it as a day of rest for all the people. Now we can only preach at you, and it is because we can do so little of this that we seek to have bayonets behind you to force you to conform to the will of God (as revealed through a majority vote). And then if you do not come to church, we shall have the comfort and consolation of knowing that you will not be permitted to play croquet on your own lawn or go to the opera, for there will be no opera. You will not be permitted even to have a picnic under the shade of your own trees on Sunday, as such misconduct would be Sabbath desecration."

While this is not said in so many words, it nevertheless is the spirit of the Sunday Rest bill. It is true that the professed object of the bill is to afford rest to all, but it also seeks to secure "the religious observance of the day." And instead of the new legislation only protecting "its observance as a day of religious worship" it will on the contrary enforce religious observances upon the people. Against such observances many persons will

have conscientious convictions. It is not for the protection of religious liberty, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, that these reformers are contending; for the laws of the land are based upon liberty (*i. e.*, they are supposed to be). But it is out of its leech nature that the church cries "more, more." It is so with all churches and all governments. Power always seeks more power. Let us note some of the methods used by the reformers to gain power.

Colonel Shepard, an advocate of the Sunday Rest bill, has made himself ridiculous and contemptible by such arguments as the following which is attributed to him in a speech before the recent Dominion Evangelical Alliance:

The West Shore and Hudson River Railways, which were started for the purpose of running Sunday excursions, were driven into bankruptcy by the Lord. A new management cut off the Sunday traffic as far as possible, and now their finances are in good condition. At one time no Sunday elevated trains were run on the Sabbath, when it was arranged that a train should be asked for by a Christian minister, who, by the way, very soon was called away from earth.

What sort of a man is he who can talk such rot to the people, and what sort of people are they who will listen to it? The West Shore Railroad began a competition with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. They went into bankruptcy and the New York Central Railroad bought up the stock, and have run Sunday trains with passengers and freight on the Central and West Shore Roads, and are making money. And what is more, God does not throw their trains off the track. If he is angry with them and the people who desecrate Sunday (not the Sabbath) this would be a good way to give them object lessons. One good wreck every Sunday at half past ten A. M. for a month or two would be sufficient evidence to the stockholders of the New York Central Railroad that God had put his foot down against Sunday trains.

W. S. BELL.

THE PERSISTENCE OF EVIL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

While not wishing to open up a discussion in your columns on Dr. O'Neill's letter, that Mr. Harman was so indiscreet as to publish in Lucifer, I would like space to present a few thoughts on the criticisms of Carrie E. Haight. That her remarks were a trifle previous, her charges baseless, and her conclusions erroneous, is plainly apparent from her own admission that she had never read the letter mentioned. When she does read it, if she thinks there is any occasion to "engage the enemy" with such publications, or that the right of free speech and a free press is dependent on the privilege of publishing such evidences of human depravity and degradation, she will find herself at variance with many others besides the writer. I was not before aware that it was stabbing a person in the back to reject or oppose their ideas, opinions, or methods; and why a man's extreme views, or a foolish act, must be indorsed or viewed with silence, is something that assumes the shape of a puzzle to me. I hold that every public writer and speaker is a legitimate subject for comment and criticism; and to condemn some of his acts or utterances is a right and privilege just as much as the acceptance of some others. I am under no obligations to indorse all any man says or does; and when an act seems absurd or foolish, the condemnation of that act does not make me the enemy of that person.

There are many opinions which Mr. Harman and myself hold in common, but I do not believe so much in extremes as he does; and when he deals in a vile and disgusting matter, and violates the laws of the land in so doing, I think him very foolish and don't hesitate to say so. However much we may wish and desire that certain conditions might prevail, it is folly to lose sight of those that do exist. Laws, customs, and social conditions are stubborn facts that confront us on every hand; and while some might wish to destroy the first, change the second, and revolutionize the third, it is not yet done; and to violate civil laws, to ignore customs, and make war on social conditions is to invite a penalty according to the seriousness of the offense. If a law exists—whether right or wrong from a standpoint of justice and reason—it is as foolish to break it and invite inevitable punishment as it would be to seek a combat with a wild beast, for

there is no mercy in either. I believe in working for reforms and the destruction of existing evils within that limit in which statute laws give freedom to act, but don't believe in going to such extremes as to invite martyrdom. Those who do believe in such extremes may excite sympathy, but not approval; and the man who tries to shoulder so many burdens of the world that he crushes himself is more sympathetic than sensible. Future generations must fight the battle of life as well as we, and though the desire in some to make a heaven of earth for those to come after us is strong, they will never see it done; and ten thousand years hence the human race will be the abode of conflicts, inharmonies, and injustice; of vice, crime, and depravity, the same as it is, and was thousands of years ago, as recorded in the Old Testament.

I do not believe in lying awake nights or in agonizing day-times because of the evils which exist in the world, for as fatalism is a universal law, everything results from necessity, and a natural cause is behind every effect. Blind impulse sways the whole human race to this day more than reason, and these natural impulses which lie back of human action are no more controllable by mortal man than the deadly cyclones that sweep without regard to obstructions over the bosom of the earth, or the mighty force that produces an earthquake. Man is but an automaton in the hands of nature, and always was, always will be, a creature of moods and impulses. Vacillating, erratic, unreason-able, and inconsistent, he is what he is from necessity, and never from choice; and viewing him in this light, perfection seems one of the greatest uncertainties in connection with his future. Hope—that pleasant and plausible liar—will doubtless continue to deceive the credulous in the future as it has in the past, but that person who sacrifices his liberty or happiness in the vain endeavor to destroy evil and exterminate vice and misery will find when he leaves this hard old world that the quantity remains about the same as when he entered it. Therefore the rule of Napoleon Bonaparte is a good one to follow: "Take advantage of conditions." Let us extract what comfort and happiness we can in the struggle for existence called life, and make the most of circumstances which fate has decreed to our lot. Let us do what we can to enlighten the world, assist the unfortunate, and relieve suffering and misery, without running to extremes or inviting martyrdom; but to avoid serious disappointment don't anticipate the advent of the millennium for some time to come, or believe that vices as old as the human family can or will be exterminated by the printing-press.

C. SEVERANCE.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER IX.

RELICS.

The House of Relics.—Slaughter of Egyptian Horses.—Description of Jacob's Ladder.—The Death of Judas.—Row in the House of Relics.

1. And in the narrow path the beast had erected a certain house called the House of Relics, and the house was built of parchment, and its foundation was of a certain soft substance called hard-lying.

2. And within the house were many curious things, and many relics of former and famous pilgrims; and of ancient and renowned guides.

3. And the name of one of the guides who showed the relics was Paternosterrow.

4. And Simon was near to the house, and Paternosterrow stood at the door with a drum, and drummed furiously, lest any of the pilgrims should go by without coming in.

5. And Simon gave the guide money, and went in.

6. And the guide showed him the wonders of the place; and while they were looking there came into the house many other pilgrims, and the man whose name was Blunt.

7. And the guide led Simon and the others towards the skeleton of an ass; and he said unto them, This is the ass of the prophet Balaam, which saw an angel.

8. And one of the pilgrims said, How wonderful it was that the ass, and not the prophet, should see the angel.

9. And Blunt answered and said, O fool, knowest thou not that the angels have ever shown themselves to asses, and to no other creature?

10. And the guide said unto the pilgrims, Heed him not; he is a scoffer. And they passed on. And the guide showed them a vessel, saying, Herein is some of the thick darkness of Egypt. And they looked in and saw nothing.

11. And Simon said, I see nothing. And the guide answered, saying, Nay, my son, how canst thou see anything, seeing the Egyptian darkness covereth all up? And they were all satisfied, and went on.

12. And the guide showed them a fowl, saying, This is one of the quails on which the Israelites fed.

13. And Simon said, 'Tis somewhat like a goose.

14. And Blunt answered, Yea, very like a goose; and there are many such hereabouts.

15. And Simon seeing a certain dishonorable utensil near by, cried out, saying, Who hath dared to bring that thing here? But the guide, smiling, bid him hold his peace, saying, Thou mistaketh it, my son; that is the cup which Rabshaketh sent to Hezekiah to drink out of; 'tis one of our greatest treasures.

16. Methinks, said Simon unto one of the pilgrims, this thing should be a grindstone. And he pointed towards a certain round stone near by. Yea, replied the other, verily I think it is.

17. Nay, said the guide, 'tis one of the hailstones which killed the Egyptian horses.

18. But, said Simon, my guide-book telleth me they were killed by a murrain.

19. Nay, said another, were they not all drowned in the Red Sea?

20. Foolish children that ye are, said the guide, they were thrice killed. Think ye that our great and mighty king is not able to kill a dead horse? And they were confounded and passed on.

21. And the guide showed them the skeleton of King Ahaziah and said, This is he who, by the unspeakable richness of our king's mercy, was two years older than the father who begat him.

22. And Simon was amazed, and opened wide his eyes, and his ears, and his mouth, and said, Nay, my brother, how could that be? Surely a father must be older than his son.

23. And the guide answered, saying, Verily, I tell thee, nothing is impossible with our king. Is not our king's son of the age of his father? And if a son can be of the age of his father, why not two years older? Hast thou not read the story in thy guide-book?

24. And Simon answered saying, Nay, if it is in my guide-book I verily believe it; and he passed on, gulping vehemently in his throat.

25. And Simon said unto the guide, What is this tied up in this napkin?

26. And the guide answered and said, Ah, my son, that is the greatest of all our wonders; 'tis the hole through which Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell; and the napkin is never undone lest it should be lost. And the pilgrims passed on gulping.

27. And the guide showed them a certain ladder which he called the ladder of Jacob; and he said unto them, This is the ladder whereon the angels journey to and fro—even from the earth to the skies.

28. And Simon said, How might that be, seeing the ladder is no more than a league from the top to the bottom?

29. And the guide, answered, saying, Nay, my son, it is easy enough: they did but erect the ladder in the air, and when they had mounted to the top thereof they turned it the contrary end upwards, so that what was formerly the bottom was become the top; and when they had again ascended to the top they did as before. And the pilgrims were all satisfied, and more, and went on.

30. And the guide showed them divers bears called Elisha's bears, and there were betwixt two and three of them; and the guide said, These are they which chewed the naughty children. And he showed them the children within the bears, and the hair of Elisha's head also.

31. And Simon said, Verily, methought Elisha had been bald.

32. And the guide answered and said, Yea, my son, he was bald; and this is the hair which was not upon his head. And the pilgrims passed on choking.

33. And the guide took them up into a chamber, that was built upon the house, and the chamber was more newly built than the house, and in it also were relics.

34. And the guide showed them some napkins of the infant Emanuel, and the pilgrims smelled at them devoutly, and passed on.

35. And he showed him one of the fishes that had fed a thousand men.

36. And Simon said, Verily, 'tis somewhat like unto a whale. And the man Blunt answered, saying, Yea, very like a whale.

37. And the guide showed them a rope, saying, this is the rope wherewith Judas hanged himself.

38. And Simon said, Nay, my brother, he hanged not himself, but rather fell down and his bowels gushed out.

39. But another said, Nay, of a truth he hanged himself. And Simon and he disputed about the matter, and grew angry.

40. And the guide spake unto them, saying, Why wrangle ye thus, oh ye of little faith? Verily the man hanged himself, and his bowels gushed out also. See ye not the rope is of hay? And the man having hanged himself therewith on a very high tree, his ass, being an hungered, did devour the rope, and it brake, and the man fell down headlong and his bowels gushed out.

41. But, said Simon, if the tree was very high, how came the ass to reach the rope, so that it could devour it.

42. And the guide was exceedingly wroth at the question, and refused to show any more of the wonders of the place.

43. And I, Philo Aletheia, saw that there were certain portions of the chamber, and of the house also, that were not visited save and except by such as came in by the gate called Katholikos; and in these portions there were very great abundance of relics, but they were accounted as of no account by all save those that came up by the gate Katholikos.

44. And in this part of the chamber was one of the guides belonging to the gate Katholikos; and he would have shown the pilgrims the skeleton of a virgin and her children, but the guide called Paternosterrow came up, and forbade the pilgrims, and derided the virgin.

45. And the other guide grew very angry thereat, and they fell together by the ears and fisted it valiantly. And the fight grew fierce, and the pilgrims joined in the fray.

46. And in the fight the decayed virgin came woefully to grief.

47. And when the man Blunt perceived that the pilgrims and the guides were fighting together, he gat himself hastily down from the chamber, and took the napkin in which the hole was wrapped up, and he unfastened the napkin, and let out the hole.

48. And immediately there was as it were the sound of a mighty rushing wind, and the hole swallowed up everything in the house, and the chamber, and the relics, and the pilgrims and the guides, and everything whether small or great, went down quick into the pit.

49. But the hair that was not upon Elisha's head stuck in the hole's throat, and it could not by any means swallow the hair; and when the hole perceive this, it gave back what it had already swallowed.

To be Continued.

Professor Dawes's Lectures.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. Geo. H. Dawes lectured here March 28 and 29 to good-sized and intelligent audiences. His first lecture, "What Will You Give Us in Place of Christianity?" was well received and highly appreciated. He told his audience in plain but eloquent language what Liberalism offered in place of cruel and superstitious dogmas. Liberalism teaches us not only to preach but to practice the golden rule, Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you—something that most Christians fail to do, and yet claim that the Christian religion is the originator of that rule, when we all know that it was taught long before their Christ's time. Confucius taught it six hundred years before Christ's time. Mr. Dawes said that Liberalism teaches us that "the world is our country, to do good our religion;" that we should all live in one common brotherhood. He closed his first lecture with an original poem, wherein he saw upon the horizon of Freethought a golden sign with the magic words "Love, Justice, and Truth" emblazoned thereon.

His second lecture was, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" His arguments were clear and concise. He quoted from the Bible to show

woman was and is regarded by that book, which Mr. Dawes said he," "he," "he" all the way through, and in fact is nothing but an old "he-book" anyway; and the ladies present seemed to think so too. Some of the clergymen were invited to be present and criticise Mr. Dawes's lecture, but they did not come, as they knew very well they could not refute his arguments. After Mr. Dawes is out of the state they will get up in their churches and contradict every word he said, when in fact they did not hear him. They say, "We know all about it," like one man here in town whom I asked to come up and hear the lectures. He said no; he would not go to hear such lectures; did not believe in it. Said I, "Do you know what doctrine he preaches, or what the principles of Liberalism teach?" "No," said he, "and I don't want to know." He even had the assurance to say he could decide the matter without hearing both sides of the question. These are the kind of people the church wants. Stay there, brother, we don't need you. So long as you don't make use of your reasoning faculties, so long will you be the dupe and slave of superstition. I hope you will go to the New Jerusalem when you die. I don't want to go there. Oregon is good enough for me.

Mr. Dawes has done a good work here, and has opened the road for the march of Freethought; and as he does not live a great way from here he can make us an occasional visit and keep the torch of Freethought burning bright.

M. MILLER, JR.

Dayton, Or.

An Entrancing Book.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just read "A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone." I took up the book to merely look at it for a few minutes. But instead of reading only a chapter or two, I kept on for several hours before I laid the book aside to be taken up next day and read through.

It seems almost impossible for a little woman of about 100 avoirdupois to undertake and accomplish so splendidly a trip around the world alone as she has done. The dangers and vexations are without number, yet Lillian Leland overcomes them all, and the style in which she relates her experiences and observations possesses such a charm that we are fascinated with her. You turn over a leaf and wonder what trouble she is going to fall into next, and how she will get out of it. Much of the journey consists of struggles and mishaps from storms at sea, obtrusive travelers, obtusive railroad officials, hotel waiters, guides, etc. But no matter what the unpleasantness may be Lillian comes out of it triumphantly. There is, however, a bright side where we see nature in some of her attractive forms, and people of delightful character. There is a persistent and pervasive agreeableness in her writing that fascinates us.

The writer displays great will-power blended at times with wilfulness, which is deeply colored by an egoism that is never offensive, but on the contrary quite charming. As you read you are always conscious that Lillian is right here by your side. She has you in hand, and with pleasure as a guide, shows you the strange and perilous events of her travels. The ego is so vivid that one has an impression that the world is out on duty, and one of not the least of its duties is to stay out while Lillian goes around it alone and gets back to New York. She has been gratified, and I think that many people will read her book with as much pleasure as I and say, "Why did I not read it sooner?" or words to that effect.

Oakland, Cal.

W. S. BELL.

The Situation in Texas.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see that it has become customary when renewing the subscription to apprise you and your readers of the condition of the neighborhood around where the subscriber lives—of its mental and moral status. I have been a reader of your paper nearly since it started, yet never have said a word—either in praise or condemnation of the country around Sunset. However, I hope it is not yet too late. I believe I am the only subscriber to your paper in this community, although it is not for want of trying on my part, and it is not for want of Secular minds both male and female; but they are so lukewarm that it is not easy to judge by outward appearances what they are. We had Mr. J. E. Remsburg here last year speaking for us. They seemed to be well-pleased, and he caused quite a ripple in the neighborhood. He proffered his services again, but they never responded. They are afraid of what some people may say or think of them,

and so for policy would rather deny themselves the privilege of thinking for themselves. Please find inclosed \$2 to renew my subscription.

With success to FREETHOUGHT, Mrs. HARRIET DAVIS.
Sunset, Texas.

An Indignant Oregonian.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In justice to Mr. Beal and with surprise at the course of Mr. Reynolds, I must say I think the latter has gone a little too far when he questions Mr. Beal's honesty or that of Oregon Liberals. He hardly shows liberality, nor do those who, like him, want their money back because things didn't go just to suit them, and who for the general cause care not, unless they make "a mark" therein.

Now, let me say, if Mr. Martin, of Snohomish, wants his money back and the treasurer of the O. S. S. U. will not pay it, let him send bill of the amount and draft on me and I will pay it. Mr. Beal is a public spirited man and ever in the van of the cause of Freethought and one whose honesty is not to be questioned. I think it comes with ill grace from Mr. Reynolds to cast a slur on Mr. Beal and indirectly on all Oregon Liberals. We have no need of those Liberals who see state lines and narrow their help to the spot the horizon girls.

Portland, Or.

From Our Largest Stockholder.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Herewith please find draft so that I will not be reading the Freethought Publishing Company's paper instead of my own. I hope that every subscriber to FREETHOUGHT will do likewise. I want to record my vote to drop every one on the list that does not pay up or give a good reason for non-payment within four weeks from time of giving notice. I want to congratulate the Liberal workers of the Pacific Coast on the paper having survived the most phenomenal year of rain and tornadoes on record since the flood that landed Noah's ark on top of *Ara-rat's* icy mountain where the tropical bipeds and snakes crawled out to generate a second edition of new stock.

I have placed a secular circulating library in one of our book stores where any one that is not able or disposed to buy can borrow them for ten per cent. How will a similar plan work in San Francisco? Hoping for brightest skies and abundant success of our company.

Meriden, Conn.

Truly yours, N. F. GRISWOLD.

Wishes and \$2.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your complimentary notice received. Find within \$2 for FREETHOUGHT. I am much obliged to Mr. Putnam for not stopping my paper when the time was out. I see that he has observed my request. We will be glad to see him up this way during the season. If he comes we will make it a point that he lose none of his rotund appearance by the venture. Do not stop my paper until you receive official notice to that effect. I believe that if I had taken FREETHOUGHT from the first I would have been alive to-day. I enjoy "Observations" immensely.

With my best regards and \$2 for your future success, I am yours truly,
Dayton, Wash.

R. E. PEABODY.

An Inefficacious Sacrifice.

DEAR BROTHER MACDONALD: I see by my tag that my time is up. You have been very generous. I hoped to have money ere this to send for the paper, but a late fire swept away in an hour my accumulations of years. So you will have to stop the paper for the present. Putnam will regret to learn that all those incubators and brooders, and the houses they were in, and the two hundred chicks have gone up in smoke, and I fear they didn't appease any wrath of any angry God either.

Santa Ana, Cal.

Yours truly,

D. EDSON SMITH.

Messrs. Pingree and Furgason Will Read it.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Having read the book notice in FREETHOUGHT of last Friday, I will order a couple of Putnam's "Religious Experience" for the use of the "firm" (Short & Long). I predict a big sale of the work wherever the champion is known.

Oakland, Cal.

C. H. FURGASON,

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

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Sir George Bowen tells a weird story which he heard when he was governor of New Zealand: Among the loyal Maori chiefs invited to meet the Duke of Edinburgh was one of the original signers of the treaty of Waitangi, in 1840, and who had ever since been a firm friend of the English. One of the Anglican bishops afterward said to the governor: "Do you know, sir, the antecedents of that old heathen?" "No, my dear bishop," was the reply, "but I do know that he brought 500 of his clansmen into the field to fight for the queen, so I invited him to meet the queen's son."

"Well," continued the bishop, "when I first arrived in New Zealand that chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult, but that he would see what could be done, and came back to me in two months. When he returned he exclaimed:

"Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I only have one wife."

"I asked, 'What have you done with our dear sister, your first wife?'"

"He replied, smacking his lips, 'I have eaten her.'"

An attraction of the April 15 number of the Transatlantic is a collection of articles from the European press on Bismarck and the significance of his retirement. An article by Max Muller on "Thought and Breathing," which will interest the Theosophists and mystics, and a poem, "O Lovely Child," rendered from the German of Paul Heyse, are prominent among numerous other interesting features.

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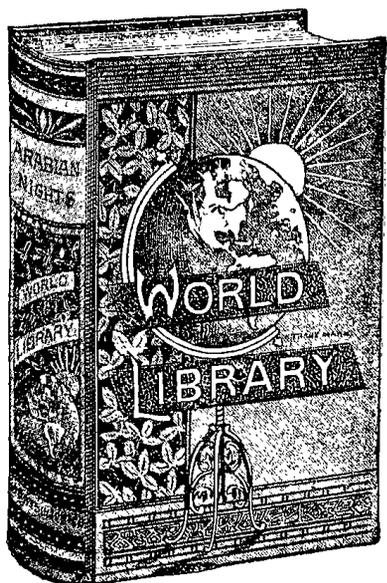
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A Clerical Micawber.

Judge Ellsworth, of Oakland, granted Julia Park a divorce from her husband, the Rev. Chauncey Park, April 18. The evidence in the case is out of the usual run of ordinary divorce suits on the ground of failure to provide. The Parks were married in 1868 and have six children. In the complaint Mrs. Park alleged that her husband had failed to support her or her family since 1882. Park in an answer alleged that a rich aunt of his wife's in the East had conspired with Mrs. Park to take from him his eldest child, Ada, and they had lived apart since 1887; also that the aunt had threatened to cease financial aid unless he left his wife. At the trial Park failed to put in an appearance.

From the testimony of Mrs. Park, her son Charles and daughter Lizzie, and W. H. Chickering, Park possessed Micawberish proclivities to a degree which made him an excellent emulator of Dickens's well-known character. He was constitutionally opposed to labor of any sort, physical or mental, and idled about the house playing with the children or exhibiting his fine muscular proportions to advantage before the mirror by the hour. In perfect physical health, he disdained any occupation which would develop his already well-knit muscles, and, though very intellectual and possessing good powers of persuasion and argument, declined to put them to use, considering it more expedient to wait for something big to turn up.

When his wife suggested, since he had abandoned preaching, that he should avail himself of his natural gifts and practice law, Park declined, agreeing with Micawber that his wife and babies so absorbed his attention that mental concentration upon any other subject would be utterly impossible.

In view of the husband's great physical strength his wife urged him to go out and labor with his hands. This, of course, he refused to do. Friends of the family interested themselves and positions bringing in from \$50 to \$80 a month were offered Park, but all were refused as being beneath his dignity. The Rev. Mr. Park also had great schemes by which he could make barrels of money with but slight investments, but no capitalists were willing to embark with him. He would also send his children to friends with begging letters, saying that he was lying ill at home, when as a matter of fact he was lying in wait for the answer around a convenient corner.

Mrs. Park endured her husband's abuse and idiosyncrasies until her patience was exhausted and her health failing, and then applied for a divorce.

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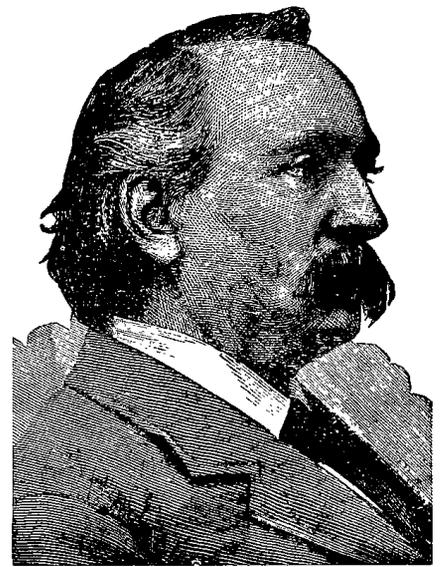
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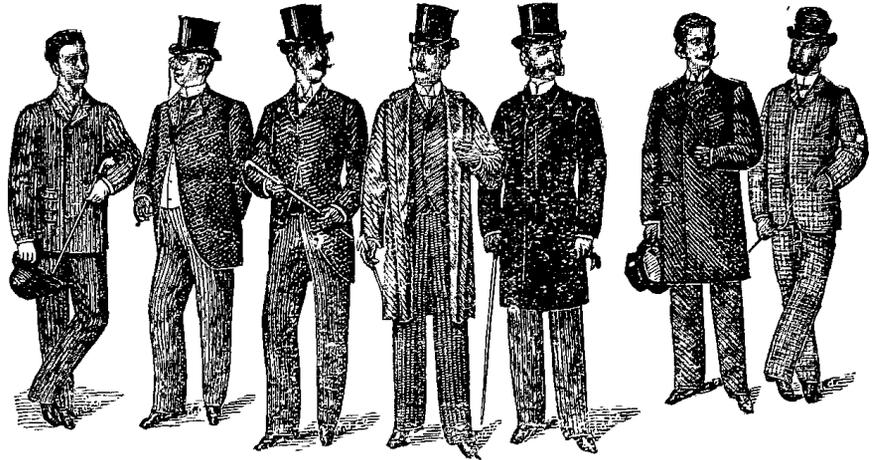
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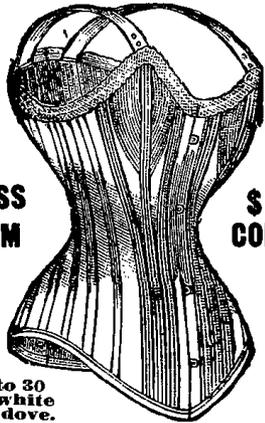
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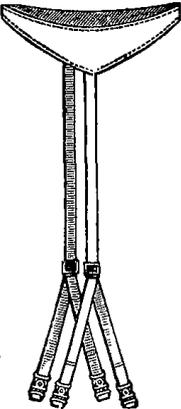
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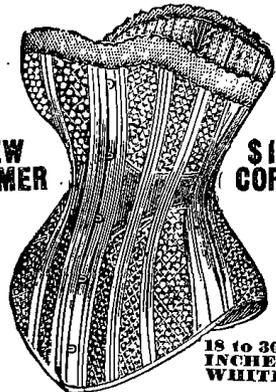
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That penetrate the darkest mind,
And in their flame intense, though small,
He melts the shackles from mankind.
And yet, however strange, 'tis true
That few accord the meed of praise,
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Though hard his fate, he murmurs not—
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NEWS AND NOTES.

Leaving San Francisco at 6 P.M., while the sunset made the bay like a palace of fire, traversing the star-lighted night along the glimmering waters and through the green plains skirted with shadowy hills, at the drowsy hour of one thirty o'clock I arrive at Berenda. The hotel lantern was gleaming some quarter of a mile off, and over the sandy highway with a couple of other struggling passengers I wended to the shining goal, where I slumbered for the space of three hours, when the whistling of the five-o'clock train for Raymond compelled me to a resurrection, as if Gabriel's trump were blown. I reached the terminus in time for a good breakfast at the restaurant of Joe Poole, and the wayfarer could not drop into a more comfortable frontier establishment than this. Although the Palace Hotel did not stretch its stately dimensions, and marble walls were not apparent, nor the gilded saloon, yet the "inner man" was amply satisfied with what lay before him on the hospitable table.

My veteran friend Buckingham, and Joe Poole, a Grand Army comrade, a major under the colors of the flag, were at the station to see that I did not lose my way in this bustling new town and wander off to the quarries. Major Poole was not here last year, but I find him an old-time Infidel and genial companion, and not afraid to let the world know what he believes. Changes are going on at Raymond as elsewhere. A new hotel and other buildings are in process of erection. It looks as if there would be a big travel to the Yosemite this summer. Raymond is the point along the foothills where the change is made from rail to stage, and this makes it during the tourist season quite a lively place morning and evening, when the passengers come in and go out, and get a supper and breakfast. About forty a day is the average travel at the height of the season. On account of the vast amount of snow among the hills the opening of the line has been deferred. If one could get into the valley now he would behold a wonderful sight, for the waters are pouring abundantly over the mighty cliffs, and for the next six weeks they will increase in volume. It seems as if the snows were packed to the clouds upon the Sierras, and perhaps never before in its history has the Yosemite presented such a resplendent picture of dashing

waterfalls as it will this summer when the fervent ray penetrates the icy barriers that frown about it. Now is the time to behold the valley in its most wondrous magnificence, for it is rarely that such vast columns of water sparkle along its gigantic walls and jewel it with such radiant splendors. The storm king of the past season has been preparing a gorgeous spectacle for the summer's blue eye to gaze upon.

It was a delicious, beautiful spring day at Raymond, and the quiet of the hills and the beaming sky, and golden light mingling with the green sward, and the softly moving mass of trees that stretched away to the glittering snow line made a scene of exquisite loveliness.

When evening drew its curtain, gemmed with stars, over this glowing vision the hall was filled to listen to a Freethought lecture, and I wandered from the land of dreams to work. I found quite an increase in the attendance, and this corner of the world feels the throb of progress. Major Poole made a ringing introductory address as chairman of the meeting, and this made the way smooth for the speaker of the evening. I suppose about half of those present were Christians of various sorts, but they did not look as if they would like to burn the heretic at the stake. It was a very cordial gathering, and one would wonder how so many people could gather together in so small a hamlet. But "the woods are full of them," as the saying goes, and folks seem to spring out of the very ground. After the lecture the floor was cleared, music began, and old and young joined in the festive circle. The little Furgesons, of San Francisco, gave an interlude between the sets, a clog-dance, which was neatly performed with their tiny feet. The gay hours flew rapidly, and midnight was winging itself away before the mazy motion dropped to the last note of the violin, and silence settled upon this metropolis of the woods.

Over a hundred men are at work in the quarries near the town, and seven carloads of granite are sent every day to San Francisco. Large quantities of wood are also hauled to this point, so there is quite a nucleus for business in connection with the railroad. Some time when plenty of water can be procured these hills will be vine-clad, and the now barren places will bloom and blossom like the rose. Town lots have doubled in value since I was here a year ago. Buckingham has moved to a more elevated situation, and his new environments are conducive both to health and pleasure. The wheel of progress keeps rolling. Raymond is evidently looking to the future with "prophetic soul." Freethought is by no means in the background. I met many friends at this point, both new and old, comrades who have battled with nature in all its forms, and who know what it is to think for themselves and trust in "innate inborn gumption." There is not much chance for a priest amid these sturdy workers, who have a heart for any fate.

Early on Thursday morning in the glorious sunshine I am en

route to Grub Gulch with Maxwell, who holds the reins and guides the fiery steeds, that are not particularly disposed to lightning speed, since it is almost all the way up hill. However, the way is strewn with wild flowers, the wonderful wild flowers which grow upon the soil of California, with brilliant hues, blue and yellow and purple and crimson, making a carpet that would vie in splendor with the richest products of the loom of man. It is a little after noon when we arrive at Andersons and dinner is ready, and we make haste to eat. Anderson is still as prompt as ever to bear the standard and welcome the pilgrim.

Grub Gulch is a little slow just now, for one of the mills is shut down and the golden stream is not so prosperous as of yore, but the precious metal is still lurking in a thousand places and the lull is but temporary. A very good audience was present in the evening at the hotel, where mine host provided a hall for the occasion. It was beginning to grow cloudy and there were signs of rain, and those who lived afar off did not feel like tempting the weather. It did begin to pour about midnight, and the next day and the day after presented a very moist appearance, although the sun occasionally appeared and the clouds put on a magnificent array as they rolled over the dim valley. There was not much of a chance to take a look at things on account of the mistiness of the atmosphere, which dashed into rain almost at a moment's notice.

My friend Barney Williams, who is a heathen of the heathens and delights in the unfashionable cognomen, was going to pilot me to the top of Indian hill, whence the aborigines used to take a sentinel look over the vast surrounding country. The prospect from this height is exceedingly attractive. One way you look toward the everlasting hills sweeping to the ice-covered summits of the Sierras; and the other way gaze toward the far circling valley, where the gleam of river mingles with the flowery plain, till all are lost in the wide and blue horizon that glitters above the sea. But the oft-coming rain prevented the ascent, and I had to take the vision upon trust, as I do the New Jerusalem. However, if it remains there until I come again I shall certainly take a look at the splendid picture as did the ancient sons of the soil.

I have just found out why there has been so much rain this season. It all came about from Sheriff Poole's seven-parson power praying-machine. The sheriff by way of self-defense invented this machine, and on the first trial it beat five clergymen by about two inches. It was left at Grub Gulch to do service at the beginning of the season, but Anderson wound it up so tight to the praying-point for rain that it could not be let loose again, and the machine has been praying all winter, and hence the rains. What would happen if the same accident should occur to the clergymen—if they should be wound up to the praying-point and could not be released? There would be a "tidal wave" then, sure. I understand that the praying-machine finally came to a smash-up, and now fair weather is in order.

I found the Gulch just as it was a year ago in outward appearance, and the three days went pleasantly by. Saturday night it cleared off brightly and a larger number were present than on any previous evening. There are a few here to keep the fire sparkling. Capt. Smith is at the old stand, and the golden wedding-bells have pealed, and Smith, junior, is the happy man. Mrs. Ada Stubbs still has a woman's enthusiasm for Freethought. Poole had the "backache" down under the hill, one mile down and three miles up, and could not be present at the lectures, but comrade Forbes put in an appearance all the same, rain or shine,

up hill or down; and McKenzie, the Branson brothers, Gus Linn, Fisher, and others, were ready to lend a hand. So the series of lectures, in spite of hard times and hail and rain, went off with sufficient eclat to warrant a return in the near future.

Early on Sunday, Laramore, of Fresno Flats, was at the gate to take me over to his place for a "morning meeting." He got up at four o'clock in order to be on time. It was a glorious morning. The sun shone splendidly, the clouds were rolling away in white masses, and the sky was a glittering sapphire. A little after nine o'clock, amidst the encircling hills, the green meadows and prancing stream and bright ranks of trees, Fresno Flats appeared to view, just as when I first saw it, a cosy village, and quite animated, although it is far away from the whistle of the locomotive. We drew up at the Mt. Raymond House, where Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ellis make the traveler as comfortable as he could be at Mt. Zion itself. It wasn't long before we were shaking hands with a host of Liberals—Joe Crane, Wade Rice, etc., names so many that I cannot enumerate them all. The Liberals here do congregate, and it is not a very easy field for the parson. They brought one here awhile ago, and built him a house to live in, but that was not sufficient. He had nothing to eat and he was obliged to go into the harvest field and earn money enough to leave the country. Superstition doesn't flourish among these mountains. I lectured on Sunday morning and evening and through the week to Thursday, and the hall was crowded every evening, and the advance of Liberalism has been decisive. It was hoped last year that when I returned some man of calibre in the church would be found for a debate, but Judge Johnson was obliged to admit, somewhat profanely, that no Christian champion could be induced to appear. It was hoped that Judge Johnson would take up the gauntlet, but he gracefully declined, and even almost signed the Demands of Liberalism although still a Methodist. He is evidently improving, and by the time he is elected coroner will be ready to sit upon the dead body of orthodoxy and administer its effects without the shedding of a tear. It was hoped that Professor Hawkins, who is on his tour of candidacy for superintendent of schools and who oftentimes declared his eagerness to meet any Infidel in debate, would be ready to fulfill his courageous intentions. But although he has been a Christian nigh on to forty years, and preached the gospel in various places, he was not "prepared." Undoubtedly if I were a hundred miles away he would be "prepared," and his war-paint would be on in all its glory. But when the Infidel is really face to face, then the war-paint disappears. I should think that one who had professed and taught the Christian religion for so long a period would be ready at any time to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Does his Bible grow dusty on the shelves at home that he is thus unable to meet the adversary?

There is quite a rushing time here with the candidates for office. The walls and fences and doors and bulletin boards are thick bestrewn with all kinds of announcements to the "unterrified Democracy." The primaries are held May 10, and a long string of candidates are making a journey over the county in search of nominations. It happened that this gathering together was announced for Fresno Flats on Wednesday evening, the 23d, at the same time and place of my lecture. However, I gave my lecture, and then the candidates took possession of the platform, Mr. I. Oakes, chairman. There were about fifteen present, and they made a pretty good presentation of themselves. I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, as "down East" they don't nominate in this sort of way. But it is a good dem-

ocratic method, I should judge. It gives one a chance to blow his own horn, which otherwise would not be blown. Each candidate was allowed about ten minutes to deliver himself. The offices ran all the way from constable up to superior judge. Some of the speeches were excellent, and the programme on the whole was interesting. Lawyer Griffith took the cake for a rattling talker and story-teller, and to my mind he worked in considerable Freethought along his dashing and humorous discourse. The meeting was kept up until eleven o'clock. The audience was good-natured, and probably would like to elect all the candidates if possible. After the regular gathering there was a kind of spontaneous renewal of the picnic at the hotel, and Griffith, Oakes, Joe Crane, Professor Hyde, Judge Johnson, and Judge Edwards prolonged the "feast of reason and flow of soul." Judge Edwards claims to be a Christian, but he candidly confesses that his religion is not based on any facts. He is too sharp a lawyer not to know what evidence is. If elected judge he would have to fling Christianity out of court as having no case.

The religious ladies have established a free reading-room here, and the Liberals contributed a good part of the funds, and it was understood that they might contribute also some books and papers. But when Bell's "French Revolution" was put in, it instantaneously disappeared, and so with all like literature. The Truth Seeker, Investigator, and FREETHOUGHT are carefully excluded. The money of Liberals is acceptable, but that evidently is all which is wanted from that source.

Robert Laramore keeps his library on the move. He has on hand a large number of books, and where there was only one Liberal ten years ago there are scores now, through the influence of these traveling books and Liberal papers.

Joe Crane, like myself, once had the "hydraulic pressure" of Christianity upon him and was converted and baptized, and for many years was a "follower of the lamb." But being a miner and studying nature at first hand in the rocks and hills, he came to the conclusion that common sense and humanity were better than "mansions in the skies," and hence he has located his claim on earth and takes his chances here. There is not a better soldier in the ranks of Freethought.

Fresno Flats is a jolly place for children. There are plenty of them, and they grow fat and strong, and judging by their shining faces I don't think they dwell much in the shadow of orthodoxy. Some of them are beginning to show their natural aptitude. Little Jimmie Thurman, who goes to Sunday school, has concluded that he doesn't want to do so any longer. He can understand arithmetic and geography and mechanics, but he cannot understand what is taught in the Sunday school. He has declared his intention of becoming a "Freethoughter," and long may he live to enjoy that blessed privilege.

I have to thank Joe Crane and W. E. Laramore for a mess of the finest trout upon which I ever gazed, and which helped to give me "brain food" during the campaign.

H. M. Rice who was the first pioneer to strike gold at Canyon City, Oregon, and whom I met at Prairie City three years ago, is now at Fresno Flats. Like every old Californian, he has had a vast variety of fortune, but has always the same jovial soul. His daughter, who furnished music for my lectures at Prairie City, is now a teacher in the public schools of Portland.

Mrs. D. H. Meyers has the honor of being the first woman to sign the roll of membership of the Fresno Flats Secular Union. On the last evening of my lectures, Thursday, this organization was formed and the following are the list of signers: Robert

Laramore, D. H. Meyers, I. Oakes, T. W. Westfall, A. J. Johnson, Geo. Hull, John H. Ellenbrock, Geo. Merritt, J. W. Davis, O. W. Bean, W. E. Laramore, G. W. Bagley, Joe Swanstrom, Mrs. D. H. Meyers, J. M. Ellis, Joe Crane, Samuel Noyes, J. M. Thurman. Robert Laramore was chosen president; Geo. Merritt, secretary; and S. W. Westfall, treasurer. Without doubt a membership of nearly a hundred will be made before the summer is over.

I. J. Westfall was present from Mariposa. The Westfalls make quite a family, and some of them are orthodox, S. W. Westfall's brother being a clergyman; but, take it all in all, they are Liberal by a large majority from the land of Jefferson, Old Virginia.

I was very sorry to find comrade Hoge on the sick list, but I hope the sunny air of the coming May days will cure him.

The outlook for future advancement is most promising in this mountain town. It is one of the most delightful places I have visited. The flag of liberty shall spread its radiant colors over these glittering meadows and heights.

Never was there a fairer day than Friday, and the drive from Fresno Flats to Grub Gulch and Raymond was simply exhilarating. Geo. Hull, as last year, was my companion with Sam Westfall. At Grub Gulch, my ample friend Anderson was sitting in the sunshine meditatively, and my Liberal Christian friend, Mrs. Smith, was holding the pretty baby to greet the beautiful scene; and Capt. John Wesley Smith gave greeting, but not in Methodist style; and friends Thurman, Williams, and others joined in the hospitalities of Anderson's plenteous table. In the afternoon we reached Raymond, and Major Poole, as usual, gave generous welcome. Buckingham was laid up with a lame foot, but was reading Freethought literature with all his might. His head was level although he could not walk. I found Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs on their way to Stockton where they will join the Liberals there for active service. Friday evening I reach Berenda, wander through the moonlight until 1:30 o'clock, and then speed southward to Porterville.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

* SALVATION THROUGH TAXATION.

We call attention to articles printed in another place—one a communication from Mr. E. O. Roscoe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the other copied from the Weekly Star. Mr. Roscoe says that under the single tax "no one who did not use land to the point of its highest productiveness" could pay the economic rent levied by the government. He does not define the highest point of productiveness, but in a crowded community that point, he will doubtless admit, would be determined by the height of the building erected upon a city lot. In agricultural districts it would be limited by the amount of fertilizer, machinery, and labor applied to the land. The man, therefore, with only sufficient capital to erect a one-story house could not live in the city, because he would not be able to pay the economic rent which the highest productive capacity of his lot would demand; for it must be remembered that under this system, according to Mr. Roscoe, land will be taxed not for what it is actually worth to the owner, but for what it would be worth to somebody else with capital enough to improve it to the point of its highest productiveness. Thus the system which freezes out the capitalistic speculator, freezes out just as effectively the non-speculator without capital.

It is the same in the country among farmers. There the man with capital to stock his ranch, if it be grazing-land, may hold it; or, if farming land, he can, by means of his capital, employ men and machinery so as to use it to the point of its highest produc-

tiveness. At present a laborer able to save something above expenses may buy a lot, and pay for it in installments, paying taxes only on the vacant lot, until he gets a house. But Mr. Roscoe asks for a system under which the laborer would be asked to pay taxes from the first on the amount his land would be worth with a seven-story building on it!

The single-tax theory, then, raises this question: Shall land be taxed for its exact value apart from improvements, and thus permit persons of small means to hold it? or, shall it be taxed at the value it would reach when used to the point of its highest productiveness, and thus be made a luxury which only the capitalist may enjoy?

In a note attached to his communication Mr. Roscoe says: "Let Jehovah alone. He can wait for his drubbing; but in the mean time our fellows are starving by thousands because they have not access to land." But what encouragement is there for them to acquire land if they must pay an economic rent on unimproved land equal to that levied on land used to the highest point of productiveness? As a matter of fact, land is about the cheapest commodity in the market; but to make it cheaper than it is now, or even perfectly free to the moneyless, would be much like giving the freedom of the ocean to a man who has no boat. By coming to California Mr. Roscoe may have his share of the earth's surface for the trouble of settling on it, and if he have the capital necessary to improve it he can make a good living. It seems to be not so much the want of access to land as access to capital that produces economic distress, for land without capital is like a human body without blood, or a steam engine without water. In this connection study the scheme of finance introduced by Senator Stanford.

Our single-tax friends should be grateful to FREETHOUGHT for bringing their central theory up for discussion, for nothing is so fatal to a good cause as the policy of silence. It is only the weak and faulty that desire to be let alone. The Christian religion, as an example, flourishes most when unquestioned. It does not ask to be examined and investigated; it demands only belief. It never appeals to reason or common sense, but only faith, which is another name for credulity. The true or scientific method, in other words the Freethought method, is exactly opposed to this, and nothing delights the Freethinker more than to be questioned. Offer to reason or argue with him, and he will meet you half way—not with personality or abuse, but with facts and logical deductions. Truth furnishes an answer to every objection against it, and takes just as much pleasure, and can afford to be as courteous, in answering the objection as in stating the original fact. The man who is sure of his ground does not grow impatient if asked to answer the same question twice. On the contrary, he is glad to find an excuse for doing so, for he knows that iteration and reiteration alone can make a lasting impression. It is like advertising—a sign hung out for one day or for one week is not sufficient for all time; it must be made a permanent fixture. People must become familiar with it, so that it will be before their eyes even when they are not looking at it.

This is true of arguments in favor of all reforms, the single-tax reform as much as any other. To say that the objector is "economically uneducated" does not remove his objection. To claim that a man is an "ass" or a "fool" if he performs certain specified acts is not necessarily convincing to a thoughtful mind. Even though a question be pronounced a "chestnut," if it is still left unanswered nothing of real value has been gained.

This paper is not committed to the advocacy of any economic

reform; but when any economic reform is presented with the claim that it is of more importance than all other reforms besides, we are pleased to give its advocates opportunity to prove that it is so.

FORTHCOMING.

While weather-bound this winter Mr. S. P. Putnam has written a book which he calls "MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE." It is now being put in type, and will make a thick pamphlet.

As Mr. Putnam has passed through many of the various phases of religious thought—such as the Atheism of youth, conversion to orthodoxy, reversion to Unitarianism, and thence to philosophical Materialism—his work covers quite a large field, and cannot fail to be of interest and value to all who indulge in the luxury of thinking for themselves. The publication of the work is undertaken with the hope that it will meet with a large sale. The price is 25 cents, and we shall be glad to take as many orders as we can get in advance.

THE HARMAN CASE.

The trial of M. Harman, of Valley Falls, Kan., on a charge of mailing unlawful matter resulted in a conviction on four of the seven counts of the indictment. E. C. Walker and George Harman, indicted with M. Harman, were discharged, it being shown that the former was in the lecture field at the time the matter complained of was printed and the latter at work upon a farm, and that neither was responsible for the publication. The elder Harman was thus left alone to bear the penalty of the alleged offense, and having been convicted he moved at once for a new trial. Meanwhile the grand jury had found indictments against him for publishing the "O'Neill letter," and the government was ready to proceed with the trial of that case, but Mr. Harman requested a continuance until the next term, which was granted.

The trial, as reported by E. C. Walker in "Fair Play," was a botch from beginning to end. Mr. Harman's counsel, Overmeyer, had for good reasons withdrawn from the case, and Mr. Harman had determined to conduct his own defense. He, however, engaged one Colonel Bradley as counsel, and with his advent the degradation of the cause began. Bradley assumed the control of the whole affair, and insisted upon a method of defense wholly at variance with the right one, namely, that Moses Harman was insane! The plea of insanity left the merits of the case untouched, and the jury, knowing the plea to be false, had no recourse but to convict the defendant as a common vender of obscene literature.

If Mr. Harman's defense on the O'Neill letter is not conducted with more sense than was used in the case of the Markland letter, it will be no fault of the counsel if he is not imprisoned for life!

Mr. Walker, in his report, shows some of the true inwardness of Mr. Harman's latest offense, the publication of Dr. O'Neill's indecent recital of professional experience. It seems, says Mr. Walker, that E. W. Chamberlain, Esq., of New York, wrote to the editor of Lucifer saying that Dr. O'Neill was about to send a letter for publication, and advising Mr. Harman to print it; and that such was the latter's faith in the good judgment of his New York friend, that when O'Neill's letter came it was handed to the compositor without being read.

Of course arrest followed its publication. Messrs. Overmeyer and Clemens, who had previously acted for Harman and his co-

defendants, protested, but they stood by their client until it became talked of that Mr. Chamberlain would come on from New York and take the leading place in the defense, when they withdrew. Mr. Chamberlain did not arrive in season to be present at the trial; as a consequence Mr. Harman was not defended at all, and the whole thing became a farce.

THAT BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

If any stockholder of the Freethought Publishing Company has not read the article published last week entitled "A Splendid Proposition," it is hoped that he will turn to and read it at once and send in his verdict. If we wish our enterprise to succeed we must build it up. If we wish FREETHOUGHT to do its best work we must extend its circulation. No more hopeful plan, no more practicable method, than that proposed by "A Stockholder" has been presented for consideration, and its fate will settle decisively whether we mean business or not. We fail to see any good and sufficient reason why the plan should not work, why FREETHOUGHT should not take its place among the great and influential journals of the country. True, it involves outlay, but what great good was ever accomplished without that? We know of none. FREETHOUGHT has not reached its present standing without labor and strenuous exertion, nor without the exercise of generosity and the helpful spirit. Neither was anything ever done unless there was unity of forces. We shall not be satisfied, nor should any Liberal be satisfied, until all that is possible to such a corporation as the Freethought Publishing Company is being done. And everything is in sight to those determined on success. The members of this corporation should look forward to something more than a rented office and a small, though pleasant, book depot. If the dupes of superstition can afford gorgeous temples all over the city, surely the apostles of light, if they have wisdom according to their knowledge, will be able to erect one building, one hall devoted to Freethought and universal mental liberty. It is not well to be too ambitious, or to look for too much, but when we have the means at hand and the way pointed out, we shall have only our own lack of enterprise to blame if we do not accomplish a result so far within the bounds of reason as what is here outlined.

Therefore vote on the proposition of "A Stockholder." It is not official and it is not mandatory; but it is much better—it is perfectly practicable.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S SOCIABLE.

The exercises at the Freethought Society will be varied next Sunday night, May 4, by the introduction of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and a social dance. An admission fee of 25 cents will be taken at the door.

A LECTURE IN OAKLAND.

On Sunday, May 11, at 4 P.M., Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel will speak in Dania Hall, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, Oakland.

THE religious newspapers are asked by somebody to assist in securing the passage of a bill to exclude from the mails as sec-

ond-class matter "all books or reprints of books, whether they be published complete or in parts, bound or unbound," etc. The movers of this scheme argue that "the result of the present classification is such that books, to the amount of hundreds of tons, are carried annually in the mails at one cent a pound, while other books, Bibles, miscellaneous school books, etc., cost eight cents a pound." This is certainly an unfair discrimination, but the remedy is not necessarily to raise the rates on books now mailed as second-class matter. It would be much better to put all printed matter on an equality at one cent per pound.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, the editor of "Liberty," claims to have heard from a reliable source that Edward Bellamy wrote his book "Looking Backward," "as a satire on Socialism, and submitted the completed manuscript as such to Harper & Brothers, which house, while not absolutely rejecting it, declined to take it unless the satire could be made less extravagant and given more of an air of probability." This is important if true.

"OUR religion first, our country next," was the sentiment uttered by the Rev. Father Teeling at Newburyport, Mass., in his St. Patrick's day sermon, to a congregation of Irishmen who had sworn allegiance to the Constitution of the United States!

If Pope Leo entertains the great admiration he professes to feel for American institutions, why does he not call off his priests from their continual attack on American schools?

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. P. Healy was nominally a party to a debate with H. L. Knight before the Freethought Society last Sunday evening, and so far as shouting and occupying a given length of time in talking was concerned, he filled the contract he had undertaken. When it came to argument and veracity of statement, however, he was hardly a participator. Indeed, it might almost be said that he was not in it.

The meeting opened promptly at 8 o'clock, with Mr. Eastman in the chair on the platform, and one hundred and fifty persons in the chairs occupying the auditorium. After Miss Evangeline Ballou had sung a song and been rewarded with hearty applause, Mr. Eastman called attention to Mr. Healy, who, he said, was doubtless the only Roman Catholic member of the society. For this reason, he held, the audience should be indulgent and as respectful as circumstances would permit. The subject of Mr. Eastman's remarks was then introduced. Mr. Healy is a small-sized champion of the church, with red whiskers and a large reserve force of self-confidence. He regretted, he said, that he was obliged to apologize for coming into this debate almost unprepared. He was not a licensed defender of the faith, because the church was not in need of such "sporadic" endeavors as an unworthy son like himself would be able to make. He took the broad ground that anything not in favor of the church must of necessity be false. Mr. Healy here drew from his pocket a roll of manuscript and read from it that familiar passage in Macaulay which says that the Catholic church will still exist when some traveler from New Zealand shall stand on the crumbling towers of London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. He also read quotations from the Rev. R. Heber Newton, and from the Rev. Dr. Stebbins, of San Francisco, eulogizing the Romish institution. He would maintain against all comers that Catholics were not only the best educated and most enlightened people on the planet, but also the most moral and law-abiding. The speaker instanced Ireland as a typical Catholic country, and Russia as a typical Protestant nation, oblivious of the fact that there are no Protestants to speak of in Russia. Mr. Healy discoursed thus for about half an hour.

Mr. Knight prefaced his reply by regretting, with Mr. Healy, that he (Mr. Knight) had not an abler opponent. He said it would not be questioned that the church had a great number of

banners and burned expensive incense, but he should hold that the doctrines of the church were false and its history infamous. Its pomp and wealth were in strange contrast with the life of its alleged founder, who was a mild and inoffensive person, and whose name was not down on the assessment roll of Jerusalem for ten dollars. The church was aristocratic, while Christ and his apostles were Nationalists. The church had preserved images of Christ, but had thrown his teachings in the waste-basket. Roman Catholicism was a priestly invention. Mr. Putnam had called Spiritualism a combination of facts and inferences, but Christianity was mere inference minus all facts. Mr. Knight would admit that fewer crimes were recorded in Ireland than in England, but that was because not one-half the offenses were ever brought before the courts. In our own country, however, where Catholics compose but one-tenth of the population, they furnish two-thirds of the criminals. In opposition to the statement that Roman Catholic institutions were best, Mr. Knight drew attention to the institution known as the Republic of the United States, in which all were equal—no masters and no subjects. Some of our courts were corrupt and their sentences unjust, but compared with the trials of the Inquisition they shone in spotless white.

When Mr. Knight sat down the audience had nearly or quite forgotten that Mr. Healy existed. A discussion followed. Dr. O'Brock said what he had to say briefly and with commendable coherence. He argued that the testimony of writers in countries dominated by the Catholic church was of no value, since it was given under intimidation.

Mr. Curtis pointed out that Mr. Healy had erred in ascribing the spread of Catholicism to its moral force. It had no moral force, but pushed its way at the hilt of the sword. When within the memory of many present the pope had been obliged to leave Rome, it was not his moral power that reseated him, but the power of thirty thousand French soldiers under the bandit Louis Napoleon. Mr. Healy had also extolled the divorce laws of the Catholic church as a protection to women against being put away by her husband. Mr. Curtis declared that if these laws were protective as regards woman they were also tyrannical, since they denied her divorce from any brute whom she might have indiscreetly married.

A man named Kidney followed. He spoke dramatically for the allotted time, and then requested an extension, which being granted, he proceeded to become indecent. The Chair took upon itself a great responsibility in not calling him sharply to order.

Mr. Healy had the last inning. He would not, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, attempt any display of dramatic ability, nor would he scrape the ceiling with his voice. Neither would he chew soap and fleck the habiliments of his hearers with the lather. Nevertheless, Mr. Healy shouted as loud as he could, and ceased only when a dissolving audience apprised him that he was not an attractive entertainment. He claimed that none of his critics had told the truth. The church was nearly two thousand years old, and would endure forever because God was with it.

Mr. Healy's argument to demonstrate the divinity of the Catholic church would, if applied to Barnum's circus, have proved that institution to be under the patronage of the almighty, since it is the greatest show on earth.

Next Sunday evening there will be a social and dance instead of a lecture. Tickets of admission are placed at 25 cents.

Among the many other curiosities in San Francisco besides the Greek church, the old post-office, and the new city hall, there is a Chinese printing-office on the corner of Washington and Dupont streets. They say there is no other like it in the country, which I am free to believe. I visited the establishment the other day in company with Mr. McMillan, a mining man from Fresno Flats, and Mr. Beattie, a newspaper man, formerly editor of the Colorado Kicker, published at Brighton in the said state.

The Chinaman is opposed to paying rent on vacant space, which accounts for his printing-office being crowded into a small room, with a mezzanine floor in it, upon which the pigtailed compositor performs his daily task. The lower half of the office contains a hand press that must have been old enough to vote

when the "Washington" was invented. McMillan mistook it for an ore-crusher and criticised it as defective. Beattie recognized it as of Edinburgh build, manufactured for the Chinese trade, which accounted for the dragon on the top of it; but it looked like a cider-press.

There was also in the room an antique job press called the "Reliable," a sort of Chinese Gordon, as it were; and a Chinese compositor, getting up a form. He had a chase around his form and some quoins driven in where he evidently thought they ought to be; but he appeared to lack confidence in his lock-up, for he had his form on a tin galley, and trotted across the room with it elevated on the ends of his fingers as a waiter holds a tray. Then he put it on a sort of work bench and tinkered at it mysteriously.

The mezzanine or middle floor heretofore mentioned was high enough to clear the dragon on top of the old press, but so near the ceiling that a man of ordinary height could not stand upon it without getting whitewash in his hair. On this floor, as remarked, the "news" compositor plied his nefarious trade. He was surrounded by some sixty cases of type, the cases being of the kind called "cap" cases, which is to say, they were intended to hold the capitals and small capitals of the Roman alphabet. One of these cases in its natural state has ninety-eight compartments or "boxes," but the Chinaman divides every box and thus has twice that number of divisions. The cases lie flat, with the type standing on end, face upward. Sixty cases with one hundred and ninety-six boxes each, and a different character in every box, give an idea of the copiousness of the Chinese alphabet. There were other cases besides the sixty, but they contained display-type, with which the Celestial manufactures scare heads for sensational news.

This compositor wore a yellow-silk cloak with flowing sleeves, and had his blue trousers tied around his ankles with white tape. He also wore a silk skull cap having a red knot at the crown, thus in many respects differing from the ordinary member of the typographical union. He was distributing type out of a stick with a pair of nippers. He did not begin at the end of a line and throw the letters back as they had been set; he just planted himself in front of a case and stayed by it until all the characters which belonged in that particular case were distributed, when he proceeded to another. In this way he would distribute about as much type in an hour as an American printer would in five minutes.

All the Chinese types are on a square body, the ordinary news font being a trifle larger than pica, or some three-sixteenths of an inch each way. The metal is as soft as bullets. Beattie offered the pigtailed jour. two bits to let him bring away a few of the letters, but John would not be corrupted, and refused to sabby. There seem to be no fat takes on a Chinese newspaper, no poetry, no italics, and no punctuation marks.

The "Oriental News" is a four-page journal published weekly at five dollars per annum in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Its head occupies the last column of the fourth page, reading downward and looking much like the tail of a kite. We did not see the editor, but some of his copy was hanging on the hook. He writes his editorials with a small brush and a box of blacking.

A valued friend and adviser writes:

Say, George, couldn't you let up a bit on poking fun at our friends, the Spiritualists? Sixteen years of journalism may not have entitled me to tell you how to run a paper, but it taught me that the best way *not* to do it was to fire into my friends.

That is good advice which I have often wished somebody would give to me. Many of my best friends have an inclination to believe in a future life. Others are irrevocably committed to such a belief, and when I express doubt about it they gaze upon me with a commiserating expression of countenance. So I know they are sorry for me. A man in this office the other day told me the following story: He was at a materializing seance. A spirit form whom he recognized as a woman he had known came from the cabinet. He approached and held her hand, but being a doubting Thomas, he said, "If you are the party I take you for you have artificial teeth." Thereupon the spirit lady removed from her mouth a fine set, f store teeth and placed them in his

hand. She then closed her mouth. He held the teeth firmly, and felt them gradually dematerialize until his hand was empty and they had disappeared. Upon expressing regret that he had robbed the departed of so useful an article as a set of triturators must be to a spirit, the lady again opened her mouth and reassured him with a view of the teeth in the place where nature and the dentist had designed them to be located.

When the man had ended this narrative he looked at me just a trifle scornfully, and remarked, "I suppose you don't believe that story."

I will not here record my reply, but any reader of these lines is at liberty to guess what it was. The person making the best guess will receive a chromo.

Let me introduce an extract from the Golden Gate:

One of the amusing idiosyncrasies of our so-called Freethought friends is that they are free to think; when the fact is that it is impossible for them to think outside of the crust of matter. That is, their thought is walled in with matter, and it is impossible for them to get away from their environment. Thus, in ridiculing spiritual things, or the fact of spiritual existence, and a future life, they simply delight to laud and extoll their ignorance.

Likewise the following:

WATERFORD, WASH., April 25, 1890.

Inclosed are two dollars for continuance of my subscription. I am extremely well-pleased with the paper, and with the broad liberality of the man with the pin. Though a Spiritualist, I am none the less a Liberal; and if your shoulder hits at Spiritualism will tend to bring some of its advocates down from their lofty spiritual elevations to a common sense position, from which their efforts will be directed toward improving this world in the way of knocking out, not only from themselves but from others, this infernal religion, you will get a harp in the next world at reduced rates. The Nine Demands far transcend spiritual "Fragments" for practical utility.

Yours very truly, J. BRUCE POLWARTH

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Two of San Francisco's ablest preachers have resigned their pulpits. The Rev. J. A. Cruzan retires from the Third Congregational church, and will go to Sioux Falls, N. D., for the benefit of his wife's health and a flattering salary. The Rev. Dr. Harcourt resigns from the Howard-street Methodist church because he is getting too unorthodox for his congregation. He will preach in Metropolitan Temple after September 1.—The Second Nationalist Club met at 909½ Market street last Sunday evening. The meeting was well attended. Songs by Mrs. Jameson, a recitation by Louis Hanson, a reading by Mrs. Moore, and an address by J. Harriman were features of the entertainment.—The debating society of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, which recently decided a debate in favor of free trade, has, at its last meeting, resolved that "the United States should make paper money a legal tender to the exclusion of gold and silver."—Judge Cheney, of Los Angeles, has declared unconstitutional the city ordinance preventing the Salvation Army parading the streets with drums, horns, and tambourines. Some Salvationists arrested under the ordinance have been discharged.—It is again announced that Dr. McGlynn, the anti-poverty apostle, will visit California.—The most violent earthquake shock felt for many years visited the coast April 24.—Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has proposed a constitutional amendment for the election of United States Senators by the people instead of the legislatures.

It required the services of a squad of policemen and the presence of the mayor to quell the fight between the rival factions of the Evangelical church at Naperville, Ill., last Sunday.—The Theosophists of the country held their fourth annual convention at Chicago April 27. A communication from Madam Blavatsky was received and a paper read by Dr. Jerome Anderson, of San Francisco.—Mayor Grant of New York appears to be tainted by the corruptions prevalent in metropolitan politics.—The Indians of the Tongue River agency in Montana are in a state of anxious expectancy over the predicted coming of Christ. No doubt Christ will come to the Indians as soon as to anybody. They get their notions of the matter from missionaries who have been among them.—President Harrison has signed the World's Fair bill locating the exposition at Chicago.

The government of Brazil will exercise a censorship over the press to prevent attacks upon public officials. There is a strong

public sentiment against the decree.—Captain O'Shea, who made Parnell a co-respondent in his divorce suit, has withdrawn the charge and acknowledges that his accusation was false.—The Rev. Dr. Parker, the sensational London preacher who was once a candidate for the late Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit, has recently preached a bitter sermon against "special religious journalism," which he calls the hope of the devil. He is also using the columns of a religious weekly to attack Spurgeon, the Talmage of London.—Zola, the novelist, declares himself a Socialist and announces his belief that Socialism, beginning in Germany, will gradually spread over the whole world.

THE STAR RESUMES THE ARGUMENT.

Under the limited Single Tax, a small fraction, as compared with the present, of speculative holding of land might be possible; but so far as practiced, it would merely accelerate the enactment of said tax to the full ground-rental value—"all the traffic will bear" being turned on landlords instead of tenants, railroad monopolists instead of passengers and freighters. The owner of the seven-story building would then either have to put buildings, etc., on his vacant lots, or dispose of them to persons who would. In either case, rents would go down; and no sane person would dream of holding lots for a rise when the people as a whole take the rise as fast as it showed up. Under the Single Tax limited to present expenditures, similar results would follow in a less degree, so that speculation in land, claimed now to be the most profitable of investments, would become the least so. If, on the other hand, he could put up additional buildings on the thirty lots and rent them at a fair profit, why should he be taxed for supplying a needed accommodation, especially when the certain effect of the tax is, and must be, to discourage building and thereby increase rents?

As to the effect on the man with the one-story house, the seven-story building being next him shows that it is a business quarter, and that he could better himself in every way by taking up his residence where there would be no seven-story building to overshadow him, taking away his sunlight and air, in the manner of Crocker's high fence. And in so doing, he would not only subserve his own interest, but enable his business lot to be put to its best use for the public convenience. Moreover, the Single Tax would tend towards equalizing conditions to the extent of reducing the numbers of persons owning seven-story buildings, while enabling almost every industrious and thrifty person to own his own cottage.

The ultimate effect of the Single Tax would also be, especially in connection with other movements to which it would give body and vim, to encourage suburban and country residence, to prevent the concentration of business in a few overgrown centers, while making population artificially sparse elsewhere. Thus there would be less necessity for seven-story buildings and the hiving, the disease, the high rates of mortality, the premature aging which they usually imply. So far and so long, however, as large and lofty buildings are required, there should be no check to their production; but the condition of society which does require them is one of the many evils due to our ruinous land system, the workings of which are graphically exemplified in many of our streets below Montgomery street down to the city front. Where there should be solid, handsome, clean, convenient, three to five-story buildings, we see filthy, rotten, unsightly hovels that would be almost a disgrace to Dahomey, for each of which the landlords probably get more rent in a year than it would cost to put up a dozen such. The Single Tax would make these human hogs put up decent and suitable buildings, or root them out to give place to others who would; but our present tax system puts a premium on hoggishness by fining all land-owners who have means and enterprise to supply an urgent public need.—San Francisco Weekly Star.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ'S "Beacon," which was extinguished by adversity in San Diego, has been relighted in San Francisco. It is a small sized 8-page paper, and issues from 319 Fifth street at \$1 per year.

Bound volumes of FREETHOUGHT, 1889, \$3.

CHRISTIAN CRUSADES.

III.

We have seen the great strides of progress in philosophy, science, and the mechanical arts during the last fifty years. No other fifty years in the history of man have been so productive of grand results. But it is to be followed by a perilous reaction.

The science of to-day has laid Christianity on the shelf and labeled it in common with Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Brahminism. As an intellectual force it is as dead as a mummy; but as a social factor it is strong and is now preparing itself for a great conflict. If it were intellectually supreme it would not need the strong arm of the law to come to its support, for in that case it could put down all rationalists, Liberals, and skeptics through the power of its invincible truth; but as it is, these reformers prefer not to hold any discussions with the Infidel, because they are vanquished if they do. Strange, is it not, that the people who have God's truth on their side, and God himself too, should be so easily defeated by those who have no weapons or assistance except truth!

It would seem to one not born again that the Christian might depend a little more on God's help and less on the strong arm of the law. These people who want to have God's name put in the Constitution of the United States are all the time preaching about the power of God. Their preachers are constantly proclaiming the wondrous things that the Lord has done in the past to aid and support his own people. They indulge in marvelous descriptions of what, according to prophecy, he is going to do for them in the future; but when it comes right down to their own immediate needs and his own present glory they have then no confidence at all in their God, but must resort to the strong arm of the law.

The most of our common preaching consists in telling the people about the power of God. The Old Testament is made up of marvelous stories of what God did to protect, guide, and save his own peculiar people. The New Testament continues the same idea of the marvelous intervention of the Lord in human affairs. He is a kind providence that knows the number of hairs on your head. He is everywhere, and always ready to deliver his people from the hands of the wicked. But all this old-fashioned talk about a "God mighty to deliver" is changed, and now it comes to pass that instead of having a God who can deliver his people from the hands of his enemies, we have a people who are struggling to get a majority vote, so as to deliver their God from the hands of his enemies.

The men who framed the Constitution of the United States were the enemies of God: they shut him out of that document, and although he has showed no marked indications of revenge towards the people of this country, yet our Christian friends assure us that he is fearfully angry. How they come to know all about the mind and will of God is not obvious to those who are carnally minded. Still there are those of us common people who would like to have these modern Pharisees present their credentials. My prophetic soul responds, thus: "Wait until they get the majority vote of Congress, and then to your sorrow you will see the credentials."

Let any one take every text in the New Testament in which the first day of the week is mentioned, and he will see that in not one of them is the day referred to as a sacred day—a day of worship. In fact, Sunday is not once mentioned in the New Testament. There is no express or implied command to change the Sabbath as a day of religious observance to Sunday. Christ said nothing to that effect. The apostles gave no commands to that end. In fact, Christ saw that the Sabbath was an overdone institution; that it had produced formality, hypocrisy, and extortion.

He repudiated the Sabbath. "And the scribes and Pharisees watched him whether he would heal on the Sabbath day; that they might find an accusation against him." The Jews were indignant because Jesus violated the Sabbath. He told them plainly that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." But the Pharisees of that day would not have it so, and the Pharisees of to-day follow the example of those who put Jesus to death. Jesus says to modern Pharisees, "My kingdom is

not of this world," but what do they care for that, since their kingdom is of this world? They want the strong arm of the law. Then look out. The old password will be revived, namely, "Believe or be damned." The Pharisee talks much about Jesus, but he does not think of obeying him. The Pharisee talks much about our public schools, but he never dreams of bettering the conditions of the race through general intelligence, human virtue, and liberty. Not a bit of it. Every muscle in his body aches to secure the strong arm of the law with which to put down infidelity and all sorts of ungodliness.

W. S. BELL.

EX ORIENTE LUX.

Under the caption "Give Us Light" FREETHOUGHT prints an extract from the Weekly Star explanatory of the difficulty some one has conceived as existing in the way the single tax would fall upon the owner of a seven-story building, erected upon land of the same value as that upon which an impecunious owner has put a one-story cottage. The idea is that the taxing of each of these owners to an equal amount would favor the rich man at the expense of the poor man, because the rich could easily pay the tax, while the poor would pay it with difficulty, if at all. The answer, as quoted, is that the tax would not be too high for any one to pay who uses the land, but that it would be too high to render speculative holdings of land profitable. Then you suppose that the poor cottager has \$2000 of value in improvements (rather a high value for a one-story cottage) and the owner of the tenement house a value (judging by the rent you suppose) of \$20,000 or so in labor products on ground worth the same amount (\$3000) each. Then you presume that the fact that the wealthier of the two received a couple of thousand dollars rent for his building, would enable him to hold thirty other lots for a rise, and conclude that exempting improvements from taxation would merely give increased means for investment in land, on the ground that if the owner were taxed on the \$20,000 of improvements at the same rate as he is taxed on the \$3000 of land, he would have \$400 less to enable him to hold land vacant, and that he would therefore be forced to drop six or seven lots in the latter case.

Your asking for light on this point is as understandable as the motive of Oliver when he asked the beadle for more; you need it. Of course this little conundrum has been answered in full, quite as many times as has the charge that Thomas Paine recanted when dying, and the fact that you have not seen its solution argues poorly for your examination into the matter contained in your exchanges, for I doubt not but that you could find it in a dozen of them (especially if the Standard is one of them). If it is not, and you would like to have it, I shall take great pleasure in forwarding it to you each week. There is seldom a month in which this question is not asked and answered in it. It recurs quite as frequently as did the question of what it was proposed to do in the case of a poor widow whose sole support was one nigger, in the time of the anti-slavery agitation.

However, let us answer this chestnut once again. The rent of the tenement *would* give its owner money with which to hold land for speculation, but he would not use it in that way, because the taking of economic rent by the state would remove all profit from speculation in land, for the economic rent would rise with the value of the land. No one who did not use land to the point of its highest productiveness could pay this tax. Don't you see that this freezes out the mere speculator? This is the mistake in your argument.

You do not say so, but I judge that you believe that there is a certain amount of injustice involved in charging these supposititious owners only a like amount. Why? Has the erector of the \$20,000 building injured anybody by building it? If not, why should he be fined? Is not a tax on improvements virtually a fine for creating improvements? If not, why? How will it benefit our cottager to have the richer man taxed on his improvements? Does not the tax on improvements finally become a factor in increasing the rent tenants must pay, and would not this increase the disbursements which those who are still poorer than our cottager (since they have no house at all) must make for apartments? There is no injustice in not taxing improvements,

but on the contrary there is absolute and unmitigated injustice and idiocy in the present plan, as you will find if you peruse carefully the documents I will send you, if you express a wish to search into the matter.

E. O. ROSCOE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEATH OF A PROMISING BOY.

Little Darwin, the seven-year-old son of Thomas J. Truss, of Denver, died April 7 of heart failure, after a short illness. The funeral, held at the home of his stricken father and mother, was purely secular. Miss Susie Herbert, daughter of the late R. L. Herbert, a Unitarian minister, initiated the exercises, and Charles Waterman, Esq., a great friend of the boy, followed in a loving tribute. Following are Miss Herbert's words:

FRIENDS: We aim to make these services as simple and natural as possible. Had these sorrowing parents obeyed the promptings of their own feelings they would have chosen a quiet, private hour, without crowd or ceremony or words, to lay this precious form in its resting place; but they wished not to depart so far from common custom and to deny so many good friends and sympathizers this expected privilege of standing beside them in this hour of trial. The shadow of this new sorrow that strikes so deeply into these bereaved hearts to-day is felt with some degree by each of us who knew our dear little Darwin. We sincerely desire to breathe into their ears some word of consolation, but in our poor attempts we realize how appropriate the reply which Lowell places on the lips of the bereaved mother:

"Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well meant alms of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death."

Little, indeed, can any one do for heart-aching and longing souls at such a time, only as the sorrowful themselves have beforehand been strengthened for it by habits of mind that are helpful. Their best consolation, which causes pain as well as relief, will be found in their memories of all the dear and lovely things in the life and character of him who is dearer and nearer than ever to-day (though he is gone) in a very important sense.

Though Death his sacred seal has set
On-bright and by-gone hours,
They we mourn are with us yet—
Are more than ever ours,
Ours in memories of love
That make our lives serene.

We know, dear, sorrowing friends, that
The blessing of his lovely life
Will fall on you like dew,
And good thoughts where his footsteps pressed.
Like blossoms grow to you.

How doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low,
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lips and brow?
It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angle's face:
Recalling with resistless force
And tracing to their hidden source
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

This little, loving, fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which, too late, we learn the price.
Opening our weeping eyes we trace
Simple, unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness.

Thus doth Death speak of our beloved
When it has laid them low;
Oh, let Love antedate Death's work,
And do this now.

Tho' nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, or glory in the flower,
We'll not be over sad, but find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering.

Ah, well we know the good of sorrow here,
What after freshness lurks in every storm.
What strength and beauty, pain, and struggle bring
In their forbidding form.

May we not hope that a new peace will develop out of the present

pain? Not that the sorrow may be simply outlived. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and wrestling if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it, if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown toward which we have sent forth the irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form—as forces do—and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.

Below is given a portion of the address by Mr. Waterman:

I knew this boy. To know him was to love him. To see that countenance was to see a gleam of the jewel of honor, sparkling in all its purity. To talk with him was to learn the integrity inherent in man. To love him was to learn the greatness of his heart; for to those who loved him he poured out the fullness of his confidence and opened up the floodgates of his affection. I knew this boy, alas, too short a time! 'Twas but yesterday I first met him; 'twas yesterday he took his flight from this environment and left us desolate. How often, upon my frequent visits to this once joyous home, has that dear boy, his countenance radiant with intelligence, his heart bubbling over with joy and happiness, climbed upon my knee and confided with all the sincerity of mature age his youthful exploits and adventures. How often with his arms about my neck has he unfolded to me the purposes of his early future, or asked assistance in the solution of problems which barred his way to early success, or to receive the sanction of approval. And yet the depths of his noble nature I could not fathom, so marked maturity of reason was there. I could not glean his meaning always, for his thought was couched in terms so well defined that it was difficult to believe he knew the language that he used; yet he always knew and understood, as well he might, for he was endowed with an intellect which grew and early developed into marked maturity.

No words of mine can lend honor to him who has gone; no expression of sympathy of ours can assuage the sorrow of his bereft family. No token of regard and affection, no matter how precious, can prove a magnet to draw the attention of this father and this mother from the loss they have sustained. If heart-beats could be coined into words; if sympathy were like a flower that bloomed upon the tongue; if friendship could be expressed by human speech, then the fullness of our sorrow might be poured out to those bereft ones; then our sympathy might commingle and its perfume permeate this heavy atmosphere of sorrow. But, alas! this load of anguish must be borne by each alone. The wine-press must be trod alone.

Our task is nearly ended, and, as we perform the last sad rites and consign this dear one to his final resting place, we linger and try to catch a parting word; but, alas! this silence remains unbroken, and we turn to plod Life's thorny path between the silence of the stars and the silence of the tomb. Darwin has slipped away—gone beyond the reach of human help or heart; beyond the realm where eye can catch the sunset's purple hue; beyond the horizon where life and death embrace; beyond the silence of our mortal sleep; beyond the hope of human call, and entered into the silence of that vast unknown which we call Death. Grand it is to live, but grander far to die with virtue, truth, and honor clothed.

At the cemetery Mr. Waterman closed the exercises by a few appropriate remarks.

The most pathetic words called out by this great misfortune are those of the bereaved father, written to Mr. S. P. Putnam. Mr. Truss is sightless, and the little boy had been his daily guide. He writes:

For the past three years he has been my constant companion. You will remember that he met you at the cars with me at the time of your last visit to our home, and his bright eye was the first to catch a glimpse of his much-loved friend. The coming of FREETHOUGHT to our fireside seemed always to remind him of Mr. Putnam, and he knew that he was one of the many who loved him. O Mr. Putnam, how I do miss him. With his little hand tightening on mine as we walked hand in hand together, the various degrees of pressure indicating to me the even and uneven surfaces over which we were to pass. With him as a companion, I was, to a large degree, unconscious of being sightless. In every walk of life he made the way easier for me, his keen observation and quick adaptation to varying conditions preventing me being the subject of embarrassments so often experienced by the sensitive sightless. So readily and nicely had we adjusted ourselves to each other that in a large sense we moved together instinctively as but one body. But my Darwin is dead. Gone from the kisses and caresses of his father and mother. We have laid his little marble form away, but beautiful memories of his young life crowd each hour and elevate our thoughts, though they bring heart-breaking grief.

DEATH OF EDWARD FAIR.

Edward Fair, the well-known Liberal, Spiritualist, and reformer, died April 30. His funeral takes place from the undertakers' parlors, 27 Fifth street, Sunday at 10 A.M. Friends are invited. The funeral address will be delivered by Moses Hull.

QUESTIONS FOR MR. PUTNAM.

The "Golden Gate" (Spiritualist) of last Saturday makes this contribution to the discussion of Spiritualism and science:

FREETHOUGHT of April 19 has an article entitled "Spiritualism not Science," in which the author leaves us in some doubt as to his real meaning. He says, for instance, that "to admit the facts of Spiritualism is not to admit Spiritualism itself. . . . Spiritualism as I define it includes two things, facts and inferences. . . . I don't deny any facts, but I do deny an inference."

It would seem from this statement that FREETHOUGHT accepts our facts. That is something of a concession, surely. In denying the inferences from these facts it behooves it to step cautiously, lest it trip itself and become entangled in the meshes of its own logic.

One of our facts that FREETHOUGHT will not presume to deny is that of independent writing. An intelligence, possessing knowledge independent of the medium, and often also of the investigator, purports to be that of a once mortal person. It gives names, dates, *fac simile* of hand writing, and incidents confirming its claims. What is the inference? What can it be other than what it claims to be, or something with a separate but visible individuality and personality—a real entity possessing all the dimensions of space that belong to the mortal, with perhaps other qualities unknown to the mortal?

If FREETHOUGHT should receive a letter by mail, purporting to come from some friend in a distant city, containing the same evidence of genuineness, would not the inference be conclusive that the letter came from his friend? So also of a telegraphic message: with less evidence of genuineness, would FREETHOUGHT not know positively that if not from his friend, it was from some intelligent being at the other end of the line?

Now here is a sample of our facts, and the irresistible inference. Can our Materialistic neighbor escape from it?

Let us take another well-attested "fact." Lurancy Vennum, a young girl of twelve years, is an invalid subject to fits, and thought to be insane. Suddenly her identity changes, and she claims to be Mary Roff, a young lady who passed to the other life twelve years before, or about the time of Lurancy's birth. She no longer knows her parents, the Vennums, but insists upon going to the home of the Roffs, where she was taken. She recognized Mary's old friends and acquaintances, all of whom were unknown to Lurancy. She is a dutiful daughter to the Roffs, and assists in the domestic duties of the household for a period of three months, until Lurancy's body was fully restored to health. Mary then informed her parents, the Roffs, that her time had come to take her departure, and to deliver the body over to the rightful owner. She bade the Roffs an affectionate farewell, and, as suddenly as at first, became Lurancy Vennum, fully cured of her infirmity. These are the condensed facts of a well-known and thoroughly-verified case, as contained in a little work known as "The Watska Wonder." Now what is the inference? Simply that Mary Roff's spirit had temporarily taken possession of Lurancy's body for the purpose of restoring her to health.

From ten thousand facts, similar in character, occurring all over the world, for a period of forty years, and indeed occurring more or less frequently all along the line of human history, what inference would a wise man naturally draw? What claim to wisdom can he possess who persists in denying the only logical inference that can be drawn from such facts?

In denying the inference, our neighbor, to be reasonably consistent, should deny the facts also.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C., relates that on April 21 the most remarkable of mind-reading exploits, known as the wire test, was given by J. Randall Brown in the presence of a large party of congressmen and others.

An insulated copper wire was used. One end of it was held by Brown across his forehead. The other end was taken possession of by a gentleman selected from the party, and a stranger to Brown. At a signal this gentleman placed the end of the wire upon his forehead. He opened his watch and looked at the

number engraved upon it. Brown, at the other end of the wire, and with his eyes blindfolded, wrote the number, figure by figure, upon a blackboard.

The test was performed under such conditions as to make fraud or trickery impossible. The gentleman who opened his watch frankly admitted that he did not know what the number was until then. The figures were small. He made a mistake in one of the figures, thinking a six was a five. The mental telegraph was true to the blunder. The figures which Brown traced upon the blackboard were exactly as the gentleman though he saw them in the watch. There was absolutely no possibility of communication between the two men except by the wire. It was a clear case of mind telegraphing to mind.

Brown had been experimenting on distances. Ex-Governor James Pollock, of Pennsylvania, who died April 20, held the wire at Wilmington, Del., not long ago, while Brown at the Philadelphia end, twenty-eight miles away, successfully wrote numbers upon which Pollock fixed his mind. This wire feat of Brown's is far in advance of anything which has hitherto been performed in the way of mind-reading.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER X.

SARAH COMES UP.

The Prophecy of the Lamb.—The Heavenly Brawlers.

1. And I was caught up into the seventh heaven, and saw many great and wondrous things, and was vastly edified.
2. And the great king, even the king Jah, sat upon his throne, and near him were countless hordes of seraphim and cherubim. And the Ghost was there, and the Lamb also. And the four beasts were there, each in his stall.
3. And the king said unto the Lamb, Verily, my son, 'tis no wonder that the people below should not understand that which my servant Daniel hath said of thee, for as my soul liveth I understand it not myself.
4. And the Lamb said, I will look; so he looked a great while, and pondered.
5. And the king said, What thinkest thou?
6. And the lamb answered, Verily, my head swimmeth wofully, but I perceive not his meaning.
7. And the king said, Who waiteth? and a cherubim clapped his wings. And the king said, Bring Daniel; and they brought him.
8. And the king said, What meant thou in saying the Lamb should appear in sixty and nine weeks.
9. And Daniel said, For every day was a year to be understood. In four hundred and four score and three years, from the issuing of this command to build the temple, was the Lamb to appear.
10. But said the Lamb, Thou saidest I should be cut off after sixty and two weeks. Meant thou that I should dwell below for the space of four hundred and thirty and four years?
11. Nay, said Daniel, musingly; I meant that thou shouldst be cut off four hundred and thirty and four years after the building of the temple.
12. But, said the lamb, is it not marvelous that I should be cut off forty and nine years before I appeared? And Daniel was dumb.
13. And the king said, Who waiteth? and one of the beatific beasts bellowed blatantly. And the king said, Bring Noah; and the beast said, He is here already.
14. And the king said, Speak, Noah; thou hast knowledge of such matters; thinkest thou not that Daniel had had too much wine?
15. And Noah said, Of a verity he had meddled with his grapes.
16. And Daniel said, Of a truth I had made trial of my grapes, but, nevertheless, I wrote that which the Ghost bid me.
17. And the ghost said, Thou liest, Daniel; I bid thee say no such matter.
18. And Daniel said, What, then, was it not thou that inspired all the writers of the Guide-book.
19. And the Ghost said, Yea, I inspired them, but thou, thou

dolt, thou understood me not, or else thou wert drunken, and wrote foolishly.

20. And Daniel began to whimper, and said, Am I then alone? hath none other written foolishly?

21. And the Ghost answered, None but thou, thou dolt.

22. And Daniel made answer, saying, Then it was thou that madest that mighty dreamer, John, to say, that if all the doings of the Lamb down below were written, the whole world itself would not contain the books; yet methinks not a few goodly volumes might be stored in one little mountain. And the Ghost was dumb.

23. And the Lamb said, Verily, my Ghost, thou art well caught.

24. And the Ghost answered, saying, Dost thou glorify thyself? Saidest thou not that thou shouldst be three days and three nights in the bowels of the earth? And the Lamb said, Yea.

25. And the Ghost said, Tell me, then, I beseech thee, wert thou?

26. And the Lamb began to consider, and presently he plucked a feather from Gabriel's wing, and made a pen of it, and began to make many figures.

27. And the lamb was dumb.

28. And Abraham was hard by, and he said, Truly Daniel hath done my children great wrong, for they, seeing that the events verified not his sayings, believed not in the Lamb.

29. And Daniel answered, saying, Who are thy children? For thou tookest such abundant care of thy wife that I doubt if Isaac be akin to thee.

30. And Sarah heard, and made plowshares of her fingers, and plowed deep furrows in Daniel's face. And there was a mighty uproar, and a tumult.

31. And the king said, Where is Samson? and Samson said, Here am I.

32. And the king said, Rid me of these brawlers. And Samson took Sarah by her feet, and made a cudgel of her, and laid about him therewith, and the brawlers fled.

33. And the king said, Come in, Samson, and take a drink.

To be Continued.

The Junior Editor Impervious to the Subjective.

DEAR FREETHOUGHT: Have been much interested in your notable journal, with its clear as truly versatile methods and general management, though we sometimes laugh as well as scold at the really stubborn moods of its junior editor, and though Liberalism as standard ethics finds room in his large heart, the intellectual predominates, virtually closing the door to subjective spiritual science, that through supplemental range in lawful action involve as a natural adjunct, new types and collateral assets following as prime factors an intelligent foreground of attributes, distinguishing all unfolding principles from primary division to ultimate systematized conditions in language and thought, thence evincing a spiritual substratum eliminating as propelling atoms for denominate us. And as the Christian's God could not create a world from nothing, the Materialist *per se* finds no stable ground as delineator of human intelligence. The inherent law, the living, controlling principle in man, find origin in subjective preliminary contributory spiritual essences, while attributes as immutable particples have no beginning, nor can have an end; hence in the elucidation of all life-force through or by the science in primaries to make our logic harmonize, intelligence must rest as absolute factor, here giving denial to integral power in elementary propositions. And to secure scientific and philosophical measures, where both natural as spiritual deductions shall proclaim the eternal system of orbital intelligence in legal ratio with unfolding planetary formula, embracing as native tenets no possible proposition implying destruction of qualified substance, supported as maintained in the purely natural order, as defined spiritual attributes, scored as wisdom principles and immutable laws, ranging in the subjective as objective crystallized formation in universal states. Our hope inheres in the progress and indestructibility of individual conscious mind. Aside from this there is no fulfillment or analogy supporting integral principles or just and liberal laws. The main-sail of our boasted ship of state is without these, trailing 'mid the winds of doubt, and civilization the myth of lighting fading centuries in time.

But we must not forget that we may weary you, Please forgive ex-

tended remarks, as we wished to be brief. And with a good word for our dear friend Mrs. Krekel, who gave three grand lectures to good audiences April 5 and 6, and in true response as satisfaction of our Liberal people we rejoice in her behalf that so great mental and intellectual foreknowledge combines, aiding the world of mind to light, liberty, and universal fraternity; while all having the capacity of reason could see the delectable area she ably presented—free from morbid sensibilities in dwelling in church creeds; yea, free from all antagonism to superstitious worship. Could our world be favored with many such bearing her blossoming virtues, the cause of true reform might exceed in influence and numbers the emotional sister wardens devoted to the continuous appeals in support of Christian fables.

Yours ever for the elevation of mental freedom,
Lemoore, Cal., April 15, 1890.

SARAH G. FOX.

Sarcasm From San Jose.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is from the fearless and out-spoken American Standard of April 19 that we have learned that Father O'Brien, of St. Peter's church, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, be gobs, has joined hands with the heathen in a raid against the Methodist hymn book, "Climax," being used in the normal schools. He thought such hymns were out of place in a school attended by pupils of different creeds and no creeds. Yes, the old familiar hymns that have thrilled the hearts of the young and innocent Atheists, and swelled the gullets of old gudgeons for centuries must go, too, along with the holy Bible. Things are coming to a pretty pitch indeed. Between the rascally Infidels and Catholics we will not much longer be permitted in a public school-house to say "God" with our mouths open. We will have to comply with the law as commanded by our Lord and savior, and as written by his inspired scribe, Matthew: "When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. . . . But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret." Then who will ever know that we are Christians? Something must be done, or the time will soon come when we will cease to have the power to make other people worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. Remove the Bible and hymn books from the public schools, and thousands will grow up in ignorance and never know whether there is a God or devil, or care whether there is or not. I expect the Infidels will all stand up while Father O'Brien pronounces the benediction. It will be just like the rascals.

L. R. TITUS.

San Jose, Cal.

Answered Both Ways.

The editor of FREETHOUGHT observes: "Mr. Pentecost says that an Anarchist is 'one who believes that money should be issued by anybody who can get his money accepted.' Of course, but what would those do for a circulating medium who could not get their money accepted? Don't the Anarchists believe in a co-operative currency, and if so, in what respect would it differ from that now in circulation?" The last question is unintelligible. Does the editor ask what the difference would be in *principle*, or does he mean the difference in the circulating medium? If the former, the answer is that we should have voluntary intelligent co-operation instead of forced and ignorant co-operation; if the latter, the answer is that the circulating medium would be safer and more abundant—that gold would not be the sole basis of currency, and that interest on capital, which is the result of this unnatural monopoly, would disappear.—Liberty.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments.

San Francisco debate with Moses Hull, at Metropolitan Temple, May 1 and 2; Livermore, May 6 and 7; Ft. Bragg, May 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15. Liberals of Ft. Bragg please take notice. No postponement of the dates now given.

Mrs. Krekel's Lecture Appointments.

Los Angeles, May 4; Livermore, May 6, 7; San Francisco and Oakland, May 11; Santa Cruz, May 13, 14, 15; San Jose May 18; Lodi, May 20-21; Stockton, May 25; Sacramento June 1.

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Responsive Services.

The Rev. John E. Fray of the First Congregational church at Rockaway Beach, N. Y., preached his farewell sermon under great difficulties on Sunday last. His relations with many of his congregation have not been pleasant for some time, and on receiving another call he accepted it. At the conclusion of his sermon he spoke of his troubles in the church arising from the opposition of a woman to allowing his vacation, and said: "To tell the truth, the church society at that time was so far behind with me in the matter of salary that in order to keep myself and family from starving I had to go away and earn some money to buy the necessaries of life."

At this point of the speaker's remarks the shrill voice of an angry woman rang out through the sacred edifice, "You are a liar!" The startled congregation rose to its feet almost simultaneously, and necks were craned to see whence the words came. Then it was seen that Deacon John Jamison was endeavoring to suppress his wife, who stood up firmly braced against the front of their pew near the centre of the church.

Before the excitement of the first outburst fairly began to work, she again shouted, as she pointed her right hand toward the pastor: "You have preached nothing but lies since you have been here." She then went from the church, and the congregation applauded. Fray continued an account of his troubles and frequently met with outbursts in different parts of the church. Such epithets as "You lie," "It's false," and "You know it's not true" were hurled at him. He continued, however, to recite the many troubles which had beset him during his pastorate. A hymn was sung, the pastor gave the benediction, and the congregation was dismissed.

A Large Order.

The largest order for printing ever given in the world was a requisition made upon the Public Printer, at Washington, by the Census Bureau in February last for 20,000,000 enumeration blanks, and it has been filled. The paper required to print these blanks amounted to 11,458 reams of 480 sheets to the ream, and its total weight was over 229 tons.

The government printing-office, which is the largest institution of its kind in the world and the only one in which this order could have been filled, began work on the job on March 3, and has just delivered the last of the sheets to the census bureau.

While this was being done the public printer also delivered 5,000,000 other blanks of various sizes and forms to the Census Bureau, and 15,000,000 miscellaneous blanks for other departments of the government, besides 2,555,642 copies of reports, documents, bills, etc., for Congress, not including the Congressional Record and 172,881 volumes of reports for other departments of the government. The twine used in tying the census blanks in bundles weighed half a ton.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

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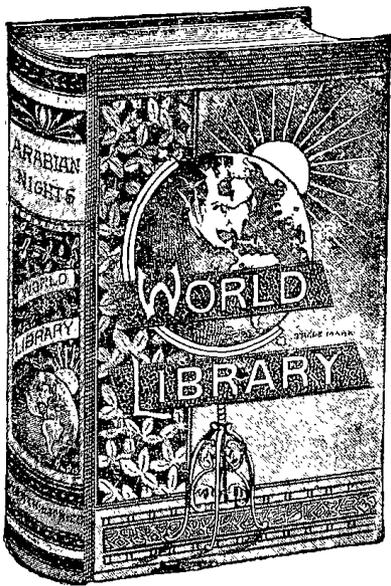
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Unfit for Children.

The Rev. E. W. Jenkins of Norwich, Conn., pastor of the Universalist church, has caused a breeze by publishing an open letter to the Norwich Board of Education demanding that the teachers in the public schools refrain from reading aloud any passages from the Old Testament at the opening exercises.

"For some months," says the clergyman, "a certain teacher in one of our city schools has been reading repeatedly from the Old Testament, accounts of murders, human sacrifices, torturings, of fire falling from heaven, and of human beings stoned and tortured to death. These were read to her scholars as opening exercises.

"By repeated communications I have appealed to the superintendent and to the board to limit the scripture reading to the New Testament, or to introduce a manual of scriptural selections suitable to be read to children. I can get no reply or satisfaction, having done my best since November 18, 1889."

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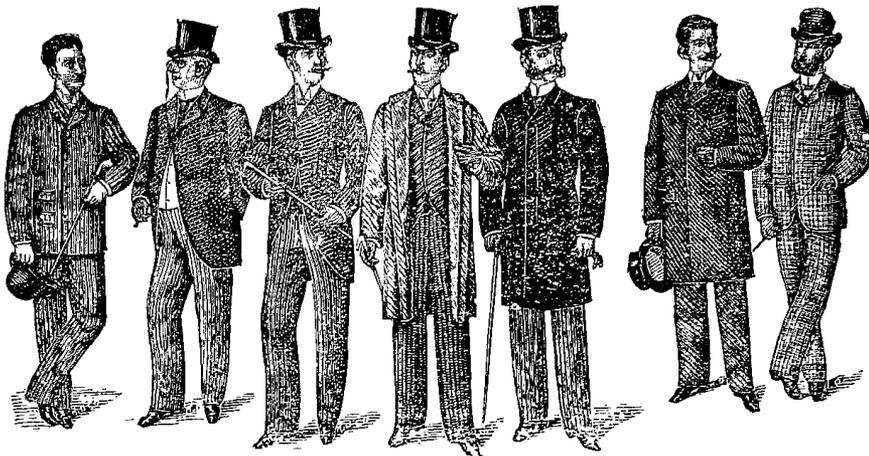
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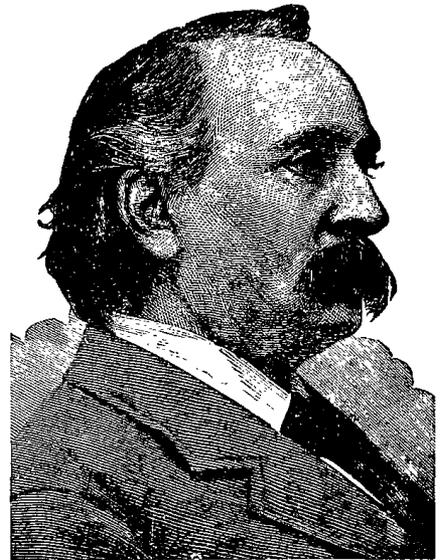
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NEWS AND NOTES.

Porterville is a Rip Van Winkle town. It slept for nearly twenty years and then awoke, and the whole town, one of the oldest in the state, became young, and is advancing rapidly. The sound of the hammer is constantly heard and fine buildings in process of erection occupy the place of the ancient land-marks. In the space of one year the town has trebled its population and it can show improvements not excelled by any city of the same age.

It was the railroad from Fresno to this point that opened up a splendid country of which Porterville is the business center. It is seventy miles from Fresno, along the foothills. It is half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It has an elevation of 500 feet. The climate is delightful during the fall and winter, the thermometer seldom dropping below 26 above zero. In summer it rises to about 110, but the cool mountains are only twenty-five miles away, and here one can enjoy the soda springs, fishing, hunting, and the shady forest, while the breeze blows from the snowy heights of the Sierras.

Around Porterville extends a magnificent fruit country. Formerly the lands were held by cattle and grain men in large tracts. The Pioneer Land Company purchased about 5000 acres of the choicest lands and placed them upon the market in twenty-acre lots, at \$100 per acre, and these small farms are now being cultivated. The orange and all other California fruits are grown to the greatest perfection.

Porterville is thus most favorably situated. It has fine hotels, school-houses, stores, an electric light and water system, but it does not at present run much to churches. There are several sects, but they do not thrive. The attendance on Sunday is very small. I attended two services and was kept awake enough to count the number present. About twenty in the morning, and about ten in the afternoon constituted the audiences. This is the average in a population of one thousand. It is not very encouraging for the "servants of the Lord."

I arrived from Fresno on Saturday night. The train gets in at all sorts of hours, from half past eight, the schedule time, to half past two in the morning. It was ten minutes ahead this

evening, and the Liberal friends who purposed to meet me were not at the station, nor the stages either. It was an unexpected event for the train to be on time. It took everyone by surprise. However, the first man I struck was Judge Witt, a Liberal, and we wended our way to the hotel afoot. Half way I was astonished to be overtaken by Emil Goepper, who I thought was in Santa Ana, but it seems he has pitched his tent in this country, and was on hand as usual to keep the colors flying. The belated bus soon crossed our path, and being seated therein, I was borne to the Central Hotel, whose genial proprietor is C. A. Rose. Another surprise was in store for me at the residence of Judge Redd. Mrs. Florence Porter, who was one of the staunch supporters of Freethought at Santa Ana, I now discovered, was Mrs. Emil Goepper. So the wedding bells have rung, and may the music and the flowers grace the blended pathway. By this time the Liberal friends who missed the train were at hand: Grey Oliver, R. W. Riggs, Dr. W. A. Witlock, R. A. Maddox, and others, and the cordial welcome assured me that at this frontier post, where the Secular Pilgrim ventured for the first time, Freethought had a generous support, and experience has justified my first impression. There is a splendid element of Liberalism in Porterville, which by process of evolution, as time rolls on, will be a great influence. There is much indifference, as in other places, and the philosophy and purpose of the movement are not thoroughly appreciated in the community. So far the churches have a slight hold, and the tendency is to a free and broad spirit as in the generality of California cities.

My subject Sunday evening was "Is Christianity a Failure?" In order to satisfy myself with latest proof of its desuetude I went to church in the morning and afternoon. These were the only religious services in the place, and less than twenty were present. This, at least, shows that as a living power Christianity is a failure. With the sensationalism of a Sam Jones, or with the new and attractive features which civilization affords, there might be crowds gathered to its services, but when the "gospel" has to depend upon what it is simply in itself, scarcely one out of a hundred of the people have interest enough to attend church. The sermons I heard were of the ordinary calibre. It was the old, old story, and I seemed to drift backward into the solemnologies of my childhood. The march of civilization was lost in vague declamations. I suppose the preachers knew that the Infidel was present, for they gave a few gentle "digs" at unbelief. On the whole, however, there was but little attempt at demolition. It was exhortation.

A very fine audience was at the lecture in the evening, although the churches, as usual, held an opposition meeting. Dr. Edward Thompson gave a discourse on the Sunday law. He was the same gentleman that was sought for at Santa Ana but could not be found. It was hoped that he might be "corraled" for a discussion this time, but he slipped off by the early train, and there was no opportunity to make him face the music. An endeavor has

been made to get some valiant Christian to take the platform with me and help to give both sides a chance, but the champion has not put in an appearance. Absence, sickness, and various other excuses were rendered.

Sunday afternoon Dr. Whitlock takes me in his carriage about the neighborhood, where the roses do bloom most gorgeously. The far, bright mountains are shining in wintry splendor. The thickly timbered foothills stretch away, and the level country spreads in picturesque beauty, dotted with gigantic oak and groves of cottonwood.

There was a fair attendance at the lectures. There was not anything like a "revival," but, evidently, the waves of agitation have been set in motion. Freethought has found a hearing and will not stop. The beginning has been made.

I have not had a more cordial welcome at any point than here, where earnest men and women are not afraid to express an honest conviction, and work for it. Under the auspices of the State Liberal Union an organization has been formed, and the following names are on the roll: Nelson V. Mowbray, B. G. Parker, Gus Routh, R. W. Riggs, Mrs. Estella Riggs, J. L. Holman, L. W. Sterrett, O. N. Peters, C. R. Mortimer, Mrs. Ella Frost, John B. Diber, J. M. Frost, M. Smith, E. Newman, Mrs. Meda Wheeler, R. A. Maddox, and Dr. W. A. Whitlock.

B. G. Parker, who came across the plains in 1853 with his wife, who could drive and take care of an ox team as well as he, was present from Tulare, where he now lives. He was formerly in the church, but for over twenty years he has been reading the Investigator and defending its principles. At his invitation I spent a few hours at his home, on my way from Porterville to Tipton. I passed through Visalia, which still retains its handsome appearance. The "motor" bore me to Tulare, which place is beginning to feel the pulse of life after a dead year or so. With Mr. W. P. Ratliff I had a delightful drive through the fine orchards and vast vineyards which are beginning to adorn this fertile land, and Mrs. Ratliff, granddaughter of Mr. Parker, also aided the Secular Pilgrim in seeing the lovely prospects of the vicinity, and when next I come I am assured that Tulare will give a field for progressive work. Mr. Parker, his grandson, C. W. Harter, and Mr. Ratliff kindly accompanied me to Tipton, where I lectured to a full house. Tipton is not a large place, but it has a good comradeship for Freethought. The following are on the roll of membership of the Union: W. O. Rutherford, Geo. T. Hanscom, S. Knight, A. Treybal, G. J. Hawkins, W. J. Janes, Jas. C. Johnson, and A. S. Cooper. I was obliged to leave for San Francisco on the midnight train, but the few hours I spent here were filled with pleasure. Rutherford and Hanscom were present at Porterville, and came home and arranged for Tipton. They have an enthusiasm for the cause which gives the cheer of hope to the pioneer line.

Mrs. W. P. Ratliff contributed a beautiful bouquet for the occasion, which is now in the office of FREETHOUGHT.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Goepper, as usual, gave the inspiration of music to our labors.

S. Knight, of Selma, who never hauls down the flag, was by good fortune present at Tipton.

Mine landlord, A. Treybal, of Tipton, is well-known as one of the "old timers" always hospitable. I anticipate a return some day to these camping-grounds where such generous aid has been given. New friends have been added to the roll. The arena broadens, and there's "a good time coming."

—SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

FORTHCOMING.

While weather-bound this winter Mr. S. P. Putnam has written a book which he calls "MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE." It is now being put in type, and will make a thick pamphlet.

As Mr. Putnam has passed through many of the various phases of religious thought—such as the Atheism of youth, conversion to orthodoxy, reversion to Unitarianism, and thence to philosophical Materialism—his work covers quite a large field, and cannot fail to be of interest and value to all who indulge in the luxury of thinking for themselves. The publication of the work is undertaken with the hope that it will meet with a large sale. The price is 25 cents, and we shall be glad to take as many orders as we can get in advance.

THE DEBATE.

The Freethinkers around town, or the Materialistic portion of them, were in a state of more or less perturbation the first part of last week in view of the approaching debate on Spiritualism between Moses Hull and S. P. Putnam. Mr. Hull came here with a reputation as the most skillful debater in the ranks of the Spiritualistic host. The lectures which he delivered before large audiences bore out the estimate made of him as an orator and logician, and he was accorded double-leaded commendation in the Spiritualistic papers. When, therefore, it was learned that Mr. Putnam had consented to debate with him before a popular audience, there were friends of the Secular Pilgrim who believed that the meeting would prove a Waterloo for the Materialist, and that during the discussion they would witness his discomfiture, defeat, demise, and funeral. There was no enthusiasm among them. Some even maintained that there was not much good in controversy anyway. Moreover, it would arouse the enmity of Spiritualists, and alienate their sympathy from the Liberal movement. Especially would it be disastrous to this paper, since every Spiritualist subscriber must at once withdraw his or her support. A few purchased tickets to the debate, but, disavowing any interest in such discussion, kept engagements elsewhere. Only one opinion found favor, namely, that Putnam would be unable to hold his own against the thrusts and parries of the expert dialectician.

But what the Materialists lacked in enthusiasm was made up by the hilarious joy of the Spiritualists, who, with the most unbounded confidence in Mr. Hull, looked forward to the complete triumph of their champion. They not only took seats for themselves, but bought them to give away, so that when the pools closed they had provided themselves with three hundred tickets against forty taken by the opposition. On the night of the opening, they got there early and took front seats.

So the debate came off, with an audience of some six hundred, half of whom were ladies. Moses and Samuel came on the stage together, and the first prophet introduced the second. Mr. Putnam called for the choosing of a moderator, and while waiting the appearance of one, Miss Evangeline Ballou calmed the nerves of the audience by singing a ballad. Mr. W. S. Bell was agreed on as chairman, and announced that the debate for the evening would consist of three speeches of twenty minutes each, Mr. Hull taking the initiative. Mr. Hull then came forward with a book and copious notes. The debate, he prefaced his remarks by saying, was not a quarrel, but a comparison of views, the question being, "Do the phenomena of Spiritualism demonstrate a continued conscious existence for mankind after

the change called death?" Mr. Hull offered three propositions to the effect that the phenomena called spiritual do occur, that they cannot be explained upon any mundane hypothesis, and that they are explainable only upon the theory that they are produced by the spirits of the so-called dead. In support of the first proposition he read extended extracts from the report of a committee chosen by the London Dialectical Society to investigate psychic phenomena. The report set forth that certain persons had gathered in divers attitudes about a table, and that the piece of furniture had moved thirteen times in various directions without visible contact with any person present. The committee therefore concluded that the power which actuated the table was of extra-mundane source. Mr. Hull added that the members of the committee, previous to the experiment, were skeptics, and at its close were convinced of the existence of spirit power.

The opening speaker had not given his opponent anything very tangible to the grasp, and Mr. Putnam, when he took the floor for reply, called attention to that fact. We had here the report of a London committee on psychic phenomena favorable to the spirit hypothesis, but the report of another committee, that of the Seybert commission, formed for the same purpose in Philadelphia, reported exactly the opposite. To the statement of fact he would not take exception. He would maintain, however, that the conclusion reached by the committee of the Dialectical Society was merely an opinion, and that opinion, while worthy of respect, did not constitute knowledge or afford proof to others. Before the phenomena could be attributed to spirits, the existence of spirits must be demonstrated by evidence outside of the phenomena. He admitted that the spiritual theory might explain the phenomena satisfactorily to those who believed in spirits, but since to others the existence of spirits was unproved, the explanation was worthless to them. Mr. Putnam took the position that no one could be certain he had seen a spirit. He might see something which he called a spirit, but spirit being admitted to be invisible he could see only the material substance with which the spirit, if there were one, was clothed. Two different persons may see an object. One may pronounce it a ghost. That is merely his judgment or opinion. The other may declare it to be of human or earthly production, and the former must prove that it is not something earthly before he is justified in affirming it to be a spirit. According to the canons of logic, we are under obligation not only to exhaust known causes, but to absolutely eliminate and disprove them, before referring to the unknown.

Upon this point the discussion of the evening hinged. Mr. Hull appeared desirous of avoiding it, and any one who closely watched his method in order to discover his object could see that he was waiting for his opponent to advance some theory for the explanation of the so-called spiritual phenomena. His game, if it might be so called, was to lead Mr. Putnam into some position where he would be obliged to defend himself. Mr. Putnam on one occasion mentioned mesmerism, mind-reading, "odid" force, and thought-transferrence as powers of the human mind whose possibilities were not as yet exhausted. Mr. Hull at once grasped the allusion, treated it as affirmation, declared that his opponent had advanced these occult forces as explanations of spirit phenomena, and then proceeded to accuse the Materialist of contradicting himself, since the forces were totally different and either of them excluded all the others. It may here be said that the applause which greeted this reply on the part of Mr. Hull was not a flattering testimony to the discriminating ability of his sympathizers.

Thus the evening passed, Putnam urging continually that the spiritual theory remained to be demonstrated until all the powers of humanity were exhausted; Hull admitting the general principle in his opponent's plea, but keeping away from the issue which it raised, and waiting patiently, reading again and again from his book, until some opening should be offered for a home thrust. The opening did not come, but ten o'clock did, and the audience was dismissed.

Opinions varied as to which had the better of the debate thus far, but all agreed that not much progress had been made. Some Spiritualists found fault with Moses for not taking a wider range. The phenomena, they held, were admitted in the proposition. It was for him to trace them to their true source, the spirit world. One well-known Spiritualist lecturer, who claims no distinction as a debater, was convinced that he could have done better himself. Another thought Mr. Hull had spent too much time on immaterial issues, and not enough on the main affirmation. Some of the Materialists declared that Putnam had done nothing, and censured him for admitting the phenomena at all. As in the case of Mr. Hull, there were but few who did not entertain an ill-concealed notion that if they had been conducting the case the opponent would have been confounded and argued to a standstill. One cynical individual professing to be neutral advanced the theory that neither had any reliable information to offer on the subject, but that Putnam excelled in candor inasmuch as he had admitted his unenlightened state.

On the second evening, which was Friday, May 2, there was an increased attendance, especially of the Materialistic forces, though the Spiritualists still had a majority of about four to one, got there earlier, and occupied the front seats. Mr. Bell was exceedingly happy in his introductory remarks; Miss Ballou sang better if possible than on the previous evening; Mr. Putnam came jovially and buoyantly forward, hopefulness so illuminating his countenance that no footlights could have augmented its glow. He stated that the previous evening's exercises had been merely prefatory, and that if his opponent could be induced to argue the proposition the debate would now come off. Thus far Mr. Hull had offered nothing but the report of a commission, and that commission's opinion about the phenomena they had witnessed. He (Mr. Putnam) was not there to affirm anything; it was his duty to examine Mr. Hull's proof of a future life and to see if it was sound. He would, however, affirm that three-fourths of what passed as spiritual phenomena was fraudulent, that much of the remaining fourth was attributable to illusion, self-deception, or insanity on the part of mediums, and that the residuum was referable wholly to the known powers of the human body and mind. He thus introduced known causes and would request his opponent to show that these causes were not efficient to produce the phenomena.

Mr. Hull also was prepared for business. He had with him some exhibits and a fund of anecdote and repartee. He expressed a hope that the audience were not as forgetful as his opponent about what had been said on the previous evening, but that they would remember how he had introduced the statements of Dr. Johnson, Addison, and Horace Greeley to show that all nations and all history testify to the reappearance of the dead. For the sake of the argument he would admit that three-fourths of the phenomena were fraudulent, but he called upon his opponent to explain the residuum of genuine. Until that was done the spiritual theory must stand as the only rational explanation. Mr. Hull also advanced the familiar proposition that counterfeit phe-

nomena prove the genuine, as a counterfeit dollar proves that a genuine exists. The fact that the genuine and the counterfeit dollar are produced by the same process, he omitted to instance, as it might have weakened the comparison. The relation of miraculous events completed Mr. Hull's argument. One of the Davenport brothers was released from jail by spirits; spirits of twelve different nationalities had written in their native languages upon a slate through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans; a medium had informed Mr. Hull that some money was coming to him, and shortly thereafter he received a twenty-dollar rebate on his transcontinental railroad ticket, which the company sent him to avoid a lawsuit that threatened disaster to the corporation; he had procured writing between slates in the presence of Medium Slade when neither the medium nor himself touched the pencil, the said writing being done by the disembodied spirit of one Mr. Frost, who gave his residence while in the flesh and the date of his death, which Mr. Hull verified. Mr. Hull would give Putnam one hundred dollars for the benefit of FREETHOUGHT, if Mr. Putnam would do the slate-writing under the conditions described.

Mr. Putnam returned the above bluff by saying that he would offer any medium in the country one hundred dollars to write between slates as he would fasten them together. Mr. Hull did not recur to the subject.

The debate closed with a fine burst of eloquence on the part of Mr. Hull, who urged those still in the dark with regard to the angel world to take proper steps for letting in the light. Then he shook hands with his opponent, while the multitude applauded.

So far as information has reached this office, the confidence of those who feared that the cause of Materialism would suffer has been restored. It is not claimed that Mr. Hull was defeated, but there is a general impression that he failed to make out his case, and that, to the disappointment of the Spiritualists, he left untouched the strong point made by his opponent, namely, that all known causes of phenomena are to be eliminated before unknown causes can be adduced. But Mr. Hull demonstrated his great skill as a debater. He is a perfect master of what is called "stage business." He can tell a story better than most speakers. He is acquainted with those arts of verbal legerdemain that catch an audience, and can put an opponent in a ludicrous position by an ingenious perversion of his meaning. He handles his arguments as adroitly as a professional would manipulate a deck of cards. His dexterity in handling notes, data, and exhibits is equally striking. He never stops talking, but maintains a perpetual flow of language, like the razor-strop man simultaneously illustrating and setting forth the merits of his wares. He is never at a loss for a word, an idea, a reply, or an apt story; and an opponent easily "rattled" would be simply swept off his feet by the torrent of argument, eloquence, and wit. Altogether, he is about as dangerous an antagonist as anyone could cross swords with.

Putnam's style is totally different. He makes no personal allusions, and, as Mr. Hull acknowledged, did not say a mean thing during the whole debate. He lacks the reservoir of words at the other's command, and lets pass without notice anything that does not affect the argument. He is in no wise sensational, and not always systematic. It was not apparent that he went into the debate with any clearly outlined method of dealing with the subject, evidently relying upon his opponent to take the laboring oar. This Mr. Hull did not do, and the Materialist, having little to combat, spoke somewhat laboriously and did not appear to so great advantage as he otherwise might have done. Nevertheless

his argument was strong, his language at times eloquent and impressive, and his logic practically without flaw.

I have thus endeavored to give an off-hand sketch of this debate. To my mind it was not conclusive one way or the other. Those who believe in spirits and their miraculous power cannot but maintain that Mr. Hull had the facts on his side, while to those unconvinced of continued life after death his relations of experience were no more convincing than the similar recitals found in the Bible. Perhaps the most satisfactory features of the event were the large and intelligent audiences, whose offerings at the door of the temple were divided between the contestants, fairly remunerating both. If some over-zealous believer had not hissed Mr. Putnam's reflections upon the reliability of Alfred Russell Wallace as an authority on spiritual phenomena, there would be no evidence that the discussion created any ill-feeling.

G. E. M.

A LECTURE IN OAKLAND.

On Sunday, May 11, at 4 P.M., Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel will speak in Dania Hall, corner of Eighth street and Broadway, Oakland.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, May 11, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel; subject, "The Religion and Church of the Future."

Two new reform papers have been started in San Francisco during the past month, both of which are in the Anarchistic line. The first is Sigismund Danielewicz's "Beacon," and the second is "Egoism," to be issued monthly by the Equity Publishing Company. Mr. Danielewicz is a believer in dynamite, and would settle the unemployed-labor question by providing every idle man with a bomb and putting him in possession of vacant land. The financial difficulty he would adjust by having the needy person issue his own money wherewith to buy what is deemed necessary. If dealers refuse to accept the money, the purchaser shall simply take what he wants, forcibly if necessary, and leave his notes in payment. Mr. Danielewicz conducts a barber shop in conjunction with the "Beacon." The second paper, "Egoism," is quite otherwise, and will resemble Benjamin R. Tucker's "Liberty" to the extent that Mr. Tucker may succeed in making his paper its equal in ability and mechanical excellence. The editor of "Egoism" opposes the doctrine of force, and holds that physical victory is of no permanent value until the man is safe under the conviction that his self-interest is promoted by the absence of invasive legislation and custom. The publishers express the hope that their paper may not so far retrograde as to become popular, and promise to defeat any arrangement looking toward a large circulation. "Egoism's" address is box 1678, San Francisco, where those who desire a sample copy should send four cents in stamps.

We are accustomed to regard Mexico as religiously free, but it is not. The power of the Catholic Church is still strong enough in our sister republic to keep Freethought under the ban. This is shown by a letter written last month by General Gonzales to Mrs. M. L. Farrington, author of the book lately noticed in FREETHOUGHT, "Facing the Sphinx." Mrs. Farrington forwarded to General Gonzales, at the City of Mexico, a copy of her book to be placed with the editor of "El Combate" for review. The

following paragraph is from the general's reply under date of April 24:

"I loaned the copy which you had the kindness to present me with, to a brother in creed, who was educated in London, and consequently is a good English scholar. He offered at first to write up a criticism for my journal, but though he is fascinated with your book he deplores his inability to fulfill his promise. Undoubtedly there is a superabundance of quotations tending to prove the non-existence of Jesus Christ; it would, however, create a great scandal among the Catholics should he sign a criticism of your work. Being a physician by profession he would at once lose all his practice, because his patients would regard him as excommunicated. The doctor is a Freethinker. Your book pleases him, but he does not dare to do a thing towards helping to introduce it here for fear of being ostracized.

R. T. GONZALES."

Five years and a fine of three hundred dollars is the sentence inflicted upon Moses Harman under the conviction just found. There were four counts against Mr. Harman; this sentence is on the first of them, and there is still an indictment against him on which he has not been tried. It is no use now to censure the victim for the foolhardy course which has brought this calamity upon him. He has waved the red rag in the face of the governmental bull, and the bull has gored him; but the next thing to do is petition for his pardon. He is as innocent of crime, or of intent to commit a crime, as the day he was born. He is as much the victim of superstition as he would be if blasphemy had been the offense charged.

THE census bureau is making arrangements to enumerate almost everything, and it is to be hoped that particular attention will be paid to religious matters. For instance, we all want to know how much church property there is in the country, because it is untaxed, and the enormity of the exemption will be more apparent when its extent is made generally known. Again, the Catholic church is claiming some twelve millions of adherents in the country, and it is desirable to know whether the estimate is correct. About the number of Freethinkers there is also much uncertainty. They have heretofore been classed as Protestants, but the present census should give them a separate enumeration.

OUR friend and subscriber J. D. Garfield, of Marshfield, Or., is a candidate for representative to the legislature of his state, and the opposing party are working the "religious racket" against him. One minister, who differs from him in politics, has already carried the matter into the pulpit, declaring that the people must not be represented by the enemies of Christianity and that no Christian could consistently vote for Mr. Garfield. As, however, Mr. Garfield is one of the most popular men in Coos county, it is safe to predict that the religious test will not work.

LAST SUNDAY'S SOCIABLE.

The first sociable of the Freethought Society, held last Sunday evening, was in all respects a success. The musical and literary exercises were brief, consisting of remarks by President Putnam, a recitation by Miss Palanca, songs by Miss Evangeline Ballou, and zither and piano solos by the Misses Haelke of Oakland, but there were applause, encores, and bouquets enough for a much longer programme. When the dance came on, forty people participated, which gave the little hall an animated appearance. Mr. Schou easily proved himself the greatest Tepsichorean artist present, though closely followed by Messrs. Putnam and Lemme, and the writer of these lines. Mr. Thomas Curtis and Colonel Knight were not present, it being understood that they entertain religious scruples against dancing on the Lord's day. Mr. Healy looked in at the door, but saw nothing to object to, and so went

away. Mr. McMillan, of Fresno Flats, and Mr. Beattie, of Colorado, took the floor somewhat hesitatingly, but left it with much reluctance at the end of the figure. Vice-President Eastman was stately, sedate, and accurate. The company altogether made a fine assemblage, and those who did not dance found plenty of intelligent and interesting persons with whom they could enter into profitable conversation. The ladies were engaging, refined, and complaisant; the musician was proficient and elicited only praise from the dancers. Joy was the officer on deck.

The dance ended at about eleven o'clock, and everybody went home happy, especially Brother Walker, who, as guardian of the outer door, gathered in two-bit pieces sufficient for all expenses and a slight balance. The first Sunday evening of June will be similarly celebrated.

A TRUE CROSS IN SAN JOSE.

To the Editors of Freethought:

For the inclosed stamps please send "A Woman's Journey Around the World," by Lilian Leland.

Now the Garden City comes to the front with a genuine miracle, one that will convince the most skeptical that our redeemer is not dead, but sleepeth. God in his all-power, as if to make the scoffer tremble in his boots, has this time made the apparition to appear beautifully green, like its adorer, instead of as formerly, stained red by the hands of the bloody Jews. Now you can blow your Freethought bugle. Here it lies on the sidewalk. It is plain to be seen. It's a better soul-saver than Putnam's Infidel scheme. Says the San Jose Mercury of April 28:

Arrangements have been made by Charles F. Crittenton, of New York, for a series of gospel meetings to be held in this city for an indefinite period, and for that purpose a tent has been erected on Third street. A notable feature of the tent is a cross, which is seen immediately upon entering it. The origin of the decoration is peculiar. At the time the stone sidewalks were laid along the street, a wide stone walk was laid leading from the sidewalk into the lot to where the front door of the residence would be when erected.

This was some time ago, and the place being unused, the grass grew up through the interstices between the blocks of the pavement, forming thereby a true cross of living green. The ladies who are assisting in the services, struck with this singular growth, spared the grass when cleaning off the walk, and adorning it with a few bright flowers, formed thereby a beautiful and most appropriate decoration.

The ingenuousness of us Christians up here is too much for you San Francisco blasphemers. L. R. TITUS.

COMMENTS ON THE DAWES AND CAMPBELL DEBATE

Geo. H. Dawes, a Liberal lecturer, delivered three lectures in Hillsboro, Or., recently. Previous to his lectures he had challenged the Rev. J. A. Campbell to meet him in a joint discussion, but Mr. Campbell would not come out. The last lecture delivered by Dawes was a review of Campbell's pamphlet, "Replies to a Skeptic." Campbell attended the lecture; Dawes invited Campbell to reply, and offered him time to do so. Dawes occupied one hour in review of the book, and Mr. Campbell took the platform, and for an hour he loudly attempted to reply, but utterly failed to disprove a single statement made by Dawes. He simply took up some points made by Dawes and depended upon assumptions, loud talking, and replying to what Dawes did not say, to kill time.

Campbell, knowing that Dawes would not have time to notice one-fourth of his statements, took advantage of the opportunity to make assumptions and challenges which I feel called upon to reply to, as a few people in the audience had an impression that Campbell stated facts, and that because Dawes did not, on account of lack of time, reply to them, Campbell was right; whereas, if it had been otherwise Dawes would have exposed his sophistry and fallacious arguments, if arguments they may be called. Mr. Campbell broadly challenged any Infidel to produce such and such evidence. As the challenge was a broad one and includes all Infidels, I accept his earnest request for information, for information the gentleman needs, as any one can see by this brief synopsis of the debate. The following statement is from Campbell's "Replies to a Skeptic:" "Asylums, hospitals, and a thousand other good things are the outgrowths of the

teachings of Christ, and Infidelity is guilty of none of these great things."

Dawes, in review, showed that asylums and hospitals were in existence hundreds of years before the Christian era. He also showed that nowhere in the teachings of Christ did he teach anything in regard to institutions of any kind. Dawes also showed that Infidels had founded institutions of charity, education, etc. In reply, Campbell failed to disprove Dawes's statements, and even failed to notice them; but instead, loudly demanded of Infidels to show a heathen country to-day that had charitable institutions. If Campbell will read the testimony of Christian missionaries and travelers, he will obtain information to prove Dawes's statement. Let him read the histories of those countries. I would advise Mr. Campbell before attempting to debate on the platform with Infidels that he would read Buckle, Lecky, Moshiem, Hallam, and Gibbon, and then he would not make so many assertions that are wild and shallow. If Campbell is right, he overthrows the standard histories of the world. I think Buckle's statements cannot be set aside by any Oregon propagators of superstition. Again, I would advise him, before attempting to quote Ingersoll, to read Ingersoll's works, his authorized works. Campbell quoted an extract from Ingersoll's "Human Rights," page one.

Again, in "Replies to a Skeptic" is the following: "The religion of Christ never caused the death of a single being, but instead it was Christianity's bitter foes. The Bible does not contain any passages that would justify persecution." Dawes in reply quoted several passages to show that the Bible contained a spirit of intolerance and persecution. Dawes also showed by history that the most horrible massacres, wars, and persecutions were conducted and carried on by Christians; the Old Testament also contained teachings which led to the most bitter persecutions.

Campbell in reply said that it was not Christians that did this, but the Catholics. He failed to prove his assumption that the Catholics were not Christians. Campbell, behind a thin screen of assumption, endeavored to crawl out of a difficulty through a very small hole. He complained that Mr. Dawes was trying to saddle the Old Testament with its teachings upon his shoulders; that he objected to it; that his religion commenced where the New Testament began. Whenever the Old Testament will help Campbell in his ideas he proudly trots it out as evidence; but whenever it testifies against him he repudiates it and complains that Infidels are saddling it upon him. Well, I do not wonder he kicks against it. Any preacher who has it saddled upon him has a load that would break him down. Campbell's dodge was effective in killing time.

Again, Campbell denied a personal God; that the Bible did not say that God was not fashioned after man, but that man was fashioned after God. What a silly quibble. Either way it reads it distinctly implies that God is an anthropomorphic being, with human attributes. Although Dawes proved by the Bible that it teaches a personal God, Campbell failed to disprove it, and failed to produce an iota of evidence and prove the existence or shape of his God.

In "Replies to a Skeptic" Campbell claims that without the Bible we have no information in regard to the origin of life. In his review Dawes stated that of all accounts of the origin of life that of the Bible was the most silly and farthest from the truth; that the theory of evolution was the most reasonable and the best-proven account of the origin of life.

Campbell in reply brought out the old cry of defeated theologians—monkey, monkey; that evolution teaches that the human family descended from monkeys. He loudly demanded of Infidels to produce the missing link. "Why don't you show us evolution at work now? Where is your monkey that is half human and half monkey?" This demand was interspersed with challenges. Why is it that priests like Campbell will ridicule the demonstrated facts of evolution? Before crying monkey Campbell should learn just what Darwin and other evolutionists teach. Let me inform the gentleman that Darwin distinctly says that in immense periods of time, by slight modifications, all species have changed, and that man has developed from ape-like conditions, and not from any living species of monkeys.

Campbell is so ignorant of late discoveries in the science of evolution that he does not know that evidence sufficient to prove the evolution of man is gathered without Darwin's missing link. Does he not know that evolution is accepted by the greatest minds of the world and taught in the greatest colleges in the world, and its truths only denied by those who are not conversant with the subject, by those who have pored over the vagaries of Hall's "Problem of Life," and who have not read Darwin, Haeckel, Helmholtz, Mayer, and other scientists?

Campbell in his "Replies to a Skeptic" asks: "Why do not the Infidels fly from the countries where Christianity is taught to heathen countries? The reason is plain—their scalps would not be safe." Dawes in reply showed by travelers and Christian missionaries that strangers were treated kindly by the pagans; that a foreigner's life was safer among the pagans than in Christian countries; that they were honest; that the store or booth-keepers would go away from their stores and leave the prices upon their goods, and the natives would take of the goods what they wished to buy and leave the cash for what was taken. No one could do business in any Christian land or town on that plan; even a peanut stand would not run long upon that plan.

Campbell in reply did not dispute the statements, but went off on a tangent, and in an injured tone asked Mr. Dawes to please leave out Hillsboro from among that class of towns; he had never had anything stolen. That was the weakest tangent that Campbell got on during the debate.

I have been in business here for many years and I have suffered from petty thieving, and I do not believe there is a store in town but what has had the same experience. The fact that in Japan, for instance, they have no locks upon their doors, and in Christian countries every store and house has locks, is answer to Campbell's dodging.

Hillsboro, Or.

To be Concluded.

W. C. CLOW.

THE INDIFFERENT AND THE DREAMERS.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I hereby return you the paper you sent me some time ago. The few subscribers I got you will think I ought to have procured in half an hour, but I tell you anything that is not strictly orthodox goes begging in Eureka. There are many people here who have sense enough to know that three times one are not one, and that bread and wine cannot turn into the flesh and blood of a god, but it is fashionable here to be a hypocrite, so people will support the church whether they believe the nonsense preached in it or not, but they dare not subscribe their names to a paper that is in favor of Freethought, honesty, and manly principle, lest some of the orthodox might see it and suspect them of heterodoxy.

When I received the paper I had just returned from collecting funds for "Fritankaren," the Swedish Freethought paper, which, but for outside assistance, would go down. My mission was unsuccessful—all I collected was \$4. As I did not wish to deal in such trifles I contributed \$10 and sent \$14, but I made up my mind never again to ask any person for a contribution. Being thoroughly disgusted, your paper remained in my desk for quite a while before I got courage enough to ask for signatures, and when I did ask the result was about the same as when I tried to collect money for "Fritankaren."

I am glad our Swedish friends are making things hot for the orthodox in Sweden. I received a letter from Otto Thomson, editor of Fritankaren, a few days ago, and judging from it they are determined to break the chains which have bound the minds of those people for centuries. They deserve our assistance.

I see from FREETHOUGHT that Bellamy's "dream" has caused quite a stir in San Francisco. Freethought would thrive much better if it were not for those dreamers who are always striving for the unattainable. The very systems which European nations vomited up less than a century ago are now licked up by the Nationalists of America. Trusts of all kinds, whether sugar trusts, oil trusts, or labor trusts, in the shape of labor unions, are a curse to the country in which they exist. Since Germany abolished guilds the people have prospered, and why adopt them in America? The fact is, poor people are their own worst enemies;

their clamors against the rich are caused by envy and not by principle, and the few gifted and well-meaning ones they have amongst them, like Mrs. Addie Ballou and others, lack the experience necessary for a reformer. I know something about labor, having been thrown on my own resources when thirteen and a half years old, and now I am near sixty. I received \$3 for the first nine months' work, and worked from 4 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night. When I was twenty-five years old I happened to land in France, and becoming penniless I took work in a sugar-refinery for 45 cents per day, and as I had to pay 40 for board I had 5 cents left as my wages, working from 5 o'clock in the morning to 7 in the evening. Yet, although I had seen better times, I did not complain. I did the best I could under the circumstances, and that is what all men ought to do. I have no patience with idlers who complain about hard times. Society is a growth, and not something made to order, as Nationalists seem to think. There is but one way in which we can improve the conditions of the human race, and that is by educating the masses; all appeals to their prejudices and passions not only prove ineffectual as agents of reform, but they lead the laboring classes deeper into the mire by fostering the very parts which are the greatest hindrance to their progress. A capable, intelligent man, no matter what his occupation, can always find work at remunerative wages without joining a union. Only the idlers and incapables are clamoring for trades unions. Why then designate self-respecting, intelligent, industrious, and capable men as "rats" by way of stigma and heighten the conceit of the incapables?

We may turn the laws of nature to our account, but we cannot alter them; and since the fittest always survives, let us educate the masses and make them fit to survive instead of leading them into an inextricable morass by fostering their prejudices and passions. - Yours as ever,

ROBERT GUNTHER.

P.S.—You have printed some of my letters which were not intended for printing; neither is this written for print, but you may print it if you like. An army of so-called reformers would turn against me, I think, but that does not trouble me, as I have full confidence in my ability to back my opinions. R. G.

Eureka, Cal.

SACERDOTAL INFIDELITY AND RECKLESSNESS OF MORAL OBLIGATION.

Suppose that a lawyer were to be appointed a justice of the United States Supreme Court, and on receiving his commission and swearing to support the constitution he took his seat upon the bench; suppose that in process of time he gave an opinion in an important case in which he drove a coach and four through the constitution, nullifying its chapters and sections at his own sweet will; and suppose that when the whole outside world stood aghast at his conduct, and his brethren of the court called his attention to his utter disregard of the constitution and his oath of office, he should exclaim, "Lord! gentlemen, I never read a line of the constitution in all my life, and had no idea that, in my opinion, I was violating either it or my oath of office;" I say, What would the world think of the *integer vite* of such a judge?

Well, during the late theological discussion which preceded the vote of the New York Presbytery to strike out the essential doctrines of the Confession of Faith, which forms the constitution of the Presbyterian church, one of the venerable doctors of divinity in his zeal for expunging declared that he never read a line of the Confession in all his life! I do not mention the name of the clergyman, for I would not deepen the stigma which he put upon his own character by this unblushing and scandalous acknowledgment.

Now, to show what manner of men generally these revisers of the Confession are, and this one in particular, allow me to show the readers of FREETHOUGHT the oath of office which all these gentlemen took before they were ordained, by the laying on of hands, to be Presbyterian ministers. The Confession of Faith contains, as part of its constitutional law, the "Form of Government," which, in chapter 15, section 12, prescribes the rules for the ordination of ministers. I now quote the form, omitting only those sections which do not immediately bear upon the

point I am discussing: "The day appointed for ordination having come, and the Presbytery convened, the presiding officer, addressing himself to the candidate, shall propose to him the following questions, viz.:

"1. Do you believe the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice? The candidate answers: I do.

"2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this [Presbyterian] church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures? The candidate answers: I do.

"6. Do you promise to be zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel [embodied in the Confession] and the purity and peace of the church, whatsoever persecution or opposition may arise unto you on that account? [By the 'purity' of the church is meant one and all of the doctrines of the Confession to be preached as a system, each in its proper time and place; and by the 'peace' of the church is meant the loving unity which consists in the homogeneousness of faith, and which is broken up when any departure from its doctrines takes place.] The candidate answers: I do."

Then, having voluntarily taken these solemn vows and obligations, which in political government is called the oath of office, he is ordained a Presbyterian minister, and set over a congregation as an official expounder of the doctrines of the Bible as they are embodied in the Confession of Faith.

In the case of the minister who declared that he had never read the Confession, which he solemnly swore he believed and would preach in the face of outward persecution and internal defection, it may be said that he probably came from some unorthodox church and entered the Presbyterian ministry for a higher sphere of usefulness, and that this accounts for his not having read the Confession. But the rule for keeping the church pure requires that all such new-comers from other sects shall be carefully and strictly examined by the Presbytery that receives them, to see that they leave behind them all their heresies, and conform in their belief to the doctrines of the Confession.

Now, remember that all of these five thousand ministers of the Presbyterian church spent several years, most of them as beneficiaries, at the church's expense, in the various theological seminaries scattered over the country for the express purpose of studying the Bible in its original tongues and finding out whether it does not teach the doctrines contained in the Confession of Faith. When, therefore, they came before their Presbyteries for ordination they were not supposed to be any longer mere babes and sucklings in bib and tucker that could digest nothing but milk, but strong men in Christ Jesus whose stomachs could enjoy and dispose of the highly spiced meat contained in the gospel and served up by bill of fare in the Confession. Take the doctrine of infant damnation, which these gentlemen swore they believed and promised to preach, but which they now affect so holily to shudder at, is it not as clearly taught in the Bible as human language could teach it? Reader, get your Bible and turn to Paul's epistle to the Romans, chapter ix, verses 11-13, where he says, speaking of Rebecca's twins: "For, the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works but of him that calleth; it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Then, being divinely inspired and anticipating the very objection of the Presbyterian revisers, Paul shuts their mouths and gives them a perpetual lockjaw by saying: "What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then, it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. . . . Therefore, hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." Then, again, foreseeing the objection that would be made to the sovereignty of God in his choosing some to be saved and the greater part of mankind to be damned, he bursts out into this language: "Thou wilt say then to me, Why doth he yet find fault? for who hath resisted his will? Nay, but, O man, who art thou that replieth against God?"

Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honor and another to dishonor? What if God, willing to show his wrath and make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory."

Take the doctrine of reprobation; is it not clearly implied in the doctrine of election? For, if a state government, through its courts of law, has sentenced a hundred men to be hanged for their crimes on a given day, and the executive pardons ten of them, are not the remaining ninety treated as reprobates, for whom there is no pardon? And yet, after reading the above quotation from the inspired apostle, Paul, the revisers tell the world that their aim in wishing to expunge the doctrines of reprobation and infant damnation from the confession, is to make it more scriptural. Ignatius Loyola!

If these Presbyterian ministers have got the dyspepsia, so that they cannot any longer relish, digest, and assimilate such food as they once could, why do they not, like honest and honorable men, step down and out of their pulpits, and appear in their true colors before the world? If they have really gone one step back of the confession, and examined the question whether the Bible itself, which teaches the doctrines they wish to eliminate from their creed, is really the revelation of a just and merciful God, and have come to the conclusion that it neither is, nor claims to be such, why not say so, and take their stand with the Deists? Ah! these gentlemen cannot bear the thought of leaving the flesh-pots of Egypt! There are millions of money invested in colleges, theological seminaries, publication and missionary societies, and many other institutions, with easy duties, and fat salaries for life annexed. The saints, although so unworldly, like, after all, to suck a sugar teat as well as the political office hunters who hover like a cloud over the city of Washington after every presidential election. They will know that in case they leave the church, the law will not allow them to carry away any spoils which their fathers consecrated to the work of spreading the gospel through the world according to the Confession of Faith, and which are owned in trust by the corporate body known as the Presbyterian church; and they are therefore determined to stick to the organization which gives them their position in society, and their bread and butter. The day of May will soon be here, when the General Assembly will meet and act upon the proposition to commit hari-kari, and we will see how many of the five thousand ministers, sworn to teach and defend the doctrines of the Confession, will stand by their solemn oaths of office and how many will not.

In calling the attention of the readers of FREETHOUGHT to what is going on in the Presbyterian church, my object is to show, on a large scale and in a clear light, that the sentiment called religion is to-day, as it has always proved itself to be in past ages, the most unscrupulous and dangerous of all the sentiments which influence mankind. What other class of men on earth but religious men could have the brazen-faced audacity, under the hollow pretense of "revising" the creed of the church, to trample down its fundamental doctrines under their feet when they swore at their ordination, and in the presence of almighty God, that they sincerely believed and accepted them as the doctrines contained in the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testaments? It is common to say, when a Christian commits fraud, lying, forgery, and perjury, as is the fashion of the present times, that he is not acting religiously but irreligiously. But I maintain, and history—especially the history of the church itself—bears me out in my contention, that it is of the very essence of religions to make men irresponsible in their morals. Gladly do I admit that in all ages of the church there have been in its membership those who were just, honest, virtuous, and true. But these good attributes of character they inherited from nature, their mother, and did not derive them in any degree from religion. They were and are good in defiance of their connection with the church. When was there an age, since the sentiment of religion was evolved from the ignorance and fear of mankind, that it did not commit and sanction the commission of all manner of crimes? It

is a fountain which never yet sent out a stream of pure water to refresh and bless the world; but like the sewer of a great city it has deluged society, through all the ages, with vices and crimes innumerable. To see the truth of this, look at the Catholic or the Latin nations of the old world and the new where religion has had full sway in impressing its character upon the masses of the people.

We cannot rejoice in iniquity and do evil that good may come, but if we could we might be glad to observe the pregnant conduct of the Presbyterian ministers in the painful exhibition they have been making of the natural workings of true religion. Our tired and self-denying Infidel lecturers can leave the field and go home to their families and take a rest and recruit their strength for future labors in the cause of enlightenment. The revisers, who are countenancing and encouraging the whole breed of defaulters and robbers of trust funds, by the total lack of a sense of moral obligation they exhibit to the world in the open violation of their oaths of office, are opening the eyes of thousands in the church, whom our lecturers and papers could not reach, and are silently convincing them that, as a class, the clergy, who are officially and pre-eminently religious, are now, as they always have been, the chiefest of sinners. After a while these people will begin to think inductively, as well as to observe, and then they will find out that it is religion, and not the lack of it, which has made the clergy so false and dangerous a class of men. A. B. B.

Enon Valley, Pa.

× TAMMANY AND THE ROMAN HIERARCHY.

Tammany Hall in this city is the political wing of the Roman Catholic church. Every magnate of the Hall is a devout Catholic, and he could not be a magnate if he were not. Croker, the head of the organization, is very pious—for a Catholic—and so is Grant, our mayor. From these two, down to the superannuated voters who sweep the streets, Tammany is owned neck and heels by the Roman hierarchy. That is the way the church gets its money and that is the way Tammany gets the votes.

At the last two elections, Tammany, or the church, carried everything. One of the offices won is that of sheriff of New York county and city. Mr. James A. Flack encumbers the office. One of the jails over which Mr. Flack has jurisdiction is the one which takes its name from Ludlow street. Mr. Keating, a local Tammany worker, filled, until within a few days, the office of warden in that jail. In days gone by, when D. M. Bennett was waiting in that institution for the pardon Hayes promised but never gave, Mr. Keating was the doorkeeper there, and the writer of this frequently encountered him. As specimens of Tammany officials Messrs. Flack and Keating are valuable, and so are their subordinates. The predecessor of Sheriff Flack was Grant, now mayor.

A few months ago some Republican politicians "put up a job"—as the phrase goes—on Tammany to punish it for bad faith in some political deals. An investigation committee from the state senate was appointed and sent down here. It began its work two weeks ago. The Herald was in the secret, evidently, and saw a chance to advertise itself. It procured the incarceration of one of its reporters in Ludlow street jail, furnished him with money to tempt the Tammany officials, and then published the facts the reporter obtained.

The result of the senate committee's and the Herald's efforts is—seven Tammany Hall officials indicted for swindling, extortion, bribery, etc. And at the same time, Sheriff Flack has been convicted of conspiring to divorce his wife fraudulently—making eight Tammany Hall magnates and workers in trouble. Mr. Croker, the "boss" of all, went to Europe some time ago, or, rumor has it, he would be in trouble too, and obliged to tell more about Tammany Hall methods than he would find pleasant for himself or profitable to the Hall.

The backbone of Tammany Hall is the seventy or eighty thousand Irish Roman Catholic voters in this city. The real head of the Hall is the Roman hierarchy, with Archbishop Corrigan as the mouthpiece. The treasury of the Hall and the church is the treasury of the city—by both direct and indirect methods. The sufferers are the people, who are robbed, cheated, abused, for the benefit of a lot of alien politicians who couldn't

earn ten dollars a week in a legitimate business, and for the benefit of a church which is trying to break down our institutions and which never yet legislated for anything but its own ecclesiastical and financial welfare. Let us hope the exposure of the rascality in one branch of the city's government may teach the respectable voters of the city a lesson they will not forget before next fall, when they will be called upon to again do some voting.—The Truth Seeker.

ECCLESIASTICAL VIEWS AND PRACTICE AS TO THE OATH.

I.

The ecclesiastical courts of Christendom claimed exclusive jurisdiction of the morals of the people. The judges and the lawyers who practiced in them were for the most part ecclesiastics. A body of ecclesiastical law grew up, which was enforced and followed by the secular courts. Heresy being contrary to the creed of the church, was the worst of crimes. Heathen literature fell under the ban of the church, so that the early literatures of the European nations as well as that of the early Christian writers who were not orthodox, were swept away, and live to-day, if at all, only in fragments.

The history of Roman law is mainly that which the church has permitted to exist, or which has been resurrected and restored by conjecture from the fragments remaining, or from allusions in classical authors. The first laws of England that have been handed down are Ethelbert's code, framed in St. Augustine's day, about 601, in which the first care is taken of the rights of the church and of God's property.

Bede's Ecclesiastical History furnishes the outline of the early history of law and life in England, and if colored at all, it is in favor of the church. This is true in regard to the history of the oath.

In the early ages of the church there was a popular superstition that an oath taken in a Jewish synagogue was more binding than one taken elsewhere. But when it became the practice to swear the witness upon the cross or a relic, or the gospels, and at the altar, the adjuncts of the oath became the leading feature of its administration and the simple oath was not respected. Thus in 680, when Ebroin, mayor of the palace of Burgundy, had defeated Martin, Duke of Austrasia, and desired to entice him from his refuge in the fortress of Laon, two bishops were sent to him bearing the royal reliquaries, on which they swore that his life should be safe. Ebroin, however, had removed the relics from the cases, and having Martin in his power, deemed himself free from his oath and put his victim to death. The penitential of St. David, dating from the latter part of the sixth century, provides that perjury committed in a church shall be punished by a fine of four times the value of the matter about which the oath was taken, while no penalty is provided for false swearing elsewhere. The code of Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, of the seventh century, assumed that a false oath taken on a consecrated cross required for absolution three times the penance exacted when the oath was taken on an unconsecrated cross, while if administered by any one but a priest it was void and no penalty could be exacted.

The penitential of Gregory III. provided that three years' penance would absolve for perjury committed when sworn on a consecrated cross, or on the hand of a bishop or priest, while seven years' penance was exacted where the oath was taken on the gospels or on an altar with relics. King Robert the Pious provided two reliquaries on which to receive oaths—that for the magnates being richly ornamented but empty; that for the common people holding only a bird's egg—so that his people perjuring themselves could do so with impunity.

The value of the oath depended upon the sacredness of the place where it was taken, and the solemn ceremonies attending its administration as well as upon the sanctity of the relic. Some shrines had a reputation of a miraculous interposition for the detection of falsehood or the punishment of perjury. St. Augustine relates that at Milan a thief swore upon a holy relic with the intention of testifying falsely. He was irresistibly forced to confess himself guilty of the crime he intended to fasten upon another.

Augustine himself, when unable to decide between two of his ecclesiastics who accused each other of revolting crime, sent them both to the shrine of St. Felix, of Nola, in the full expectation that the judgment of God would bring to light the truth as between them.

Gregory the Great showed the same belief when he alluded to a simple purgatorial oath taken by a bishop on the relics of St. Peter, in terms which intimate that the accused, if guilty, had exposed himself to great danger, and that his escape from injury proved his innocence. Gregory also assumed in one of his homilies that perjury committed on the relics of a saint is punished by demoniacal possession.

Charlemagne, who reigned from 742 to 814, directed that oaths should be sworn in the church or upon relics, and they were usually sworn in a consecrated place.

As the church grew in power it prohibited the practice of the early fathers in regard to heathen oaths, and the Council of Constantinople excommunicated those Christians who swore by heathen oaths.

Heineccius, who died in 1741, states from the time the Saxon and Suevic laws prevailed in Germany, all the ancient forms of oaths became obsolete and the usual form was to lay the hand on relics, or the gospels, or an altar, or on a cross. Whoever swore in any other than the prescribed form was to be excommunicated and to receive thirty-nine lashes. The altar was always ready in the courts of justice, and the relics were subject to the order of the judge.

The Tuscan code required the oath to be given before a crucifix, and if the person to be sworn was not a Christian, he was to take the oath "according to the most respected and favored rule of his religion."

In one council it was enacted that any clerk convicted of perjury, should be debarred from the communion for two years. In another, that a suborner of perjury should be excommunicated for life, while the perjurer should be incompetent as a witness, and be branded with infamy according to the law. In one law it provided: "Whoever perjures himself by the hand of a bishop, or by a consecrated cross, shall do penance for three years, but on a cross not consecrated for one year." That is, the profanation of a sacred thing or person was punished rather than the giving of false evidence as under the heathen codes.

Heineccius held that reverence for the deity was essential to truthfulness, and that no faith could be placed in the word of a person who had no fear of divine vengeance. But he admits that "if all were possessed of that self-restraint and regard for what is just and honest which men ought to feel, surely we should never compel anyone to swear, but should place as much reliance on him when merely making a serious affirmation as though he laid his hand upon the altar and swore by all that is sacred. The case is as Eschylus* represents it: 'It is not the oath that invests the man with credit, but the man the oath.'"

The church followed the Roman law in allowing the oath of purgation to be taken. In practice under the Roman law, when the defendant was called on to swear to his innocence, in some cases his simple word was taken. The law as revised by the church required compurgators to be sworn with the defendant. Generally persons of the same rank and profession, even of the same sex, were required as compurgators. Thus in the laws of Hoel the Good, Prince of Wales, it is enacted that a female whose reputation is impeached shall clear herself by the oaths of seven women for the first time a stain is attempted to be put upon her character; of fourteen upon the second charge; of fifty on a third charge, based on any show of cause, before her fair fame could be redeemed. The bishop of Ely was required to support his oath by that of ninety-nine priests. In another case two hundred and ninety-nine compurgators were required.

In the thirteenth century the municipal laws of the Saxons made the purgatorial oath of the accused decisive, except in case of theft and where the stolen articles were found in his possession, or he had suffered a previous conviction. In Franconia a murderer was allowed to rebut with his oath all testimony as to his guilt unless he was caught in the act.

* Eschylus, the Greek tragedian, lived 525 to 556, B. C.

In one of the most primitive of the Anglo-Saxon codes, dating from the seventh century, the king and the bishop are permitted to rebut an accusation with their simple assumption; the thane and the mass-priest with a simple oath, while the clerks and laymen were compelled to clear themselves in the regular form of canonical compurgation. (Laws of Wihtraed cap. 16, 21.)

The Welsh laws exempted from taking the oath of expurgation bishops, lords, the deaf, the dumb, men of different language, and pregnant women.

The usual manner of taking the oath of compurgation was for the compurgators to lay their hands upon the pyx, or the case in which the consecrated wafer or the relics were kept, and the accused to place his hands upon theirs and to say, "So help me, God, or these relics, I am innocent." The expurgators swore they believed the oath of the accused that he was innocent.

In other cases the matter in issue was decided not by the number of compurgators, but by the number of oaths. In the sixth century when Gregory of Tours was accused of defaming Fredegonda a council of bishops decided that he should clear himself of the charge by oaths on three altars after celebrating mass on each, which he did. The Anglo-Saxons, in certain cases, allowed the plaintiff to sustain his charge by swearing in four churches, while the defendant could rebut it by taking an oath of denial in twelve churches. In the thirteenth century merchants proved the payment of a debt by swearing to it in nine churches.

W. S. PUGH.

INGERSOLL ON LABOR.

Robert G. Ingersoll has the following editorial over his own signature in the New York "Morning Journal:"

I hardly know enough of the subject to give an opinion as to the time when eight hours are to become a day's work, but I am perfectly satisfied that eight hours will become the labor day. Working people should be protected by law.

If they are not, capitalists will require just as many hours as human nature can bear. For a man to get up before daylight and work till after dark life is of no particular importance. He simply earns enough one day to prepare himself to work another. His whole life is spent in want and toil, and such a life is without value.

Of course, I cannot say that the present effort is going to succeed. All I can say is that I hope it will. I cannot see how any man who does nothing can insist that others should work ten or twelve hours a day. Neither can I see how any man who lives on the luxuries of life can find it in his heart, or in his stomach, to say that the poor ought to be satisfied with the crusts and crumbs they get.

I believe there is to be a revolution in the relations between labor and capital. The working people are reasoners. Their hands and heads are in partnership. They know a great deal more than capitalists. It takes a thousand times more brain to make a locomotive than it does to run a store or a bank, and there is a great deal more intelligence in the steamship and in all the thousand machines and devices that are now working for the world. These working people read; they meet together; they discuss; they are becoming more and more independent in thought. They do not believe all they hear.

The free school in this country has tended to put men on an equality, and the mechanic understands his side of the case and is able so express his views. Under the circumstances there must be a revolution. The laboring men, however, ought to remember that all who labor are their brothers and that all women who labor are their sisters, and when one class of working men or working women is oppressed all other laborers ought to stand by the oppressed class.

Any man who wishes to force his brother to work more than eight hours a day is not a civilized man. My hope for the workingman has its foundation in the fact that he is growing more and more intelligent. I have also some hope for the capitalist. When both become intelligent the matter will be settled. Neither labor nor capital should resort to force.

THE "Monitor" publishes the statement that there are twelve million Catholics in the United States.

REAL AND REALITY.

FREETHOUGHT published in No. 15 a criticism of an article of mine by "Agnostic," which I should entirely ignore for its obvious and unjust misrepresentations. Yet considering the fact that it calls attention to some passages which, although correct, might easily be misunderstood, I send you a few words in reply. My anonymous critic possesses my sincere commiseration not only for his ignorance of the elements of logic, but also for the rudeness with which he presents his case. I need not here repeat the words with which he has—but not, I suppose, with editorial approbation—disgraced the columns of this journal.

My anonymous critic quotes the following sentence: "Materialism went too far when it tried to explain everything from matter, when it identified *matter* with reality. Yet it stands on solid ground when it maintains that *every reality is material*."

Parenthetically it may be remarked that "Agnostic" quotes the italicized words wrongly. Instead of *matter* he says "*itself*," and instead of *every reality is material* he writes, "*every reality is matter*." Such gross misquotations must, of course, make the most lucid explanations unintelligible.

"Agnostic" declares that the sentence quoted is a contradiction. The sentence does not contain a contradiction, as will be learned from the following consideration:

Every reality has three elements. First, it consists of matter; secondly, its material particles have a special form; and thirdly, they are endowed with a certain motion. Matter, form, and motion are abstracts representing certain qualities that are real; we call them "real" because they are qualities of reality. Matter is real, form is real, motion is real. Yet matter is not all of reality, nor is form, nor is motion; for every reality, besides being material, possesses at the same time a special form, and is also endowed with some kind of motion.

It is apparent that adjectives have often a wider application than their nouns. The adjective "real" covers a larger field than the noun "reality." Thus every fool is foolish, but everything that is foolish need not exactly be a fool. I may say, without falling into a contradiction, this: Space is real; yet space is not a reality. This, in other words, means: Space is a certain quality of reality; the relations among things, the qualities of things, are objective properties and not mere subjective illusions; yet is space no thingish entity, no tangible object, as concrete bodies are, e.g., stones, plants, and animals. Space is non-material, and yet space is real.

If I have the following two premises:

Every reality is material.
Space is real.

I cannot conclude the syllogism with the statement:
Therefore space is material.

And there is no contradiction involved if I add the sentence:
And yet space is non-material.

My critic would perhaps find no fault with a logician who concludes from the premises:

All geese are two-legged.
Man is two-legged.
Therefore man is a goose.

I confine myself to this logical exposition without entering on the discussion as to how far materialism is correct and how far, as a philosophy, it is insufficient.

P. CARUS.

Chicago, April 28, 1890.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of *Freethought*:

For five long months has the almost ceaseless rain kept me close at office work in the city. But an old-time California sunshine bids me out among the green hills and vales of the Golden State, to again follow on the trail of the priesthood; out among the Contra Costa hills, after skirting the limpid along the shores of San Pablo bay, to Martinez, by rail. Then I go by rail to Pacheco—a burg that the merciless floods in the past winter nearly immersed, to never rise again. Thousands of acres of crops and pasture land were buried deep with mud from the adjacent hills, and like Pompeii of old it is but a relic of its past greatness. Leaving Pacheco in its muddy glory, I passed on to Concord, a more

elevated locality. Here I found a beautifully shaded town with a park in the center so densely wooded that it seemed dark in the day time. All was lovely here; but being mostly a Spanish and Portuguese people and Roman Catholic, I concluded not to molest the priest in his lair; so, after a hearty dinner, I was on again to Clayton by stage. Clayton is right at the foot of Mt. Diablo on the west side, in a fine shaded grove, with one store, one joss-house, four saloons, and lots of happy people mostly from the faderland across the big pond. There are three large wineries here and plenty of cows, goats, etc., so wine and milk, beer and red-eye, flow on forever. I gave two lectures here in Rhine's Hall to fair audiences, but the long wet winter and the four saloons have left the people moneyless; and as there was a picnic on hand and a dance to cheer the folks up from the wine cup's folly and despair, I went on over the hills, not to the poor-house, but to the neat little town of Somerville. Here there was no hall, and the little church around the corner was too pure and holy for unsanctified feet. I therefore gave four lectures in the hotel dining-room. After the first lecture the seats were carried out and a dance was enjoyed by the young and old, even by your correspondent, who, though not so young as he was forty years ago, can still forward and backward, down the center, and up the outside, polka, and such, equal (in his own estimation at least) to the Contra Costa-ites.

The surrounding hills have all been honeycombed for the warmth-giving coal, and now they are sinking a shaft down six hundred feet to find another layer of "black diamonds." Four saloons, one store, and five hundred people is the census of the town; but the senses of the people center in the beer keg. At all times of the day, and I might say night, you see bright-eyed boys and girls carrying home tin-buckets of beer for dad and mam to enjoy. Verily the wine-drinking Frenchman, the beer-loving German, and the "whisky-by-God-sir" Irishman make things lively in all the mining camps of the Golden State; but hard masters, greedy landlords, and monopolies and small pay have nearly crushed these hardy sons from over the sea, and they seem to try to drown their hard lot in the flowing bowl and the foam-capped lager.

I visited Mr. Fuller's family at Antioch and was most heartily welcomed and kindly treated. Mr. Fuller is a son of Mrs. Waisbrooker, the noted and eminent author, editor, and lecturer. Her paper, with its ringing words for the downtrodden of earth, is still in death, but the printing-office is there waiting to be resurrected by the genius of its talented owner, who is now in the lecture field of Oregon. The Fuller home is a genial place where ultra-radical thought may be uttered without offense. Mrs. Fuller and all the family are true-blue radicals, and forward is their motto. But enough for this time. D. C. SEYMOUR.

An Appreciative Letter.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find \$1 for FREETHOUGHT for the six months beginning March 1. I have taken your paper now for eight months past, and must say that it suits my ideas exactly. Though brought up under strict Presbyterian training I have been skeptical from my earliest youth, until now I am a thorough Infidel. My mind is so constituted that faith is impossible for me. My opinions must be founded on evidence, on reason, and must be capable of a clear demonstration by logical argument.

Your paper, FREETHOUGHT, is doing a grand work in exposing the conspiring designs of the Roman Catholic church, which is the most formidable and tyrannical foe of Freethought and free speech to be found in the world. It is also a good educator, and I believe I have not received a single number that was not worth the six months' subscription. I shall try to extend its circulation whenever I can. You may count on me as a constant subscriber. Success to FREETHOUGHT. Long may she wave.

Dayton, Wash. Yours truly, G. P. WRIGHT.

Spiro-Serial Convolutions.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Not being subject to impervious substantives, and versatile longitudinal equatorial meridian latitudes, where the linguistical emotional ideally unreasonable predominates over the reasonably intellectual, causing an abridgment of the physically spiritual matter necessary for an illogical intelligence to lawfully elucidate the unqua lifted adjective philosophy of Lemoore, we throw ourself upon the ideally mystifying elimination of the emotional, and energetically float along the dreamy surface of in-

tellectual mystery. But, being mindful of the clear-cut logic of others, we must bring ours to a close.

Sanel, Cal.

B. V. JUPITER.

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To the Editors of Freethought:

Through the kindness of a friend I have received FREETHOUGHT for a year. I inclose an express money order for two dollars to renew the subscription.

Boulder Creek, Cal.

CHAS. E. BRIMBLECOM.

The Common Chord.

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
 Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering might.
 From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore
 The Spottsylvania meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er.
 Hushed were the sounds of busy day; the brooding air was hushed,
 Save for the rapid-flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
 O'er mead and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream,
 The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam—
 On Spottsylvania's slopes the Blue, on Stafford's hills the Gray:
 Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the glittering river lay.
 Hark! Suddenly a Union band far down the stream sends forth
 The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the pæan of the North.
 The tents are parted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
 Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.
 So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound
 Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound.
 And when the last note died away, from distant post to post
 A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal host.
 Then straightway from the other shore there rose an answering strain,
 "Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain.
 And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide—
 A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
 "Star-Spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray,"
 While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk, and faintly died away.

Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had com'
 When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
 Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
 Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well.
 Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong,
 The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song;
 And, rich and mellow, horn and bass joined in the flowing chords,
 So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words.
 Then what a cheer from both the hosts, with faces to the stars!
 And tears were shed and kind words said upon the field of Mars.
 The Southern band caught up the strain; and we, who could sing, sang.
 Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang!
 We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind—
 The low-roofed farmhouse 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind;
 The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door;
 The dusty sunlight all aslant upon the old barn floor.
 Oh! loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again,
 And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain.
 Then to our cots of straw we stole, and dreamed the livelong night
 Of far-off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled, and still, and white.
 —James Buckham in Harper's Weekly.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Benicia, Cal.	May 18	Fox	July 10, 21, 22
Ft. Jones.	May 20, 21	John Day.	July 24
Linkville, Or. . . .	May 23, 24, 25, 26	Prairie City.	July 25
Talent.	May 29, 30	Baker City.	July 27, 28, 29
Ashland.	June 1	Union.	July 30
Shedd.	June 3, 4	Summerville.	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Brownville and Coburg. . . .	June 5 to 8	Dayton.	Aug. 10, 11
Grey's River.	June 11 to 18	Rosalia.	Aug. 13
Portland.	June 23	Plaza.	Aug. 14
Cascades, Wash.	June 24, 25	Oakdale.	Aug. 15, 16
Fossil, Or.	June 29	Spokane Falls.	Aug. 17
Lost Valley.	July 1	Davenport.	Aug. 18, 19
Wagner.	July 2, 3, 4	Buckley.	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Prineville and vicinity. . . .	July 7 to 16	Tacoma.	Aug. 25
Monument.	July 18	Port Townsend.	Aug. 31
Hamilton.	July 19		

FULL many a man, both young and old,
 Is sent to his sarcophagus,
 By pouring water icy cold
 Adown his warm æsophagus.

—E. B. Foote, Jr.

A SCHOOLMASTER, of Fresno county, named Steele, has been made crazy by religious studies and will be sent to an asylum.

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Hurry, Worry.

Hurry, hurry—worry, worry, O victim of this little life!

Thy work is long, thy days are few,
There is little time, there's much to do.
Life is a fevered, brief affair,
With many a worrying duty and many an eating care.

O hurry, hurry—worry, worry—
Forward in life's fevered race!
Get thee gold, and get thee place,
Get thee state, and get thee fame—
Thou mayst live without a roof!
Thou mayst die without a name!

O hurry, hurry—worry, worry—
There is much to be lost; there is much to be won;

There is a mansion or a hovel to dwell in,
There is a robe or a rag to wear;
Your name may shine in the book of fame
For ages and ages to come,
Or be sunk in the depths of Oblivion's sea,
Forever forgotten by man.

O phantom-hunting mortal!
The clouds of glory shall all pass away
As the dream and the dew in the morning,
And the book of name shall be forever sealed,
And sunk in Oblivion's sea.
And the city of the great shall be no more,
For there's nobody, there's nobody there.
And low-man's-land shall be no-man's-land,
For there is nobody there, there is nobody there.
E'en man shall pass away from earth,
And every trace of his work disappear;
Ay! "e'en this earth shall all dissolve,"
Out of chaos come shall to chaos resolve,
Stop, mortal! think of these grander things,
And hurry no more, and worry no more.

O. L. CALLECOD.

A WOMAN of Clifton, Oregon, wanted some pin money the other day, but her husband, a fisherman on the Columbia river, refused to work, though the water was alive with fat fish. She got angry and took a boat and went fishing on her own account. In a few hours the plucky woman had fifty-four salmon that she sold to the first buyer for \$38.90. She took the coin and spent it all in Astoria on an outfit. Her husband wanted to borrow a dollar for whisky, but she pointed to the river and said nay.

SAYS the Pomona Times: A Riverside orange-grower was informed by a neighbor a few days ago that the saw he was using would do better work if it were filed. He went to the house a few minutes after, put on his Sunday clothes, wrapped his saw up carefully, went to the depot, and took the train for the county seat. Arriving there, he went at once to the recorder's office to have his saw filed according to the code. We will not attempt to describe what followed when he made known his errand.

A YOUNG man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to be married," he said. "Are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?" "Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."

A—WHY did you run away from your wife? B—Because she poisoned my very existence. "Then how came you to take a second wife, if the first one poisoned your existence?" "I—I—I took her as an antidote."

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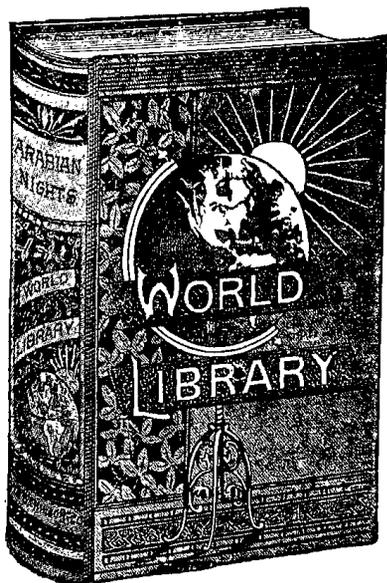
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In After Days.

In after days when grasses high
O'er top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must

In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying: "He held his pen in trust
To art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none then let my memory die

In after days!

"You will notice," said the manager of the company, as he stepped in front of the curtain, "that the programme says that seven years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In this case there will be no supposition about it. The sheriff of this county has just taken possession of the stage, and I think that it will be about seven years before we can get the matter settled. The audience is now dismissed."

A TEXAS clergyman who at a former period of his life had gambled a little, was absorbed in thought just before divine service began. He was approached by the organist, who whispered, referring to the opening hymn: "What shall I play?" "What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman.

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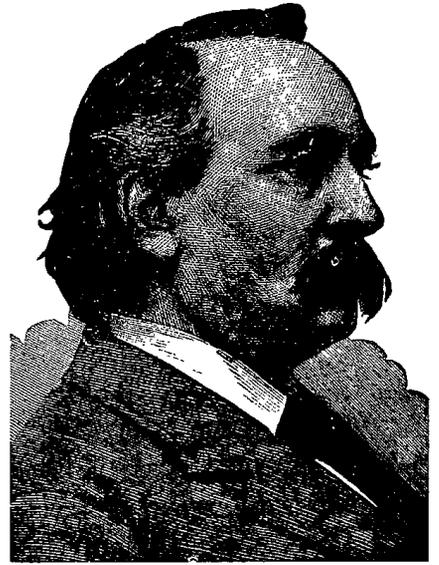
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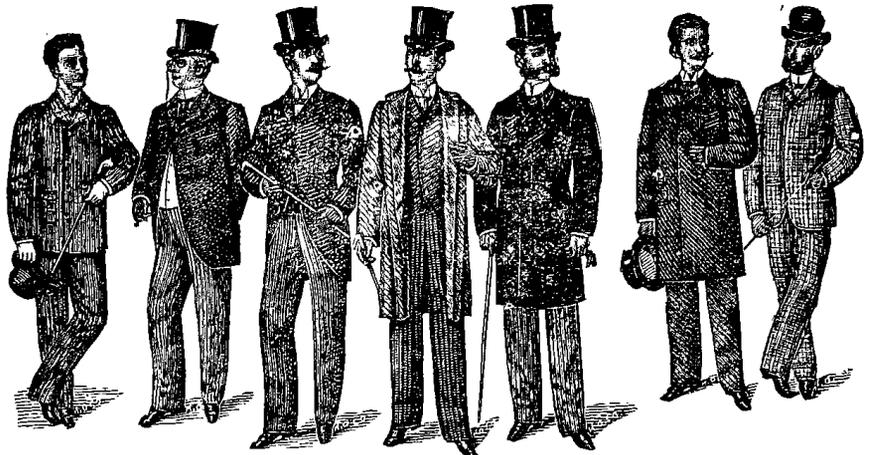
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All the Alphabet.

Recently a clipping from the Albany Argus appeared in the "Call" giving a sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet. H. W. Murray, of Calistoga, adds the three following to the list: "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog," "John quickly extemporized five tow bags," and "J. Gray: Pack with my box five dozen quills."

A CONNECTICUT newspaper, in speaking of the death of an editor, says: "He was a high-winded gentleman, a pungent writer, and valued his principles more than he did his wife."

A WOUNDED Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up saying, "I am for this country. I bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - MAY 17, 1890.

EDWARD BELLAMY has written a letter denying that he wrote "Looking Backward" as a satire on Socialism. He thinks the book itself is a sufficient answer to the imputation.

GEO. H. DAWES organized a Secular Union at the Kruse school-house, near Wilsonville, Or., April 20. The Union starts out with twenty-four members, and with Albert Kruse as president.

THE Sunday-law movement is still active, and a convention of evangelical churches in the interest of "Sabbath" observance and to devise ways and means to secure a state Sunday law is called to meet in the First Presbyterian church at San Jose May 20.

THE Catholic "Monitor," in deprecating universities for higher education, asserts that "our divine Lord judges men regardless entirely of their educational acquirements." We should think so from the "educational acquirements" of the average Catholic.

MOSES HULL was mentioned in last Monday's Chronicle as "The Inspired Moses Dow." If the reporter had given more thought to the doctrines of the man whose surname he has bestowed upon Mr. Hull, he might not have committed this offense against accuracy.

POVERTY-STRICKEN and priest-ridden Ireland sent to the pope last year, in Peter's pence alone, twenty-six thousand dollars. Subscribers of funds for the "cause of Ireland" might simplify matters by forwarding their contributions direct to the Vatican. "He that giveth to the poor Irish lendeth to the pope."

PRESBYTERIANISM is on the decline in San Francisco. Not a church has been organized in the city during the past eight years, and although the population has increased rapidly, the total membership of that denomination has fallen off about one hundred. The Presbyterians should make haste to revise their creed while they have a quorum.

BILL NYE got off an unusually good thing in his last letter to the press. Speaking of a Wallula man whom he knew he says: "He was a good man, but he was thoroughly sincere. He was what you might call an outspoken man, and said what he thought

at all times. He was an eccentric man also. An Englishman once asked him about our Constitution. 'I am told,' said he, 'that God is not in your Constitution.' 'No,' said this plain man, 'he is not in it.' It was slangy, but expressive."

BOSTON offers the latest example of queer attempts to regulate drinking. The police commissioners have prohibited the sale of liquor over bars, which makes it incumbent on the liquor dealer to furnish chairs and tables in his saloon at which his customers may be served. It will please that class of drinkers who enjoy spending their time in barrooms and looking long upon the wine when it is red and the beer when it is dead.

BENNETT, the bicycle prophet who rode through the streets of Oakland warning the inhabitants to flee from the earthquake to come, is still firm in the faith that his prophecy was all right. Before the day of doom he got as far away as Maryville, Mo., whence he now writes to a friend: "I am glad you did not go down on the 14th, as I feared you would. Make haste and get saved ere the day comes when we will stand before the judgment bar of God. The prophecy can never fail." Mr. Bennett is quite safe in claiming the prophecy will not fail—as he would be in saying that a man's head cannot be cut off after he has been decapitated.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, May 18, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Alfred Cridge; subject, "The Relativity of Reforms."

THE LECTURES AT LIVERMORE.

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel and S. P. Putnam lectured at Livermore May 6 and 7. There was a good attendance, the Hon. James Beazell presiding.

On the first evening S. P. Putnam lectured on the nature of Freethought, Liberalism, Secularism, and Infidelity. Mrs. Krekel followed with an address on "The New and the Old."

Notwithstanding the stormy weather there was a much larger attendance on the second evening. Mrs. Krekel spoke on "Natural Morality Superior to Theological Restraint." S. P. Putnam followed with a speech upon organization and the Sunday question. So much interest was aroused that it was determined to have another lecture by Mrs. Krekel on Thursday evening.

These were the most successful Freethought meetings ever held in Livermore. Mrs. W. Jordan and Miss E. B. Pitney furnished delightful music for the occasion, which was received with enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Charles Ginger and other ladies decorated the hall with beautiful flowers.

Since last year John Bating has died, a soldier of the German

war and a staunch Freethinker. Mrs. John Bating kindly entertained the Secular Pilgrim. The generous hospitality of Mrs. W. Jordan was extended to the lady lecturer. Thanks are due E. G. Brand, Theodore Gorner, George Bastian, M. S. Palmer, and others for kindly attentions. The country about Livermore is in splendid condition. There is promise of a fine harvest. The Liberals of this place believe in the future of Freethought and are ready for the work.

S. P. P.

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The organization of the Freethought Publishing Company is another step, to which nearly two hundred persons have contributed to a greater or less extent. The Company is incorporated and is selling shares at \$5 each. There should be a great many more shareholders than there now are—five to one—for the more shareholders the more interest in the enterprise. The capital stock of the Company is \$20,000. Until that amount shall have been disposed of it is hoped that assessments will be avoided, and then they will be unnecessary, since the paid-in capital would place the business on an assured basis.

The directors invite every Liberal to become a stockholder in this Company.

AN INFAMOUS SENTENCE.

A legal crime that calls loudly for reparation has recently been committed at Topeka, Kansas. For publishing a letter from a correspondent, the editor of "Lucifer" has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of three hundred dollars. The history of judicial tyranny hardly recites a greater outrage than this. Compared with the enormity of the sentence, the offense charged sinks wholly from sight, or appears almost as a virtue. Nothing that could be put upon paper, except the signature of the judge to the sentence, could merit such punishment.

If the Markland letter was unfit for publication, and if in printing it an offense was committed against the people of the United States and their dignity, "ten dollars or ten days" might have been imposed and the case dropped. Such a sentence would have discouraged the publication of more matter of the same kind. It would still have been an injustice, because the publication complained of was not obscene; but it would have spared the world the spectacle of a United States court degraded to the level of the Spanish Inquisition and disgraced by the perpetration of inhuman cruelty.

Judge Foster, who inflicted the sentence, is not fit to sit upon the bench and administer the law. He has no appreciation of human rights. He does not know the difference between crime and virtue. Placed in office to punish criminals, he passes an infamous sentence upon a man whose life is devoted to eradicating crime. Judge Foster cannot show, and none of the witnesses claimed, that Moses Harman ever injured any human being. There was no complainant, except that artificial creature,

the government, represented by a creature of Anthony Comstock. An offense was charged—but an offense against who or what? It was not shown that Moses Harman's "crime" had any victim or any object. In the "opinion" of somebody or other such publication *might* tend to injure, in some undefined way, some person into whose hands it was likely to fall. On these supposititious grounds an indictment was found by that relic of the Star Chamber, a grand jury, a conviction reached by twelve men laboring under superstitious reverence for law just or unjust, and sentence passed by a Jack-the-Ripper in ermine.

We have, then, a man guilty of no crime, and of no fault except that of indiscretion, convicted, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and burdened with a fine which he is unable to pay. There can be no new trial, since the judge has overruled that motion. The case may be appealed, but meanwhile the victim is in jail and wearing a felon's garb. Liberty is crushed to earth, and the whole weight of the governmental incubus is employed to keep her from rising. It is a most shameful state of affairs to exist in a country called civilized.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

The appended letter, published in the Bandon, Or., "Recorder," is self-explanatory, but it may be proper to say that Mr. J. D. Garfield, of Marshfield, candidate for representative to the Oregon legislature, is the man against whom the Rev. Mr. Deric's remarks were directed:

"REV. MR. DERIC, *Dear Sir*: I have learned, from a reliable source, that you, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., in the German Baptist church at Myrtle Point, in a sermon you then delivered, made the following assertion: 'There is a man now running for office in the county who said a few days ago that when he dies he does not want any praying preachers around his bedside. I shall not vote for that man, and I advise all Christians not to vote for him.'

"This implies that the candidate in question either has no right to publicly announce his desires of his own deathbed, or having expressed himself relative thereto, he is not entitled to the suffrages of Christians.

"I believe that you do not voice the sentiments of consistent Christians in this matter, and made the assertion without considering its injustice and its consequences. Religion is not a qualification for office, yet you are using the pulpit of other churches than your own, and making it a public issue. It may probably be with your own church. You are using your influence as a minister to prejudice those susceptible against certain candidates, and for no other reason than a difference in religious convictions. Self-preservation and devotion to principle forbid us to overlook this injustice, and unless you publicly announce to the contrary, and make some apology, we must under the circumstances consider this an issue, and regret that it has been forced upon us, although we do not fear the result.

J. HENRY SCHROEDER,

"President of the Coquille Secular Union. Arago, April 25, 1890."

THAT BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Three weeks ago FREETHOUGHT published a communication from "A Stockholder" proposing a plan for increasing the circulation of the paper and extending the usefulness of its work. As there may be some who have not read this proposition, we here reproduce its most important portion:

"I move, then, Messrs. Editors and Shareholders in the Freethought Publishing Company—and this is the substance of my proposition—that, beginning with the month of May, every one of these two hundred good men and true women pledge himself or herself to forward to the office of FREETHOUGHT, *on the first of every month*, the name and address of a new six months' subscriber, accompanied with one dollar to pay for the subscription. No matter, friends, if the dollar does come out of your own pocket, though if you can collect it from the subscriber, so much the

better; but send the name and the dollar anyway, and *do it every thirty days*. There is sure to be among your acquaintances one person for every month of the year who ought to read the paper. All your public officials—every member of Congress, all representatives, senators, mayors, and supervisors should receive it weekly; also your local clergymen and district school-teachers.

"In this way you will increase the circulation of our paper, which is *your* paper, two *hundred per month*; and almost before you know it FREETHOUGHT will have a larger circulation than any other weekly journal on the Coast. Its advertising columns will command a remunerative price; the sale of books will grow in proportion, and the opinions of our contributors will be regarded as worth quoting. In three or four years the property of the Freethought Publishing Company will be valued at ten thousand dollars, and your shares of stock, with a face value of five dollars, will be worth more than a government bond of the same denomination.

"Now, let the Secretary hear from every shareholder, including the Directors. Exempt none from the performance of this duty. Within one month two hundred new names should be on the list of FREETHOUGHT; and this should be repeated every month for five years."

Realizing that there may be some whose means will not admit of their making this investment, "A Stockholder" provides that others with more means may do twice as much.

This, as all must see, is a plain business proposition, that a paper having the circulation which FREETHOUGHT would acquire by the plan outlined must become valuable property worth every dollar invested, and yielding good returns. In another light, the enterprise would be equally successful; that is, it would do a missionary work among those now not sufficiently interested to subscribe.

We are glad to report that several stockholders have responded, indorsing the plan, and that none oppose it. What we need, however, is to hear from all who hold certificates of stock in the Company. A half dozen, or a score, or three score, cannot fulfill the conditions of the enterprise. Besides, if they could it would not be fair, as those who are to share the profit will want to be sharers of the investment that is to insure it. It is necessary that all bear a hand—that the scheme be voted upon by every stockholder; so that it may be either carried or abandoned. Why should not the verdict be rendered at once, and favorably?

"The recent occurrences in Wisconsin," says the New York "Journal of Commerce," "have given us some hope that a wise and thoughtful people everywhere will come to see that a state without a church cannot undertake the education of its children from the public funds." We see no reason for such a conclusion. State schools in America have been successfully conducted for a century without a recognized state church, and statistics show that our so-called "godless" schools produce a better class of citizens than the schools under religious control. If taxing all alike for the benefit of secular schools is found to be unjust, the tax might be abolished and the schools supported by voluntary contributions; but the matter would be made a hundred times worse by taxing the unbeliever to pay for the teaching of what he regards as superstition. The real reason why the church objects to public schools is because she is not in favor of popular education, which is the great enemy of credulity. Religion taught in the schools and attendance made compulsory would be exactly equivalent to enforced attendance upon religious service. If the "Journal of Commerce" is ready for that step it is ready for a religious despotism.

At the Episcopal convention in this city last week, says an

evening paper, "a committee consisting of the Revs. Miel and Emery, Mr. Highton and Judge Stoney, was appointed to secure the amendment of the state laws so that they would not conflict with the church canons." The nature of the state laws that conflict with the church canons was not made public, but an ecclesiastical lobby at Sacramento cannot but be regarded as an undesirable institution.

THE Rev. Thomas Chalmers Easton, of the Calvary Presbyterian church, preached last Sunday on the subject of mediums. He thought the "civil law" should be employed to suppress Spiritualism. Just so, Mr. Easton; if any person disagrees with you, put him in jail. You will find it much easier than answering him, especially if that person be Mr. Moses Hull, who is just aching to debate with you on Bible Spiritualism.

In spite of Gladstone's faith in the "rock of Genesis," he does not believe in government support of religion. He has recently supported the motion of Mr. Cameron in the House of Commons to disestablish and disendow the church of England. The motion was rejected by a vote of 256 to 218.

THE school committee of Providence, R. I., has decided to banish the Bible and devotional exercises from the city schools. Whether the committee is controlled by Secular or Catholic principles is not stated, but either way it is a move in the right direction.

ATTENTION of subscribers in arrears is urgently directed to the date upon the wrapper of their paper; also to the notices which we have sent out. Renewals are always in order.

OUR patrons are reminded that job printing is done at this office. If you can't call, drop us a card and your orders will be filled.

OBSERVATIONS.

Vice-President Eastman shaped the course of events at the meeting of the Freethought Society last Sunday night, and, after a beautiful song by Miss Ballou, introduced the speaker of the evening, Mattie P. Krekel, with an elegant speech. Mrs. Krekel had spoken during the afternoon at Oakland to a small and select audience, but lacked none of her accustomed vigor on that account.

Mrs. Krekel's subject was "The Religion and the Church of the Future." Protestantism, she said, had lost all of those attributes which were supposed to lie at the foundation of a church, and was clothing the skeleton of ecclesiasticism with the habiliments of Rationalism. It admitted human reason into the arena of religion, and its days were numbered. The Catholic church, on the other hand, still maintained the carnality of reason and claimed supreme authority over the human mind; but as Thomas Paine said, the throne and altar derived support from each other, and when the divine right of kings began to be questioned, the authority of the pope was also brought into the discussion. People were beginning to see that priestcraft was as indefensible as kingcraft, and that religious liberty was as much an inalienable right as political liberty. What Rationalism was doing for the Protestant church rebellion against authority was doing for the Catholic church, and both churches must go, to be replaced by the religion and the church of the future, whose creed would have three articles: Health, happiness, and morality. Mrs. Krekel closed with a well-wrought peroration.

When the floor was opened for discussion, Mr. Thomas Curtis took occasion to say on behalf of the Freethought Society, that all present wished the eloquent advocate the most unbounded success in her Liberal work.

Mrs. Ballou, following, wished to echo the grand words spoken by the lecturer. It was woman mentally enslaved that kept the

church alive, and woman emancipated was the hope and strength of Freethought.

Mr. Geo. Cummings observed that he had missed the presence of our distinguished friend, Patrick Healy. He would therefore endeavor to take Mr. Healy's place. In pursuance of this object, Mr. Cummings declared that Martin Luther did more harm than good, because in his day hell was not regarded as a terror, since the church was selling indulgences cheap whereby the penalties of sin could be evaded. Luther opposed indulgences and rehabilitated hades. Mr. Cummings went on to say that this country would not be free while the Chinese were subjected to a tyranny worse than the negro ever suffered, and that though we had no standing armies, we were paying in pensions money enough to maintain all the armies of Germany. Mr. Cummings also made other remarks.

Mrs. Krekel closed the discussion with a plea for the political equality of women, which she believed would lead to their mental independence.

Alfred Cridge is the speaker for next Sunday evening, his subject being "The Relativity of Reforms."

I am informed that Mr. H. Tintrop contemplates taking legal measures against the writer of "Observations" for exposing his plagiarism of a well-known German poem, which Mr. Tintrop translated and published as his own under the title of "Mankind." Without denying that "Mankind" is identical in thought and expression with "Verzweifelung," Mr. Tintrop affirms that it is not a plagiarism. He argues thus: There is nothing new under the sun. There are no original thinkers, and thought is common property. Therefore he had a right to use the German poet's ideas. The charge of employing another's language Mr. Tintrop dismisses still more lightly, for, he says, "Verzweifelung" is in German, while "Mankind" is in English, and how could the language of the one be the language of the other? Avaunt, avast, go to! says Mr. Tintrop; and I am left without a peg whereon to hang my hat. If the outraged author could make a jury see the case as I now see it, there is no doubt that I should be found guilty and condemned to write "Observations" during the term of my natural life.

If Mr. B. R. Tucker continues to develop the attribute of prudence after the promising fashion revealed by the last issue of "Liberty," his motto will need to be qualified somewhat as follows:

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay me will I trust in thee,
Except as hereinafter mentioned and set forth.

ARGUMENT.

It is questionable whether determined and cool-headed men who are pushing a plan of campaign which they think the only one likely to succeed are called upon to endanger that plan of campaign and therefore their cause by sallying forth to the aid of every rash comrade who precipitates an ill-timed and misplaced conflict.

Mr. Tucker is plainly right; but his motto is wrong. When Liberty slays those who trust in her, it shows that she is a fickle goddess and unworthy of confidence. But liberty is not in the slaying business; it is tyranny that does the killing. Better live to fight for liberty and against tyranny than die a premature death, however glorious.

Here is a gem from the Golden Gate. It is supposed to be a portion of the late argument between Messrs. Putnam and Hull:

HISTORY OR OPINION?—Samuel P. Putnam: Oh, that don't prove anything—that's only history, and what is history but man's opinion. Gibbon's "History of England" is only Gibbon's opinion of it. He did not know anything about it.

Moses Hull: Well, perhaps it isn't true, then, that we whipped England.

In endeavoring to make his hearers recognize the difference between scientific knowledge and the opinions of scientific men, Mr. Putnam instanced the fact that history is not science, which he illustrated by saying that Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" could be admitted only as Gibbon's opinion about the said decline and fall. At that time Mr. Putnam had not heard of Gibbon's "History of England," wherein it is re-

lated that "we whipped England;" so I feel bound in duty to correct the Golden Gate and to inform the fly young man who is conducting it in the absence of an editor, that he is mistaken. Mr. Gibbon omitted to write his "History of England" while in the flesh, and if he has atoned for that oversight since his death, Mr. Hull might have made a strong point by producing it when Mr. Putnam asked what the spirits had ever added of value to the literature of this world. The Golden Gate's "History of England," by Gibbon, should be in everybody's library, side by side with Mr. Wegg's "Decline and Fall Off."

I seldom make a pun, because it is hard to think of them, and then they do not always convey the exact truth. Otherwise I might say that at the close of the debate Samuel had left Moses Hulldown in the distance.

The "Evening Report" finds fault with these lines from Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead:"

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

The writer in the "Report" declares that when soldiers have spread their tents they are not bivouacking, since to bivouac is to pass the night in the open air. This is what I call hyper-criticism. The poet's evident meaning when he uses the word bivouac is that the warriors are bivouacking through the night of death, awaiting the last reveille, which, in poetry, is an admissible fiction. The "Report" should have reserved its strictures for the first two lines of the eighth stanza:

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—

Here the critic might have urged that since no norther or other person ever takes Angostura plain, but employs it for flavoring less concentrated fluids, the idea of the breath sweeping over it undiluted is a capital error. In this way the "Report" might at least have shown originality, the criticism which it makes being almost as old as the poem itself, and efficiently met in the May number of the "Century" by Robert Burns Wilson.

The case of the Rev. Dr. Stratton, who has resigned the presidency of Mills College under the charge of having committed a kiss upon the person of a female subordinate, is leading to extraordinary ramifications. Dr. Stratton, it is understood, admits the fact that a kiss took place, the only question being as to its character. The specific osculation which precipitated the trouble is alleged to have occurred after the recipient had retired for the night, and is not claimed to have differed essentially from the ordinary article; but the young lady stoutly avers that it was accompanied by embraces administered in such a way as to leave no doubt of some ulterior intention. The embrace and the intention are what Dr. Stratton denies. It seems that the complainant was practically a member of the clergyman's family, and on grounds of great familiarity with its members. On retiring she was in the habit of kissing Mrs. Stratton, and also Dr. Stratton, of course with his consent and the acquiescence of Mrs. S. The room occupied by complainant contained a telephone, which President Stratton had frequent occasion to consult. It was ostensibly for this purpose that he entered the room on the night in question. The apartment is said to have been insufficiently lighted, and this fact, added to the absent-mindedness which is known to accompany great genius and to result from habits of pious abstraction, may have caused the reverend gentleman to mistake the young lady's face for the telephone. Hence the contact; and the movement interpreted as undue familiarity might have resulted from a well-meant attempt on the clergyman's part to ring up the central office. If Dr. Stratton would advance this plea instead of seeking to prove an *alibi* or demanding an investigation, his vindication would be triumphant.

If money when raised is to be applied according to the dictation and the religious wishes of those who believe in the Bible and religious instruction, then justice demands that it shall be raised by taxation only upon those persons.—American Sentinel.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

This is the tenth week of the San Francisco ironmolders' strike, and there is no change in the situation.—Robert Willis, the evangelist who has been in the habit of preaching to the inmates of the county jail, is charged by his wife with extreme cruelty and conspiracy to have her committed to the insane asylum.—Numerous sites for the new San Francisco post-office are reported in the papers, but the reports are not verified by the commission. A possible location for the building is Howard and Second sts., two blocks from FREETHOUGHT office.—The Rev. Mr. Hyde, Protestant missionary at Honolulu, declares that the leprosy of Father Damien, the Catholic missionary, was due to his vices and personal uncleanness. Robert Louis Stevenson has written a letter contradicting the Rev. Mr. Hyde.—The Senate has agreed to the action of the House respecting the bill extending the appropriation for the erection of a public building at Sacramento to \$300,000.—The ordinance recently introduced by Supervisor Bingham and finally passed by the board of supervisors providing that "it shall be unlawful for any Chinese to locate, reside, or carry on business within the limits of the city and county of San Francisco, except within the district bounded by Kentucky street, First avenue, I street, Seventh avenue, and Railroad avenue," will go into operation Saturday, May 17. Chief Crowley of the police says that the ordinance will certainly be enforced.

Superintendent Porter has sent an important order to all supervisors of the census, in which he says: "It has been brought to the attention of the superintendent of the census that city councils and boards of trade of certain Western cities have appropriated sums to aid their census supervisors in enumerating the population. While it may be urged by some that such proceeding is legitimate and merely to help the government to obtain a fair and full enumeration, I am compelled to look upon it as an almost irresistible temptation to fraud, and will consequently endanger an honest count of the people."—The municipal officers of Edgerton, Kan., all of whom are women, threaten to resign because the men refuse to carry out measures which they recommend.—George Francis Train, who left Tacoma recently on a trip around the world, has embarked from London for New York. If nothing unforeseen happens to him he will beat all previous records.—A tornado tore through the city of Akron, O., last week, demolishing seventy-five buildings and injuring many persons.—Vaccination at sea has been declared by a number of New York doctors as more dangerous than smallpox, and Cunard passengers who claim that they are suffering from blood poisoning in consequence of being vaccinated on ship-board have brought suits against the great steamship line.—The poorhouse at Utica, N. Y., burned last week and a score of inmates perished in the flames.—One hundred lunatics lost their lives in the burning of the insane asylum at Longue Pointe, Can.—Miss Mary Frances Cusick, the "Nun of Kenmare," who left the Catholic church some time ago, is now held up in the light of a fraud. She collected money at Pittsburg, Pa., for a book, and then disappeared.—Ex-Priest Martin, of Montreal, who became a Protestant in order to marry, has deserted his wife and children, leaving them destitute, and returned to the Catholic church.

ETERNAL LIFE.

My Christian friend, the visions of prophet and saint are but distorted shadows of the real—the wild morning-dream of a mind that is not awakened to the truth. They knew not what they said, and we are deceived by their language. God did not make the world in six days, and the mornings and the evenings of the first days were neither mornings nor evenings. He did not go before Israel in a pillar of fire, and the sun and the moon did not stand still on the day when the Lord fought for Israel. God is not the monster of Christian theology, and heaven is not a place of persons and things, but something grander than that. It is not probable that we will exist as personal beings after death, and after all it is not desirable. Surely no true soul could enjoy a heaven with his brother in the fires of hell. My friend, if we have pure hearts we will not wish to meet those we love in the

palace of a tyrant who is ever clamoring for honor and praise, but we will rejoice in the thought that when death comes our personality dissolves and we unite in the great being, to mingle forever and forever as elements in the universal body.

Surely it is not reasonable to think we can live a personal life beyond the grave, for even in this life we are not absolute individuals. This collection of force and matter that makes up each of us is like a wave of water and the wind that drives it. The wave moves onward, not as the same mass of water, nor is it pressed onward by the same mass of air, the water changes for every wave length, and as the particles of air that move faster than the water disappear their work is taken up by others, and these are followed by others still; thus the wave goes on, being a manifestation of a life that is universal and not individual.

My individuality is but a wave, and my life but a wave motion. My body crumbles away every day, and is created anew every day; my soul grows, changes, and is "born anew." I have not the same body, I have not the same spirit I had when a child. I am not an absolute individual. My individuality is a storm-driven wave on the sea of life, and when the storm ceases to rage I pass away to unite more fully with the great whole from which I have come, in which we, indeed, "live and move and have our being," and to which all things belong, forever and ever.

O person-worshiping dogmatist, there is a grander life than an eternal existence of self—it is universal life. And in recognizing and fully grasping this truth we break the chains that hold us prisoners in superstition, and we are left free to run the race that leads to the good of all, for in truth is universal salvation.

My spiritual friend, your hopes may be grand, may have some beauty about them; your imagination may kindle hopes, and hope may grow into an abiding faith that will give you strength in the battle of life and cheer you on the pilgrimage from cradle to grave, but it will never make up for the evil consequences of a belief which is contrary to the evidence before you, nor can it save you from dissolution. Your little individual wave shall not go on forever—on yonder rocks of death it shall break and disappear; you shall throw off the individual and put on the infinite.

If I cannot feel any sentiment toward life beyond the personal, if I cannot see beyond my little self a great whole, and if I cannot in the consciousness of universal life find peace for my soul, it is because I have thought wrongly till my conceptions of life are unnatural, or because from my father I inherited abnormal tendencies, or my mind was perverted while I was yet in my mother's womb, or because in my cradle I was lulled to sleep with songs of superstition that made my soul giddy, "for it is but the weakness of mine eyes that shapes this monstrous apparition." O. L. C.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS OF WASHINGTON.

Art. I., Sec. 2, of the Constitution of the state of Washington reads: "No public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious worship, exercise or instruction, or the support of any religious establishment."

Many Liberals supposed that ended Bible-reading and prayers in our public schools. I have been grieved to find this is not so. My severe sickness has sadly hindered the work of our state organization, and now with our forces scattered, all unprepared, the battle is forced upon us.

Last February I visited Lynden, Whatcom county. The weather was intensely severe, yet I secured thirteen names to the Washington Secular Union; and they elected Mr. C. M. Tobiasen, a most highly respected citizen, as their vice-president of the state society. I also organized a local Union. Mr. Tobiasen writes me under date of April 28:

"The Lynden Secular Union is in a flourishing condition, and the members are determined to make a success of it. We have twenty-one members, and several others will join soon. We have had poor success in securing a hall; have been holding our meetings in a store building. But we intend to build a hall by next fall. Mr. Brown and Mr. Delander visited the public school some time ago, and reported to the society that the teachers read the Bible every morning, and then the school repeated the Lord's prayer, after which a gospel hymn was sung. The society de-

cided that I should speak to the directors about it, which I did; they wanted time to consider what they would do about it, which was granted them. They informed me to-day that they would not have the religious exercises and instruction in the public school stopped, and that if I could stop it, to go ahead and do so. It has been decided by the Lynden Secular Union that I report the facts to you for action by the state society."

Thus the issue is forced upon us, and must be met by immediate energetic action, or all the time, means, and labor expended to secure the bill of rights in our state constitution is worse than lost, and we are delivered, bound hand and foot, into the power of the priesthood; our public schools, the bulwarks of our American independence, doomed. The one only hope to save them is to insist on obedience to the letter and spirit of the law, and thus defeat the bigots and fanatics.

Our public schools are for the benefit of all, and their perpetuity depends on keeping them free from all religious worship, exercise, or instruction.

Those who desire to instill Christianity, Mormonism, Buddhism, or any other religion, in the minds of their children have full privilege to do so in their homes, their places of public worship, and Sunday-schools. But our public schools are sacred to the one purpose of affording to all children who attend secular education, fitting them for the discharge of duties of this life as good citizens.

Deeds, not words, must now decide. We cannot go into court without funds to pay legal fees, prepare briefs, retain able counsel, etc. The superior court may decide against us. We must be prepared for all and every emergency, expect the most bitter and powerful opposition, and be fully prepared to appeal or follow the case to the supreme court.

Not alone every principle of right and justice, but the law is plain and unequivocally on our side; yet we have a subtle, wealthy, powerful foe, and shall have a severe struggle. We need at once to raise a fund of \$1000. To take any action without being backed by moral and financial support ample and sufficient to insure success would only be to add humiliation to disaster—to court defeat.

The cause at Lynden is your cause, the cause of every Liberal in the entire state, for once the supreme court decision is obtained, all religious exercises or instruction in the public schools of this state end forever. Here is indeed especial emergency. Our hope is in the generous and immediate contributions of those devoted to right and justice. Give as you would if it was your children who were forced to take part in religious worship at school every day, and urge all friends who love liberty and hope for the future of our country to do likewise.

The funds contributed will be reserved as the Defense Fund, and not one dollar of it to be applied to or expended for any other purpose. A full account of all sums received, and an itemized account of all expenditures, will be published in FREETHOUGHT. The board of directors are anxiously awaiting your response.

C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. Wash. Sec. Union,
2104 Sixth street, Seattle, Wash.

COMMENTS ON THE DAWES AND CAMPBELL DEBATE.

II.

Campbell kept asking, Why don't Infidels go to pagan lands and educate their children? Well, we, in the first place, do not have to, and secondly, if we Infidels did leave the Christians to themselves, their civilizations would soon be a thing of the past. History would repeat itself. The result would be the same as when the Moors were expelled from Spain. Christian countries would undergo retrogression from civilization to Christian barbarism. Campbell challenged Infidels to show a single passage in the Bible that ever caused the death of a human being. If he will look through Numbers he will find this: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." That sentence was authority for putting to death millions of innocent beings, and no one can deny that the Bible was used by judges at witch trials as authority. Will Campbell deny this? A divine book would rather have taught that a witch does not exist.

Another statement in Campbell's book is, "American Infidel-

ity has but one representative, and he shuns the light of oral discussion." Dawes, in reply, stated that Infidelity has hundreds of representatives, and he was not aware of any of them being afraid of discussion, that he was a representative and he courted discussion. Dawes cast the mantle of charity over this statement by saying that he supposed that when Mr. Campbell wrote that he was not aware that he was mistaken. Campbell did not refer to that in his reply.

In Campbell's book he denies that there is any contradiction between Exodus xxxiii, 11: "The Lord spake unto Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh unto a friend;" and 1 Timothy vi, 16, "and who no man hath seen or can see." Dawes quoted other passages to prove that Moses not only spoke to God face to face, but that he had seen God face to face.

Campbell, in reply, asked, "Did you not, sir, speak to a friend face to face in the dark without seeing him?" Also, that it was God's similitude or representative angel that was seen on those occasions, but with all his artful dodging, the fact remains that the Bible distinctly states that God had been seen face to face, also his back parts.

The similitude statement is as thin as Talmage's statement that God made or created the world out of his omnipotence. Campbell should see to it that when the next revision of the Bible is made, to have the word dark inserted in Exodus xxxiii, 11. Dark would make the meaning light.

Again, in Campbell's book, he denies that God rested and was refreshed, as stated in Genesis ii, 2. It did not mean that God was weary and rested and was refreshed. It was a ridiculous idea that God had to be refreshed. Of course, Infidels agreed with that latter statement. The Bible distinctly states that God rested from his labor and was refreshed, and Campbell sophistically endeavored to compare God's resting to a lawyer when he rests a case. No one but a preacher can see an honest illustration in the comparison. The only comparison I can see is this: A lawyer rests his case, and the opposing lawyer takes it up; and when God rested his case, his opponent, the devil, took up the case, and, according to theology, the devil won the case. Campbell occupied fifteen minutes' time at one time, in replying to something that Dawes did not say, and he signally failed to answer that; he got off on a tangent on immortality. He said that Infidels claimed that immortality was believed in before the Christian era. Campbell did not controvert this, but claimed that it remained for Christ to prove immortality by his resurrection. Here Campbell resorts to his favorite method of meeting a difficulty by making unproven assumptions, making deductions from unsound premises.

The fact is, Christ is not a historical personage, and if Mr. Campbell ever has occasion to prove upon the platform that Christ ever existed, he would find himself involved in a difficulty, from which he could not extricate himself. Christ's existence was disputed at the very time that he is said to have lived. Paul and Barnabas had a bitter quarrel over the crucifixion. Barnabas claimed that Christ was not crucified. Irenæus, in the latter part of the second century, taught that the ministry of Christ lasted twenty years, and that he died at the age of fifty years. The Gnostics were a Christian sect that flourished for the first two hundred years of the Christian era. They denied the corporeal existence of Christ. They believed he existed only as a spirit. Other sects denied his crucifixion and resurrection. There is no evidence to prove that Christ existed or that he was resurrected. Therefore Campbell's deductions from his assumptions have no weight.

Campbell in a dogmatic manner asked the question, Where did the word "immortality" come from if not from the Bible, which teaches an immortal soul? When Campbell has read his Bible more thoroughly with his eyes open he will learn that in the Greek and Hebrew scriptures the words soul and spirit are mentioned sixteen hundred times, but I challenge him to produce the phrase "immortal soul" or "never-dying soul" in the Bible. In fact, the Bible does not teach immortality, and I can prove my position by the testimony of the ablest of divines. I will quote a few:

"The immortality of the soul is supposed or taken for granted rather than revealed in the Bible."—Bishop Tillotson.

"No such doctrine is revealed in the Bible."—Archbishop Whateley.

"The immortality of the soul is not found in the Bible; it is of human origin, but of ancient date—before the Old Testament was published."—Rev. T. Hall.

It is of pagan origin. Plato and other pagan philosophers taught the immortality of the soul, and there is not a dogma, rite, or ceremony in Christianity but what was taught and practiced by pagans hundreds of years before Christ.

The story of Christ was borrowed from paganism. There had been many crucified Christs or saviors hundreds of years before the Christian era who were born of virgin mothers, performed miracles, raised the dead, cured the blind, etc. They were crucified, buried, and resurrected on the third day. Will Mr. Campbell controvert this fact? He cannot do it. Evidence of this fact—pagan saviors—can be taken from the writings of the early Christian fathers, without seeking the undisputed testimony of pagan literature, and other testimony. Space forbids, or I would quote an overwhelming amount of testimony; but any one conversant with the writings of the fathers requires no further proof.

Mr. Dawes showed that the most Christian countries, Russia, Abyssinia, and Spain, produced no great men of science; while countries where Freethought was prevalent, Germany, England, France, and America, produced the Darwins, Huxleys, and other great scientific men. Campbell discreetly failed to notice this point.

Campbell loudly demanded why the Infidels attacked his book. He then proceeded to answer his own question by saying: "My book hit the Infidels hard; it touched them in a soft spot." No, my dear sir, you have answered even your own question wrong. The reason that the Infidel objected to your book was on account of its false statements—statements that you could not support and did not support before the Infidel Dawes, and statements you were requested and did not attempt to substantiate before Underwood, and statements you cannot substantiate in either a written or oral discussion; statements you know you cannot prove.

Again, Campbell complained that the Infidels were trying to suppress his book. That is not true. Whenever he publishes a book that attacks any sect or party he must expect to get hit back. Just as long as he misrepresents Infidels, just so long will he find Infidels who will defend themselves.

In conclusion I will say that personally I regard Mr. Campbell as a friend. He is an industrious, hard-working man, a good neighbor, and a good-hearted, affable gentleman. In this review of the discussion I do not think I have misstated any of his statements. If I have, then he will find an opportunity to correct me, as Freethought papers publish both sides—something that cannot be credited to religious papers, which only publish one side. Freethought lecturers speak upon a free platform and are always ready for and invite discussion—something ministers will not do in their churches.

W. C. CLOW.

Hillsboro, Or.

THE ANCIENT HEBREW LANGUAGE.

"In 1506, at the early dawn of the reformation, John Reuchlin compiled the first dictionary and grammar of any real value (of the Hebrew language), excepting such as had at an earlier period been composed by the Jewish grammarians."—Henry Craik, in Eccl. Mag., April, 1861.

"The vowel points are not very ancient."—Christian Spectator, 1821, vol. iii, p. 236.

"The most sacred copies of the scriptures, which the Jews deposit in their synagogues, are and ever have been without points."—Ibid, p. 237.

"The Old Testament is the only work which remains in the ancient Hebrew, nor have we anything like a lexicon or glossary, composed while it was yet a living language."—Bishop Marsh's Lectures, No. 14.

Godfrey Higgins says: "I am quite certain that I shall be able to show, to prove, that every letter of the Hebrew language has four and probably five meanings." Le Clerc affirms in his Sen-

tium, p. 156, that "the learned merely guess at the sense of the Old Testament in an infinity of places, which produces a prodigious number of discordant interpretations."

St. Jerome says, in his commentary on the fortieth chapter of Ezekiel, that "when we translate Hebrew into Latin we are sometimes guided by conjecture."

"Noah's Ark.—Our version says it was made of gopher wood. Oukelhos translates it as being made of cedar. Castellus says it was juniper. The Arabic commentators declare that it was box-wood. The Persians say it was pine wood. The celebrated Borchart affirms that it was ebony; and Dr. Geddes affirms that it was wicker work, while Dawson says it was made out of bull-rushes daubed with slime."—Cooper's Infidel Text Book, p. 14.

"Vowel points were not invented before the second century. The present Hebrew letters are later than the Christian era."—Giles's Hebrew and Christian Records, p. 107.

"Freethinkers are often criticised for using the phrase, 'the Christian superstition,' when referring to what is commonly known as the Christian religion. But what is the difference, except, as has been said, that religion is superstition in fashion, and superstition is religion out of fashion? The Christian religion has gone out of fashion so far as Freethinkers are concerned, and it is therefore quite proper, under the definition, to refer to it as superstition. But can Christian scholars themselves distinguish between the two? To show that they cannot so distinguish, note the various translations of Acts xvii, 22. The common version has it:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too *superstitious*."

"The Unitarian version gives this rendering:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are exceedingly addicted to the *worship of demons*."

"Archbishop Newcomb thought it should read thus;

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are somewhat too *religious*."

"And the eminent theologian, Dr. Lardner, translates the text as follows:

"Paul, therefore, standing up in the midst of the Areopagus, said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are in all things *very religious*."

"If Paul's language was as indefinite as the translations of it, it is no wonder that the men of Athens did not understand him and told him they would see him later. As Robert Taylor observed, 'these various translators discovered more than they meant to, namely, that religion and superstition are convertible terms.'"—FREETHOUGHT.

W. S. BELL.

THE London Freethinker has this paragraph in its "Acid Drops: "We wish Mr. Chainey no harm. He is not a dangerous lunatic, and a Freethinker might say to him, as Uncle Toby said to the fly, 'Surely the world is wide enough for thee and me.' But we regret to hear that he is being recommended as a lecturer to the N. S. S. branches. Of course the branches will do as they please. There is no authority over their choice of lecturers. But a great many Freethinkers will object to our platform being turned into a refuge for cranks, and protest that we do not seek for truth so minutely as to search for it in asylums."

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Benicia, Cal.....	May 18	Fox.....	July 10, 21, 22
Ft. Jones.....	May 20, 21	John Day.....	July 24
Linkville, Or... May 23, 24, 25, 26		Prairie City.....	July 25
Talent.....	May 29, 30	Baker City.....	July 27, 28, 29
Ashland.....	June 1	Union.....	July 30
Shedd.....	June 3, 4	Summerville.....	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Brownville and Coburg..	June 5 to 8	Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11
Grey's River.....	June 11 to 18	Rosalia.....	Aug. 13
Portland.....	June 23	Plaza.....	Aug. 14
Cascades, Wash.....	June 24, 25	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Fossil, Or.....	June 29	Spokane Falls.....	Aug. 17
Lost Valley.....	July 1	Davenport.....	Aug. 18, 19
Wagner.....	July 2, 3, 4	Buckley.....	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Prineville and vicinity..	July 7 to 16	Tacoma.....	Aug. 25
Monument.....	July 18	Port Townsend.....	Aug. 31
Hamilton.....	July 19		

ECCLESIASTICAL VIEWS AND PRACTICE AS TO THE OATH.

II.

Under the Roman code many crimes and injuries were punished by fines paid by the accused persons to the relatives of the person slain or injured. The same principle was embodied in the Christian Anglo-Saxon codes. When the person accused was allowed to deny the charge by his single oath, the relatives of the party slain or owner of the property stolen felt unwilling to be deprived of the legal price due them by the simple oath of the defendant, which might be false. Hence the system of purgation was adopted and the accused required to produce witnesses to swear that they believed his oath to be true—not to swear to facts. This system existed from Southern Italy to Scotland. The church sanctioned it, and demanded that Christians should be allowed to purge themselves by witnesses of the same class with the principal. This was conceded by Charlemagne, who tried Pope Leo III. on a grave charge, and no witness appearing to accuse the pope, he was allowed to clear himself by taking the oath of denial in company with twelve priests or compurgators. Three years afterwards the emperor decreed that in all doubtful cases priests should defend themselves with three, five, or seven compurgators, and this was done with the full consent of the church. In 823, Pope Pascal I., suspected of murder, purged himself by an oath taken with a number of bishops as compurgators.

In the tenth century the people refused to be satisfied with the single oath of a priest accused of crime, and compurgators were required. To save themselves from the ordeal compurgation was adopted as the mode of trial for church members, and was recognized as such in the ecclesiastical canons and writings of ecclesiastical jurists.

In all codes the number of compurgators varied, a large number being required in cases of murder. In 584, when Chilperic I. was assassinated, the legitimacy of his son Clotair was impeached, and Queen Fredegonda appeared at the altar with three bishops and three hundred nobles, who all swore with her as to the legitimacy of the prince, which settled all doubts upon the subject. In 899 Queen Ita in Germany purged herself of an accusation of infidelity by taking a purgatorial oath with eighty-two nobles. In 824 a dispute between the Bishop of Worcester and the Abbey of Berkely was settled by the oath of the bishop supported by fifty mass-priests, ten deacons, and one hundred and fifty other ecclesiastics. In Wales, privy to homicide was divided into three triads or nine grades of guilt. To establish a denial the first triad called for one hundred raitmen or compurgators; the second triad for two hundred; the third triad for three hundred; and for killing with savage violence or by poisoning, six hundred were necessary. The oaths of three hundred of their kindred were required to deny murder, blood, and wound, and there was no possibility of finding them except through the tribal relations which treated the tribe as one family.

The Danish laws of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries required the compurgators to be of his kindred, except when the accused person was allowed to produce twelve other men of good character.

The early Salic law specified that the number of compurgators should be twenty-five chosen equally by both parties. In 803, Charlemagne prescribed seven chosen compurgators, or twelve if taken at random. In an English record of the fifteenth century a defendant was called upon to produce as compurgators six of his neighbors or twelve strangers. In Scotland in the twelfth century the accused could defend himself against his lord with eleven compurgators of good character; but if the king accused him twenty-four of his peers were required. In civil cases twelve were sufficient.

In the Anglo-Saxon code the nature of the crime and the rank of the accused regulated the number and quality of the compurgators. The value of a thane's oath was equal to that of six yeomen. The system of wer-gild, or composition for crime and injuries, created a necessity for valuing the lives of different classes of men in society, and oaths were estimated by a similar scale. Thus a mass-priest's oath and a thane's oath were reckoned as of equal value, as by reason of the seven church degrees

acquired by the mass-priest he was held worthy of the thane right. The villain or cearl's wer-gild was valued at 200 solidi, and the thane's at 1200; and the thane's oath was valued at that of six cearls, because if a man should avenge a thane he would be justly avenged on six cearls.

The original form of the purgatorial oath was swearing to the truth of the principal's oath. Under the influence of the church it was modified to be a simple assertion of belief in the truth of the principal's oath. Thus in 1101 two bishops, relieving another from a charge of simony, swore: "So help me, God, I believe that Norgaud, bishop of Autun, has sworn the truth."

Pope Innocent III., about Glanville's time, decreed that compurgators should swear only to their belief in the truth of their principal's oath.

In 1363 Casimir III. decreed that a man of good repute when accused of theft could clear himself by his own oath, but if his character was doubtful compurgation was prescribed; then if he fell short of the prescribed number by one, he should satisfy the accuser, though he should not be rendered infamous for the future. On account of the increase of crime, Casimir IV., a hundred years later, proclaimed that compurgation could be allowed but three times, after which a persistent offender was abandoned to the full severity of the law. An accused person summoned to purgation who appeared without his compurgators was *ipso facto* pronounced infamous. Twelve compurgators were required to outweigh the oath of the accuser.

According to Bracton, in the thirteenth century, in all actions arising from contracts, sales, donations, etc., where there was no legal proof the plaintiff came into court with his "secta," his friends, and followers—willing to take the oath with him, but not absolutely witnesses; and the defendant was required to produce twice the number of compurgators offered by the plaintiff. In 1363 Edward III. abrogated this rule.

The oath of purgation was maintained to the last by the Inquisition. "Our holy mother church," says Simoncas, bishop of Badajos, a writer of the sixteenth century, "can in no way endure the suspicion of heresy; but seeks by various remedies to cure the suspect. Sometimes she forces them to abjure or to purge themselves, sometimes she elicits the truth by torture, and very often she coerces them with extraordinary punishments." Any suspected person unwilling to clear himself of heresy at the command of the judge was held to be convicted. Canonical purgation, according to the rules of the Inquisition, was required whenever public report created a suspicion of a man and there was no tangible evidence against him. The judge fixed the number of compurgators, who were the peers of the accused, and though he might select them, yet the qualification that they were to be good men and orthodox practically left their nomination to the officials. When summoned, they were examined separately by the inquisitors, then they assembled together, and the accused was brought in. He then took an oath denying the charge. Each compurgator separately took an oath as to his belief in the truth or falsity of the oath of denial, and the sentence was rendered according to the oaths of the majority. W. S. BUSH.

ANOTHER VIEW.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I believe you will permit a difference of opinion, even if it should amount to a criticism, or an implied one, of your own position, so I venture to send you a few words in response to the article from C. Severance published in FREETHOUGHT of date April 26.

I do not know as Mrs. Haight will thank me for presuming to interpret her, but, as I understand her, she was pleased with the admission made by yourself that those who went to the extreme front really so engaged the enemy as to render the work of those who took less extreme positions more effective: and whether it was what she meant or not by "stabbing in the back," if one who thus defies the enemy happens to make an unwise move it seems to me that to call public attention to that move is, in effect, stabbing in the back.

Moses Harman is acknowledged by all to be a good, honest, true man, and it seems to me, and to many others, that those

who claim to be interested in the principle for which he is contending can at least keep silence at a time when his personal liberty is imperiled, so far as they may question the wisdom of his methods. I mean silence so far as public censure is concerned.

Mr. Severance is not on trial for his liberty. I can, therefore, criticise him without violating my own standard. That Mr. Harman has dealt in vile and disgusting matter is true; so does every surgeon when he probes an ulcer, and if that surgeon truly believes such probing necessary, he is not only justified in bringing the virulent and disgusting matter to light, but he would be blamable if he did not; and as to violating "the laws of the land," Mr. Severance must first show that the language necessary to portray "disgusting" crimes with the avowed purpose of condemning and removing them is necessarily obscene before he can justly say that Mr. Harman has done so; and if our laws so hedge crime about as to make its exposure a crime, such laws had better be broken than kept.

If Mr. Severance can point to a single law against human rights which has been repealed till some one or more persons has dared to defy it, he can do what I cannot.

The key to the confessional is religious authority, and under its seal of secrecy the most terrible crimes are safe from exposure.

The key to the confessional, which makes the physician the recipient, is professional secrecy, loss of patronage; and thus untold wrong is perpetrated against humanity in the name of professional honor, and to save a fee. Young men may thus, with safety so far as exposure is concerned, poison the very fountains of life, and then marry and transmit to coming generations untold suffering.

Last, but not least, the "obscenity" key has been prepared on purpose to prevent the exposure of crimes committed in the marriage bed. Now shall we, as reformers, make a greater outcry against the exposures of such crimes than against the crimes themselves?

As to the wisdom of any particular move, it cannot always be decided in advance. John Brown's raid was looked upon as madness by many of his best friends even, but a quarter of a century after a prominent minister said, in reference to the tremendous moral power of that act: "When John Brown's body fell it shook the earth." If human progress is the object of our life work, and we choose to risk martyrdom, surely it is hardly the province of those who do not thus choose to risk so much to pass judgment upon those who do.

Whether Mrs. Haight had read the particular letter or not does not affect the principle involved, and we happen to know that she has since read it, and that her indignation was expressed against the terrible facts, and not against those who dared to tell them.

Fraternally, LOIS WAISBROOKER.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XI.

YE FOREST.

The Forest of Evidences.—The Giants of the Plains.—The Trees of the Forest.—Revelation and Prophecy.—The Guides Rejoicing.—Simon in Difficulties.

1. Now when Simon had escaped from the hole which swallowed up the house of relics and all that was therein, and had returned thanks to the king for his great and wondrous deliverance, the guide showed him a certain forest called the Forest of Evidences, through which the gutter called the Narrow Way passed,

2. Saying, If thou desirest to know for a certainty that thou art in the right way, and that there is a bridge over the river, and a city beyond, then do thou ascend some of yonder trees, and thou wilt be able to see for thyself.

3. So Simon girded up his loins, and went on his way pondering upon what he had seen in the House of Relics, and believing with all his might.

4. Now the forest had been of yore much greater than it now was, for many of the trees had been torn up and destroyed, and many had fallen down of their own accord.

5. For there was no depth of soil there, nor any natural nourishment, but only the dry dust, in which the trees could not take root.

6. And the name of the dust was Piousfraud, and all the trees were planted in it. And there was a very great abundance of dust, more than enough, and much to spare.

7. And the beast called Priestcraft had built here a certain wind machine, which blew the superabundant dust about, so that it got into the eyes of the pilgrims, that they might not see too clearly or too much.

8. And the name of the wind machine was Mystery.

9. And the forest was fenced all round with a fence called Sanctity.

10. And beyond the forest were great and beautiful plains called the Plains of Science, whereon dwelt a race of giants.

11. And the giants were enemies of the beast—Priestcraft—and his hideous crew.

12. And they made unceasing war against the beast and the guides, and were continually encroaching upon the forest, breaking down the fence, and tearing up the trees, and filling up the roadway.

13. For they perceived that great numbers of the people were deluded by the beast and his servants, and spent miserable lives in searching for that which was not to be found, and in seeking for birds in the bushes, and neglecting those they had in their hands.

14. And they were indignant that men should be so cheated of a paradise here, by having held out to them deceptive promises of one to come, for they saw clearly that if men would but cultivate the country that they had, as diligently as they sought for one which they could never reach, they might make a paradise of that which they had.

15. And knowing that there was no city such as the pilgrims sought, they uprooted and brake down the trees, so that they should not be longer deluded, by their magical and devilish glasses, into believing that they could see it.

16. Moreover the whole forest stood in the way of the Car of Freethought, of which they were the heralds and guards, and of which more will be said hereafter.

17. And for this reason also they made war with the beast and his servants, and ceaselessly brake down the fences of the forest, and tore up the trees, and brake the branches.

18. And the giants had certain battering rams, wherewith they battered the trees, by some called Caxtons, and by others presses.

19. And in the plains were many noble and beauteous trees, called Geologos, from which the giants made themselves very excellent cudgels, for the wood was exceedingly hard; others armed themselves with cudgels from trees called Astronomos, and others from trees called Cosmogonos, and others from trees called Chronologos, and others from trees called Ethnologos; and many other trees were there, furnishing good and potent weapons.

20. And among the giants was one whose crest was an image broken, and he had charge of one of the chief battering rams, and played havoc therewith.

21. And another had on his crest an holly and an oak, and did good service.

22. And another had on his crest a gravedigger, or a sexton, and he played hades.

23. And another had on his crest a vault and an hare, and he played Thomas.

24. And another had on his crest a well in the south, and out of that well had much truth been drawn.

25. And besides these were many others, who tended the trees in the plains and made weapons, though they cared not to use them against the beast.

26. And when Simon came up to the forest some of the guides met him, and took him to some of the trees; and Simon made an effort to ascend, and failed, so the guides helped him, and with much ado, gat him up, and he looked and saw nothing; but when he had put on his glasses he thought he saw something darkly.

27. And one of the trees, of which the guides vaunted loudly, was named Apriori; and they said that from the top of this tree those who ascended were able to see the king Jah himself; and many strove to climb, but few got up, for the branches were so interwoven and tied to one another, and so many branches were

nailed on to uphold the others, and so many to uphold those that upheld the others, that it was well-nigh—nay, altogether impossible for any to ascend.

28. And when any of the pilgrims essayed to climb this tree, and failed, the guides condoled with them, saying it were pity they could not ascend, for that if they could they would assuredly see the king.

29. And by these means the pilgrims went away satisfied, saying, 'Tis enough if others have seen—thinking the guides had been up and seen.

30. But the guides were no more able to ascend than the pilgrims, though not a few were hardy enough to say they had been up.

31. But they lied, and had not been up. Nay, the guide who boasted he had planted the tree could not himself ascend it, except by means of a ladder called Choppedlogic, which ladder he carefully concealed.

32. And this guide had on his crest two things, whereof one was a pie, and the other I have not forgotten, though I remember it not.

33. And this guide had conceived great affection for the trees and digged and dinged about it unceasingly, and vaunted day and night.

34. But the giant whose crest was a broken image attacked the tree, and showed the nails that nailed on the branches, and the ladder, and laughed the guide to scorn; and the guide was exceedingly angry.

35. And the name of another tree was *Aposteriori*, and it had been oftentimes pulled up by the roots, by the giants, and was altogether dead, and withered and rotten; but the guides carefully concealed the rottenness, and filched good-looking boughs and green leaves from another tree called *Pseudoanalogy*, and cemented them on to the other with a certain sticky substance called *Mockargument*, so that the tree presented a fair appearance to such as had on their glasses, and looked not closely.

36. And the tree was only held in its place by means of the ropes called *Sophistries*.

37. And the name of another great tree was *Revelation*, and like the others, it was rotten, and had no root whatsoever, and was held in its place by two other trees, one on each side; and the name of one of these was *Prophecy*, and of the other *Miracle*, and they together held up the tree called *Revelation*, and had much to do, for they themselves were rotten and rootless, and without any strength.

38. And the three trees were all bound together by the ropes called *Sophistries*, and swayed to and fro under the frequent attacks of the giants, and notwithstanding the ropes wherewith the guides were continually binding them, they became more and more unstable day by day, and will, without doubt, and not long hence, come down to the ground, and great will be the fall thereof.

To be Continued.

GOD.

Grand the expanse of the heavens, but grander the thoughts they suggest;
Lovely the blush of the morning, the crimson and gold of the west;
Bright are the stars of the midnight, floating in measureless space,
But deeper and grander the secret we strive 'mid their brightness to trace.

Fair is this beautiful planet, its carpet of verdure, its seas,
Its mantle of life-giving air, its sunshine, its mists, and its breeze;
Deep the emotions that nature quickens to life in the soul,
But deeper and grander the glimpses we catch of the infinite whole.

Cunning the hand of the artist, a study his thought-chiseled face;
Bewitching the smile of the maiden, entrancing her beauty and grace;
Perfect the cup of the lily, sweet is the breath of the rose,
But deeper and grander the spirit that vainly they strive to disclose.

Wondrous the symbol of being spread out on every hand,
Wondrous the secret of nature, of sky, of the sea, of the land;
Vast is the outward creation, undiscovered by man, and untrod,
Yet ignorance in its presumption familiarly prates about God.

—Eliza Lamb Martyn, in Boston Globe.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has ordered the "Word," E. H. Heywood's paper, excluded from the mails. If anybody imagines that we have not in this country as much tyranny as exists elsewhere, it is about time he were undeceived.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

REPORT OF THE PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.
SECRETARY'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, Hannibal, Mo., April 30, 1890.

During the month sixty new members have been enrolled and a membership certificate mailed to each. This makes the total number enrolled 1007. The new members are from Ohio 1, Kansas 2, Michigan 8, Pennsylvania 7, Texas 22, Missouri 4, Colorado 4, Illinois 2, Louisiana 7, New Jersey 1, New Mexico 1, South Dakota 1.

The friends who have sent us Liberal papers and encouraging letters are too numerous to mention, but we thank them all, and bespeak a continuation of these favors. The letters do us good, and the papers aid us in our work, and are afterward distributed, we hope, to good advantage.

F. H. RAU, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from last report	\$10 25
L. R. Titus, Cal.	75
Mrs. J. A. Vote, Mich.	50
M. J. Wiley, Ill.	50
W. B. Young, Mich.	1 00
F. B. Moses, Col.	2 00

Total	15 00
Expended	4 25

Balance	10 75
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Hannibal.

A. R. AYRES, Treasurer.

A Theologue Gone Right.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Several times during the past two years, I have taken up my pen with the intention of running it completely through some of my rambling thoughts to pin them down for others to dissect and criticise and find fault with; but I have been deterred from so doing by the fear that my intention might be a symptom of the "writer's itch"—a disease that all real thinkers detest with their whole hearts, and detest rightly, too, as that inclination to rush into print often condemns persons to an advocacy in after life of questions that they have proclaimed adherence to in their earlier years. Even now I would not write this letter were it not that I have seen how silence in my case might be a crime, especially the stolid silence I have sustained—silence that has allowed me to be classed among the non-thinkers or Christians. Therefore this letter.

I am a Freethinker, and, what is more, I am a free-speaker. Imagine, then, the depth of my disgust when some sky-pilot asks me to lead in prayer, or when some of the faithful call me the "reverend father" on account of my clerical appearance when I happen to be caught *ala mode*.

It would be difficult, indeed, for me to try to count the number of times I have been accosted with the question whether I were not a theologian of some denomination, or at least a theological student. All that tends to make me assume less often the garb of the professional gabblers, and more often the unmistakable dress of the working-man, which I am.

At one time—it was about six years ago—I was a student in the Wesleyan University, the hot-bed of Methodism, where I had gone with the intention of being made a saint; and if the sanctification were brought about and I had found no reason to object to God as my maker, destroyer, savior, and judge at once, it was my intention to become a regular preacher. When I had been in that institution about a month, I found that the atmosphere of the holy of holies corralled there was not congenial to my innate sense of right, and, as a consequence, they and myself differed on many questions. I committed the unpardonable crime of thinking. Aye, more! I even dared to say that I did not want to be moulded by such a lot of medicine-men, who distort the judgment more than the feet of the celestial women are distorted by their false customs. As a consequence, I went forth to battle with the word and the devil with "my loins ungirt and my shield undone."

"The half has never been told," nor will it ever be told. I could not, were I to spend hours, tell of the doubts that assailed me in the Lord's "stronghold," but suffice it to say that they were not long in rendering me a complete Infidel. But, even then, I did not know what was the matter with me. It did not seem possible that all the world could go wrong and I be right and alone in my Infidelity. Up to that time I had not been favored with the acquaintance of a single Freethinker,

and I thought I stood almost alone with the devil. Colonel Ingersoll was then to me only as a dream of some bright mind in the realm of realism, but how I revered the man and paid voluntary homage to his intellectual and moral worth.

My relations with the world at this point became so irksome that I went to France to live, and stayed about a year in the land filled with Infidels and Atheists. There I discovered that I was not alone, that Colonel Ingersoll is not alone in his intellectual assaults upon superstition.

Since my return to America, my travels across the continent have been made much lighter by the constant presence of some of the many who dare to lift their eyes to heaven without beholding an angry God or a loving God or an all-merciful God, or anything that can possibly inspire fear. I tell you, we are growing and we may well hope that the wisdom of the twentieth century will over-balance its superstition and blind faith.

With respect to you and the body of readers who peruse your journal with hearts attuned to sympathy and wisdom, and the many to whom this is a Declaration of Independence, I have the honor of being,

Yours very truly, FRANK H. DRISCOLL.

San Francisco, May 7, 1890.

The Text-Book.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see my tab marks April 23 as the time to renew. Find inclosed money order for another year. I also wish to say a word for W. S. Bell's "Hand-Book of Freethought." Every Freethinker should have one as a ready reference in debate. The Bible quotations are so well selected and arranged and withal so full, that we have but to turn to the index or the many headings.

Yours truly, C. C. RODGERS.

Boulder Creek, Cal.

MY DEAR MR. BELL: I thank you most heartily for your "Hand-Book of Freethought." I have, as yet, had very little time to examine it; but it does not take long to discover that it is a good thing.

Now, that is saying a good deal for I have read books on theological topics that took more time and energy that I could command to find out what they were written for, where they were going, and what they were going there for, not to mention when they expected to get there. Now in this book of yours the object is quite clear, the aim good, and you don't appear to spend much time before you fire the shot. I like that. Directness and simplicity are worth more, when you honestly want to get at facts, than all the metaphysical circumlocution of the scholastic brotherhood. Did you ever see a London fog? Well, they are splendid representations of what are ordinarily put forth as theological argument. Nobody can see where anybody else is going, and everybody is compelled to travel like a snail for fear of running into something he did not know was there.

It is highly conducive to "reverential calm;" but it does not match the American character.

I think your book will please and help the American thinker as he thinks. Direct aim, short cut, and have done with it!

One place I chanced upon, however, struck me as subject to adverse criticism.

On page 69 you want to know what the folks were doing all the three days after the graves opened before they came out.

Now, I think that is unreasonable. You ought to expect people in a position like that to be a little slow. They had not been active in their habits for some time, and it does seem to me that you subject yourself to suspicion of unfairness when you demand it of them at a moment's notice. Nicht wahr?

Sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER.

New York, April 7, 1890.

This is a book that the present time is ripe for. Freethought and Secularism do not make as great progress as they should, because the majority of the people who would like to investigate and study upon the subject cannot spare the necessary time to do so. This is because the books to be read are so numerous and of so many kinds, that the duties of every-day life prevent many from reading them. Professor Bell's new work supplies the long felt want, as he here condenses into a book of 381 pages, quotations from the ablest writers who have discussed the issues between Liberalism and Christianity, and who give overwhelming proofs against the claims of the church and the assumptions of the clergy.

In addition to this he produces the testimony of the most eminent Christian historians and divines, such as Davidson, Lardner, Baring-Gould, Dr. Adam Clarke, Moshier, etc. To these are added numerous quotations from the Bible itself. Among other authors quoted are Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Underwood, Waite, Paine, Clifford, Lecky, Buckle, Hume, Draper, Haeckel, and Denton.

Among the headings of the chapters are "Creation," "Miracles," in which Hume's great essay is quoted, and also the arguments of the learned author of "Supernatural Religion." Chapter four takes up the character of Christ, his life, teachings, and resurrection. Chapter five is headed "Christianity without a Historical Basis." Under this head are considered the authenticity of the gospels, the forming and fluctuations of the canon, and the character and testimony of the early fathers; another chapter is upon the self-contradictions of the Bible; another is composed of "The Soul Farrago," and the succeeding one is upon "Immortality." The "design argument" is taken up, and B. F. Underwood's famous speech in his debate with the Rev. John Marples.

The Sunday question, the church in its relation to slavery, civilization, liberty, and woman, all receive the attention they deserve.

Perhaps one of the most important chapters is the last one, in which the teachings of Secularism, and their superiority over the corresponding teachings of Christianity are fully elucidated, together with refutation of prominent orthodox arguments against them.

Freethinkers everywhere should buy copies of the book. No Freethought library is complete without it. It is the first book of the kind published in this country. Armed with it, Liberals can refute any of the arguments of the opposition. Professor Bell has done an inestimable service to the cause of Freethought, and its adherents should repay him accordingly.

FRANKLIN STEINER,

President Des Moines, Iowa, Secular Union.

A Debate Wanted.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have a challenge from a Cambellite preacher to debate the infallibility of the Bible, or Christianity *vs.* Infidelity. He wants to put Clark Braden on the platform, but I told him I did not think that we had a man that would debate with a skunk. However, if there is any one that will except the challenge, let's hear from them through FREETHOUGHT.

He said he would try to induce some others to take the place of Braden, the debate to take place at Norwalk and last for an indefinite time or until the loser calls quits. If there are any who wish to accept the proposition, let them publish in FREETHOUGHT the questions for debate, time, terms, etc.

Respectfully, A. K. COWARD.

Norwalk, Cal.

A Card from Geo. H. Dawes.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish you would say for me to the Liberal friends in Eastern Oregon and Idaho that I am very sorry for having disappointed them this spring in not meeting my engagements for lectures. But I am not a Goliath in stature, nor a Hercules in physical strength, and I am in too delicate health to endure the hardships incident to the long stage rides. I shall not be able to make any appointments this summer. Fraternally yours,

No. Yamhill, Or.

GEO. H. DAWES.

Lilian's Book.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I want to say I have been around the world with Lilian (in imagination), though I was suffering so much with rheumatism I had to walk with a cane, and her book was better than medicine for me. I laughed long and often. Though I had tears for the pathetic parts too. Should she ever go such a trip again I mean to go along if I am compelled to walk with crutches, or if I have to be carried in a sling. Her book needs no recommendation—it recommends itself. She is a worthy daughter of "Tee Cee Lee." Very sincerely yours,

Frenchtown, Neb.

ON page 316 of this paper will be found a list of the Humboldt Library of Popular Science. These books are by the best authors, and the low price must secure for them a large sale.

The Freethinker's Means of Grace.

A walk this sunny Sabbath day,
Amid the woods, across the fields,
To hear what Nature has to say,
And count the gifts her bounty yields;
To note the forest's changing hues,
The leaves in green and crimson drest;
To watch the varying landscape's views—
This is the Church I love the best.

The silence stealing over all,
Unbroken, save by song and bird,
Or timid pheasant's plaintive call,
The only music to be heard.
A withered plant, a faded flower,
To tell of summers past and gone,—
This is the lesson of the hour,
The Text I love to dwell upon.

To know that life, like early spring,
Is full of promise to the young;
To know that later years will bring
A tear for many an early song;
To feel that true and noble thought,
Matured, its harvest sure shall see,
That life's a battle nobly fought—
This is the Sermon preached to me.

That I may love my neighbor well,
In time of need give helping hand;
That peace within my home may dwell,
Nor covet others' house and land.
And when my winter's sleep shall come,
And in my narrow bed I lie,
Oh, let me bring such harvest home—
This is the Prayer to say I try.

And so my temple, wide and vast,
Extends above, beneath, around;
Takes all mankind within its grasp
On Heathen or on Christian ground.
And ne'er a soul of rich or poor
Need wait for invitation given.
Wide as the earth the open door,
And free as air this road to heaven.

THOMAS CURTIS.

Lilian's Letter.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Lilian has consented to communicate to them some more through the columns of FREETHOUGHT. Admirers of originality cannot but be struck not only with her precocious ability as a codifier, but also with her orthographical independence. She writes:

DEAR AUNT GRACE: We have started a Dramatic Club, and we are going to play Alice in Wonderland. We have seven members and three officers.

The rules of which are:

- I. At the rehearsal or meetings strict attention must be paid.
- II. Strict attention must be paid to parliamentary laws.
- III. The dews of this club will be pabel every two weeks.

BY-LAWS.

No fitting.
No sace.
No galling names.
No talking about others.
No slang.
Maybe you would like to know are officers' names. Her they are.
Lilian Andrews, President.
Willie Ramsey, Sect.
Stephen Andrews, Stg. Manager.
This is all I can writ this time, but some other time I will writ more.
Your Niece, LILIAN ANDREWS.

No Time to Spare.

Minister (seeing pack of cards on table)—Do you play cards, Mrs. Goody?
Mrs. Goody—Yes, but you really must excuse me, I haven't time now.

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A little boy of Portland, Me., had committed some misdemeanor, for which he was about to receive punishment at the hands of his mother. The boy begged first to be allowed to go to his room.

Permission was granted and the child went upstairs to his own room and closed the door behind him. The mother followed and listened outside, after telling him he must hurry and come down again to receive his punishment. The boy went to the side of the bed, knelt down, and this was his prayer:

"Dear Lord, if you love little boys and want to help one out, now is your time."

The prayer was answered.

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Miraculous Speed.

A new explanation has been published of the "sun standing still" at the command of Joshua. Colonel Sedgwick has discovered that Joshua made a mistake: he had no watch, and would only measure time by the distance traveled in it. Now from Gideon to Makkedah was a two days' journey, but he and his army got over it before sunset, because God infused such vigor into them that they got on twice as fast as usual. In this way was altered "not the actual length of the day, but Joshua's standard of comparison on which his judgment in regard to the length of the day was based, so that, judging by the distance traversed, the day appeared twice as long as an ordinary day." So that, instead of the sun going more slowly, the men's feet went faster! Who, after this, shall dare to say of God with the psalmist, "neither respecteth he any man's legs?"—ANNIE BESANT, in the National Reformer.

A Boy's Essay on Breathing.

A Kentucky schoolboy, of twelve years, recently wrote the following essay on breathing: "We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys, and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is as poison as made dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonic acid got in there and killed them. Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. A big diaphragm is best for the right kind of breathing."

PETER'S Pence (a fund devoted to the personal benefit of the pope) in 1889 were collected as follows: From Austria, \$80,000; Italy, \$70,000; France, \$70,000; South America, \$62,000; North America, \$57,500; Spain, \$40,000; North Germany, \$36,000; Portugal, \$30,000; Ireland, \$26,000; Belgium, \$22,000; Asia, \$20,000; Roumania, \$20,000; Great Britain, \$19,000; Africa, \$18,000; Poland, \$17,000; Australia, \$17,000; Switzerland, \$11,000, and Russia, \$8,000.

A LADY in Bordenrow, who lived near a church, was sitting by a window listening to the crickets who were loudly chirping, the music from the choir being quite audible. A gentleman dropped in who had just passed the church. "How loudly they sing to-night?" said he. "Yes," said the lady—thinking of the crickets—"and they say that they do it with their hind legs."—Saturday Review.

In a Sunday-school class in the neighborhood of Meridian Heights the teacher last Sunday asked who was the first man. "Adam," replied the small boy. "And who was the first woman?" she asked a little girl. The child hesitated for a minute, then her face brightened. "Madam," she sang out, and the teacher hadn't the heart to correct her.

NATHANIEL VAUGHN

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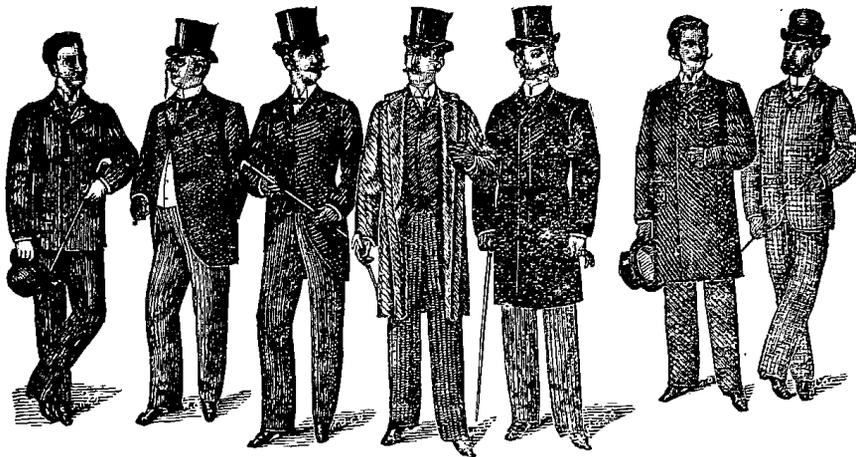
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And when death laid his children 'neath the sod
He called it the "mysterious will of God."

He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—
His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.

He kept his mortal body poorly dressed,
And talked about the garments of the blessed;

And when to his last sleep he laid him down,
His only mourner begged her widow's gown.

II.

One was not so sure there was a life to come,
So made a Heaven of his earthly home.

He strove for wealth, and with an open hand
He comforted the needy in his land.

He wore new garments often, and the old
Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.

He said this life was such a little span,
Man ought to make the most of it for man;

And when he died, the fortune that he left
Gave succor to the needy and bereft.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Leslie's Monthly.

Christian Science a Failure.

The lady of the house was cheerful, chatty, and good humored. A late personal experience which she told was enjoyed by her small audience. She had not been feeling well, had been depressed and nervous, and somebody advised her to try Christian science. She consulted a "healer," who informed her that she was not ill, depressed, or nervous; that such states of feeling had no real existence; that she must lift herself into an exalted atmosphere, keep herself in an elevated condition of mind, and thus free herself from these troubles, which were nothing more than the evidence of sin, etc. She was much impressed by this spiritual doctrine, and returned to her home feeling that she had indeed been lifted into the regions of the beautiful and the good.

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"Mamma, you are hifaluten," chimed in one of the little ones.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

I awoke on Friday morning, on my way by steamer to Fort Bragg, and found that the brilliant sunshine was flooding all the sea and land. I expected to be on the sick list and do penance to Neptune after rolling and tumbling the night long, but I was happily disappointed; and since my stomach remained in its normal state, "hope reared its glittering crest." It was a lovely morning, and the view over the boundless ocean and the green and wooded shores was entrancing. It seemed as if I were having a glimpse into Arcadia as I looked at the well-cultivated expanse between the rocky strands and the unbroken forests. However, sudden changes take place on the blue Pacific. During the night it was blowing like a gale from the northeast; in the morning and until noon there was a comparative calm; in the afternoon the wind shifted to the south and the rain began to pour, and the billows rolled in thunder on the beach. It was nearly six o'clock when the vast smoke and steam from the Fort Bragg mills rose against the dark horizon and indicated the journey's end. The waves dashed in huge volumes against the encircling rocks, but the steamer went bravely in. It took nearly an hour to come alongside the landing-place. The tremendous swells of the sea, as if furious with anger, endeavored to hurl the ship upon the frothing breakers. The celerity of sailors, and the ropes attached with marvelous skill to buoys here and there in the raging waters, kept the boat poised in safety till the slow throbs of the engine swayed it to the wharf.

I found plenty of friends awaiting me, and arrangements were ready for one of the best campaigns I ever entered upon. So far the ministers have had it all their own way here. They have had revivals, and seventy or eighty have been plunged into the creek and remained a month or two in the bosom of the church. There are four meeting-houses on the four sides of the town. No matter which way you enter, a steeple is sure to confront. I suppose the Christians thought that the place was pretty well "corraled," and that the Infidel would have no chance whatsoever against these walls of faith. However, they were grandly mistaken.

On account of the uncertainty of the arrival of the boat, for it

is not always on time, and came pretty near being late this trip, the pavilion in which the lectures were given was not more than half full on Friday evening. But the audience was most appreciative, and on the next night the speaker was greeted with a full house, while on Sunday afternoon and evening the pavilion simply overflowed, and half the audience were ladies. In fact, there had never been so large a gathering before in the place. About five hundred were present at the closing lecture, and this was a good count out of one thousand inhabitants. I could not find more enthusiastic listeners, and I shall have to put Fort Bragg away up on the roll of honor of Freethought. These were the first Freethought lectures ever given in the place and it was uncertain what the reception might be. The Liberals were not acquainted with each other and did not know their strength. It is now discovered that nearly two-thirds are that way of thinking, although not all are willing to stand up and be counted—but enough to keep our flag floating here for many a long day to come.

Fort Bragg is only about three years old, although an old encampment has been here since before the war. The famous General Bragg was then here, and hence the name of the place. The Fort Bragg Redwood Company have made the town what it is. The mills turn out about 90,000 feet of lumber a day. About four hundred men are employed by the company. When the immense forests are cleared away a rich soil will be left and this will become one of the finest farming sections in the state. Fort Bragg is now an incorporated city. It is finely situated. The view seaward is magnificent. The boundless ocean rolls away with changing radiance beneath the varied colors of the sky; the waves break upon the curving and precipitous shores; the gray rocks mingling with green expanses, while backward stretch the giant woods, where the music of civilization is continually heard. A school-house of elegant architecture has been built at an expense of ten thousand dollars. To offset the four churches is the pavilion, in the center of the town, one of the finest halls in Mendocino county, with a seating capacity of six hundred. It has all the conveniences of a first-class theater. Its acoustic qualities are excellent. Its use was generously donated by the Bucholtz Bros. for the lectures.

If I could always find a Bucholtz family in every place, the way of Freethought would cease to be a thorny path. They are brave and earnest Liberals, every one of them, and work with a noble enthusiasm. There are five stalwart brothers, who have had every variety of fortune from one end of the continent to the other. They came to Fort Bragg about three years ago, with plenty of experience, but very little of this world's goods. By unbounded pluck they have advanced to positions of honor and trust, and are recognized as among the foremost citizens of the community. They have added materially to the attractions of Fort Bragg. They have built the splendid pavilion at a cost of several thousand dollars, a fine residence, and in many ways

pushed forward the interests of the town. Besides the brothers are the father and mother and sister, and a more delightful family I have never visited. They all live together, and make an ideal Freethought home. They belong to the "big church," to humanity and to the world, and to no sect. They have stood frankly by their own principles and have refused to haul down their colors for the sake of fashion or popularity. The Liberal ranks can be proud of these uncompromising adherents, who are in the front of every generous and progressive movement. Their efforts are nobly supported by a large number of Liberals. Harry Houston always keeps the FREETHOUGHT a-going and never fails to do his share of the work. To him is due the credit of opening the campaign. A. C. Kimball was chairman of the first meeting. Dr. S. J. Reid has been a Liberal from "away back." The Randolph brothers, A. Williamson, and the Johnson Hotel gave the traveler good welcome. The Gallagher brothers never fail to keep step to the music of the Union. Besides these there are S. W. McMullen, John Pilger, L. G. Reese, Dr. C. P. Higgins, C. J. Cavanagh of the Fort Bragg Advocate, Seymour Mark, N. McLaughlin, A. L. Harvey, who with others came ten miles to join the advance corps, Peter Peterson, Frank Fritzsche, M. M. Cope, John Jansen, O. F. Westover, Fred Kammeerer, R. M. Brown, C. Aulin, James Martin, of the Finland host who bring the spirit of freedom from across the seas—these with others make the Fort Bragg brigade of comrades good and true. It is a remarkable fortune that from all parts of the world such a jovial and Liberal company should strike hands. It gives a cosmopolitan look to this thriving town.

Mrs. C. P. Higgins presented the Liberals with a beautiful bouquet, which adorned the platform during the lectures. Professors Fessenden and Stewart furnished excellent music for the Sunday evening meeting.

I was pleased to make the acquaintance of the Rev. A. C. Manson and wife, who I think have too much of the sunshine of humanity and too pretty a baby to remain amidst the dark creeds of the Presbyterian church, where babies have such a hard time of it. After a pleasant confab concerning the origin of the universe we both came to the conclusion that neither of us knew anything about it. When it came to the "jumping-off place," he resorted to faith, while I stuck to the facts. We agreed not to burn each other at the stake on account of the difference of opinion.

Once in a while they have perfect days here on the coast, and such a day was Monday. It was simply delicious. The sea was calm and beautiful as a jewel on a lady's breast. Softly the vast waters broke upon the sparkling shore. The green fields and far surrounding forests glittered with sunny splendor. The thunder of the mill seemed like the dance of giants reveling in the glorious weather. The vast columns of smoke and steam roll serenely away into the azure deeps, and hang in bannered folds over the resplendent sea. I expected to leave on Monday afternoon, but the boat was delayed and I was obliged to wait until Tuesday; but I could not find a better place or better company in which to pass the glowing hours of this beautiful day. I was satisfied to let fate take me as it would amidst these charming landscapes and marine views.

Tuesday was equally beautiful, and in the afternoon on the good steamer Noyo, with Postmaster Huggins and other pleasant voyagers, we sailed over the glorious, shining sea to the Golden Gate. The steamer swept along almost like a cradle through the gently-heaving deep. The gorgeous lights of sunset flashed over

the shores that could be seen for miles away, ornamented with pretty hamlets and stately ranches. Into the boundless bosom of the ocean sank like liquid gold the beaming sun. The stars appeared and faint lights along the shores, with the lustrous lighthouse flinging its signal fires. San Francisco was just waking up when we landed in the golden dawn. Fort Bragg has been one of the most brilliant points in the long line of Freethought advance, and I expect to visit it again next October.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE NATIONALIST SPLIT.

The San Francisco "Weekly Star" quotes this paragraph from a recent issue of FREETHOUGHT:

"It may be proper to remind the Nationalists that in working separately, holding rival meetings, and paying the rent of two halls when one would accommodate both the principal clubs, they are not following the system which they advocate. When Christians, professing to love their enemies, make war on those who have never injured them; and when Nationalists, working in the interests of co-operation, adopt the methods of competition, it looks as if there was a wide chasm between preaching and practice."

The "Star" then proceeds:

"This means, of course, that the effort to get Burnette G. Haskell and his gang of dynamiters out of the Nationalist movement on this coast, was a mistake, and that the right course would have been to remain in harmonious co-operation with the dynamiters. 'Adopting the methods of competition' is not the right way to put it. The thing to be done, was to get rid of an element in the movement which was (and rightfully) repelling the community from it. And it will not only be our sufficient answer to FREETHOUGHT, but will be in line with our previous utterances on the subject, if we now return to it, and reinforce our discussion both with statements of principle and statements of fact. Traitors and thieves are liable to worm into the very best enterprises. There was Judas Iscariot who got in with the twelve apostles on strict Haskell-Redstone-Browne principles. He 'carried the bag, and stole (this is the true translation of the Greek) what was put therein,' and when the time came he sold out his leader to one of 'the old parties.' He was expelled from the company and rightly. When a man finds that a skunk has got into his cellar, he must either move out himself or move the skunk out. These dynamiters, Haskell, Owens & Co., were the skunk in the Nationalist house. We had to get them out, even at the risk of making an unwholesome smell, or else honest men would have to get out."

If FREETHOUGHT has been laboring under a mistake as to the purposes of Nationalism, it stands corrected. But we supposed that Nationalism meant co-operation; that the object was to so harmonize conflicting elements that all should work together for a common purpose, that purpose being the improvement of the industrial and economic conditions of mankind. And surely if the end sought is co-operation, the means adopted should in some way illustrate and shadow forth the desirableness of it. A part of the community organized to reconstruct the whole should be a type of that reconstructed whole. Thus Prohibitionists should not be liquor dealers, Liberals should not be bigots, Single Taxers should not speculate in land, and Nationalists should not discriminate against individuals or compete with one another for control of their organization. "For if," in the language of the apostle, "they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

When Nationalism prevails there will still be bad men and women in the world, and the problem what to do with them will still confront the philanthropist. It will not be possible to either withdraw from these people or to expel them. They must be employed according to their capacity for usefulness. Why, then, should this not be realized by the Nationalists of San Francisco?

None of them can claim that in ability as an organizer and worker Mr. Haskell is surpassed or even approached by any other person in the movement.

If these gentlemen who now oppose Mr. Haskell have felt so much solicitude for the cause as they at present profess why did they not take the initiative in the movement a year ago? Their conversion to Nationalism at about the time the organization became large enough to be worth capturing gives the Haskell party opportunity to say that they cared more for the power of the club than for its principles.

The position of FREETHOUGHT with regard to the quarrel, as defined in the paragraph which the "Star" quotes, is that the seceders should have stayed with the original organization and applied their principles right at home.

Nationalism was hardly heard of in San Francisco until Mr. Haskell made it popular, and there is doubt that the movement here would long survive his withdrawal from it. The club over whose destinies Mr. Haskell presides is full of good material, and if it is likely to be ruined by the extremists, there is all the more reason why the cooler-headed members who seceded should have remained to preserve the balance.

"AROUND THE WORLD."

The reason why many who have ordered Lilian Leland's book have not received it is because the News Company is slower than the second coming of Christ in filling orders for it. As no one can procure the work until it has passed through the News Company's hands, we are obliged to wait the pleasure of said company.

THE LAND LOAN BUREAU.

In the Senate last Monday Senator Stanford of California introduced a bill of interest to farmers throughout the country. It provides for the establishment of a bureau to be known as the Land Loan Bureau. Circulating notes to the amount of \$100,000,000 and in denominations of \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 are to be issued, and these shall be receivable for the payment of private debts, taxes, excises, public land purchases, and all other dues to the United States, and shall be equal in value to gold and silver money of the like denominations.

Every citizen of the United States, or person who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, owning unincumbered agricultural lands may file an application for a loan to run not to exceed twenty years, the payment of the same to be secured by a lien upon the land, and no loan to amount to more than half the assessed value of the land in question. In no case is it proposed that a loan shall be on property of less than \$500 in value and the loan cannot be less than \$250.

Whenever a landowner wishes to avail himself of the privileges of the proposed law he will be compelled to file his application with the recorder of deeds for the county in which he resides or with the official exercising the functions of a recorder, and deposit with the application a sum sufficient to defray the cost of an appraisal of the land and abstract of title thereto. Interest at the rate of 2 per cent is to be paid on these loans. Provision is made for a foreclosure of the lien in the event of a failure to pay the loan or fully comply with the law pertaining to the case.

There is a defect in this bill which will prevent it from aiding the class of farmers who most need relief; and that is its provision that money shall be loaned only on unincumbered land. The majority of farms are incumbered with a mortgage, the in-

terest on which consumes all that the farmer can make. To lift these mortgages should be the first object of any bill for the benefit of the agriculturist, and Senator Stanford's bill should not pass without an amendment making this possible.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, May 18, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Thomas Curtis; subject, "The Public Schools and the Catholic Church."

A NEW YORK dispatch dated May 15 contains the following information: "A new organization has just been incorporated in this state under the name of 'The National League for the Protection of American Institutions.' It has opened offices here (New York city) and the best men of the city and state are behind and in it. The first and most important step to be taken by the league is the presentation to Congress of this proposed sixteenth amendment to the National Constitution:

"No state shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercises thereof, or permitting the use of its property, or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking, which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

The ground of this resolution is covered completely by the Demands of Secularism, and the members of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions should hasten to affiliate with the American Secular Union. It is necessary that state support should be withdrawn from religious institutions, and it is also necessary that all ecclesiastical property should bear its just share of taxation.

GERMANY'S new chancellor, Von Caprivi, is accredited with saying in a recent speech:

"Without killing the slave-dealers you can never abolish slavery. The bullet and the Bible must act together in the cause of civilization."

The first sentence of this quotation, slightly altered, would furnish Mr. Von Caprivi's subjects with good grounds for blowing his brains out, thus, "Without killing the tyrant you can never abolish tyranny." But in what manner will the Bible aid in the cause of civilization, *i.e.*, the abolition of slavery? Will Von Caprivi have his missionaries read to the African slave-dealer this selection from the Levitical law? "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you which they beget in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."

A DECISION of the United States Supreme Court, handed down last Monday, escheats to the government all property belonging to the Mormon church in Utah and dissolves the corporation. The ground upon which the decision is based is that the Mormon church inculcates unlawful practices, and that "society has a perfect right to prohibit offenses against enlightened sentiment." Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field and Lamar dissent from the opinion. This decision is likely to lead to a great deal of

discussion. It also brings to the front the question whether under a national Sunday law a corporation like the Second Adventist, which inculcates the practice of working upon the first day of the week, "against enlightened sentiment," could be dissolved and its property escheated to the state.

IF what the Rev. Dr. Roberts said last week at the Saratoga convention of Presbyterians is true, this coast is in a deplorable state as to vitals and godliness. He remarked:

"The Pacific coast is threatened with heathenism and infidelity, intellectual and practical. In everywhere striving to overthrow our Protestant Christianity it has the tongue of the orator and the ear of the populace. It is becoming every day more and more resolute, formidable, and boastful. What but Christ's gospel, the power of God unto salvation, can meet such threatening evils?"

It should be understood that in using the word "heathenism" Dr. Roberts meant Roman Catholicism, which on this coast as elsewhere throughout the country is making rapid gains, while Presbyterianism is losing ground, or at best only holding its own. As Dr. Roberts says, Catholicism has the tongue of the orator (*i.e.*, the political orator) and the ear of the populace, especially the hoodlum with a vote to sell. If "Christ's gospel and the power of God unto salvation" can meet these evils, they should be forwarded from Saratoga by return mail, addressed to the mayor of San Francisco.

A PARAGRAPH in Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes" from Fresno Flats has called forth some remonstrance from the ladies who conduct the Fresno Flats Reading Room, and a retraction is asked for. The paragraph reads as follows:

"The religious ladies have established a free reading-room here, and the Liberals contributed a good part of the funds, and it was understood that they might contribute also some books and papers. But when Bell's 'French Revolution' was put in, it instantly disappeared, and so with all like literature. The Truth Seeker, Investigator, and FREETHOUGHT are carefully excluded. The money of Liberals is acceptable, but that evidently is all which is wanted from that source."

An exact statement of the facts by somebody able to give them would be welcome to the columns of FREETHOUGHT, and if they are otherwise than as related by Mr. Putnam the necessary correction will be promptly made.

JUST as we are recovering from the scare given us by Prophet Erickson, who predicted the fall of San Francisco on April 14, there comes the following from India, published in the "Hindoo Patriot." A plate of the finest gold, containing inscriptions in the Tamil and Telegu languages, fell from heaven and was found in the temple grounds at Benares by the person who saw it fall. The inscription is as follows: "From the month of June, 1890, God himself will rule as emperor of Hindostan, incarnating himself in human form. From that time forward there will be justice all over the world, and the munis (sages) will be worshiped by the people. All the diseases of men will be cured, dogs will walk and talk as men do, and man, whose life is now established at 78 years, will in future have it extended to 125 years."

THE spirit medium Walter E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment after conviction of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. Reid advertised himself as a "spirit postmaster," and gave alleged letters from the dead to the living for one dollar each. He may have been a fraud or may have acted honestly. No one but himself knows: but if he was deserving of punishment, how about the Catholic

priests who trade off prayers and masses for hard cash? If the one is a fraud, so is the other; and people credulous enough to be humbugged by either need a large accession of common sense.

IT is reported that the Freethinkers and Spiritualists of San Diego will erect a Liberal hall in that city. It is to be a first-class building, 100 x 150 feet, with stores below and hall above, having a seating capacity of 3000. H. L. Shaug and Ranford Worthing, two well-known and active Liberals, are among the directors. The lectures of Dr. York, who combines Spiritualism and Nationalism with anti-theology, are accredited with originating the present movement by harmonizing hitherto conflicting elements.

A SALOON man has been found in Washington who closes his place with prayer. His application for renewal of license having been rejected on the ground that his place bore a bad name, he appeared before the commissioner in his own behalf. In reply to the question, "Do you shut up promptly at midnight?" he answered: "When ten minutes to 12 comes, I kneel down, say my prayers and shut up." Drinking in such a place as this man keeps must be very much like partaking of the sacrament.

MORMONISM seems especially adapted to the South Sea Islands. The Rev. T. W. Smith, missionary of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who recently landed in San Francisco from Tahiti, says that during the past six years he has baptized seven hundred and twenty converts and organized thirty-two churches on the twenty-eight different islands.

THE Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, of the National Sabbath Association, is again in California working in the interest of a Sunday law. He was at Los Angeles last week and addressed the Presbyterian Alliance. Mr. Crafts invites the support of those unfortunate persons who feel unable to properly observe the "Sabbath" without a law compelling them to do so.

E. H. HEYWOOD, editor of the Princeton, Mass., "Word," has been arrested and is now under bail, presumably for publishing the O'Neill letter first printed in "Lucifer," of Valley Falls, Kan. Mr. Heywood appears to have voluntarily placed his head in the lion's mouth, or rather, laid it at the ass's heels.

PUTNAM'S "Religious Experience," just put in type by the Freethought Publishing Company, is on the press and will be ready for mailing in a few days. It is printed in the best shape, from perfectly new type, and contains over one hundred pages, the price being placed at 25 cents.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, formerly editor of the "Index," has written a book on "The Way Out of Agnosticism." Should it show the way out of Agnosticism to the more positive ground of Atheism it will do much good, though we understand it was written with the opposite purpose.

A HUMBOLDT county correspondent writes that providence has so tempered the wind to the shorn lambs of the upper country that not more than half of the sheep left there last fall will ever need shearing again. There appears to be such a thing as tempering the wind too much.

THE late discussion on Spiritualism between Moses Hull and Samuel P. Putnam will be published in the June number of the "Carrier Dove," and later, we understand, in pamphlet form. If

it prove as interesting in printed as in oral form, it will be well worth reading.

THERE are nearly two hundred stockholders in the Freethought Publishing Company. It seems as if any of them could secure one new subscriber for each month in the year. Some who are not stockholders do this and more.

AMONG our most interesting exchanges is the "Weekly Star," the "people's paper." The independence of the journal, especially on questions relating to city politics, places it above suspicion of being a "fixed" Star.

OBSERVATIONS.

I am sometimes led to doubt that all who wish FREETHOUGHT success are really sincere. A subscriber writes:

My subscription having expired, kindly discontinue. With the best wishes for your success, yours, etc., etc.

Kind words are always appreciated, but they don't take the place of financial support. Our printers gently but eloquently decline to accept them as payment for services rendered. It is true they sometimes move me to sign receipts for salary never paid, and to debit the gift account with a week's wages, but that will at length become monotonous. A few more of these best wishes would induce the undersigned to place his resignation in the hands of the directors.

I think it would be unfair to the readers of this journal to withhold from them the following communication just to hand:

ALAMEDA, May 17, 1890.

Editors of "Freethought," 838 Howard street.
Mess Geo E McDonald
" Samuel P. Putnam
Gentlemen.

I am instructed to call your immediate attention to the facts of your Paper sailing under false colors; for there can be no free thought when we deny a superior power than ordinary application: "The surface of the Globe is certainly not the whole Globe" nor the superficial experiences of the multitude all man can become aware of.

Some 2½ years ago when the so-called mind-reader Bishop started to oppose Mediumship, I was controlled to proclaim from the Platform in Oakland that the Spiritual Power would cause his destruction and since that time he dwindled down and eventually was extinguished altogether.

Now in the same way it becomes my duty to warn you from continuing in your foolish task of upholding such a paper that denies Spiritual Power.

If you cannot be convinced by this, take my advise and better give up altogether for otherwise you may suffer terrible consequences.

But suit yourself—obey—or not—as you please but remember "Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they strike with blindness first. MRS. FIX Medium.

The gods be jiggered. My eyesight is undimmed. Go to! Mrs. Fix. Whom the fates would commit to the asylum, they first endow with the gift of prophecy.

The daily press, which for some time after the inception of the Nationalist movement in San Francisco had columns to devote to reports of the meetings, has closed its mouth, and neither of the last two meetings, held Monday night, is alluded to in any of the three dailies that I read on Tuesday morning. Yet both gatherings, one at Union Square Hall and one at Metropolitan Temple, were well attended. On my way home from the office at 9 o'clock I dropped in at the Temple and heard the last hour's proceedings. Mrs. Addie Ballou presided over an audience that must have numbered nearly a thousand. It was announced on the programme that prominent opponents of Nationalism would be present to defend capital, but they were not there. The Hon. Irving M. Scott sent a letter of regret at his inability to attend; so did W. H. L. Barnes and Mayor E. B. Pond. Mr. A. Richards turned in his resignation, declaring that he had joined the club under a misapprehension of its objects, which mature thought had led him to believe were impracticable. So there was no opposition; but Mrs. Ballou, under stress of circumstances, took up the capitalistic side of the question and pre-

sented it as candidly as she could. The vein of satire that ran through her address made it none the less entertaining.

On the stage sat the blind organist, Professor Wilmot, and the Freethought lecturer, Mattie P. Krekel. Mrs. Krekel made an address full of fire and vim, denouncing as a superstition the curse placed upon labor, and declaring that the beads upon the brow of the toiler crowned him with a royalty above that of kings. It was a stirring speech and aroused the greatest enthusiasm, although, as I understand, Mrs. Krekel does not profess an entire acceptance of Nationalist principles.

Walter Leman, the old-time favorite with California theatre-goers, gave Byron's apostrophe to the ocean, and was twice recalled. Mr. Geo. H. Ames performed a fine flute solo, and Miss Evangeline Ballou sang the "New Georgia," the words being adapted to the occasion, and the audience joining in the chorus. Mr. Haskell did not appear, and the meeting adjourned about 10 o'clock, the visitors dropping contributions into a box placed at the door.

Unfortunately I could not attend the other meeting at Union Square Hall. I depended upon the daily papers to say something about that, but found nothing, though the same papers gave columns to a sparring contest between a black and a caucasian bruiser, telegraphed at large expense from Chicago. While brutal sports claim precedence over the discussion of economic problems, what hope is there that the world will grow better? The press panders to the beast in man, and by pandering to it augments its development, and thus, with the power to do good, does the greatest evil. It is a question whether all reformers are not Don Quixotes running futile and ridiculous tilts against the windmill of human cussedness, actuated by the breath of an unprincipled and conscienceless press.

Alfred Cridge spoke before the Freethought Society last Sunday evening on the "Relativity of Reforms." Mr. Cridge is an old campaigner in the ranks of progress, and has a son, Alfred Denton Cridge, who follows in his footsteps to some extent. The elder Cridge is employed in the capacity of reporter and otherwise on the "Weekly Star," and from a rear view looks very much like Editor Perkins of the same paper. Both being Single-Tax advocates, the resemblance suggests that there is a sort of phrenological similitude between the disciples of Henry George, as well as a relativity of reforms.

Mr. Cridge is a rapid and fluent speaker. He is also full of thought. In his discourse, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, he said nothing that did not bear directly upon his subject, and wasted none of the ten thousand words which he spoke. To show that progress in one domain complements that of another, Mr. Cridge told how the sciences, astronomy for instance, were related to and dependent upon skilled labor, as, without the perfection attained by mechanical skill in astronomical instruments, the results reached by the students of astronomy could not have been achieved.

In humanitarian science, said the speaker, the same rule holds good. The fight for shorter hours, for economical improvement, is a fight for Freethought, because leisure conduces to intelligence and study, and these, fostering mental development, are the death of superstition. Men cannot think without leisure. Again, sanitation is necessary to healthy thought. So are good food and good habits.

The privileges accorded to the churches arise from the fact that the money power is orthodox. The monopolists recognize that the church is the great enslaver of the mind; they desire that the mind shall be enslaved in order that they may enslave the body, and therefore they support the churches. It is on account of exemption from taxation and other advantages thus gained that the churches are enabled to hold their own. If they were placed on an exact equality with Freethought before the law, they could not survive, but through their co-operation with capital in reducing the masses to subserviency they acquire the advantages which we know they possess. The plea that churches promote morality is a fiction. Vicarious atonement and gallows repentance put a premium upon crime. In thirty years of observation Mr. Cridge had heard of but one murderer who was a Free-thinker, but he had noticed that orthodoxy and crime are graded

to a very close ratio. Every day some murderer jumps from the gallows to glory. Paupers are mostly orthodox, and so are the insane. Reports from public institutions are all favorable to Freethinkers and Spiritualists.

Among the reforms advocated by the speaker were abolition of property in land and the introduction of the Single Tax. This form of taxation, he held, would bear heavily upon churches, as they do not use land to its highest point of productiveness. Mr. Cridge also recommended government ownership of railroads, and the establishment of a postal telegraph, to be so conducted that messages, like letters, might be transmitted at cost.

Mr. Cridge was accorded the closest attention of the audience, and his points evoked frequent bursts of applause.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Thomas Curtis speaks upon "The Roman Catholic Church and the Public Schools."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

George Francis Train will probably reach Tacoma this week after accomplishing a journey around the world in about 59 days. —The Gilroy Gazette says: "It is reported that the priest of the San Juan Mission has applied to the church authorities for permission to retire to a place less subject to earthquakes. The sisters of the convent are about to move to Hollister. On Sunday last the church services were held in the plaza. The priest believes that the continuous convulsions of the earth indicate that San Juan will shortly sink from view." —Three San Francisco boys who went fishing last Sunday were drowned in the bay. —A bank clerk named Bachstrom committed suicide on an Oakland ferryboat Sunday afternoon by shooting himself through the heart. Unrequited love caused the act. —A murderer named Van Wezer, who killed a Chinese in Colusa county five years ago, and who was serving a life sentence, escaped from San Quentin prison last Saturday. —Mayor Pond is preparing a circular to be addressed to the industrial and mercantile classes of this city urging concerted action in the matter of securing an exhibit from California at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1892, which will reflect credit upon the state. The circular will call a public meeting to be held in the near future, at which the question will be thoroughly discussed. —The Longshore Lumbermen's Protective Union of San Francisco has a capital of \$20,000, and will donate \$5000 to the striking ironmolders. —Alpheus Bull, capitalist and vice-president of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, fell off the breakwater at Fort Point, on the shore of the Golden Gate, May 16, and was drowned. —It turns out that many of the people who fled to the mountains for belief in Erickson's doomsday prophecy left their creditors behind to perish, and have not returned to pay their debts.

The prohibitionists of Kansas are excited over the open sale of liquor at Topeka. It seems that under a United States regulation foreign liquors can be sold in any state in the original package in which they were imported. The Kansas dealers are taking advantage of this regulation, and snap their fingers at state officials. —Charles J. Curran, of Bristol, Pa., attempted to crucify himself on a cross in St. Mark's Roman Catholic church, Philadelphia, last Saturday night. He placed his hand on one of the arms of a large wooden cross in the church, and tried to drive a nail through the palm with a stone. He was committed as a religious lunatic. —Postmaster-General Wanamaker is said to oppose the eight-hour day in the postal service. He says it will add \$2,378,727 to the postal expenses. —There was a disgraceful row in the House of Representatives last Saturday, which ended in the speaker pronouncing the censure of the House upon Representative Bynum of Indiana for unparliamentary conduct. Bynum remarked that under the circumstances the censure was a "decoration of honor." —John G. Carlisle has been elected United States senator from Kentucky to succeed Beck, deceased. —The Methodist Church South Conference at St. Louis, Mo., refused to adopt resolutions condemning the use of whisky and tobacco. —At Scottsdale, Pa., May 16, a true bill was found by the grand jury in the case of Edward Callaghan against General Master Workman Powderly, John B. Byrne, and Peter Wise for alleged conspiracy and defeating Callaghan for the senatorial nomination in 1888 and ruining his business. Upon trial Mr.

Powderly was acquitted. —Church circles at Charleston, Ind., are troubled by the scandal in which the most prominent clergyman of the town is involved. The Rev. Henry Berger, pastor of the German Methodist church, has confessed to having sustained improper relations with a handsome and prominent woman of his parish. She, on the other hand, denies the charge and proposes to bring a libel suit. Berger held the highest social position, and was very popular. —The Nun of Kenmare, whom some people in Pittsburg, Pa., have charged with fraud in collecting money for her new book on "Why I Left the Church of Rome," has been heard from. The reports she attributes to the malice of Catholics.

Bismarck is criticising the young emperor of Germany, whom he likens to a puppy that barks at everything. —The Catholic majority in the Bavarian diet has become possessed with the idea that the development of art promotes irreligion. Yet Munich is one of the most famous centers of art in the world. —Madam Ann Odelia Dis Debar, the alleged medium who humbugged Lawyer Marsh of New York, has been arrested in Rome, Italy, for swindling. —The news comes from New Zealand that at a recent conference of Mormons in that colony 3000 were present, and it was declared that fully 500 converts had been made in the previous year.

REJOINDER BY THE "STAR."

In continuation of the discussion on Single Tax issues raised by FREETHOUGHT, the San Francisco Weekly Star of May 17 prints the appended editorial:

FREETHOUGHT on April 12, searching for light on the Single Tax doctrine, asked the Star to twinkle on this proposition, viz.: That in spite of the Single Tax (should it become a law), the owner of a seven-story building might "receive from the rent of it an income sufficient to enable him to pay taxes upon vacant lots while holding them for a raise."

The Star twinkled accordingly, showing that the "raise" could not put any money into the pocket of such owner and holder, as it would be only a "raise" in the amount to be paid to the government.

To this FREETHOUGHT (we apologize for having by accident omitted to answer sooner) rejoins as follows (April 26):

We are willing to accredit to this reply whatever force it has against anything somebody else may have said, but we fail to see its application to the question raised, unless the Single Tax involves the abolition of private ownership of land. Of course, no sane man would pay taxes, or rent rather, on land he does not occupy. It is proper, however, to remember that land is now owned by individuals; that these same land-holding individuals control legislation, and that to ask them to tax themselves out of their possessions is like requesting a man to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The Single Tax reform would abolish the present kind of private ownership of land. We venture to express our surprise that so intelligent a paper as FREETHOUGHT should have failed so entirely to get hold of the central principles of this reform. The reform does not, it is true, abolish an ownership of land by private individuals, but it would abolish the present kind of ownership and would substitute another. It would abolish the present absolute ownership of land, and would substitute another kind of ownership, a possessory or occupying ownership, more sure to the occupant, equally permanent in practice, and which is the very change expected to accomplish all the good to be done by the reform. Instead of owning an absolute right in land, the thing to be owned would be a right to occupy it and use it so long as the due taxes upon it are paid to government. This being the case, of course the present motive for "holding land for a raise" disappears; for if there should be a raise no citizen would get it, but the community would get it. A case might be imagined where a rich man might hold empty land and pay the taxes on it, out of spite or obstinacy, for instance, but such cases would be exceptional. The influence of the system of paying ground rent to the government would be an irresistible force (as a rule) to prevent such transactions. Any wealth whatever—whether from a building, or United States bonds, or from a manufacturing business, would enable a rich man thus to hold empty land. But very few, indeed, would do it; not enough to weaken

the force of the system. FREETHOUGHT, indeed, sees that land would not be kept empty by a man who was not to gain by so keeping it, for it says in so many words, that "no sane man would pay taxes, or rent rather, on land that he does not occupy." As soon as it is seen that occupying (viz., beneficial using) is exactly what the Single Tax intends to force upon the holders of lands now kept injuriously vacant, the true bearing and operation of the reform become plain. The whole object of the Single Tax reform might be stated as the preventing of any man from keeping in a vacant condition, land which he does not occupy. It is this which FREETHOUGHT seems to have missed.

What FREETHOUGHT says about the necessity of convincing landholders of the merits of Single Tax reform is quite true, and we believe that this precise operation is, in fact, gradually succeeding. We grant that until small landholders of the United States—or of some state—become converts to the Single Tax doctrine, it will not become the law therein; neither should it. Single Tax men ask for no reform except on the American principle of convincing the people that it is right and good.

GOD AND OTTO WETTSTEIN.

THE SOUL OF REASON AND THE PERFECT MAN.

We are infinitely pleased to have met with Otto Wettstein. He is a little after our own heart, a creature of pure reason who will have all things demonstrated or ruled out of creation. Good! We profess to be right there ourselves, and hail brother Wettstein as a friend and ally.

He is quite right about the use of terms. In science we must be accurate. Every word must have a precise meaning to all parties, or they mean nothing. All the vagaries of theology are nursed by vague, flexible, and indefinite words; and science must be accurate. We do confess that when we called God "he," we did so in deference to fashion merely. We know no sex in the sublime mind of the universe. We stand corrected to that extent.

But we think our friend equally open to the same objection. When we speak of the personality of God, we place it on the mere fact of conscious existence, knowledge of self and surroundings. Otto says that personality means of body, a form, the form of a man. This is as the barbarous past has held. But all that must be thrown away. Science must make its own definitions. Because we use the word God, we are not held and firmly bound to the God of the Bible, or of wood, or stone, or of any other form.

The sole question is of the being or non-being of a divine intelligence. The manner, form, and conditions of its existence, is a farther matter to be settled hereafter. And if we could not fully settle them, that would not disprove the being, unless, in trying to find the mode of existence we discovered no possible mode. And the universe is so large, and we so small, and there are so many possibilities unknown to us, that it is difficult to say, "I cannot understand it, therefore it is not possible." Let us imagine the church mouse trying to find out the ultimate object of the Sunday gatherings. Yet the mouse is infinitely more to the cathedral than our friend Wettstein is to the universe.

He reasons as though God were a mere problem in geometry, to be solved by lines and angles till you reach a demonstration, conclusive and final. And God is not that, but a conviction, a sentiment, almost an intuition of the human mind. Taught in infancy, he will say, "True! But received, in some form or other, by all our race, from the wooden image to the sublime ideal. And, as in our own case, while miracle, prophecy, Bible, priesthood, and priestcraft have all faded away, this holds and will not down. Where there is one who says, "There is no God," there are a thousand who will not have it so, but cling to God with all their souls.

Three score and ten years have we lived in this erring world battling for truth or right, against all false religion, for science, moral science, and the greatest good of our race. We have been face to face with death a dozen times. In the dark waters, in the polar snow, in the lone forest, in the hands of fierce fanatics hungering for the blood of a heretic, in battle, wounded, and crawled behind a log to die alone, in every case alone.

No human witness to know our motives, the cause of death, or the last resting-place, or bestow an afterthought for us. But in all, above all, superior to all, and raising us above all, was the consciousness that God was looking, God knew all, God would remember, and perhaps reward. This was the inspiration. This made heroism easy and cowardice impossible. God was more than all mankind.

It is this sublime shadow our friend would take away. And we yield it not on any fine point of reason. We must have a demonstration that leaves no doubt.

And after all this is the simple question: Is there a divine intelligence anterior and superior to that of organized life? Are all the phenomena of this world a mere hotch-potch of matter stirred up and moved by laws that neither think nor plan nor know? Is man the outcome of such a chaos? Or was there mind, spirit, a soul to the great whole, which we may call God? Which is the more probable? Our friend rejects all miracles; but which would be the greatest—the world without intelligence to plan? or the supposition of an intelligence in some form, co-eternal with matter?

The old syllogism comes back to us:

Whatever exhibits marks of design must have had an intelligent author:

The earth exhibits marks of design:

Therefore the earth must have had an intelligent author.

This satisfied the theologians at one time. But it has been answered and exploded by the Freethinkers.

The first proposition is not true. Many things, works of man and mere accidents, bear marks of design, and prove to have been otherwise. It must be amended, made stronger, like this:

Whatever exhibits a manifest and demonstrable design must have had an intelligent author. Then it is sound. And the earth does exhibit such marks.

Do you deny it? Were our friend Wettstein transported to some other planet, and found a cottage, would he not be sure that some intelligence had been there? And when he looks at the earth and finds in five different regions, with a different flora and fauna, and at the top of each a man, in five varieties, but still one species in every essential of manhood, and readily intermarrying, is not this an equal demonstration of an intelligent plan?

It has been said that to scatter type on a floor might result in a nice poem in some part of the pile; and it is not denied. But in five piles, to find the same poem in each, and no plan and no design, would be deemed impossible.

Otto says he wonders that we believe in the miracle of God, and yet reject those of the churches. But this is why we do so. Our God has mind, justice, love, and is in harmony with nature; while all the traditions of the churches are out of harmony, and destitute of all these qualities.

God, the soul, the future, cling to us as the sublime remainder when all the trash of superstition has been washed away. God is the inspiration to all good, the deterrent of all bad. The martyr condemned by all mankind and burnt at the stake for heresy, had God and was content to die. How many times has the assassin's arms been paralyzed by the thought, God sees me!

If all intelligent mankind could vote yes or no on the question, Shall we have such a God? the answer would be, Let there be a God! Let there be a judge for all the earth, who will surely, in some way, reward virtue and see that vice hath its punishment. It would be best for all.

H. L. KNIGHT.

Medicated Paper, So to Speak.

It is apparently a startling thing that a paper will heal the sick, but we have the testimony of quite a number that the holding of this paper in the hands has had the effect of a mental treatment. But not only have we this testimony for this paper, but it is quite common among the metaphysical journals of the day. Yet why should we marvel when we know that psychic emanations are universal, and that everything we touch either mentally or physically absorbs from us an ethereal essence which forms a link between us and those who come in contact with it? This is especially so with the emanations of the good, which is all-pervading, and which awakens its counterpart in those who come into harmony with it.—Christian Science Thought.

ECCLESIASTICAL VIEWS AND PRACTICE AS TO THE OATH.

III.

The code of the Council of Constance provided that in case of simony, common report should be sufficient for conviction; yet it allowed the accused the benefit of canonical purgation.

The courts of Christian nations had not then adopted the doctrine, now claimed to be the common law, that all oaths have an equal weight, and that all unimpeached witnesses stand upon an equal footing, and the issue is to be settled by the respective number of witnesses on each side.

The Coutumier of Bordeaux provided that in civil cases, not exceeding four sols in amount, the claimant should be sworn on the gospels in the mayor's court; where the amount was from four to twenty sols he swore on the altar of St. Prajet or St. Ardaire; for amounts from twenty sols to fifteen livres the oath was to be taken in the cemetery of St. Seurin, and for greater amounts he was sworn on the "Fort," or altar of St. Seurin. A person notorious for want of veracity was sworn in all cases on the "Fort," and had to provide a conjurator to swear to belief in his oath.

These citations show that the oath had no uniform value, which it would have had if based on the belief of the witness that there was a supreme being who would execute vengeance upon all who took false oaths. The oath enhanced the importance of the priesthood, especially when it was administered on sacred altars and by themselves. It appealed to the superstition of the people. It increased the reverence for relics, shrines, and for the clergy. Perjury was an ecclesiastical crime, punished in the courts of the church. No doubt this fact, as well as the fact that the highest judges of the realm in England were for a long time ecclesiastics, who believed in the supremacy of the church over the king, led English judges to state that the efficacy of the oath depended upon the belief of the swearer in an avenging God, who had been called on to attest the truthfulness of the witness. The perjured witness had no fear of punishment in the civil courts for false swearing. He was taught that the curses of God would follow him here and hereafter; that the priesthood was divinely appointed to blast and wither all who profaned the ceremonies of the church by breaking their oath; that God interposed by miracles to execute direct vengeance upon perjurers. The legends of the church show this.

Prior to the time of William the Conqueror the priest and lord sat side by side in the courts of England, and the church exercised jurisdiction in all civil cases. He separated the secular and church courts, and gave the clergy complete independence in their own sphere, and supremacy. "Every one to answer when the bishop requires him to do so; and if he refuses, the bishop's authority is to be supported by the sheriff."*

The first clause of Magna Charta, extorted from King John by the bishops as well as the barons, recognized the full jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over matters confided to them. The statute of *Circumspecte Agates*, passed in 1285, classed among ecclesiastical offenses "breaking an oath."

The ecclesiastical courts proceeded by inquisition, accusation, or denunciation, and, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Charles I. of England, had an inquisition differing from the Spanish Inquisition only in the fact that torture was not used, and the majority of the cases tried were unimportant.

While nothing like an ecclesiastical code is extant, the courts punished at discretion anything they regarded as sinful. They punished religious offenses, or ordinary offenses, which were regarded as spiritual because they were sins. These were divided into two classes, those which arose out of the relation of the sexes and those which did not. The most important of the latter were perjury, defamation, witchcraft, breach of faith, and drunkenness. In Hale's "Criminal Precedents" the cases of perjury noticed are, perjury to arbitrators, perjury as a compurgator, perjury in the ecclesiastical court in denying incontinence upon the ex-officio oath, perjury in not keeping an oath, in relation to a will, and in not making a payment according to an oath. No instance is cited of perjury as a witness in a lay court. Breach

of faith not involving perjury was an ecclesiastical offense, and the civil courts invented the action of *assumpsit* to maintain jurisdiction of cases based on breach of faith.

The ecclesiastical court took jurisdiction of every form of incontinence, and the parties charged were put upon their ex-officio oath to answer all questions put to them. In one case of assault with intent to ravish, the offender was the parish priest. He purged himself by the oath of himself and four fellow priests as compurgators.

The decrees of the ecclesiastical courts were enforced by the aid of the civil power, and by excommunication—the less and the greater. The less deprived a man of all the offices of the church. The greater cut him off from the society of all Christians. An excommunicated person could not sue, could not give evidence, nor receive a legacy. His blood was attainted. He was infamous. If he refused to submit to penance, the ecclesiastical court reported him for contumacy to the court of chancery—a court in its early days presided over by a high prelate—and a writ of *de excommunicato capiendo* was issued, and he was imprisoned until he submitted.*

The court of the Star Chamber also claimed jurisdiction over the beliefs and morals of the people, and followed the practice of putting the accused on oath to compel him to purge himself or confess the charge against him. This court under Charles I. declared perjury by a witness to be a misdemeanor, and from that time it was punished as a common-law offence. W. S. BUSH.

SAMSON AS A MEDIUM.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We clip the following from the Golden Gate:

"It is a healthy sign of the times when church congregations present mediums with silver cake baskets for telling them about Spiritualism in an inspirational address. This was done in Los Angeles, Cal., where the minister himself was present and opened services with a prayer. Mrs. Maud Lord was the fortunate medium in this instance."—Way.

I do not agree with the "Way" and the "Golden Gate" in regarding this as a healthy sign. It is the reverse of healthy, as every scientific or Liberal Spiritualist knows.

When ministers "open services" with prayer, honest people may expect to be humbugged. "When church congregations present mediums with silver cake baskets for telling them about Spiritualism in an inspirational address," it is a sign that those mediums are prostituting their inspiration to perpetuate error and falsehood. Unmixed truths are not what "church congregations" want. They will give a "silver cake basket" any day for a grain of truth mixed with a ton of superstitious rubbish which may help them to "hold on to business at the old stand" with some show of consistency.

Being a scientific Spiritualist of many years' experience, I boldly affirm that modern Spiritualism does not sustain Jewish mythology or the absurd creeds of Christianity. That Mrs. Maud Lord lends her inspiration—if she has any—to this hopeless task is apparent to all her hearers. I heard her, in San Diego last winter, speak on "Bible Spiritualism." On this occasion she gave a general rehash of Jewish mythology. For more than an hour we listened to these old stories, "tedious as a thrice told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Samson was her favorite hero, showing the wonders that God performs through his chosen mediums. She did not indorse Samson's moral character, however. So much the better for her. "Samson was a wicked man," she said, over and over again, "yet the spirit of God gave him this power." She did not say how God came to take such a fancy to such a bad man. She detailed, without blushing, the hair story, and the fox story, immortalized by the genius of Heston in the Truth Seeker. "The spirit of God descended," she said, "on Samson, and enabled him to catch the three hundred foxes;" but we were left in the dark as to whether the spirit of God descended on the foxes to induce them to tamely submit to having their tails tethered in orthodox style for God's glory. This lady also informed us in this address that she had been invited in Los Angeles to assist at a revival meeting in the Methodist church. We were not

* 2 Stephen's History of Criminal Law, 398.

* 2 Stephen's History of Criminal Law, 403, 412.

surprised at it. Such inspirational addresses as hers go a long way in awakening sinners to the danger of falling into the hands of a God like Jehovah, and a fox-hunting medium like Samson. It is time to "flee from the wrath to come" when God's medium can corral foxes like that, and inspirational mediums tell it for the truth in this enlightened age.

Honor and wealth and "silver cake baskets" are held out by the church to those mediums who sustain the absurdities and superstitions by means of which the church holds her prestige and her power; while slander, persecutions, fine, and imprisonment fall to the lot of those who cling only to the truths of scientific Spiritualism.

MARY A. WHITE.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

YE FOREST.

The Forest of Evidences.—The Giants of the Plains.—The Trees of the Forest.—Revelation and Prophecy.—The Guides Rejoicing.—Simon in Difficulties.

39. And Simon came to the tree called Prophecy, and would have ascended, but while he was about it, there came up one of the giants, and began to address him with fair language, desiring him but to examine the tree for himself, and without his glasses, and thereby satisfy himself whether it were rotten or no.

40. But the guides immediately beset the giant on all sides, casting mud and all manner of filth at him, yet the more they cast, the more did they bespatter themselves, for though they had very much practice yet was their aim so wretched, that whatsoever they threw fell not upon the giant but upon some of their fellow-guides, or else upon the tree.

41. But the giant, smiling with derision upon them, went up to the tree, and pulled off sundry of the branches, and showed the rottenness of the tree, and the ropes which held it, whereat the guides began to howl, and to roar, and rant, and rage, and bark, and spit, and belch, and bellow, and rave, and gnash their teeth, and hurl about on every side divers scarecrow missiles, such as damnation, eternal blazes, and other matters equally potent, and that with no little zeal, and no great discretion.

42. But the dauntless giant laughed at them, and when he had stripped the tree, he passed on, administering to one a wholesome kick, bequeathing to another a noble tumble, and helping another to a bruised pate.

43. But when the giant was gone out of sight, then did all the guides like unto a flock of geese run a little way after him, hissing and threatening all manner of unutterable things if he dared to return; and when they had pursued him a very little way, they all ran together as it were with a flourish of trumpets, cackling, and rejoicing, and hugging themselves and each other, and saying to each other how well they had beaten him and discomfited him and driven him away.

44. Aha, said one who had possessed himself of a bloody nose by running against one of the trees in his haste to escape—Aha, did I not bethwack him?

45. Yea, verily, that didst thou, said another, who was earnestly chafing his northern extremities—and did not I also maul him?

46. Truly thou didst, said the other, after which they cackled again.

47. Oh, that they would let us alone, said a timorous one, for they cause us woeful mischief, the forest is scarce half its former size, and they beguile away many of our pilgrims. Oh, that our King would remember them.

48. Fear not, said another, our King will remember them for evil in the day of his reckoning.

49. But, said Simon, wonderingly, why doth he not cut them off now, and thereby make known his power and prevent his people being misled?

50. What, said one of the guides angrily, dardest thou question the doings of our King?

51. And Simon said, I did forget myself, and will take more heed to my speech.

52. And the guide said, Take heed thou dost; remember 'tis for thee to submit and to believe, and not to question; and Simon said, I will remember.

53. And one said, Let us sing a song of thanksgiving for our

great victory over the accursed giant, and they all answered, Amen, and sang.

54. Thy praise we'll sing, our gracious King, for thousands thou hast slain. And through thy might, we've put to flight, this monster of the plain. But yet, oh King, we fain would bring, destruction on them all. For on our trees they daily seize, and with their weapons maul. But with thy aid, they shall be made to fly like rotten sheep. We'll make them shake, and fear and quake, and for—

55. Perdition, cried one of them suddenly, the giants are upon us, and they all fled hastily away, leaving their song of triumph unfinished.

56. And when the giants were gone away, the guides bestirred themselves, and fastened on the boughs and leaves of the tree again, and swore by their King that the tree was unhurt and perfect in all its belongings, and had more cackling and rejoicing, and bound up the tree with more ropes.

57. And Simon had on his glasses, and rejoiced with the guides, and believed the tree to be immovable as the heavens. And Simon desired to ascend the tree called Prophecy, so the guides took one of the ropes called Sophistry, and threw it over one of the topmost boughs, and made it fast to another rope which Simon had with him called Self-conceit, and by their means began to draw Simon up.

58. And Simon went up swiftly, and began to be jubilant, but there suddenly struck him one of the stones called arguments (which a giant had thrown) and he fell down headlong.

59. And Simon fell upon the fence which surrounded the forest, and which did divide the forest hereabouts from the land of Narrow-gulleys, which bordereth on the Plains of Science. And whosoever falleth into the land of Narrow-gulleys is straightway unable to swallow so much as he was wont, and is not able nor indeed willing to return to the narrow-way, but goeth onwards to the Plains and joineth himself to the giants.

60. And Simon fell upon the fence, and was as it were balanced thereon, his head hanging down on the side towards the land of Narrow-gulleys, and his feet hanging down on the other side, and for a little while he stayed so.

61. But his head being very light, and there being but little in it, he shortly fell back into the forest, and was gathered up by the guides.

62. And the guides took away the rope called Self-conceit, and in its place put another called Confusion and at last drew him up.

63. And Simon, over-persuaded by the guides, did his utmost to believe that he had seen the city he was in search of, and very nearly succeeded.

64. And the guides desired him to examine the tree to see that it was perfect, but bid him to take heed to do it reverently, and made him pass over certain portions. And Simon examined and was satisfied, and saw not the patchwork.

To be Continued.

THE DAWES-CAMPBELL DEBATE.

I wish to thank friend Clow, of Hillsboro, for his fair synopsis of the one-night debate between Rev. James Campbell and myself. I promised Mr. Clow that I would write out my review for Campbell's pamphlet, and publish it in the Truth Seeker; but I have not done so for two reasons. First: I have not had the time. Second: I wrote Mr. Campbell stating that I would send to the Truth Seeker my review of his pamphlet if he would submit his defense to the same journal for publication. I received no reply from Mr. Campbell, so I concluded that he either had no time, or preferred not to allow his defense to be placed before an intelligent public.

I reviewed ten propositions found in Mr. Campbell's book, while he made no attempt to defend more than three or four of his own statements. He wasted most of his time defending portions of his book that I did not criticise. Mr. Campbell showed a disposition to be courteous, but it seems to me that a man accustomed to public speaking should be more logical than Mr. Campbell proved himself to be that night. Why should he have defended propositions in his book that I did not review. He could not know that there would be any difference between us

on those points. To show how illogical Mr. Campbell was, I shall give this illustration. Harvey and Clark are two grammarians, and there are differences between them. Harvey reviews Clark's grammar, and criticises statements made by Clark in his discussion of the properties of verbs. Clark, in defense, instead of defending the points made against him by Harvey, endeavors to prove that his discussion of the properties of nouns is conducted on sound principles. In such a case as this would not Mr. Harvey smile in pity upon Mr. Clark? Now this is about the way our debate was carried on for one night in Hillsboro. I reviewed as many propositions of Campbell's book as I could in one hour's time. Mr. Campbell, in defense, did not attempt to sustain the propositions reviewed, but talked about other portions of his book, which I could not notice in a ten minutes' rejoinder. Nor would I have noticed much of his argument had I had the time, for I was the one raising the objections; he the one to defend. Mr. Campbell, making no defense of the statements reviewed, was an admission on his part that his statements were indefensible.

North Yamhill, Or.

GEO. H. DAWES.

MR. ROSCOE'S FAIR ARGUMENT.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I, as a Single Tax man, am grateful to FREETHOUGHT for bringing that theme up for discussion, and I am entirely convinced that "nothing is so fatal to a good cause as the policy of silence," therefore I thank FREETHOUGHT for not treating the Single Tax after that policy. With this explanation over, I will try to meet, some at least, of your difficulties in regard to the Single Tax. Let us quote: Mr. R. says that under the Single Tax "no one who did not use land to the point of its highest productiveness could pay the economic rent levied by the government." To which you reply, "He does not define the highest productiveness, but in a crowded community that point, he will doubtless admit, would be determined by the height of the building erected upon a city lot." It would, of course, be determined by the kind of building which was put on the lot, and by the kind of lot upon which that building stood. Let me illustrate. The site of the Times building on the corner of Park Row and Nassau street, New York city, is a very valuable piece of land. With the building that now stands on it, it is employed to the highest point of productiveness, but the building which was there before the present one was erected, did not employ that particular site "to the highest point of productiveness," although it would have been entirely appropriate, in an economic sense, to a site half as valuable. So you see that not only the height of the building has to be considered, but all the other things which pertain to buildings as well. If now that building were intended for a lodging house, it would not have cost one half the money, although it might have risen higher, but it is evident that no one could live and pay the ground rent (to say nothing of the house rent) by keeping lodgers on such valuable land. This is what I mean by using land to the highest point of productiveness.

Let us take another case, that of a highly valuable farm near a populous center. It is plain that if the owner grows wheat or rye on it, when there would be a greater profit in "garden truck," he is not using his land to the highest point of productiveness, and since highly valuable farms near populous centers would bear a comparatively high economic rent, it is plain that owners could not live unless they produced at the greatest possible profit, and this highest profit would depend, as you say, on fertilizers, machinery, etc., to a certain extent, although no greater expense would be entailed for those things than would be necessary if the land were used to grow cereals. Labor, of course, would cost somewhat more, since it costs more to live near large towns than it does near small villages.

You say further:

"The man, therefore, with only sufficient capital to erect a one-story house could not live in the city, because he would not be able to pay the economic rent which the highest productive capacity of his lot would demand; for it must be remembered that it is claimed that land will be taxed, not for what it is actually worth to the owner, but for what it is worth to one who has capital to improve it to the point of its highest productiveness."

Whether the economic rent would be too onerous for the owner of a one-story house in the city, would depend upon what part of the city the house was situated in. If we suppose that the land occupied by the New York Times building is the site used by this one-story dwelling it is clear that the owner would have been frozen out long ago, and that too without the intervention of the Single Tax. For although the land in question is only about the size of an ordinary village garden, it is worth something like a million of dollars. Do you think that our impecunious cottager would (or should) be allowed to stay there for what he could afford to pay under the present system? and if not, why should he be treated more leniently by the Single Tax? Do you not think then that the ground should be taxed, not "at the figure it is worth to the owner," but "at the amount it would be worth to one who had sufficient capital to use it to the point of its highest productiveness?" There are less valuable lots where one-story buildings are appropriate. Let our protege sell his privilege to the valuable land (as he easily could) and retire to ground commensurate with his means. But how long do you suppose it would take our cottager to borrow money enough to build the Times building, if he had a clear title to the land?

You state your conclusion thus: "Therefore the system which freezes out the capitalistic speculator, freezes out the non-speculator without capital, just as effectually."

I think you will admit that it would freeze out the latter only in case he persisted in cluttering up a valuable site with his one-story house, which he would not under any circumstances do, for he would either sell his right to some one for a good round sum, or borrow money on the security of the lot and erect a suitable building thereon.

But let us suppose that this cottage is at present on ground that bears no higher economic rent than its owner can afford to (and should) pay, and that the pressure of increasing population (which is the only thing that could raise the economic rent, hidden minerals, or something like that aside) in a year, doubles his land value and therefore his tax; do you not believe that he could easily get enough to pay for his improvements from some would-be user—if he did not wish, or could not afford to use that land himself—to enable him to re-establish himself quite as comfortably, and without loss, at least, on cheaper ground?

Again you say; "It is the same among farmers. The man with capital to stock his ranch, may hold it, or if it be farming land he can, if he has capital, employ men and machinery so as to use it to the point of highest productiveness. At present, a laborer able to save something may buy a lot, and pay for it by installments, paying taxes only on the vacant lot until he gets a house, but the Single Tax demands that he shall pay taxes from the first on the amount his land would be worth with a seven-story building on it."

Here it seems to me that you are laboring under the impression that farmers would be taxed high because they own large areas. Such would not be the case, for the Single Tax levies the tax on the value and not on the area of land. Let us illustrate. The average farm is not worth, probably, over five thousand dollars, and this amount will include improvements, machinery, and cattle sufficient to run the farm. If we suppose such a farm to be struck by a cyclone which should uproot all cultivated fruit trees, remove all fences, wells, houses, or other improvements, together with the cattle and whatever of fertility had been added to the land by the labor of the farmer, what would be left would be the basis of the tax which our theory deals with. How much of the five thousand dollars do you suppose would remain? Very little, probably not more than one thousand dollars, which is about the value of a city lot, twenty by one hundred feet. Further, a large part of the value of land at present is water (otherwise speculative value). The fact that ground is made artificially scarce by being held out of use for high prices, raises the price of land, just as monopoly raises the price of anything else. If the land were taxed at its present selling price, the owners would be obliged to improve it or diminish their holdings, because the tax would be too high to pay unless they produced something on it. This forced improvement would increase work, and the necessity of getting rid of land which it would not pay the present owners to improve (though it might

pay others), would force down land values by eliminating this speculative moisture, and all land values would depreciate in proportion, so that the amount for taxation would be greatly lessened. It is not hard to see that this fall in value will benefit the farmer in more ways than one. Now let us look at our laborer who has been treated so well by the present system that he can manage to save something to buy a lot (although his name is not legion I think), but who would be impoverished, and denuded of his hard-earned dollars by the Single Tax. Do you not believe that it would be easier for this man to get a lot if the speculators were forced to let go? Ought we not look to the welfare of the laborer who under the present system can only get a bare living, and whose name, unlike the other, is legion? If the erection of a seven-story building carried with it no penalty, would there not be more of them made? And since labor has more or less to do with buildings being made, does it not seem as if the freedom from taxation enjoyed by seven-story buildings would increase our laborer's wages, by making a greater demand for labor? The laborer is not assisted, has not been, and never can be assisted, to save enough to buy a lot, by the tax on the products of labor. What such a tax does do is to diminish employment, reduce wages, and hinder those whose only means of subsistence is their labor, from getting anything but a hand-to-mouth living, and frequently not that. Single Tax would make it unnecessary for the laborer to buy a lot, since if it were in force, it would only be necessary for him to pay the economic rent to the state, if his site was valuable (nothing if it were not), and erect his modest little tenement with the capital now gobbled by the landlord, who sells that to which he has no greater right—in equity—than has the buyer.

E. O. ROSCOE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TRY IT, BROTHER WASHBURN.

According to FREETHOUGHT, the San Francisco Freethought Society is allowed to enjoy itself about as it pleases on Sunday, as it will be seen by the following announcement which was made at the close of the meeting on April 28.

Next Sunday evening there will be a social and dance instead of a lecture. Tickets of admission are placed at 25 cents.

Think of the Ingersoll Secular Society holding a dance in Investigator Hall some Sunday evening! But, why not?—Boston Investigator.

ON THE TRAIL.

At last I am away up in the hills of Mendocino county, at Ukiah, the classic little city, where the irate Christians throw lighted lamps at Liberal lecturers. Mr. Putnam still lives and the good work still goes on. I find a number of Liberals and Spiritualists here, also an orthodox "distracted" meeting in full blast. Since the above gymnastic feat of throwing lighted lamps, the authorities will not give the use of the court house for lectures, so I engaged the Opera House, and gave two lectures to very fair audiences. Ukiah is the end of the Donahue and North Pacific railroad, on Russian river, and is built on a level plateau surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills and mountains that make a scenery grand in the extreme. A large portion of the town was burned up a year or two ago, and the long hard winter has nearly paralyzed all business here. For three weeks the cars did not reach here, and over five feet of water fell during the winter. From one-half to two-thirds of all the stock in the county perished, some ranches losing every hoof they had. In many parts of the county the snow was eight to ten feet deep, so that animals, especially sheep, could not get around to hunt feed, and thus died. All this, with poor crops last season, makes a cry of distress and hard times all through this fine region. The business men are doing very little and there seems to be no money in circulation.

I stayed in Ukiah nearly a week and made some splendid friends, and shall return here again some time in the future. I stopped with the Hogan brothers, who keep the Ukiah House, which is a very home-like place, and although full to overflowing, always has room for "one more." The brothers are very genial fellows, standing over six feet four, and every bit of the

seventy-six inches of both is Liberal to the core. They care but little for the false gods of history, and believe in a good time now, or one world at a time. Stages run from here to Saratoga springs, Vichy springs, Blue lake, Clear lake, and in every direction north, east, and west. The valleys are very rich in soil, and the mountains rich in ores and timber. Verily, California is a great state and will go on forever in its greatness.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Thanks! Yet Life is Brief.

To the Editors of Freethought:

If it is allowable I would suggest that you read up a little on Single Tax; not to believe, nor to refute, but just to learn the truth of the matter.

Springfield, Ill.

Respectfully,

H. WALKER.

Mr. Hoover's Work Anticipated.

MR. GEO. E. MACDONALD, Dear Sir: A friend has sent me a copy of "A Handbook of Freethought," by W. S. Bell of Oakland, California. I find it a gem of the first water. It covers the ground and leaves nothing to be desired. I was collecting material for a similar book for my own use, but since the receipt of Mr. Bell's masterpiece I find my work anticipated. He has conferred a favor on every Freethinker in the country by its compilation, and I wish, through you, to publicly thank him.

Yours fraternally, HARRY HOOVER,
Pres. Pittsburg Secular Society.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Sam Jones Apotheosized.

To the Editors of Freethought:

During the months of February and March we had a continued revival meeting, lasting eight weeks, at the South Methodist church in Ukiah, when many of the prominent miracles were explained and a considerable amount of buffoonery, a la Sam Jones, exhibited. In the little episode of Jonah and the whale, that whale was gotten up expressly for that case. The Rev. Atkinson is the officiating pastor, but during the siege there were some four or five importations from other parts, the most of whom seemed to be pretty well imbued with Jonesism, and, consequently, anti-Ingersollism. Some twenty-seven to thirty acquisitions to the church were claimed, notwithstanding the continuous rains. So you see theology is flourishing in Ukiah.

The Rev. Atkinson is of himself a fortress of strength. During the siege he introduced Jacob's ladder, with the angels descending and ascending, and explained to our astonished vision the descent and ascent of Christ down from and up to his throne, by the way of the same ladder. In addition to the main ladder, numberless small ladders were attached to the main stalk, radiating to the most remote parts of the earth, and affording facilities for all points to communicate directly with the heavenly throng. As the quotations from Sam Jones were so frequently interspersed, and eulogies so plentifully showered upon him, I conjectured this ladder enterprise must certainly be a late revelation through the Rev. Samuel Jones. Therefore, it is fair to presume, the self same said Samuel is at least canonized, and not only a saint, but an adjunct to the holy trinity, from this time forward, henceforth and forever.

Let it be, "In the name of the father, of the son, of the holy ghost, and of Sam Jones." Selah. Yours truly, T. MCC.
Ukiah, Cal.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Benicia, Cal.....	May 18	Fox.....	July 10, 21, 22
Ft. Jones.....	May 20, 21	John Day.....	July 24
Linkville, Or... May 23, 24, 25, 26		Prairie City.....	July 25
Talent.....	May 30, 31	Baker City.....	July 27, 28, 29
Ashland.....	June 1	Union.....	July 30
Eagle Point.....	June 2, 3	Summerville.....	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Brownville and Coburg..	June 5 to 8	Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11
Grey's River.....	June 11 to 18	Rosalia.....	Aug. 13
Portland.....	June 23	Plaza.....	Aug. 14
Cascades, Wash.....	June 24, 25	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Fossil, Or.....	June 29	Spokane Falls.....	Aug. 17
Lost Valley.....	July 1	Davenport.....	Aug. 18, 19
Wagner.....	July 2, 3, 4	Buckley.....	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Prineville and vicinity..	July 7 to 18	Tacoma.....	Aug. 25
Monument.....	July 18	Port Townsend.....	Aug. 31
Hamilton.....	July 19		

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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The Parson Was Human After All.

A revivalist by the name of Patterson had met with great success in a Western town. He was a college graduate, and was at one time a remarkable athlete, but like the bad baronet in "Rudlygore," he had given up all his wild proceedings and become a preacher, developing a wonderful influence over the lawless element. One afternoon a rather uncouth-looking man called on Parson Patterson at his room in the hotel.

"Parson, I've heard tell of you, and I've come to consult with you."

"Ah! another brand plucked from the burning. Shall we kneel and offer up a prayer?" exclaimed Patterson, fervently.

"No, parson, guess not. I don't come here on my own account. I'm all hunkey-dorey."

"Some dear friend who is still in the bond of sin and the gall of iniquity?"

"No, parson, you are plump off your base. I have heard how you can tackle the toughest customers and talk them inter being as perlite as pie."

"My efforts among the rude classes have not been destitute of good results," replied the parson, with pardonable pride.

"They tell me you can talk the cussedness out of the worst of 'em. I heard that one feller wanted to lick you, an' now he goes around an' wants ter lick any one who says you aint a daisy."

"My humble efforts, I fear, have been much exaggerated."

"Guess not. I got it pretty straight. Now, the case is just this way. I'm er hired man out here on a farm. Every once in a while the boss is so full of cussedness that he kicks and cuffs me around. I'm some on the box myself, but I get the worst of it every pop."

"Do you wish me 'to reason with your employer?"

"No, I don't care to put you to all that trouble. Just kinder give me some pints as ter how you take the cussedness out of a man by moral suasion and all that sort of thing, and I'll try it on him."

"It's very simple my friend. All I do is follow the directions of the inspired penman. Remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"I've tried' givin' him taffy, but it's no go. Maybe I didn't giv' it to him' right. Now, suppose I am the boss an' you are the hired man. Now, I'll treat you just like the boss treats me, and you come the soft answer racket on me an' see if it has any effect on me."

The clergyman supposed that the visitor would merely use strong language. He was not prepared to have the hired man cast a reflection on his parentage, and simultaneously make his teeth rattle with a cuff alongside of his head. Instead of turning the other cheek, the revivalist's college instinct overcame him. His left shot out, and the hired man piled up in a corner in such a dazed condition that it was only after a pitcher of water was poured over him that he came around.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I forgot myself entirely. Alas! why did I resort to the arm of flesh in a moment of weakness!" exclaimed the parson.

"Not much weakness 'bout that" moaned the hired man, holding on to his jaw.

"I will do what I can to make amends. I will go with you and pray with your brutal employer."

"No need of it, parson. I saw how you did it. You reached out with your left and gave me an upper cut that knocked me silly. The upper cut with the left. Good-bye, parson, I'll not forget your kindness."

"But can you not bring your cruel employer to the camp meeting that he may see the evil of his way?"

"Maybe so, parson, but I'll try that left hand upper cut first, and if I don't have any luck we'll swing the moral suasion on him afterwards. If I had a fist like you I wouldn't fool away any time preaching. I'd tackle John L. Sullivan. Good morning, parson. They told me you were an expounder, but I didn't believe it. Now I know you are a professional," and climbing into his wagon he drove home with one hand, while he soothed the lump on his jaw with the other. —Texas Siftings.

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Conflict Between Mental Science and Theology.

By **EDGAR C. BEALL.**

Preface by **R. G. INGERSOLL.**

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Spring Styles Abroad.

He was a Kaffir bold,
She was a Zulu maid;
All his deep love he told
As o'er the sand they strayed.
Pleasant their lives must be;
Theirs was simplicity,
There was no guile.
Plain in their happiness,
Simple their style of dress,
Shown in no fashion book;
All he wore was a look
Brimful of tenderness—
She wore a smile.

The Wondrous Power of Song.

Congressman John Allen of Mississippi, in addition to being one of the wits of the House, is also something of a "plunger" in society. He was present at a musicale given at the Shoreham by Mrs. Jeanette Thurber a few evenings ago, and talked music with a fluency that astonished some of those who heard him. During the evening Mrs. Thurber engaged the Mississippi congressman in conversation for a few minutes, and incidentally inquired if he was familiar with the study of music.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Allen, promptly. "I am something of a musician myself. In fact, I am so fond of music that I introduce it into my everyday life with very beneficial effect. I control my wife and family and govern my entire household by the power of my music."

"I don't quite comprehend you," answered Mrs. Thurber, smiling.

"Well," said Mr. Allen, "it is just like this: When I request my wife or any member of my family to do anything, and they refuse, I threaten to sing. They immediately relent and do my bidding rather than hear me."

ANDREW D. WHITE will take "The Antiquity of Man and Egyptology" as the subject of a chapter in the "Warfare of Science" series, to appear in the June "Popular Science Monthly." His account of how Egyptian chronology was cramped and twisted to make it agree with the belief that the first man was created just 4004 years before Christ, shows an intellectual servility in the past that can hardly be realized at the present day.

If, as they say, the good die young,
This fact is plain enough,
There's some advantage, after all,
In being rather tough.

A **SAILOR** having died at sea, the carpenter made a coffin for the corpse, but found he had no lead to sink the coffin, so he put in coal instead. A sailor stood by, laughing while the funeral service was being conducted, and being asked by the captain the meaning of his unseemly conduct, replied: "I have seen many a man going to hell, but I never saw one take his own fuel with him."

THE boy who can say his verse best at the Sunday-school concert isn't always the boy who can step up in front of the other boys and take the prettiest girl in the school home after the concert is all over.

MRS. GOSSIPPE—Did you have any game at the dinner?

Mrs. Malapropos—Well, I heard somebody say something about chicken croquet, but I was not asked to precipitate.

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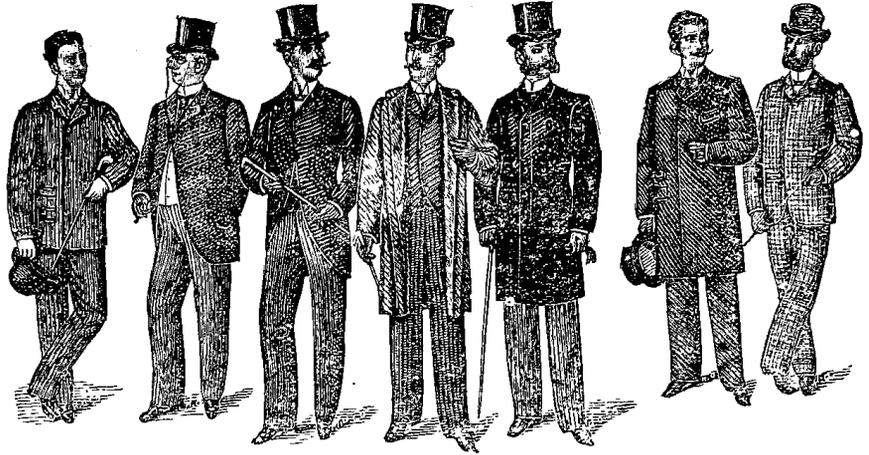
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FREETHOUGHT.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, [EDITORS.] SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - MAY 31, 1890.

THE Christians of this country should feel relieved to know that the Maori god recently contributed to the New York Museum of Natural History has been sent back to New Zealand whence it came. There is a high duty on gods, as home manufacture must be protected. It is lucky for Jehovah that he got in before the tariff was established.

To avert the dreadful hailstorms that have recently visited the town of Mahlen, in Germany, the people of the village met in their church May 22 to offer up prayer that fair weather might return. While upon their knees lightning struck the church, and four of the devotees were killed and twenty injured. Unbelievers who remained at home suffered no damage.

THERE is a special providence in the absence of the Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrows from the pulpit of the First Congregational church of San Francisco just at this time. If he were in the city he would be obliged to answer charges of scandalous conduct made by a newspaper, or vindicate himself by a libel suit. His vacation beginning just before the publication of the scandalous matter is a coincidence that has not failed to be remarked upon.

THE Rev. Dr. Stratton, ex-president of Mills College, has made the Methodist ministers of Oakland no end of trouble. They must meet in solemn conclave and discuss the momentous question whether or not the venerable defendant is guilty of kissing one of his teachers. But suppose that in the midst of these proceedings some clergyman with a quickened conscience should arise and say: "Brethren, how many are there of us here present who never committed the offense charged against Dr. Stratton? Let us pray that the miraculous power of God may cause the record of each to be written upon his forehead." Then what a scrambling there would be for hats!

CHRISTIAN Scientists have what they call a "Society of Silent Help." Every evening the members of the society are required to "sit in a quiet, retired place, if possible, at the hour of nine o'clock, and hold in silent thought, for not less than fifteen minutes, the words that shall be given each month by the editor of "Christian Science Thought," the organ of the believers. From

May 15 to June 15 this is what the members are required to repeat:

"There is no evil. There is no reality in matter. There is no sensation in matter. There is no life, substance, or intelligence in matter. There is no sin, sickness, or death."

The editor explains that "the difference in the solar time between widely separated places will not materially interfere with the result"—a statement which we are quite prepared to accept.

THE Rostrum, published at Jamestown, N. Y., by the Rev. Henry Frank, says:

"In San Francisco they seem to be approaching the goal of social reform more nearly than in any of our Eastern cities. Bellamy's so-called dream of Nationalism (*i.e.*, the governmental control of telegraph wires, railroads, etc., and the municipal control of water works, street car lines, and public works generally) seems to be near the day of its inauguration in the bustling and aggressive Western metropolis. Perhaps San Francisco feels the influence of the Australian wave a little earlier than we of the East do and hence the greater their enthusiasm and the more practical their social agitation. Let the good work go on. The day of universal relief from the oppression of monopolies is not far away."

The Rev. Mr. Frank takes a more roseate view of the situation than some of the local Nationalists.

A SOCIABLE.

The Freethought Society will offer a musical and literary entertainment concluding with a dance, at the hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, June 1. Admission, 25 cents.

THE STANFORD SCHEME.

Now that the provisions of Senator Stanford's Land Loan Bureau bill have been placed before the country, it has to be admitted that the measure lacks nearly everything that could make it of any worth. In the first place the circulating notes to be issued, amounting to only one hundred millions, would be totally inadequate to the need. Even if loaned on incumbered land, that amount would not pay off the mortgages in any single state. But as the issue is to be loaned only upon unincumbered lands, the farmers whose lands are mortgaged, and who most need relief, will not be benefited at all. It is the old doctrine, "Whomsoever hath, to him shall be given." One hundred millions of money would scarcely be felt in a country of sixty-five millions of inhabitants, and the few farmers lucky enough to get a share of the circulating notes at two per cent. interest could readily loan it to their neighbors at thrice that rate of interest—a much more profitable method than applying it to the improvement of their lands.

If such a scheme as Senator Stanford's is to be adopted, it must be extensive enough to cover the whole ground. It will be totally impossible to have one class of money like these circulating notes, "equal in value to gold and silver money of the like denominations," drawing only two per cent interest while gold and

silver are worth from six to twelve. The whole mass of money of which they are a part will reach the same level, and rates of interest will not be appreciably diminished. The original borrower, however, will get the benefit of the difference between two per cent. and the rate at which he may be able to loan the notes—a manifestly unfair proceeding.

Sincerely desiring to relieve farmers from the burden of interest-paying, Mr. Stanford should find out the total amount of mortgages in the country; and if they reach five hundred or five thousand millions, then nothing less than these sums can have the effect desired.

One hundred millions would not place a patch upon the ragged seat of agriculture.

Again, with the object of providing farmers with money at two per cent, there must be a sufficient amount of notes issued to reduce the general rate of interest to that figure. When they can get money for two per cent and loan it for six, the astute farmers will not keep it for their own use, but will let it out and thus in a few years pay their debt to the government with the profits of the transaction.

Having once started to provide a cheap circulating medium, there can be no stopping-place short of that point where money can be furnished for the cost of manufacture, and all interest, as such, abolished.

THE SUNDAY MOVEMENT.

A Sunday Observance Convention has just been held in San Jose, and largely attended. Here is the call that heralded the gathering:

"A convention in the interest of Sabbath observance will be held in San Jose on the 20th and 21st of May. All evangelical churches and the local unions of the W. C. T. U. are requested to send delegates; ministers of the gospel, and all friends of the Christian Sabbath desiring its sacred observance as well as a state law in recognition of it are invited. The great importance of the divine institution, the steady growth of opposition to it as a sacred day of rest, the alarming prevalence of Sabbath desecration, and the danger that a continental Sunday may displace our true American Sabbath, all call for combined wisdom and united effort to promote Sabbath sanctification and to secure a righteous civil law in our state that will tend to prevent the contemptuous disregard of our precious rest day."

The sessions of the convention were held in a Presbyterian church, and the speakers were all pious Christians. The committee reported nine resolutions, of which this is the first:

"We invite the co-operation of all good citizens in securing a Sabbath law in the state of California which shall protect all our citizens in their right to one rest day in seven."

This resolution is wholly superfluous, since all citizens are at present protected in their right to "one rest day" in seven, or a half dozen rest days if they can afford them. The resolution is also hypocritical, for what its framers desire is the enforcing of Sunday rest upon all citizens except ministers.

"Second—Believing that open saloons are among the greatest foes of the Sabbath as well as of temperance, therefore, resolved,

"Second—That we will labor incessantly for their total abolition, and recommend that in all incorporated towns and cities of our state and throughout the counties generally, through the boards of supervisors and the state legislature, the friends of the Sabbath will make special efforts to have ordinances passed that will close all saloons and drinking places on the Sabbath."

That is simply one-day prohibition. We have more respect for seven-days prohibitionists; and, indeed, the right to close a saloon on Sunday carries with it logically the right to close it the

rest of the week. But the right is not conceded in either case.

"Third—That we hereby pledge ourselves to work for a law against all needless Sabbath work in our government's mail and military service, and in interstate commerce, and in the District of Columbia and the territories."

There is no call for a law against needless work on Sunday or any other day, because nobody does it. The tendency is in the opposite direction.

"Fourth—That it is the sense of this convention that the taking of mail from the post-office on the Sabbath, the reading or purchasing of Sunday newspapers on the Lord's day, or the publishing of church notices or other matters in such papers, are to be discouraged as violations of the fourth commandment."

Of course, but the fourth commandment is for Christians to observe. It has no place in our statute books.

"Fifth—That we consider Sabbath pleasure excursions, picnics, and the like to be desecrations of this day, demoralizing to the rising generation, and doing incalculable injury to those who participate in them, as well as to the towns and villages which are visited by them."

That depends upon the character of the persons attending the picnic, and not upon the day.

"Sixth—That we note with great satisfaction a movement among some of our secular papers and railroad authorities acknowledging the iniquity and abominations of Sunday excursions and picnics."

We would rather see indications of improvement in sobriety and deportment on the part of the excursionists. There is no satisfaction to good citizens to know that any excursion or picnic is iniquitous or abominable.

The other resolutions do not introduce anything new or good, but some of the remarks of the speakers are worth quoting to show on what grounds a Sunday law is demanded. Here is the argument of the Rev. T. B. Stewart, from San Francisco:

"When the news came through the North one Saturday night that Lee had surrendered, the people in their joy spent Sunday in great rejoicing and with the roar of cannon and the beating of drums violated the holy day of God. My mother, who had trained me up to the closest observance of the Christian Sabbath, said, when she read of this act, that the American people would be punished for this outrage upon the Lord's day. Before the next Sabbath came our people were bowed with sorrow for the death of Lincoln. This fact made a great impression on me at the time, and since then I have felt keenly the necessity of keeping the Lord's day holy."

Twaddle! Then came Mrs. Bateman, of Ohio, who said:

"We have in America tried the Puritan Sabbath, and we ought to know what its influence has been. Foreign nations have envied us this holy observance. All the nations of Europe are tending towards a more perfect keeping of the Lord's Day. There has been a Sabbath Observance Congress in France, and we may soon expect a Sabbath law in that state. This is very encouraging, for France is one of the three spots in the civilized world that has no Sunday law. The District of Columbia is the second, and, as you all know, California is the third. Steps are being taken to secure such a law at the national capital, and it behooves Californians to be active for their own state lest in the advance of Christian civilization this state be left lagging behind."

What nation is it, we would like to know, that envies us the Puritan Sabbath? None. On the other hand, the Puritan Sabbath, whose restrictions forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, was an institution that set the whole world laughing at us. When Mrs. Bateman said that the District of Columbia has no Sunday law, she said what she ought to know is untrue. The District has a Sunday law as barbarous as that of any state in the Union. California has tried the Sunday law and abandoned it, but a Christian minister has testified that nowhere is Sunday more faithfully observed than in this state. And this, observation

teaches us, is true. Those who desire to do so go to church, and no law could or ought to influence others to attend church against their will. The moment that coercion is used a principle is introduced which, logically carried out, would permit a Roman Catholic police officer to arrest any citizen found at home on Sunday, escort him in handcuffs to a pew, and lock him in until the close of the services.

A FINE SCHOOL OFFICIAL.

It is a sad thing that so many of the offices of large cities fall into the hands of low ward politicians, but it is still sadder that the public schools cannot be kept out of their clutches. A man named McPherson occupies the position of janitor or curator of a large educational establishment in San Francisco. His fitness for the place can be appreciated when it is known that he wrote the following letter to the editor of a city paper who had criticised his actions:

"I see by your paper that you still keep up your harpin about me, don't you think you had better Clean your mouth out a little Before you Publish any more. You only waste your paper and ink. This must stop right here patience ceases to be a Virtue sometimes and there are times in a Man's life when you may go too fur with your Vile slandrös tongue and Pen. Sometimes the pen is Mightre than the sword but other times it changes, and when it does it is like a whirlwind comes with a crash and takes everything before it let me warn you before it May be too late. You talk about Buckleys lambs I would sooner be a Buckley Lamb and have Chris Buckley for my friend than Have a Million men liké you for a friend. I have stood your attac long enough you have Published lies enough about me you have tried to break my Family and home up and drive me an outcast from home and friends let this be the last time you try to wronge me I write this letter myself without anybody help or dictation tis the last time I will warn you. My home shall be protected by me with my life you must take the Conquence if this Is not stoped dont think for a Moment that I am braggin I mean what I say and shall do what I think best for myself and Family read this Carefully I think I have spelled some Words Wronge but that makes know diferance you can read it if not bring it to me and I will read it in good stile for your benifit."

The efficiency of any public school system may well be questioned when it permits the employment of men like McPherson; and the citizen might be pardoned for reluctance to pay his taxes when he remembers where the money goes. But McPherson is not a bad sample of the men who control the minor affairs of our cities. He is doubtless a good Catholic. When he dies he will be buried with honors and a large funeral procession from the cathedral; and perhaps the sooner that event comes off the better.

THE San Jose "Herald" of May 17 says:

"The Stockton newspapers for several days have been full of the reports of a scandal which had for its central figure the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. The gist of the charge was that he has been seen late at night on the street with a colored prostitute. The matter was brought before the directors of the association, and the secretary boldly and strenuously denied the charge, asserting that it was part of a cowardly plot to smirch his character as a godly young man, and to injure the association of which he was an officer, with a lot more gush of that sort. But after a few days' visit to San Francisco, the secretary confessed that the charge was true, and that he had deliberately lied when he denied it, and so had his witnesses, also active members of the Y. M. C. A. This is terrible. Where are we to look for examples of truth and chastity when ministers of the gospel, and officials of associations for the inculcation of personal purity, confess that they are leading lascivious lives after having perjured themselves and vilified their accusers?"

It would be hard to inform the editor of the San Jose "Her-

ald" exactly where to look for examples of truth and chastity with a certainty of finding them every time. Doubtless he would discover some still left in the church if he search long and closely enough. There are many we know of among Freethinkers and among Spiritualists. The editorial profession, even, is not wholly destitute of them. Truth and chastity are virtues common to the race. By long professions of morality on the part of Christians a few people have been beguiled into believing that the church has a monopoly of the virtues, when in fact it is doubtful if she has her equal share. If any man desires to have always before him an example of truth and chastity, let him strive to be such himself, but he will look in vain for the object of his search among the loud-mouthed professors of piety.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has ordered the "Word," E. H. Heywood's paper, from the mails. If anybody imagines that we have not in this country as much tyranny as exists elsewhere, it is about time he were undeceived.—FREETHOUGHT.

We wonder if our neighbor has ever seen the "Word," and is aware of the amount of nastiness it contains. Such a paper should not only be excluded from the mails, but the public should be protected against such publications.—"Golden Gate."

We have heard sentiments similar to these before. About two weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Eastman of San Francisco called on the civil law to suppress such matter as appears in the "Golden Gate." Nevertheless we have read both the "Golden Gate" and the "Word" without feeling any desire for legal protection from the contents of either.

THIS ISSUE of FREETHOUGHT contains two poems adapted to Decoration Day, both written by men who have lived their three score years. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety" of these veterans in the cause.

It is hoped that the notices of expiration of subscription which we have sent to several hundred subscribers will not be a total waste of postage and stationery.

DECORATION DAY.

1890.

The Blue and the Gray lie sleeping, mingled their common dust,
With a new world's sentinels keeping guard o'er a solemn trust.
Ambition and Hate have faded, no more the battle array,
We cover the dead with roses, we cover the Blue and the Gray.

"Thank God" the battle is over, bitter revenge is gone,
The young girl keeps her lover, the mother her only son;
Life is nobler and better, the Nation born in a day
May cover its dead with roses, together the Blue and the Gray.

Heroes have struggled and perished, fathers and sons have died,
Hopes that young life cherished drowning in war's black tide,
The good and the bad together, mixed in a common clay,
Under the scattered heather, quiet the Blue and the Gray.

We tell to the young the story, how brave ones fought and fell,
We sing of the victors' glory, and life in the prison cell;
Of wounded, and shattered, and dying, all in the terrible fray,
"Thank God!" we scatter the roses now, over the Blue and Gray.

O loved ones! silent and solemn, what is the lesson you give
To dear ones forming the column, to nations beginning to live?
Is it war to the knife, with sorrow, to settle each hard dispute,
Or peace for the coming morrow? Speak, for ye are not mute!

The Blue and the Gray are crying, "Peace, good will to man,
The living are always dying, war is a costly plan.
Come let us reason together!" this is the work of to-day,
"Thank God!" you can scatter the roses over the Blue and the Gray.
San Francisco.

—THOMAS CURTIS,

OBSERVATIONS.

As I stood in front of Union Square Hall last Sunday evening watching the drift of things on the street, a man came along and inquired if I could direct him to Plymouth church. I replied that I could not; that I had been looking for Plymouth church ever since I came to San Francisco, but had never been able to find it. He then said that he had lived in the city twenty-seven years, and he would be dashed if he knew the name of any church. Then he walked up the street a little way and turned back to remark, "Here's your blessed institution. Here's your relic of our Pilgrim ancestors, and the recording angel can make note of it that this worm of the dust is about to attend divine service. If you hear anything drop in this neighborhood, you will know the roof has fell on a repentant sinner." He removed his hat to wipe a fevered brow, and plunged into the sacred edifice.

Thomas Curtis lectured before the Freethought Society on "The Public Schools and the Catholic Church." The Constitution of the United States, he said, guaranteed religious liberty to all people, yet it had failed to protect the children of Catholic parents against the religious slavery imposed upon them. The United States had disfranchised Mormons because they profess prior allegiance to the Mormon church. The Catholics occupy a similar attitude toward the government. The strength of a chain, said the speaker, is measured by its weakest links; so the stability of a state depends upon the quality of the mass of citizens. Its strength is not determined by the intelligence of the wisest men, but of the whole population. Intelligence is the one quality that can give permanence to our institutions. It therefore becomes the duty of the state to see that its citizens are intelligent, because the state bears the consequences arising from a lack of right education. Parents have no right to control the brains of children; therefore they have no right to send their children to religious schools. The state bears the expense of educating our youth, and hence the state has the right to say what they shall be taught. In order to learn what results from Catholic teaching we must look at Catholic countries—at Spain, at old Italy, and at our southern republics, where the majority are illiterate. The church organizes parochial schools, not to educate, but to manufacture Catholic voters, and in every large city, as in San Francisco, where parochial schools abound, the church has the government by the throat. The remedy is compulsory education by the state. Every boy from the age of eleven to fourteen should be sent to a state school and instructed in the principles of our government. The question must be settled, who owns the child—the parent, the church, or the state. Emphatically the state, said Mr. Curtis. A parent's natural and selfish love for his offspring causes him to support his children; the desire to use them for its own aggrandizement actuates the church to interest itself in the young, but the state cares for them in order that they may grow up good and intelligent citizens.

Mr. Healy was first on the floor after the speaker of the evening had closed, and launched into a howling panegyric of the Roman Catholic church. The church should control education. Man's first duty was to God as his will was revealed through the church. Catholics were the most loyal citizens. Neither Benedict Arnold nor Jefferson Davis was a Catholic. Catholics wanted the earth and would acquire it. Mr. Healy illustrated the Catholic desire for the earth by asking for an extension of his time, and when that was granted, he wanted more, which he did not get.

Mr. Curtis, in reply, alluded to the historical fact that the pope was the only foreign potentate who recognized the Southern Confederacy. As to Catholics being loyal subjects, he would ask if the pope, in claiming temporal sovereignty over Rome, was not in open rebellion against the Italian government. If he were King Humbert he would try his holiness for high treason, and then have him taken out and shot.

The meeting thus passed off pleasantly, though the exercises were disturbed somewhat by the noisy services carried on in an adjoining hall by the Rev. Alexander Dowie, the Australian faith healer.

Next Sunday night another sociable and dance is on the programme, with accompanying hilarity.

The Rev. Dr. Stratton, ex-president of Mills College, is in the lecture field. At San Jose he spoke on topics general enough to embrace the remark that "there is a certain chivalry in California which I believe out-balances that met with in the East. Yet we are still lacking. There is not a sufficient regard for woman. In the old country people are surrounded by arms," etc.

If the young lady teachers in Mills College are worthy of confidence, Dr. Stratton has been endeavoring to supply the lack of regard for woman. Such, it is said, is the character of his esteem for those differing from him in point of sex that it is not confined to members of his own household. And perhaps his allusion to the people of the old country being surrounded by arms was suggested by the position in which one of the above-mentioned young lady teachers found herself on the evening that the reverend gentleman entered her room, the surrounding arms being those of Dr. Stratton. The lady testifies that the doctor's meaning could not be misunderstood. If it was, this lecture explains it. He desired merely to introduce an old-country custom which but for the efforts of the clergy of our land might not be so well known on this side of the Atlantic.

No "News and Notes" this week from the Secular Pilgrim. This, I firmly believe, is not for the reason that Mr. Putnam has found nothing to write about; because, were he in a dungeon and saw a ray of sunshine streaking through his grated window, he could find a poetic thought in every mote that danced in the beam. The absence of a contribution from him this week, as I size it up, is due to his lack of foresight. He took no postage stamps with him. I got a card from him a day or two ago. He was in Oregon and wrote as follows:

DEAR GEORGE: I have struck it rich. Lectured three times, and am only 50 cents behind expenses. Yours' forever, SAMUEL.

He adds in a general way that the future gleams with promise, and that the earth trembles beneath the tread of the advancing hosts that fling to the glistening sun the radiant banners of progress. Morn spills its goblet of effulgence over the mountain tops; the chariot of day mounts the heavens to high noon; the declining orb in splendor sinks below the western clouds that lie in banks of red and gold above the far horizon's rim; the pale moon like a silver scimeter cuts through the sky's serene and vast abyss; the stars peep brightly from the void of space; night stretches forth her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world, and the Pilgrim dreams of a postage stamp large as a quarter section of government land.

If the issue were to be made, I think I should take exception to the doctrine of Mr. Thomas Curtis that the state owns the children. The person who has the first mortgage on the human infant, in my judgment, is its mother. Her claim is founded primarily upon the fact that she has suffered whatever inconvenience there may be in the production of the subject of these remarks, a burden which the state, whether republican, monarchical, or communistic, could not by any possibility assume. Then she feeds the little future president in a manner for which the best regulated governments make no provision. Likewise the state, especially a masculine state, would have but indifferent success at providing baby clothes and adjusting the same, even though the wisest of laws were made with that end in view. It is absurd, too, to imagine that the state could furnish a forefinger for the youngster to chew while essaying to get its latent teeth in sight, nor would the administration of a great country like this take half the pleasure the mother does in announcing the first success of the infant in that direction. If human happiness is the object of life, the state should at such a time withdraw its supervision and give the mother an opportunity to get what the newspapers call a scoop on the rest of the world. And when the incipient citizen makes his first attempt at articulate speech, what state, past, present, or to come, could officially translate dindin as a demand on the legislature for something to eat, or by-

bys as an application for a free pass on the municipal line of baby-carriages?

There are other reasons why the state would make a poor fist at owning children; but if government ownership is to be introduced I see no way for our public officials to escape these duties now devolving upon the mother. Then the province of the father comes in somewhere, though I have not paid that subject so much attention; but I understand that he settles the bills, corrects his offspring when necessary, and gazes upon his hopeful son with fond paternal pride whenever the boy shows the first indication of possessing intelligence.

These offices, as I look at it, give the parents a certain lien upon their children, at least as long, I might say, as the children lean upon them; and therefore, in the absence of any one having a prior claim, they should be accorded the legal right to rear them, educate them, and instruct them in such principles of ethics, religion, or irreligion as they see fit.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Robert Hardie, a Los Angeles lawyer, was shot and killed by Apaches near Tombstone, Ariz., May 24. A committee appointed by the coroner's jury has appealed to the government for protection.—Edith O'Gorman, the "escaped nun," has been lecturing in San Francisco to rather small audiences.—Jesse Grigsby, one of Napa county's pioneers, died at Napa May 21, aged 71.—The ship Oneida, which left this port March 20 for Thin Point, Alaska, is reported wrecked near Sanak island. The officers and crew escaped, but 75 Chinese were drowned.—Dr. Edward McGlynn, the Single-Tax apostle, is in San Francisco.—George Francis Train's trip around the world occupied 67 days. He beat all previous records.—The school census shows a large falling off in the number of children of school age in San Francisco.—The Seventh Day Adventists are building a missionary boat, in which they will seek converts in the South Seas.—If half the contradictory reports about the location of San Francisco's new public building are true, we shall have million-dollar post-offices scattered all over the city.—Three murderers have been acquitted by our local courts within the past few days—two of them under the so-called higher law which permits a man to kill the seducer or traducer of his wife.

A school teacher at Lowell, Mass., scrubbed the mouth of a twelve-year-old boy with soft soap as a punishment for swearing, and the boy took sick and died. The parents will enter suit against the teacher.—The commander of the Salvation Army in the United States reports 1105 officers and 360 stations throughout the country. He estimates the weekly attendance upon salvation meetings at over 250,000.—The Chicago police report an attempt to blow up with dynamite the Haymarket monument erected to the policemen killed May 4, 1886.—S. M. Barrett, priest of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, Chicago, was fatally shot on the threshold of his residence by a stranger May 23.—A messiah has appeared among the Cheyenne Indians in Montana. His name is Porcupine, and he speaks in a trance under the control of the Great Spirit.

MARTYRS AND MARTYRDOM.

To the Editors of Freethought:

While having great respect for Mrs. Waisbrooker and her opinions on reform subjects, I cannot always agree with her; but on the question of Mr. Harman's goodness of heart, honesty, sincerity, and integrity, we can fully agree.

But that is not the point on which a controversy could be based; and right here I wish to remark that though Mr. Harman was rashly indiscreet, if not extremely foolish, to tempt fate as he did by "twisting the lion's tail and kicking his sides," I think no greater, more monstrous injustice has been done in our civil courts since the foundation of our government than was seen in his vindictive sentence; and it stands a deep and lasting disgrace to a country that boasts of being in the van of civilization. That Mr. Harman would be convicted and receive a moderate sentence, I have believed surely certain ever since he continued to "instruct the court" with open letters and to publish articles that

further jeopardized his liberty. Had he been less rash and more discreet, which he might have been without sacrificing principle or manifesting cowardice, his conviction would never have taken place on the indictments which have now deprived him of his freedom. I am no believer in martyrs or martyrdom, and don't think any person is morally bound to offer himself up as a sacrifice to any cause. It is rank nonsense to harbor such an idea and to follow it out; and if public opinion is not ripe for a desired change in social customs or civil laws, a martyr produces no more effect in hastening such a change than would a windy prayer to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Mrs. Waisbrooker says "when John Brown's body fell it shook the earth." Perhaps—but public opinion was at fever heat on the question of slavery, and endless agitation was everywhere prevalent. The coming change was near at hand, and whether John Brown had sought martyrdom or not, it would surely have taken place. Conditions were ripe for the conflict, and it had to come. Now let us view another case of martyrdom and note the result under different conditions. Four brave and earnest men were hanged Nov. 11, 1887, in Chicago, and intense excitement prevailed from one end of our country to the other, and prophets predicted dire disasters which would follow their unjust and unwarranted execution; but as martyrs their deaths resulted in nothing, and have not to this day. Why? Public opinion was not ripe for the change they sought to bring about, and while sympathetic natures were shocked in thousands of cases, no impulse was given to Anarchy, and it shows no sign of mounting the tidal wave that leads to success. D. M. Bennett did not seek martyrdom, but his unjust imprisonment has produced but one result to this day—it augmented his number of friends and increased the power and circulation of his grand old Truth Seeker. The Comstock laws under which he suffered deep injustice still disgrace our statute books. Why? Because public opinion has not been aroused to that extent necessary to demand their repeal. E. C. Walker and Lilian Harman experienced limited martyrdom in their efforts to subvert the "divine institution" of matrimony, but their sacrifices and sufferings had no more effect in destroying it or creating a system of sex union to replace it than a Chicago divorce case would. Why? Because the public pulse was not at fever heat on that subject, and a universal desire for a radical change was not then apparent, and is not yet. Ill-timed martyrdom is useless, and martyrdom of any kind should never be sought. We have during the past year heard much of the martyrdom of Bruno, but his tragic death has been vastly overrated as a spur to human advancement and the progress of civilization. The progress of ideas is natural, and the world would have kept moving had he recanted like Galileo and avoided the fearful fate which the love of Christ inspired the Catholic church to impose upon him. In those days in which he lived, the world had limited methods of communication between people and among nations, and in my opinion his heroic fortitude in facing such a death and the cause which led to that death were hardly known outside the immediate locality where he met his fate. Even if they were, Galileo escaped martyrdom and accomplished just as much for human progress as did Bruno; and while some may regard him as being less firm and resolute, I would ask all such if firmness and resoluteness in the face of such inevitable consequences is worth the manifestation. Would it not be better to yield when overcome by brute force and submit to the unavoidable? I say yes, and, with Ingersoll, would profess belief in anything to get rid of the thumb-screws, as he once expressed himself when speaking of martyrdom.

Now, in regard to Mr. Harman's martyrdom, I do not think that, as a resultant factor in producing a desired change, it will amount to anything, for public opinion is not aroused or interested in the work he had undertaken. My sympathies are with him, and I hope executive clemency will intervene before he is compelled to drag out the weary years in a prison hell which have been imposed upon him; and right here is a proper time to say that in all probability no criticism expressed in any Freethought paper had the slightest influence on his fate, and though some have expressed the thought that an editorial in the Truth Seeker would aid in his conviction, such talk is devoid of sense. Freethought papers are not read by such juries as convicted him,

and I shall be surprised to learn that the judge is a subscriber to any of our Freethought papers.

Now a word in regard to the portrayal of disgusting crimes against nature. I do not agree with Mrs. W. that anything will be gained by such publications, and the less said about them the better. The knowledge that a certain vice is prevalent in Turkey has not prevented its introduction to the United States, and the West End scandal in London gives similar testimony for that country, whereas, in the estimation of certain "ulcer-probers," the knowledge of such a vice should have prevented its advent among other nations or other people. We have all heard the story of the Irishman who was asked at the confessional if he had had ever done a certain dishonest trick; he replied that he had not, but the next time he went to confession he admitted that he had. The priest then took him to task for denying it at the previous confession, but McGinty, or whatever his name was, replied that he didn't know anything about it until told by the priest. We all know the evils of intoxication, and men who have committed murder under the influence of whisky have left their solemn warning from the gallows; but a knowledge of this terrible evil does not restrict it, and man, that creature of moods and impulses, still drinks whisky and commits murders; and every city in the land deserves the same fate that befell Sodom and Gomorrah, and for the same reason.

In view of all this I fail to see where or why a further and more extended knowledge of vice is necessary for the salvation of the world or the purification of depraved and corrupted society; and while public opinion refuses to sanction the exposure and revealment of unnatural vices as old as the race, it is sheer folly to incur martyrdom by so doing. C. SEVERANCE.

Los Angeles, May 21, 1890.

A RULE OF RIGHT CONDUCT.

Pre-science renders con-science useless, and con-science surrenders to pre-science. Justice renders God useless, and God surrenders to justice.

An equal use of whatever is, is his due, is the due of every one, and is the only due that justice means to give to every one. If not, why not? If so, then what?

Then "give and receive an equal use of whatever is," is the universal standard rule of right conduct. If not, why not? If so, then what?

Then we can no more use two kinds of rules of right conduct than we can use two kinds of right angles; we can no more use two kinds of *due* than we can use two kinds of straight lines; we can no more use two kinds of duty and destiny than we can use two kinds of parallel lines; we can no more use two kinds of justice and right than we can use two kinds of perpendicular. When we give and receive said *due*, we do justice; and by doing justice we end all injustice, and establish justice. Then is when we are doing unto others as we would have others do unto us; and then is when we love our neighbor as ourself, and not before. Then we govern ourselves as we would have others govern themselves; and any one who is fit to give and receive his due is fit to live it. Yet unfit as the imperfect man may be to live it, there is no other life worth living. Unable as the imperfect man is to use his due, there is no other due for him to use; and there is no other due for the perfect man to use. We are cursed and blessed in accordance with the use which we make of things. Owing a thing adds no value to the thing. Whatever events heretofore have been could not possibly have been otherwise than they have been, and that is the reason why "whatever is is right," and forever will be so.

Con-science, the moral, religious, ethical, political, social, secular agent in the imperfect man, in every age and clime adored and worshiped, and in whom man puts his trust, is Satan, the law-giver, the devil, the mythological boy, the "old boy," the very old boy, old as Adam and Eve, old as good and evil, old as Harry, the "old Harry," the very old Harry, who says to the people, "If you will fall down and worship me (*i.e.*), if you will *consent* to obey all my dictates and let me do all the preaching, praying, electioneering, and voting, I will give you the right to own something," and to-day, day by day, the people are giving

their *consent* in order to get the right to own something. He also says that all governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed, and whatever he says the people say is law and gospel too. His voice and vote is the voice and vote of God, the voice and vote of the people, the voice and vote of the devil himself. He of course votes on both sides; votes for himself, and elects himself commander-in-chief of all the armies and navies in the whole world, and he is now continually increasing his armaments and munitions of war in order to complete the work of tyranny, desolation, and death, already begun with perfidy and cruelty unequalled in the most barbarous ages, and his motto now is, "In God We Trust," and it is the people's motto too. He is first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. The right to own something begets the temptation to steal something, to rob, to lie, to murder, to assassinate, to get something. The right to own an apple in the first place begets the temptation to steal an apple in the last place.

The right to own a man, in the first place, begets the temptation to steal a man in the last place. The right to own man's labor, in the first place, begets the temptation to steal a man's labor in the last place. The turmoil and the strike now going on in and throughout this world at this time means something above and beyond anything that man has ever thought of. The striker doesn't deserve his due until he is fit to give and receive it; but when he is able to do that, then he will be fit to live it, and not before.

When the last battle is fought and the last blow is struck, his due will not have changed one iota, because his due is as immutable as justice, because the demand and supply of justice and his due are one and the same, co-equal and co-eternal, and immutable, forever the same.

People in this era are determined to find out the why and the therefore, and they will, too, "if it takes all summer."

If any one has specific charges to make against this axiomatic "Rule of Conduct," now is his time to get up and "speak out in meeting" and prefer them.

JOHN THOMAS.

Madrid, N. Y.

INFIDELITY ANNIHILATED.

A sermon under the above caption was delivered in a meeting-house not a thousand miles from Tacoma, Wash., by the Rev. Jay Whiner, D.D., just after the Liberal convention. The good old soul (God bless him and his kind) had been serving the Lord for over forty years. True, he started out on a mighty slim capital of that very slim article called "faith," all he knew was that he loved Jesus and that God was good; and now after the lapse of nearly two generations he knew no more.

By some chance he got hold of a leaf or two out of a book called "The Bible Against Itself." His first impulse was to throw the ungodly thing away; but then, might not some one find it and use it against the "master?" On second thought he put it in his pocket with the intention of consigning it to the flames on his return home. But before throwing the offending tract in the fire he examined it and saw how easy it would be to break down every argument and thus break down infidelity at one fell swoop. Accordingly he sat down and thought it out, and the resolve was made that next Sunday the noxious plant known as Liberalism was to receive its *coup de grace*. He had not lived all these years for nothing; now he would get his holy revenge—yes, revenge; holy, but still revenge—on the scoffing infidels who had dared to laugh at him and doubt his master. With these pleasant thoughts he fell asleep. He was sorry that he could not write the thoughts that came crowding into his brain, but alas! he could not write; he spoke only from inspiration, and surely the Lord would not desert him now.

Among others who were attracted to the sleepy little church was one of those wicked innovations known as "reporters," and there he sat as quiet as a mouse until the reverend started his discourse, when out came a very dirty note-book "cover," next a note-book and pencil, and in a minute he was scratching, in the way peculiar to his craft. The Rev. Mr. Whiner had noticed him when he entered and had said in his soul, "I will win his heart," but when the terrible note-book came out he knew the

case was hopeless. What business had this wicked reporter on this of all occasions to come in there and take the very words out of his mouth? And he was sore affrid and displeased. But then a thought struck him: "May not this be a scribe who shall give my inspired thought to the great, wicked world? And, too, who knows but the pencil driver is a Christian?" And he feels a thrill go through his frame, but it is only for a moment, for he suddenly remembers that he has never seen or even heard of such a thing as a Christian reporter. His knees smite, but he goes on to vindicate what he knows to be right and must convince even the most hardened skeptic, to which class he consigned the scribe.

The choir have finished their "usual," and the quondam preacher, but now scientist, steps forth. His deep treble permeates to the utmost corner of the massive little church, and a suppressed murmur arises in the hearts of the simple folk, who for years have gazed on his noble countenance, for there is a look there of such spirituality and conscious power that they marvel greatly.

He began:

"Brethering and sistern: I hev no text to preach on from the holy book. I am goin' to preach from a Infedel track. Don't be afraid. I han't goin' to do like Thomas an' Swing an' Beecher did; I a'nt goin' to leave the church. No, sir; I'm not goin' to apostrafy, but I em goin' to 'nihilate Infidelity an' Agnosticism; an' what's more, I'm goin' to do it from one of these books. The good Lord hes put inter my han's the way of doin' it, an' I'm goin' to do it, I am. Firstly, he talks uv God dividin' night from day, as is spoken uv in the first chapter uv Genesis, fort and fift verses. He tells that rite, fur he cain't git aroun' scriptur; but then he goes on an' says that God contradicks hisself by dividin' lite from darkness on the fort day. Now fur my argyment. They 'lows that God made the lite in both cases, or he don' say different; he only says that science says that you cain't divide lite from darkness but once, an' some on 'em go so fur as to say it cain't be done at all. Now, them is nigger-amuses that the world calls sciencists, but I'm goin' to prove that God kin make lite an' darkness jest as he pleases. En the first place you all know from exper'ence that He is almighty an' all-powerful. Well, you know that from your own exper'ence in the church, don't you? Well, ef he be almyty, he kin do as he pleases, cain't he? Then what's to prevent him from keepin' a little uv the darkness over from the first day, or Sunday, till the fort day, or Wednesday? An' then when he gits good an' ready he kin take an' sep'rate as leetle or as much as he pleases. An' don't you furgit that he never does anything till he wants to, either. He must have ben a pore shake ef he cudn't hev kep' a leetle darkness that long. Why, I kin keep it thet long myself by puttin it in the cellar.

"Secondly, the Infedel claims on the second count that God had no business to change his mind. Shoo! He quotes Genesis i, 31, uv the good book, where God says his work is good; then he quotes Genesis vi, 6, an' tries to make fun uv God by sayin' thet—by—sayin'—the—the text. Well, s'posin' he did get mad, hain't he a rite to? They say thet man is only 'stinguished from the jackass by his s'position to change his mind, an' I don't s'pose there is a blasphemer alive that would liken the orther uv his bein' in that way.

"Thirdly, then ag'in in the thirdly plase the Infedel says, says he, 'about God not repentin', jus' as if the one who invented repentin' hes to do any uv it hisself. This time he bases his blasphemy on the inspired word uv Numbers xxiii, 19. Then he goes on a little furdur an' fin's thet he kin repent if he wants to. Well, wouldn't you give the one who first made repentin' a chance to use some uv it on hisself?

"Fortly, I think by this time you kin see that I've 'nihilated the Infedels, as I said I would. They bring up what they call geology and say that it proves the hole Bible a lie; they say thet the stratter shos thet it wuz here long before the time Moses said it wuz. Well, s'posin' it wuz, an' s'posin' thet the stratter an' the fosselized bones shos how much older it is; it jus' shos thet God kin make a job that kin stan' the weather an' the war uv the elements. Amen."

Note. I dislike to chronicle the fact, but this eloquent and

masterful effort of one of the most erudite (?) divines of the day and Andover Theological Academy has so completely crushed Agnosticism that I cannot draw any comparison in modern history to describe the baneful effect. O yes, there is one instance, and that is where Robert Elsmere succeeded in one short winter's work to undo all that such men as Comte and Bradlaugh had accomplished during a long life of unceasing effort. I allude to the workingmen's club he converted to Elsmatism.—The Reporter. MAURITZ S. LIDEN.

The Nation's Heroes.

O ye truly great and noble
Who to honest fame aspire,
Shrinking not in freedom's conflict,
Though it lead through flames of fire;
Fighting nobly life's great battle
Of the weak against the strong,
That o'er error truth may flourish,
Justice triumph over wrong.

That each slave may burst his fetters,
That each tyrant may be bound,
That all men may live as brothers,
Virtue reign and peace abound;
Though the price be fame and fortune,
All the luxury wealth can give,
The great prize is worth the venture,
Ye, while others die, shall live.

When the monuments of heroes
Shall have mouldered into dust,
When the swords of hated Neros
Shall have crumbled into rust;
When the transient fame they boasted
Shall have vanished from the earth,
When a race of noble freemen
Shall have ushered into birth;

Then shall fame accord due honors
To the noble, great, and good,
Who through freedom's dreadful conflict
In the foremost ranks have stood.
In her own gigantic temple,
Blazed in gold each name shall shine,
Far above all other heroes
Worshipped as almost divine.

And their deeds of noble daring
Shall inspire the poet's song,
While ten thousand happy ages
Roll their smiling years along.
History's brightest, dearest pages
Shall their stainless records keep,
And the world they died to rescue
O'er their hallowed dust shall weep.

—G. W. THURSTON.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Talent.....	May 30, 31	John Day.....	July 24
Ashland.....	June 1	Prairie City.....	July 25
Eagle Point.....	June 2, 3	Baker City.....	July 27, 28, 29
Brownville and Coburg..	June 5 to 8	Union.....	July 30
Grey's River.....	June 11 to 18	Summerville.....	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Portland.....	June 22	Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11
Cascades, Wash.....	June 24, 25	Rosalia.....	Aug. 13
Fossil, Or.....	June 29	Plaza.....	Aug. 14
Lost Valley.....	July 1	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Wagner.....	July 2, 3, 4	Spokane Falls.....	Aug. 17
Prineville and vicinity.	July 7 to 16	Davenport.....	Aug. 18, 19
Monument.....	July 18	Buckley.....	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Hamilton.....	July 19	Tacoma.....	Aug. 25
Fox.....	July 20, 21, 22	Port Townsend.....	Aug. 31

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XII.

ENTITLED YE PLAINS.

The Plain of Science.—The Favorites of the Dragons.—The Car of Free-thought.—The Trees of the Plain.—Simon falls in with Unitheos.—Simon and Unitheos in the Plain.—The Vision of Unitheos.—True Communism.

1. Now, beyond the Forest, was on the right hand a great and beautiful plain, called the Plain of Science, and on the left was the Vale of Superstition.

2. And between this vale and Plain of Science was a noble tree like unto a banyan tree, and the name of it was Natural Wealth.

3. And upon it there grew a very great abundance of wholesome fruit; yea, all manner of fruit hung upon its branches; and it depended not upon the seasons for its fertility, nor cast its leaves in the autumn; its verdure was immortal, and its beauty was glorious. And it continually sent out new branches, which growing outwards and downwards, at last sent down stems into the ground, which took root, and grew into trees themselves, and they in like manner sent forth their branches, which also grew into trees; and thus the tree went on, year by year increasing its dimensions, and becoming greater and greater continually.

4. Yea, was its growth by no means so great as it might have been had it been cultivated as it ought, and its increase not impeded.

5. Nay, the tree could have produced fruit and food enough for all the people of Cosmos, were it but duly apportioned.

6. But it was guarded day and night by certain evil, malicious, and malignant dragons, whose names were Ignorance, Avarice, Fraud, Religion, False-education, and many others.

7. And these malignant dragons continually drove away those whom they called the common people, and would scarcely permit great numbers of them so much as a mouthful, but gave the fruits to their favorites, whom they loaded with more than they needed, and more than they could by any means eat; so that while these feasted themselves gluttonously, and wasted and destroyed that which they could not eat, others, their fellow-beings, perished miserably for want.

8. And though the dragons would not give those whom they called the common people their rightful share of the fruit, yet did they make them bring soil from the Plains of Science for the nourishment of the tree, and to do all the labor, while they themselves, and their favorites, took their ease, and reaped the harvest which the others did sow.

9. And some of the guides brought soil from the Vale of Superstition, also, for the tree, and this it was that prevented the tree from flourishing as it might; for such soil did but poison the tree and retard its growth.

10. Now, if soil had been brought from the Plains of Science only, the tree would have flourished so abundantly that there would have been enough fruit, and to spare, for every soul in the whole country of Cosmos, and every man might have dwelt at ease; for if the labor had been duly apportioned, and every one had done his share of it, then would the burden have been indeed light.

11. But instead whereof, many labored hard, and got little fruit; and many got more fruit than they could eat, and labored not at all, except it were to destroy their superabundance of fruit; and many there were that died of want, because they were driven away from the tree; and to this thousands of bleaching bones which lay about bore hideous testimony.

12. And the giants which dwelt in the Plains of Science took note of this, and made ceaseless war against the dragons, and endeavored that all should have their due proportion, and no more.

13. And the Forest of Evidences was in the way, and hindered very many from coming at the tree; wherefore they tore down the trees, and brake down the fences which surrounded it, and made constant war against the Beast and his servants.

14. And through the Plains of Science flowed the river called inquiry (which Simon had seen before he entered the Valley of Repentance), and which fell into the Lake of Unbelief; and from

this lake the river flowed onwards towards another and greater lake, called the Lake of Truth.

15. And the river and the lakes, and all the trees of the Plain of Science, gave off certain pleasant odors, but which the dragons who guarded the tree could by no means endure; for it caused them to lose their strength, and grow weaker day by day, so that they could not now guard the tree as they were wont, nor altogether keep away the people from it.

16. Yet were the dragons still very powerful, because there arose from the decaying trees in the Forest of Evidences, and from those in the Vale of Superstition, very nauseous stenches, that did hinder the odors from the trees of the Plain of Science, and from the river and lakes.

17. And for this reason did also the giants make inroads upon the Forest, and upon the Vale of Superstition.

18. And from the Lake of Truth the odors were exceedingly potent, and were especially abhorred by the dragons, and the beasts and his servants, and by all the people of the Vale of Superstition; for they could not by any means withstand them; and fled from them as a man would fly from death.

19. And the giants had a certain car, called the Car of Free-thought, and to the car was harnessed a certain noble and generous steed called Philanthropy. And within the car was great store of seeds, which, when the car proceeded, were thrown out into the air, and fell into the ground, and there took root, and in time grew up into stately trees, producing very pleasant flowers; and anyone plucking these flowers was able with more ease to overcome and outwit the dragons and obtain the fruit of the tree they guarded.

20. And the name of one of these trees growing from the seeds thrown out of the car was Education, and the name of the flower, Knowledge; and of another the name was Research, and the flower, Discovery.

21. And the car did proceed on its way, as it were, in half circles, starting from the Lake of Unbelief and going to the Lake of Truth.

22. And it took water from the Lake of Truth, and shed it about as it went.

23. And the beast, his servants the guides, and some of the more foolish of the pilgrims, were continually putting all manner of obstacles in its way, and endeavoring mightily to stay its course.

24. But all their malice failed to stop the car, though they delayed it often.

25. Yea, despite their utmost malice, the car still went on, in ever-widening circles, overthrowing and trampling upon all impediments, and putting to rout and confusion all that dared oppose it.

26. And the Forest of Evidences, and the Vale of Superstition were in its way, but the resistless car went on, slicing off great portions of the Forest and the Vale upon every journey.

27. And the giants cast out the seeds, and shed abroad the water; and the seeds took root, and the water nourished them, and weakened the dragons, and sickened the beast and his servants.

28. And the car goeth on even to this day, and the Forest and Vale are doomed, and will disappear; and the dragons, though still potent for evil, are losing strength day by day, and soon may their end come. Selah.

29. And within the Plains of Science were also many other trees, such as were spoken of before, from which the giants armed themselves with cudgels.

30. And these trees were cultivated because they were in themselves very beautiful, and because they furnished excellent weapons to the giants, and because their fruit was good for the eyesight.

31. And some one of the trees were called Geologos, others Astronomos, others Chronologos, others Ethnologos, others Philologos.

32. And Simon fell in with another pilgrim, called Unitheos, and had much discourse with him.

33. Now, Unitheos had not entered the City of Conversion, nor come through the Valley of Repentance, but had come into the Forest from the country of Cosmos in a direct line.

34. And Unitheos had some little understanding, and when

the gutter called the Narrow-way grew too filthy, or too narrow, he stepped out and went comfortably.

35. And he had been up some of the trees, and seen little, and had grown tired of climbing.

36. And when he and Simon came out of the Forest, and upon the Vale of Superstition, Unitheos liked not the prospect, and he said unto Simon, Come out of the path, for it leadeth down yonder dismay, whither I care not to go; and see how pleasant it is on the other side, and how much more healthy and vigorous the trees and shrubs appear than they do hereabouts.

37. Yea, verily, said Simon, doubtfully; it seemeth pleasant, but thou knowest the guides bid us keep in the path.

38. And Unitheos said, Kick the guides; they are men like ourselves; come out, let us examine the matter for ourselves; and we find hurt, we will return. And he led on, and Simon followed timidly.

To be Continued.

IS HUMAN IMPROVEMENT A DREAM?

We are much pleased with Robert G. Ingersoll's article on labor. His heart is in the right place, and his head does good work. Yes, indeed, there is to be "a revolution in the relations between labor and capital," and we hope it will be a peaceful one.

"The laboring men ought to remember that all who labor are their brothers and sisters." Surely they are comrades in toil, and ought to be in rest.

"For a man to get up before daylight and work till after dark life is of no particular importance."

"Any man who wishes to force his brother to work more than eight hours a day is not a civilized man."

But I must quit quoting, for the whole article is full of truth so clearly stated that working men and women can understand it.

Ah, how many of us understand the situation and feel the effect of present methods! But is it not a sort of mockery to remember that we are brothers and sisters, who have no method of co-operation that will thoroughly and effectively sustain each other in their efforts to meet oppression? I have long wondered why the oppressed of large cities do not co-operate with producers in the country; why the various mechanics and artisans cannot unite their various orders in one with some farmers, and so economize their earnings until they can start in business for themselves. They can work to one common purpose and soon have the means to establish business of their own.

That is their only way. It is the way brothers and sisters do when they are worthy of the name. Laborers of all kinds must lay aside all their petty differences, if they have any, and avoid strikes wherever it can be done, and save their small amounts for one common purpose. After they begin to do this, how long, think you, will it take them to have something of their own? How soon the farm can be made to produce much we need, so that if the boss's shop does not bring enough to suit, the home will supply the remainder until the transition state is past. How soon the taskmaster will learn that there is a limit beyond which he cannot pass. How soon men and women will breathe freer and see what beauty there is in life after all. My hope is that we will sustain the common schools; that we will let religious contentions die; that we will agree to sustain each other politically as well as industrially—not for the purpose of demagoguism, chicanery, legal robbery, or any other unjust or ignoble purpose, but to secure simple justice for all.

Let us organize for one common purpose, in a way that failure shall be impossible.

There is no need of a thousand plans being formulated; any one that will thoroughly feed, clothe, protect, and profitably employ us will do—but, remember, it must do that. The social feature will easily arrange itself when we conclude that our sisters are as good as ourselves, and allow them equal rights and opportunity. My experience has never taught me that women are less beautiful, useful, noble, generous, loving, and virtuous when given equal opportunity with men. Pay them equally well; nor ask them to do or be what you would not, and they will maintain their honor in the battle of life.

In this article I am not speaking about idlers, nor encouraging any one to be envious of the rich. Those who work hard and save of their earnings until they have capital enough to get on with are to be commended for their industry and frugality.

But the very fact that many who have had plenty and lived moderately and were industrious have had reverses of fortune and are left at the foot of the ladder again is sufficient to show that there is need of a better way.

A farmer is careful to protect the delicate and the weak ones of his flock and herd, because he can make more out of them. And I suppose mankind are to neglect one another because they have no pecuniary interest in each other. Shall we let every man dig for himself because, forsooth, to reform and form unions is "dreaming?" Why, the principles of our government are those of union—union of states, union of hearts, and union of hands to protect and maintain ourselves against the strong and selfish.

Are our common schools a dream? There is union. Our post-offices also are the effect of union. Our armies too, but alas! they are for destruction as well as protection, and I suppose that kind of union is right because it is right.

I think some of the dreamers have had their eyes pretty well open when they gave ideas to the world to experiment with. And I do not think the laboring classes are copying after European models any more than are the rich. Shall we do as Germany has done to be wise? Or shall we carry out our republican ideas to a more logical conclusion and dethrone other kings in our search for common justice and human comforts?

If a man works fourteen hours to live and saves five cents we ought to congratulate him; but how about the employer who saves fifteen or twenty-five cents from the same labor? Congratulate him too, I suppose; but how about the system that makes such conditions possible? I am not much of a kicker, but I will kick against such conditions, and never think I am trying to change the laws of nature either.

I would not have Mr. Gunther think I have turned against him. If I turn against anything he has said, it is the vinegar in his philosophy. I doubt not that he is honest and thinks as he writes. But how about the rest of us—are we all—fools, dreamers, and idlers because we offer thought for the betterment of our and humanity's industrial and social conditions?

Compare Mr. Ingersoll's letter with Mr. Gunther's, and you will see the bright sunlight of his human kindness putting a silver lining along the pathway of life.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

Sanel, Cal.

"DO SPIRITS HAVE TEETH?"

The question under the above heading, propounded in the form of a disquisition by O. Wettstein, which appeared some time ago, but has never yet been answered, I am enabled to answer in the affirmative, as the following experience, related by "J. B. Jr.," of Natick, with the Davenport brothers, in 1873 will show. As a recital of the circumstances leading to the exposure of these Spiritualistic frauds, who created such a furor some twenty years ago, will no doubt be read with great interest by your readers, and especially by the younger part thereof, I give it in full:

"Natick, June, 1873.—I have seen the Davenport brothers and know that they are a fraud. I went to see them at our hall and paid my money. When they were about to commence, Mr. Rand, who traveled with them—formerly a preacher and now a humbug—put out the light. I struck a match and lit a lamp near me. Rand told me to comply with their custom, and then put out the light. I lit another match, and after several attempts on their part to darken the hall, and as many efforts on mine to light it, they threatened to give us no show. Groans, hisses, peanuts, and horns triumphed for a few moments, when Mr. Rand said they would try once more, if they could have order and darkness. The brothers entered the cabinet, lights down; another shower of peanuts. A voice from the cabinet said: 'Stop throwing things at the cabinet or we shan't try!' I struck a light, and the boys came out and spoke to Mr. Rand. They said they would not try again and we could have our admission-fee back. There was a rush for the stand, a score of hands extended, each

receiving his fee, and while some were going out others were coming in, and one man held out his hand three times receiving his fee. A friend gave Rand the hint, and he went to the door and passed them out as he paid, till he had expended the evening's receipts, and five dollars out of his own pocket besides.

"I then entered into conversation with one of the boys, asking him why they gave it up; told him no one would molest them again. He said they would not risk it when there was such a spirit manifested. Then we—myself, Mr. Bly, and some others—took a light and went into their cabinet, making a daring survey of that spirit-box, while they—Rand and the brothers—stood dumfounded, and although a Deist, may the powers forbid if I should ever try such humbuggery. The bell-handle was filled with teeth marks and was chewed until it looked like a corn cob! The tambourine had the same teeth marks all around its rim, the drum having been hung where they could kick it; the fiddle was scratched and jammed by striking it with the ropes.

"This was the last evening of the Davenport brothers at Natick. I have attended circles and spiritual lectures, have had circles at my house, have paid money and attention to these things, but somehow the spirits won't work well when I am present! (Showing that credulity, faith, and a vivid imagination are essential conditions of success. H. W.) I consider the subject too ridiculously foolish (for people devoid of these attributes. W. H.) and the promulgators of Spiritualism too easily imposed upon themselves to bother them with my presence any more. May they henceforth manipulate their 'spooks' in peace.

"J. B., Jr."

Thus far our narrator. As for these manipulations, or as they are preferably termed, "manifestations," the following from the Boston Herald, of November, 1873, will divulge their "modus operandi:"

"The Davenport brothers decline to be tied at the elbows!—The Davenport brothers drew about five hundred people to Tremont Temple, last Wednesday, to witness their cabinet feats. Messrs. Wyseman, Marshall, and C. St. John were appointed a committee to tie the performers and note results. Mr. St. John did his work so thoroughly in tying the elder Davenport that the spirits were an unconscionably long time in getting ready to make even the faintest show of astonishing the wonder-seeking part of the audience. Near the termination of the performance, Mr. St. John grew suspicious that the 'mediums' were doing more than the spirits, so he proposed to tie the elder Davenport by the elbows. But the manager objected (though what difference could it make to the spirits how the mediums were tied?) and Mr. St. John then appealed to the audience with a few common sense remarks, eliciting loud applause from some and hisses from others. There were loud cries of: 'Tie them at the elbows!' but a part of the audience raised such a boisterous protest against this proceeding that he put on his overcoat and hat, and denouncing the whole performance as an unmitigated humbug and a ridiculous farce and those who believed in spirit-agencies as willing to be imposed upon, etc., he left the platform, bringing the performance to an abrupt and noisy close.

"P. S.—Mr. Hall offers the Davenports \$100 if they will submit to his tying them, but they decline the offer."

With these facts before us is it not easy to perceive that as the "boys" were tied to their chairs with their hands extending beyond their knees they were enabled to move their arms backwards, freeing their hands from the ropes that confined them, and then, when they got through with their performances of exhibiting their "spirit-hands" and chewing bell-handles, tambourines, and other instruments with their "spirit teeth," making noise enough for a whole pandemonium of spirits let loose, slip their hands back between the ropes again? This could have been the more readily accomplished if their hands had by careful training and manipulation from their earliest infancy been kept soft and pliable, the bones of their hands yielding like the bones of circus performers; their father, who, by the way, was their manager, conceiving the idea to train his boys, and particularly their hands, for just such a show. If any of the boys are alive yet, I am satisfied that if their hands were subjected to a medical examination, the bones thereof would be found as yielding as a cartilage.

But however that may be, the question, "Do spirits have teeth?" has been answered, though, perhaps, not to the satisfaction of believers.

H. WETTSTEIN.

Marengo, Ill.

WANTED—A REST.

There are in the United States a class of people who are very pious, and since a God in one's heart is somewhat of an expensive luxury, they concluded that to give him a place in public documents, may be sufficient to keep him satisfied and send them eventually to heaven, as a reward for their faithfulness to him "from whom all blessings flow." Some of these pious people are kicking because of President Harrison's neglect to put God in some comfortable quarters somewhere in his last message. To these "pious" kickers, we must say that we have had plenty of experience with a number of gods, not only in public documents, but in everything pertaining to the affairs of government. We have seen men obliged to spend the best of their lives, if not all of it, in military service, killing others and destroying cities, the houses of worship included, which other people, who happened to believe in a somewhat different looking God, had built. We have seen people taxed, imprisoned, banished, outraged, or hung, all in the name and by the grace of God. This was done and it will continue wherever an official god existed or exists. We therefore object to having any god put into the affairs of state.

To the pious folks to whom our language may seem somewhat heretical, we will say that the best they could do to satisfy themselves of a practical application of God to the affairs of state is to go to Europe, where monarchy reigns. There they will find God in everything we enumerated, and if their bigotry would not get the best of them, they will see the justice of our assertions and the necessity of keeping God and state forever separate. Go, then, and give us a rest.—The Northern Light.

PRESENT AND FUTURE WORK.

From Fair Play, Valley Falls, Kan.

In answer to numerous inquiries from the friends of Mr. Harman we will say that every resource of the law will be exhausted by able and devoted attorneys in the effort to secure tardy justice through the higher courts. The necessary preliminary steps have been taken and our readers will be advised from time to time in these columns of the success or failure that attends each movement.

In the meantime the comrades here and all over the country are anxious to circulate petitions asking for the release of the unjustly imprisoned editor. The following petition will be ready for signatures in a few days. By the time any requisitions for them can reach us we shall have three thousand printed and the form will be ready to run more as soon as these are gone. They will be distributed from both the offices here, from the office of the Truth Seeker, 28 Lafayette place, New York, by Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., of the National Defense Association, 120 Lexington avenue, New York, and undoubtedly by other Liberal journals in Eastern and Pacific Coast cities, Denver, etc. This is the form of petition selected:

To the President of the United States:

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States and of the State of _____ respectfully petition Your Excellency to grant a pardon to Moses Harman, convicted at the April Term, 1890, of the U. S. District Court for Kansas upon a charge of depositing non-mailable matter in the mails and sentenced to five years' hard labor in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$300; for the following reasons, to wit:

1st. The punishment, five years' imprisonment at hard labor and \$300 fine, is excessive, being the most severe penalty ever inflicted in this country, in any case of this kind.

2d. Mr. Harman is a man of unquestionable moral character, was perfectly sincere in what he did, and made the objectionable publication in good faith, and, regardless of what our own views may be in the matter, we recognize his sincerity and integrity of purpose in doing as he did.

3d. Mr. Harman is an old man about sixty years of age; is in feeble health; has been for nearly fifty years a cripple; is weak and frail, incapable of performing or enduring hard labor, and his life is, in all probability, seriously endangered by the confinement and rigor of prison life.

We know that Mr. Harman would have preferred a form that was much more nearly a protest than a petition, but we believe

that this is calculated to meet with more general approval among the friends of justice than any other that could have been drafted.

To the petition asking for the release of E. H. Heywood 70,000 signatures were obtained. A little later 200,000 were attached to the petition calling for the pardon of D. M. Bennett. With the present improved facilities for distribution and the greater enlightenment of the public regarding the inquisitorial methods of Comstock, McAfee & Co., it should be easy to get at least half a million names upon the petition of Mr. Harman. Let every friend of justice take hold *now* and work as never before. Be careful and have only the names of adult men and women upon your papers, none of children.

One generous Kansas friend has paid or guaranteed all legal expenses up to a certain point. For the sinews of war needed after that time in making the fight in the courts, and to meet expenses which must be incurred in printing and circulating petitions, and hundreds of thousands of leaflets and papers free of charge, we must call upon the Liberal public. Money can be sent to C. L. Swartz, associate editor of Lucifer, and to ourselves here, and also to Dr. Foote and the Truth Seeker, New York, addressed as above. All sums forwarded will be acknowledged through the paper to which they are sent. Send at once for blank petitions.

Lilian visited her father on Monday, May 12. She found him in reasonably good spirits, but in rather poor health, so poor, in fact, that the prison authorities had not yet set him to work. Shaving off his heavy beard had given him a severe cold, which, in connection with his old ailments, had very nearly prostrated him.

BOOKS.

The "Weekly Nationalist" is a great improvement upon the "California Nationalist," especially as to typographical appearance. It will be published at Los Angeles by a co-operative company; \$1.50 per annum.

The Hon. John H. Mitchell of Oregon has sent us his speech delivered in the Senate last month in support of the resolution providing for the election of Senators by the people of the state instead of the legislature. We are with Mr. Mitchell in this matter, but as an amendment would move that the Senators be elected to stay at home.

In one volume the Open Court Publishing Company issues three essays on very interesting subjects; namely, "Comparative Philology," by H. Oldenberg, "Comparative Psychology," by J. Jastrow, and "Old Testament History," by C. H. Cornhill. The title of the whole is "Epitomes of Three Sciences;" price 75 cents. Professor Cornhill, writer of the third essay, is an orthodox Christian, and treats Old Testament heroes as "men of God." Being thus fundamentally in error, the author cannot be said to have written anything very trustworthy as to its conclusions. The others are from a rational point of view and contain a great deal of valuable information.

A novel entitled "Edward Burton," Lee & Shepard publishers, Henry Wood author, is just at hand from Boston. It is the worst yet. Burton, the hero, is a New England young man who studies theology. He hurts his back in athletic sports at college, and his brain by the study of Calvinism. From these injuries he recovers, but while convalescing contracts Christian Science, which becomes chronic. The author leaves him in this deplorable state. Other characters are an Anarchist who blows himself up with a bomb; a young lady Christian Scientist who is foolish enough to decline an offer of marriage from a Materialist, the only wholesome character in the book; a titled adventurer looking for an heiress; a young gentleman who gets drunk but is cured by Christian Science; an utterly utter girl who treats patients by the Christian Science method, the latter dying as might be expected, and a few odd persons thrown in to help out the conversation. Here is the love scene with which the novel ends. *Dramatis personæ:* Burton and the utterly utter girl:

"He quietly [not in a rude or boisterous manner] kneeled at her feet, but her face was gently inclined toward the reflection of

the sun in the distant water. 'Helen, you are my dearest love! my beautiful ideal! my angel!' he exclaimed in low musical tones. 'You are the pure shrine where for a whole year I have bestowed homage. You are the sacred image which has been constantly reflected in my soul.' Her face was still slightly inclined toward the distant reflection, but it shone with a radiance of its own. He clasped her unresisting hand, and pressed it to his lips. 'May I call you my love?' The blue dreamy eyes had become moist, and they turned from the distant landscape and sweetly looked into his, and her soul responded through them."

It is inferred that the two were subsequently united in marriage.

"Freethought" in Washington, D. C.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of two specimen copies of your publication, sent in response to the request of this office, and to thank you for your courtesy in furnishing the same. Very respectfully,

Washington, D. C., May 16. ROBERT P. PORTER, Sup't of Census.

Never Heard of It Before.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is reported by Spiritualists of this vicinity that Col. R. G. Ingersoll visited Slater, the slate-writing medium, and received a communication purporting to be from his brother. When asked what he thought of it he replied that one of three wrote it—himself, Slater, or his brother, and that it was not himself or Slater; so it must be his brother. What I desire to know is, did Ingersoll visit Slater? If so, what was the communication, if any, and what were Ingersoll's remarks on the subject?

Bernardo, Cal.

F. M. BATES.

A Debater Found.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your paper of the 17th is a communication from A. K. Coward, of Norwalk, Cal., calling for some one to debate with Clark Braden. When Braden was here following Putnam around several of us offered to debate with him, but the parties having Braden in charge declined. Nobody would do; they said, but Putnam. They knew that Putnam would not debate with him. I regard Braden as the foremost champion of Christianity in the United States. He is the most able one I know of; the most characteristic and fitting representative; a Christian gentleman *par excellence*. That Freethinkers regard him as a "skunk," morally and socially, may follow as a natural sequence, but that cuts no figure in a debate. Of course, we prefer (at least I do) an antagonist to be a representative of his party. I have heard Braden speak; have read his book, "The Problem of Problems;" his pamphlet, "Ingersoll Unmasked;" and some of his other writings; have read his "Challenge to Infidelity," etc., and do not fear him in debate. I am not an experienced debater, nor very well read in history; but I am satisfied that I can hold my own with Clark Braden, if he will debate on the square. He always seeks to get the under hold. If Brother Coward does not find a preferred party, let him communicate with me, and he will find a stayer, whatever else I may lack. Ask Putnam.

I would suggest a question about in this shape:

Resolved, That the Bible is entirely of human origin and fallible in its teachings. Infidel affirms. Christian denies.

Resolved, That we are indebted to the influence of the Christian religion for our civilization. Christian affirms. Infidel denies.

Each side to choose a moderator, and they two shall choose a president.

As to conditions:

1. Each disputant shall have the largest liberty of discussion.
2. Each party shall give a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$500 (or more), to be forfeited to the other party in case of failure to be on hand and debate as per agreement, unless prevented by unavoidable circumstances, of which due proof shall be made.
3. All negotiations between the parties shall be in writing in permanent ink.

Negotiations may be made through the columns of FREETHOUGHT, if it suits the folks. It will make good reading, as the Campbellites will probably whiffle and whaffle and finally back down, and then charge us with doing so.

F. S. MATTESON.

Aumsville, Or.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year. The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

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A Flock Without a Shepherd.

About a year ago George M. Sanborn came from St. Louis to take charge of the First Congregational church of Eureka, Cal., as pastor. He was a young man of fine presence, engaging manners, pleasing address, and some ability. He soon became very popular and attracted a large congregation. The congregation was carried away with him and outgrew the old building, and a new one was projected and is now nearly completed, involving the church society in debt.

Meantime ugly rumors got afloat about Sanborn's treatment of his wife in St. Louis. Eastern papers characterized him as an adventurer, and finally formal charges were preferred against him. The congregation was warm in his support and declared that it was persecution. He was charged with attempting a felonious assault on a servant girl while pastor of a church in St. Louis. They refused to accept the evidence and he became more than ever the idol of the town. A church council was called to try him on the charges, but returned a Scotch verdict.

Scandals had been started about his relations with Mrs. Ricks, wife of T. F. Ricks, of Eureka, but still his congregation remained loyal. Recently Mrs. Ricks parted from her husband and obtained a divorce in San Francisco. Sanborn asked for leave of absence, intending to start for the Sandwich islands, but spent most of his vacation near Mrs. Ricks in San Francisco. He also obtained a divorce from his St. Louis wife, and left suddenly for San Francisco.

On May 21 a letter was received from him saying that he had married Mrs. Ricks and left California and the ministry forever. Public opinion strongly condemns him as a designing man who has ruined a home. Mrs. Ricks was the mother of four children and stood well in society, and her husband was a man of wealth. The latter has gone overland to get possession of his children.

Cross and Redirect.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?

Witness—Certainly, Sir.

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?"

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing Counsel—Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother? "Yes, she is."

ST. PETER (at the gate)—Well, who are you?

Applicant—I'm Dr. Squills, of Boston.

St. Peter.—Sorry we can't admit you, but there is absolutely nothing for you to do. You see, we are immortal.

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Good Work in California.

In the Chronicle Union of Bridgeport, California, April 26, we find an excellent report of a large and enthusiastic meeting, held by the citizens of that place "for the purpose of entering their protest against Congress interfering in the religious concerns of the American people." The meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. W. O. Parker; District Attorney C. L. Hayes; and Mr. J. H. Cook, vice-president of the National Religious Liberty Association. With reference to the Blair Religious Amendment Mr. Hayes very aptly remarked: "The Constitution as it is, is my motto. It was amended twenty-five years ago to free the slave; and I am not in favor of now tacking on another amendment to enslave the people."

Judge Eddy suggested that all present who had not signed the remonstrance to Congress, be invited to do so before leaving the house.

A series of strong resolutions was adopted denouncing the Blair Amendment and the Sunday bills before Congress, from which we copy the following two:

Resolved, That we most earnestly request the senators and representatives of this state in Congress to oppose the adoption of the joint resolution and measures referred to. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to said representatives for presentation to the Senate and House, and that the county newspapers be, and they are hereby respectfully requested to publish the same with the proceedings of this meeting.

Resolved, That the earnest and effective work being performed by the National Religious Liberty Association in opposition to such legislation and to said proposed amendment to the Constitution meets with our unqualified approval, and that J. H. Cook, vice-president, and Assistant Ira Wheeler, present at this meeting, deserve the thanks of the people for their untiring zeal manifested in advancing the cause of the association.

The report closes as follows:

The meeting then adjourned, when all present, except one or two, signed the remonstrance, if they had not previously. The meeting was a very orderly one and fully reflected the sentiments of our people on these most unpopular measures.

We are glad it is so; and let the good work go on.—American Sentinel.

A "Blue Law" of Old Times.

In view of the large number of breach of promise cases which have been brought of late years the following extract from an old statute of New Jersey, passed in colonial times, and, it is said, still unrepealed, which shows how our forefathers viewed this question, is of interest:

"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce, or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

MAN enters newspaper office. Editor looks up in alarm—"My dear sir," says the visitor, "I have a bench warrant for your arrest."

Editor—Thank God, it is no worse! I thought you had a poem.

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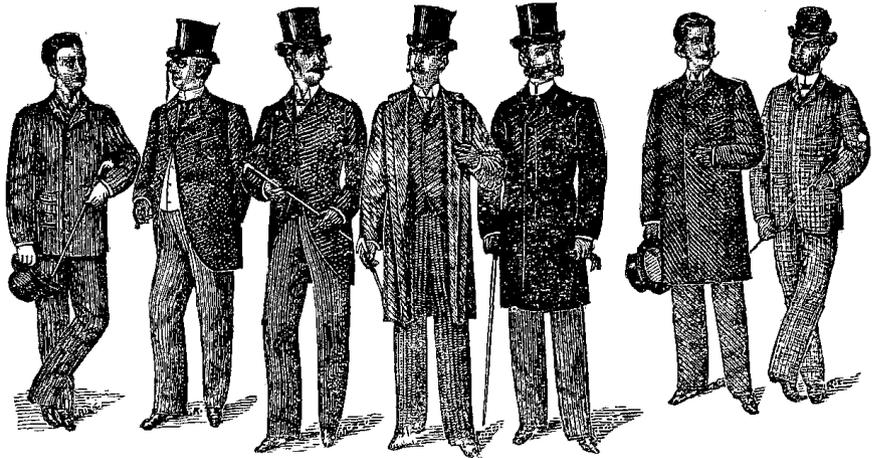
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The strange part of the queer case is that if the idol had been addressed to the museum and not to a private firm, and had it been sent by steamer to San Francisco, thence by any of the transportation companies to its destination, it would have been admitted free of any duty, as a freak intended for public exhibition. The consignees, under these circumstances, refused to pay for the tabooed god, and asked that it should be returned to its island home. Accordingly the Maori divinity was forwarded from New York to the dead-letter department at Washington. It is now on its way to this city. Upon its arrival here it will be sent to New Zealand on the Oceanic steamer Zealandia.

The case is regarded as an unusually novel one by the postal authorities. Probably the idol will be reshipped to New York after the Zealandia takes it home.

A Roland for an Oliver.

While cross-examining Dr. Warren a New York counsel declared that a doctor ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes.

"They make fewer mistakes than the lawyers," responded the physician.

"That's not so," said the counselor; "but doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground, a lawyer's are not."

"No," replied Warren; "but they are sometimes hung as many feet above ground."



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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - JUNE 7, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Benicia is a city of "magnificent distances." It covers quite a territory on the sweeping hills about the bay. Its largest building is the Catholic church, and evidently St. Peter has quite a foothold. It is a quiet town, and Monday is a good deal like Sunday so far as passers-by are concerned. The streets are not crowded. Benicia, however, is favorably located for manufactures, and is increasing in this direction, and has a future of considerable importance.

I gave one lecture on Sunday evening, May 18. The attendance was not large. It was the first lecture of the kind ever given in the place. A beginning has been made and that is all; but the beginning is half the battle. The audience was appreciative, and I expect a much larger one the next time I come. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ostello, with their phalanx of pretty children, are the "band of hope" at this point, and while they are in the field the enemy will not have it all his own way. I met a few other cordial friends, and am not by any means dismayed by the fortunes of war. This is a picket line, and the main army will come up some day and there will be an onward movement.

Leaving Benicia Monday morning, I pass a few hours with our genial friends—N. D. Goodell, R. Butterfield, and others—at Sacramento, and in the evening continue my journey, via the Oregon express to the North. In the morning, four thousand feet above the sea, we are winding through the mighty forests, alongside the stream that like a rushing host glitters in the sun, while against the luminous sky, an immense block of snow, Mt. Shasta shines now on this side of the track and now on the other, with changing magnificence, for over one hundred miles. As we emerge upon the vast plains of Siskiyou county, an enormous pyramid it rears itself in massive splendor, a sheer ascent of ten thousand feet from the level of the table lands. It is a gorgeous spectacle, while round about it the lesser mountains and hills like varying waves roll and gleam into the brilliant horizon untraveled leagues away.

At noon we arrive at Montague, and change cars for Yreka. Yreka is an old mining town that escaped the trail of the engine, and not desiring to be altogether "left" has built a railroad

of its own. It is a somewhat picturesque village scattered along the foot-hills, and will undoubtedly remain just where it is for many a day to come. It will neither increase nor decrease. Rip Van Winkle might go to sleep in Yreka and wake up after twenty years and he would find no change in the aspect of the place. The buildings will be all there and nearly the same people. Yreka is one of those curious old towns that crystallize on the verge of civilization and float along with a kind of weird antiquity.

I take the stage at Yreka for Ft. Jones, eighteen miles away.

The ride over the vast hills is entertaining, and the prospects, at times, wide and beautiful through the rifts of precipitous ranges. I reach Ft. Jones in the cool of the golden evening. It is verily like a New England town in its remote placidity. The stage coach comes once a day, and that is all which disturbs its quiet comfortableness. I could easily imagine that I was "down East." The hotel had a familiar look, and as J. H. Lindsay advanced to greet me, I did not feel at all unacquainted. We were "old friends" at the first shake. Lindsay is really the oldest inhabitant in Siskiyou county. He came in '49 and has stayed right along making and losing money with the equanimity of a philosopher. He might have been a millionaire, but he wouldn't take the trouble. He enjoys life in the here and now. At one time he found a nugget worth three thousand dollars. He didn't keep it all to himself. He is as generous as the day with every good fortune that overtakes him. So far as Freethought is concerned, Ft. Jones is a somewhat slow place. I did not have over fifty at either lecture. A few staunch Liberals are here. I felt repaid for the work I attempted to do. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Courts and family, of the hotel where I found agreeable entertainment, are thoroughgoing in Freethought principles, and generous in support of them. Mr. H. E. Witherspoon, the schoolmaster of the place, acted as chairman of the meetings, and although not agreeing with all I might say, he recognized the liberality of our platform, and was not afraid to express his honest thought. I found others ready to stand by the colors. I do not altogether despair of Ft. Jones. It has good elements and promise of progress. Scott's valley, at one end of which it is located, has many resources; once mining, but mainly farming at the present time, and when these are developed, the country will make Ft. Jones a prosperous village. A railroad is thought of from Yreka up the valley to Etna, and this would give a better fortune to Ft. Jones and its vicinity.

Just as I was on the verge of departure, I came across Geo. H. Ramsdell, of Etna, whom I first met, three years ago when I struck Myrtle Point, Coos county, Oregon. He is one of the pilgrims of the earth and always on the go. He has been quite over the coast and knows about everybody. He is a good campaigner and proposes to push Freethought. If ever I come back to Ft. Jones again, I must take in Etna, where I understand are a number of Liberals. The outlook in this corner of the world is not so bad as it might be.

Thursday morning, Lindsay and myself and the little dog, "Suse," Lindsay's invariable companion for the last twelve years, began our journey to Linkville, Oregon. We take the stage to Yreka, and the drive in the brilliant morning, amidst the vast and splendid scenery, stretching away to Shasta and the Salmon range, was exceedingly delightful. At Yreka we meet Judge Smith, of Linkville, a member in good and regular standing of the "broad church," an agreeable addition to our company. From Yreka we take railroad to Montague, and thence to Ager's, a distance of ten miles, when the stages run to Linkville, traveling all night long. Judge Smith had his own conveyance, and so securing another private conveyance, we went that afternoon to Shovel Creek, a distance of twenty miles. Here is an imposing hotel built of stone, and good accommodations. The fashionable name of this place is Klamath Hot Springs. There are also mud baths here, which are said to be quite medicinal. The Indians used to take them, and the civilized world follows the example. I didn't try one, but confined myself to the swimming bath, which was quite refreshing. The antique name of the place is Shovel Creek. The original squatter found a shovel here, whose painted symbol adorns the office of the hotel. The discovery was such a joyful surprise to the lonely pioneer that he named his ranch "Shovel Creek," and when he sold the ranch to other parties, he insisted that the name should be retained, and in local vocabulary it is still the name, and will so continue to the end of time. It is a pleasant place, surrounded with green hills and forests, beside the rushing Klamath river. Many invalids resort hither for rest and recuperation. I found it much more comfortable to lodge here than to take the night stage for Linkville. It happened that D. Gordon was also en route for Linkville, and this co-incidence furnished Lindsay, myself, and the dog a private conveyance all the way to Linkville.

It is a rough journey, however one takes it, to Linkville from Shovel Creek, a distance of thirty-five miles. Seven miles from the hotel we come to Shovel Creek mountain, where it takes one hour to climb the steep grade. We go up a couple of thousand feet, and down below in the wild canyon the swift Klamath boils along. It is a magnificent picture. Noble views open over the broad hills, the snowy peaks appear, and Mt. Pitt sends up its white column seventy miles away. It was after six o'clock when from a neighboring declivity Linkville was spread before us in its rural beauty. It is a village of about seven hundred inhabitants on the banks of the Link river, so named because it is the link between the upper and lower Klamath lakes. It presented a pretty appearance, with the broad waters before it, and beyond the waters the vast meadow lands of the Klamath basin, stretching to the hills, which in varied forms surround the wide expanse. Linkville is 4100 feet above the level of the sea. It has a population of 700, with only one church, at which only four men and eight women were present in the morning, and about twenty in the evening. It is the county seat of Klamath county.

The upper Klamath lake, one mile distant, is seventy-five feet higher than the town, and the river connecting the two lakes furnishes unsurpassed water-power, and hundreds of mills can be kept in operation. The place has superior attractions as a health and pleasure resort, on account of the lakes on either side, twenty and thirty miles long and in some places fifteen miles wide, and the hot springs, which possess great medicinal virtues. There is a prosperous career before this fertile country. Some time a railroad will be built along the Klamath to this point and further

on, and when this is accomplished Linkville will be the center of one of the finest portions of the state.

Coming to the Union Hotel the first man I met was Professor Hall, formerly of Central Point, a staunch Liberal. I did not know that he was in this far-away land, and his greeting assured me that I was by no means among strangers; and when afterwards I came across J. D. Fountain, who was in Ashland the last time I lectured there, I felt quite at home after the long journey. I found Linkville to be one of the most Liberal towns I have visited. I gave three lectures and all were well attended, and the audience increased from night to night. These were the first Liberal lectures, and the welcome was all that I could wish. I was repaid for venturing into this almost unknown land. My friend, J. H. Lindsay, also felt rewarded for daring to begin the campaign. I was expecting to be here last fall, but a fire which destroyed the business portion of the town prevented. It was a disastrous destruction of property, and the past winter has been fearful, but despite these reverses there is plenty of courage left to win the fortunes of the future.

On Sunday I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Forbes, in whose pleasant home is the spirit of progress. S. B. Cranston, a member of the state senate in 1864, declared himself a Freethinker thus early, although the Christians claimed him because he affirmed that all the religion he had was to try to do good. C. A. Cogswell, a Grand Army comrade, Sheriff M. D. Childers, George Hurn, B. Monroe, W. T. Butcher, James Barkley, Daniel Gordon, Joseph Wilson, L. V. Stiles, J. W. Hamakar, P. L. Fountain, Dr. De Puy, W. E. Bowdoin, of the Klamath Star, and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith are among the many friends and cordial supporters whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Linkville. Although all might not agree with everything that I advanced, yet the appreciation given was that of cultivated and open minds willing to look upon both sides of every question. I have not had a more enjoyable work anywhere than in this beautiful frontier town, which looks forth from its shining tiara of waters with such a splendid promise. The invitation to return is reciprocated with all my heart.

I had the pleasure of meeting here Lindsay Applegate, now 82 years of age, an invalid, but who hopes still to be well again and do good work. He is one of the first settlers, having come here when the British and American flags were floating for supremacy over Oregon, and he was among those that gave sovereignty to the star-spangled banner. Wonderful changes he has seen since that early time. He is still looking ahead, however.

On Tuesday morning Daniel Gordon, 79 years of age, but still young in spirit and tough as any of us, took Mr. Lindsay, myself, and "Suse" into his own wagon for the return trip, and thus we are saved from the long night ride on the stage. Tuesday evening we are at Shovel Creek, and Wednesday morning reach Ager. Here I bid good-bye to Lindsay, my companion for the whole week's campaign, true as steel, and generous in devotion to the cause. I shall not forget our journeys together, nor the success that has been achieved through the efforts of my veteran comrade. He is called "Uncle Jimmie" by all that meet him. Almost everybody in the country knows him. He is identified with its growth. As Judge Smith says, he has not an enemy in the world, and I hope he will live for many a long day, and that we may join heart and hand again for Freethought labors. I have had a splendid beginning for the summer's field. Hope is bright, for I can see that "Humanity sweeps onward."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE LICK STATUARY.

As is well known, the Freethinker, James Lick, left the sum of one hundred thousand dollars "for statuary to be placed in front of the San Francisco city hall and to be emblematic of three significant epochs in the history of the state of California." Mr. Lick died in 1876, and on June 2, 1890, nearly fourteen years later, designs for the statuary were presented to the trustees. The San Francisco Chronicle of the 2d inst. thus refers to the matter:

"To-day another scene in the Lick statuary farce-comedy is to be enacted, as by the terms of a contract made between four different people and the trustees, models are to be sent in by noon on June 2d for the group bequeathed to the city by James Lick.

"As far back as the spring of 1887 the four trustees scattered broadcast circulars inviting sculptors and architects to enter a competition for the Lick statuary according to the terms of the bequest and the testator's ideas of what the group or groups should represent. It was announced that certain prizes would be awarded to the first three successful competitors, and that the award would be made as quickly as possible after August of the same year, when all the designs were to be sent in.

"The time was finally extended, and it was October, 1887, before all the drawings were delivered. A public exhibition was made of the twenty-four designs to obtain public opinion, the names of the designers being carefully concealed. Then came a lull in the activity. Sculptors, artists, and architects inquired in vain when the decision was to be rendered, the evasive answer received being always that it took time to decide.

"As a matter of fact nothing was said or done until August, 1889, or more than two years after the flourish with which the circulars were issued. Then the trustees each named a gentleman or firm in this city and invited him or it to prepare a model for the group and take \$750 in return for his work. Trustee Plum named Hochholzer, one of his own cabinet furniture designers, and naturally an adept with the sculptor's scalpel. Trustee Schoenwald chose Happelsberger, the sculptor whose fame rests on the Garfield monument at the park. Trustee Floyd selected F. Seregni, a teacher of penmanship and drawing, and Trustee Mastick named Wright & Sanders, architects.

But one of the four nominees is able to make his own models. Hochholzer's models, to be delivered to-day, were made by the sculptor Weinert; Wright & Sanders' by one or two local sculptors; Happelsberger made his own, and Seregni's have been made by Rupert Schmid, the sculptor.

"To cap the whole story, it is well understood and freely talked of by all the competitors, and even the trustees, that the actual execution of the statuary will be divided up among the competitors, their modelers doing the sculpture, and they getting the glory of aiding in the job, and so the \$100,000 will be spent."

We know nothing about the jobbery here hinted at, but at least one of the designs submitted should be rejected at sight. It is that of the writing teacher, Seregni, and is thus described:

"The first group . . . represents a *Mission father with uplifted hands*, while in sitting posture at his feet is an Indian, *the group representing the advent of Christianity in the state.*"

Is it possible that anyone acquainted with the religious views of James Lick could imagine for a moment that he intended his bequest to be used for such a purpose as this—to celebrate the advent of superstition in California? If a group representing the last priest in the act of quitting the state, leaving behind him a land without a church, a convent, or a parochial school, and a people from whom the last delusion of Christianity had vanished—if a group like this could be historically true, as we hope it sometime may be, there would be an appropriateness in expending James Lick's money to erect it. But his idea of the entry of Christianity into the state would be better represented by picturing California as the Garden of Eden and Catholicism as a serpent beguiling the aborigines.

When the University of California formally accepted the Lick Observatory, the orator of the day remarked that the gift had been bestowed upon us in order that by carrying us farther among the stars we might be brought nearer to God. That was unfair enough, and wholly untrue; but the orator's misleading words are soon forgotten, or remembered only for their folly. If the present scheme is carried out, however, the same sort of misrepresentation will be perpetuated in bronze and marble. The lie will be lithographed, and Lick must stand for centuries in a false position before posterity. The statuary should be at once and forever rejected.

DO WE WANT A SUNDAY LAW?

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, field secretary of the American Sabbath Association, has chosen California for his field of labor, probably for the reason that there is nothing for him to do elsewhere. He was in Los Angeles at latest accounts. His object, of course, is to secure the passage of a law making labor upon the first day of the week a misdemeanor. We have no idea that Mr. Crafts thinks that by this means he can stop Sunday labor. The most he can expect to do is to get the legislature to pass the law; and when the law is passed Sunday labor and Sunday recreation will go on as at present in states where Sunday laws are upon the statute books. There will, of course, be petty persecutions like those that have occurred elsewhere, but the general result will be the same here as there.

The Sabbatharians seem to care not so much for Sunday observance as for Sunday laws. If they were working for the *observance* of the day they would apply their labor in states having a Sunday law for them to work under. Take the state of New Jersey for example. That state has a Sunday statute as long as the moral law. It would fill a solid column of FREETHOUGHT. Yet Sunday is not better observed in New Jersey than in California. During the spasm of virtue under which New York city suffered a few years ago, when, for at least one Sunday, the liquor saloons made a pretense of closing, the inhabitants had but to cross the North river and New Jersey welcomed them with open saloons. Railroad trains and street cars were running, stores were open, street merchants vended their wares, concerts were in full blast, and, so far as Sunday observance was concerned, Hoboken did not differ from San Francisco. There was, however, this disadvantage: The people there, by engaging in these pursuits, were deliberate law-breakers and misdemeanants, while the people of California, doing the same thing, do not enjoy that distinction. As a means of manufacturing criminals and contempters of the law, Sunday statutes are a success. As instruments of persecution they have answered the purposes of bigots, but they never have been generally enforced since the days of puritanism, and are not likely to be again.

This Sunday movement in California, conducted by Eastern crusaders, is altogether too much like the missionary enterprise, and presents the people of this state in the aspect, practically, of uncivilized pagans. But we can say to Mr. Crafts and his Eastern backers what intelligent "heathen" say to the missionaries: Show us in the country you come from the practical and moral benefits of the religion and the laws you advocate. Prove to us that a Sunday law in New Jersey or New York, or any other state, makes the inhabitants of those states better citizens than those of California. Point out to us the community where the surrendering of individual liberty shows results worth the sacrifice, and we will consider your claim. But until the Sunday law

has demonstrated its beneficence where it is in force, there is no reason why we should adopt it.

Apart from these considerations the Sunday law is a religious institution uniting church and state, and therefore forbidden by a secular constitution.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, June 8, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Dr. D. C. Moore; subject, "Human Progress and Evolution."

NOTICE.

We send out this week notices to subscribers in arrears. Those who receive them are asked to give them their immediate attention.

As the work of mailing these notices is necessarily done by assistants, some errors may occur, for which due allowance should be made.

THE Chronicle is kind enough to say:

"Thomas Paine said many clever things in his time and one or two that will endure for all time. Of such as these are: 'It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' and 'He rose like a rocket and fell like a stick.' Another, and one which is frequently used as a forensic embellishment, is the celebrated sentence with which he commenced No. 1 of his series of pamphlets entitled 'The Crisis,' the words being: 'These are the times that try men's souls.'

Thomas Paine was also the author of many other sayings which are destined to survive the lapse of years. One was:

"The belief in a cruel God makes a cruel man."

Another:

"One good schoolmaster is of more use than a hundred priests."

Again:

"Man has no property in man."

"The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system."

"Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

"Of all tyrannies that afflict mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst."

"Let us propagate morality unfettered by superstition."

"No man ought to make a living by religion. One man cannot act religion for another—every person must perform it for himself."

These are all good maxims, and they express more than abstract truths. They are precepts that recommend themselves to every intelligent mind, and solid facts that are demonstrated by history and experience.

A DISPATCH from Hiawatha, Kansas, says:

"The death of Neal Heeney, a prominent citizen of this place, which took place last night, will probably furnish the text for many sermons on the subject of Sabbath desecration. Heeney had gone to Severance, a place on the railroad in Doniphan county, about fifteen miles from here, and in the evening went into the poolroom and began to play. While the game was in progress a thunder storm came up, but attracted little attention, as thunder storms are not uncommon occurrences in Kansas in summer. The game continued, and Heeney was just in the act of making a shot when there was a blinding flash of lightning and he fell to the floor dead. Most of those who were in the room at the time were badly shocked, but none of the others were fatally hurt."

When the ministers have extracted all the texts possible from the foregoing incident, they may turn their attention to this one:

"To avert the dreadful hailstorms that have recently visited the town of Mahlen, in Germany, the people of the village met in their church May 22 to offer up prayer that fair weather might return. While upon

their knees lightning struck the church, and four of the devotees were killed and twenty injured."

THE Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazette very aptly calls attention to the fact that the Mormon church is not the only religious organization in this country that places the alleged laws of God above the laws of the state, which was the assumption upon which Congress has disfranchised the followers of Brigham Young. Article 13 of the "Testimony" of the United Presbyterian church of America reads as follows:

"That the law of God is supreme in its authority and obligations, and where commands of church and state conflict we are to obey God rather than man."

It is to be remembered that what the Presbyterians call the law of God is, as a matter of fact, only the law of a few men who control the organization. To call any rule of conduct a law of God comes very easy to those who have no regard for the truth, but it would be more difficult to prove it anything but a human production; and until the divine origin is proven, men are responsible to men for any kind of law they inculcate or obey. So far as the state has knowledge, there is no law of God.

SOMEBODY having asked the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts if a Saturday law was not necessary to protect the Jew in the religious observance of the seventh day, Mr. Crafts replies: "It is not sufficiently emphasized that the Jew is left absolutely free to observe the seventh day. He can close his shop; he can refuse to work." So he can; but it is not "sufficiently emphasized" that the Christian is left absolutely free to observe the first day. "He can close his shop; he can refuse to work." Thus it will be seen that the attitude assumed by Mr. Crafts toward the Jew is exactly the attitude of Secularists toward the Christian. And since Jew and Christian have equal freedom and equal opportunities, what more is to be desired? Nothing, except by Christian bigots who want to get all the law and advantage on their side.

At the Sabbath Convention recently held in San Jose it was voted to request all Christians to pray, both in their private and public devotions "for the enactment of a righteous Sabbath law in California." The framers of this resolution should have said what they meant. What they want is not a Sabbath law, but a Sunday law. The only Sabbath for which there is any scriptural authority is Saturday. And as for a "righteous Sabbath law," there never was one on the statute books of any state, and never will be. If the San Jose Christians pray as they vote, they will pray for the unattainable.

THE editor of the Ironclad Age remarks: "Frank Bennett, an old-time Infidel, was recently elected mayor of Seymour. The godlike elected him, seeing that he never expends a cent in support of his irreligion, and they know an unbeliever of that kind never counts in a 'bar' fight." There are, we understand, many Infidels like Mr. Frank Bennett, who by withdrawing from the church are relieved of the burden of pew rent, and who have been Freethinkers for many years without a cent of expense.

THE able paper by the late J. W. North now appearing in the London "Agnostic Journal" under the title of "Christianity and Science," and credited to the "Progressive Thinker," was published in FREETHOUGHT about a year ago, having been furnished for that purpose by the author.

THE census enumerators are asking people some questions

he answers to which they have no business to know. Such are the inquiries concerning diseases and their nature. It is the right of every man or woman to conceal sufferings that are not contagious, and nature has provided for this by enabling them to "throw up the little breastwork of a lie," which would be justifiable in the present case if ever.

If the Lick trustees imagine that they were appointed to do nothing except draw their salaries they are performing their supposed duty most faithfully. Their delay in selecting a design for the city hall statuary represents a loss of ten thousand dollars to the estate. The trustees get a thousand dollars each per annum, and the secretary draws three thousand.

The English clergy of the Established church are reported to be "greatly aroused" over the prospect of disestablishment. It would indeed be a great calamity to these gentlemen if they were obliged to earn their own living instead of taxing the public to provide it.

The splurge over the Oelrichs-Fair nuptials is hardly decent. It is interesting only to the prurient to be repeatedly reminded that on the night of June 3 Mr. Herman Oelrichs assumed relations toward Miss Theresa Fair which he may not hitherto have enjoyed.

Is the present census going to give any statistics of the number of Freethinkers in the country, or are all who are not Catholics to be lumped together as "Protestants?"

PETITIONS for the pardon of M. Harman may be had at this office. We learn that the health of Mr. Harman is somewhat improved and that he has been set at work in the penitentiary.

OBSERVATIONS.

They tell me that if a man desires to be of any account in this growing community he must ally himself with one of the great political parties, and therefore I have joined a club. I did not inquire whether it was Republican or Democratic, that being immaterial to me, as I am no partisan, and the political tendency of the member is not inquired into. He signs his name to a roll, and that is all. The candidate pays the expenses. My club meets in a deserted building that looks as if some other kind of a club had been used in knocking out the windows and pulverizing the clapboards. Most clubs meet in a corner grocery, but our candidate does not believe in saloon politics. It is more expensive, as the time is likely to be shorter between drinks.

I have always had some curiosity to know what "ward politics" was like. If this club is a fair sample, there is nothing especially dangerous about it. I will give a brief synopsis of the proceedings at the meeting which I attended:

Meeting called to order by the president, a mild mannered gentleman—the members, seated on some rough and slivery benches, applauding as he rises. "The first thing in order," says the president, "is the calling of the roll, which we will now proceed to dispense with." (Great applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: You will now listen to the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. (Cheers.)

THE SECRETARY reads minutes, containing resignation of a former president. Minutes adopted upon motion amid applause.

OFFICIOUS MEMBER: With reference to the resignation of our former president, I move you, Mr. Chairman, that the office of president be declared vacant. (Applause.)

Seconded and about to be carried when the discovery is made that a president, the one now presiding, was elected at last meeting. Officious member takes it all back. Seconder collapses and remains quiet the rest of the evening. (Applause.)

Business resumed. Chairman of Executive Committee reports. Your committee instructed serjeant-at-arms to provide

more lights to illuminate club-room. Furnished said serjeant-at-arms with funds for the purpose. No lamps; no serjeant-at-arms. Recommend the election of another. (Applause.)

OFFICIOUS MEMBER: I move that the office of serjeant-at-arms be declared vacant. Motion cautiously seconded.

THE PRESIDENT: It is moved that the office of surgeon-of-arms be declared vacant. (Applause.) What shall we do about it?

UNKNOWN MEMBER (suggestively): Put the motion.

THE PRESIDENT: What head are we now under?

SECRETARY: Unfinished business.

PRESIDENT: This is new business to me.

CRIES: Put the motion.

THE PRESIDENT: What is the motion before the house, Mr. Secretary?

THE SECRETARY: Sargan'-arms—vacant.

THE PRESIDENT: Oh, yes. The question is that the surgeon-of-arms be declared vacant. (Applause.)

Motion put and carried. Another serjeant-at-arms elected. Vote cast by secretary and counted by president.

CRIES: Speech, speech!

Newly-elected serjeant-at-arms responds. Don't profess to be a speech-maker, but will do his duty. (Tremendous applause.)

No other business before the house. Speeches called for. German member, upon invitation, declares he is no talker, but a worker. All brothers in the cause. (Candidate: Hear, hear!) Will put the wheel to the shoulder. (Cheers.)

IRISH MEMBER (upon invitation) says he is no speech-maker, but a worker. He will, however, put his shoulder to the wheel. (Great enthusiasm.) Closes by calling on Captain Jimson (the candidate) whom he hopes soon to call by another title. (Hit of the evening. Unbounded applause.)

CAPTAIN JIMSON arises and bows. Makes an address, admonishing Irish member against casting ridicule on the grammar of German member. We are all brothers. (Loud and long-continued applause.)

RETICENT AND GLOOMY MEMBER (upon invitation) says he wishes to be excused this evening. When the time comes will have something to say about certain members of the club. (Sensation.)

OFFICIOUS MEMBER calls upon gloomy member to prove his assertions, such assertions being most extraordinary and detrimental to the interests of the club.

IRISH MEMBER: Let it lay over as unfinished business. 'Twill bring out the b'ys at the next meeting if they think there's going to be fun. (Laughter and applause, restoring harmony.)

THE PRESIDENT: Has any other member anything to say for the good and welfare of this club?

IRISH MEMBER: I rise to a pint of order.

UNKNOWN MEMBER: Who said pint of lager?

CANDIDATE: Here, here. (Moves adjournment, which is carried with a rush.)

Outside the door the candidate is surrounded by his constituents, who waft him along the street until a grocery is reached, when all disappear.

Our club has a large number of members, some of whom have a distinct pull in the ward. Party leaders must come to our terms or bury their political aspirations.

Mr. B. R. Tucker, editor of "Liberty," declares that I am wrong when I say that such men as Harman and Heywood serve to draw the enemy's fire while the main body of reform moves on unmolested. On the contrary, he says, "they precipitate an irresistible onslaught upon our whole line which is liable to result in our annihilation." I am not quite ready to yield the point, in spite of Mr. Tucker's further argument that any act which "courts certain defeat is rash, ill-timed, and calculated to separate us farther from economic liberty and sexual liberty."

But how do we know when an act courts certain defeat? It must be remembered that every step outside the beaten track is an experiment. We never know exactly what we may be permitted to do until we try it. When there is general doubt about the thickness of the ice, the man who goes ahead and tests it is regarded as a useful person if he finds it safe, and a fool if he breaks through and gets drowned. We are ignorant of the

amount of liberty we may enjoy until we feel about us and find out how tight the bonds are; but we can safely risk our last dollar on the proposition that we will never have any more than we reach out and take. The blessed "people," represented by the church and state, are not in the habit of extending favors to us in the form of new liberties; they are much more inclined to cinch us closer. For this reason I often feel that Vanderbilt's celebrated maxim, "The people be damned," may have something in it after all.

But to return. Mr. Harman, as an experimenter, has found out that the "beast," to borrow a term from Mr. John Most, will not permit him to publish matter like that contained in the Markland letter. This is knowledge which costs Mr. Tucker and myself nothing, yet the information is worth as much to us as it is to Mr. Harman, as either of us might have published it if he had not, and got five years in the penitentiary. Heywood's "Cupid's Yokes" taught us the same lesson free of cost to ourselves. It is on account of the foregoing considerations that I feel a certain sense of gratitude to these pioneers, and I wish they had sufficient sense to accept, as others do, the results of their experiments, and keep out of the clutches of the beast.

It was not pleasing to the Rev. Alexander Dowie, faith-healer, that the Freethought Society should hold a sociable and dance in the hall adjoining the one where he preached last Sunday evening. Mr. Dowie further objected to a Freethought meeting being advertised at the same time and place as his faith-healing services. This resulted in having the piano slid across the hall where it would disturb him as little as possible, and then the exercises proceeded.

Mr. Eastman presided. Miss Staley led the musical programme with a piano solo; the Misses Haelke next appeared, dividing their attention between the piano and a zither; Mr. W. S. Bell gave a very well-selected humorous reading; Miss Arper recited "The Old Man Comes to 'Frisco" excellently, and Messrs. Haelke and Schultze performed a laughable sketch entitled "Ulrich's Lamentation." These things consumed the front part of the evening, and after a brief intermission during which the chairs were removed, the floor was crowded with dancers, the able orchestra did its perfect work, and the audience proceeded to amuse itself. The ladies had provided large quantities of cake, while other members of the committee contributed sufficient colored lemonade to prevent a drouth. These were free to the wayfarer and formed a part of the entertainment of which mention should in no wise be omitted.

On this occasion the ladies somewhat outnumbered the gentlemen present. On lecture evenings the majority is usually of the other sex, which fact shows that our sisters are highly endowed with the social nature, while in the brethren the intellectual faculty is predominant.

Next Sunday evening the society recurs to sober business, and will listen to a lecture on "Human Progress and Evolution" by Dr. D. C. Moore.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

One of the worst railroad disasters in the history of this state occurred on the narrow gauge track in Oakland on Decoration Day, May 30. An engine and one car, in which were about thirty passengers, fell through an open drawbridge into Oakland creek. A few of the passengers succeeded in escaping through the windows and roof of the car, but thirteen are known to have been drowned. The responsibility for the accident seems to rest wholly with the engineer, who could not help seeing the signal flag and the open bridge. Following are the names of the drowned: Mrs. Bryan O'Connor, of San Francisco; E. R. Robinson, of San Francisco and Oakland; Luigi Malatesta, 2004½ Dupont street, San Francisco; Attilio Malatesta, son of Luigi Malatesta; Martin Kelly, assistant chief wharfinger, San Francisco; M. Q. Williams, 48 Fourth street, San Francisco; H. S. Austin, 220 Mission street, San Francisco; Miss Florence Austin, San Francisco; H. S. Auld, Honolulu; J. B. Irwin, agent for Singer's sewing machine, Thirteenth and Washington streets, Oakland; Captain Dwyer, Sacramento; Misses Nellie and Katie Kearns, San Francisco.—The Supreme Court commissioners for this

state have rendered an opinion upholding the validity of the vaccination act. The question came before the court on an appeal from the Santa Cruz Superior Court. James Abeel, guardian of D. K. Abeel, a pupil, desired the latter to attend the public schools without being vaccinated. D. C. Clark, principal of the school, refused to enroll the pupil in the school unless he was vaccinated, when the guardian of the boy sued out a writ of mandamus to compel him to do so. The Superior Court dismissed the writ.—The San Francisco Turn Verein gave a very interesting gymnastic exhibition at 323 Turk street last Sunday evening. Next Sunday the Verein begins a three-days festival at Badger's Park in Oakland.—The Chinese are pouring into Mexico, to the great alarm of native laborers and miners, who are being superseded by the yellow pests.—William Patten, one of the oldest residents of Oakland, Cal., and one of the first men to come to this coast in early days, died in Oakland last week. He was 93 years of age.—The charges of immorality made against the Rev. Dr. Stratton, ex-president of Mills College, have been dismissed after investigation by a committee of Methodist ministers.—It is now said that Hardie, the Los Angeles lawyer who was murdered recently near Tombstone, Arizona, was not killed by Indians but by whites. The body was not mutilated or robbed.—Schaefer, the billiardist, in his recent match with McCleery at Metropolitan Temple, this city, scored three thousand points without a miss—the greatest run on record. McCleery, the local champion, had fifteen points to his credit at the end of the game.—Sixty-five Hollanders arrived in Merced May 30. They are direct from Rotterdam. The citizens turned out and welcomed the new recruits to the town with a brass band and speeches. The entire company of immigrants have declared their intention to become American citizens.

John Geiger, aged 35 years, hanged himself Saturday night in the orchard of his employer at Pittsburg, Pa. He has been insane on the subject of religion for several years, and those who knew him well were accustomed to hearing him say he could hear the angels calling him.—Pickpockets raided a Missouri Pacific train from Warrensburg, Mo., crowded with Dunkards returning home. One Dunkard minister was relieved of \$1800 in money and another of \$800 and a gold watch. Different members of the party lost watches and other valuables.—The Prohibitionists of the country are holding their seventh annual national camp-meeting at Oakland, Ill.—President Harrison was the guest of the Scotch-Irish congress at Pittsburg, Pa., last Saturday.—Walt Whitman, the poet, was entertained at dinner in Philadelphia, May 31, by a number of his literary friends, the occasion being his 71st birthday.—The Texas Spring Palace at Fort Worth was destroyed by fire on the last evening of the annual festivities. Many men, women, and children were injured, some fatally.—A statue to General Lee, the Confederate soldier, was unveiled at Richmond, Va., May 30.—Maude Fisher, a religious girl 18 years old, committed suicide last Monday, in New Britain, Conn., by drowning herself in a reservoir, because she thought she was too wicked to live.

In the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, May 31, Prime Minister Crispi closed the debate on the internal policy of the government. The situation of Italy abroad, he said, was never so good as now. A motion expressing confidence in the government was carried by a vote of 329 to 61.—The woman's Liberal Federation will present a memorial to Gladstone asking him to include the franchise to women in the programme of issues at the next general election for members of Parliament.

CHURCH PROPERTY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

There are certain figures on the taxation of church property in this city presented in Magee's Real Estate Circular for April, 1887, which I think should be preserved for reference; and as that issue is now out of print, I subjoin some of the items from a copy loaned me by Mr. L. Diamant:

The Roman Catholic church then owned 57 parcels of real estate distinctly specified, improved and unimproved by buildings, some of these consisting of several lots; also lots in seven specified tracts, the number of lots not being stated. The assessed value was \$897,645; the taxes paid were \$14,102.36. Of these

amounts, my addition gives land assessments at a total of \$598,955; buildings and other improvements, \$251,005; not discriminated in Magee's table, St. Joseph's (10 Howard), \$27,760; Magdalen Asylum, \$6,775. These make a total of \$884,495, which is \$13,150 less than Magee's total, but I have not time to clear up the discrepancy in additions.

Besides this, there are five mortgages on these properties, aggregating \$51,455, taxes on which are legally payable by the parties owning the mortgages.

The valuations and taxations of property owned by other denominations are as follows:

Episcopal, 7 lots—\$107,890 assessment; \$1694.98 tax; mortgages (3), \$22,300. Congregational, 6 lots—\$62,705 assessments; \$985.10 tax. Baptist, 4 lots—\$35,170 assessments; \$552.51 tax. Presbyterian, 11 lots—\$122,180 assessments; \$1,919.45 tax; 4 mortgages, \$41,000. Methodist, 16 lots—\$134,755 assessments; \$2,117.50 tax; \$19,575 mortgages. German churches (Protestant?) 5—\$36,655; \$591.52 tax. Protestant Orphan—\$98,360, land and buildings; \$1,545.24 tax. Young Men's Christian Association—\$46,280; tax \$727; (of which building is valued at \$9000). Boys and Girls Aid Society—\$9,655; tax, \$151.67. Russian, 2 lots—\$13,990; tax, \$219.78. Unitarian (Geary st., since sold)—\$71,550; tax, \$1,124.05. Swedenborgian—\$11,750; tax, \$180.60. Hebrew synagogues, 4—\$101,880; tax, \$1599.91. Hebrew asylums, 2—\$25,050; tax, \$390.54. Hebrew cemetery—\$15,400; tax, \$242.

Total assessed value of all churches, homes, asylums, etc., \$1,791,875; taxes, \$28,147.28.

Now comes the cream of it. Magee says: "Of course, churches and the charity properties of churches are not assessed at over half what other property is assessed at, and this is perfectly proper. . . . What they now contribute to the city and state in taxes is a mere bagatelle; yet their exemption from taxation would be a great aid to religion, charity, and education. At least so say the representatives of all these churches alike." Of course they say so; it is as much in their line of business as for a cigarmaker to claim that smoking is healthy—they live by it. "These churches," says Magee, "were not organized to make money." Nevertheless many ministers get large salaries, and many church members find it pays to be such.

Mr. Magee winds up with the statement: "The total property of all our religious bodies has an assessed value of but \$1,791,875; its salable value to-day is at least three times that sum, or nearly \$5,500,000."

That is, church property then was only assessed a third of what the law requires, and what the assessor is bound by his oath to assess it for. But presumably he gets absolution for his perjury.

The pretense of churches promoting morality, etc., is very thin. The records of our prisons, insane asylums, poor-houses, etc., so far as they can be obtained, prove exactly the contrary; the more orthodox the belief, the greater the proportion of criminals it furnishes. As to education, the orthodox church seminaries seem mainly engaged in teaching their pupils how not to think, and this is also largely the case in the public schools.

Yet Magee and the assessors claim that tax-payers generally should be taxed extra in order to enable the churches to disseminate their pernicious dogmas at the cost of those who do not believe in them instead of the cost of those who do. This is done by a virtual combination of church and state as complete as any which exists in any European country, through our system of misrepresentation. Our political beliefs are fully as superstitious as the orthodox religious beliefs. To be religiously free is to be politically disfranchised. So it is to be a free and independent thinker on any subject. We have no representative government and never had; and the only country that has anything approaching to one is Switzerland; excepting that as to the election of school trustees, Great Britain has the cumulative vote.

A very large proportion of the real estate of the Roman Catholic church consists of vacant lots, held all over the city and suburbs, presumably for speculative purposes. That church is the heaviest land-grabber in this city; and it is probably the same in other large cities. It is no wonder that Archbishop Corrigan was so bitterly down on "Father" McGlynn for advocating the taxation of land alone, which would diminish, by many millions,

the income of that church that fastens the chains of superstition on the people more and more securely, through the workings of our systems of political misrepresentation and taxation, and in defiance of all progress of thought in other directions. Canute failed to roll back the waves of the advancing tide; but that church, through alliance with politicians, continues to roll back the otherwise advancing tide of modern thought. And it will not be otherwise until we have Freehought in politics, as well as in religion; until we cease to be slaves to party as well as to sect, and reject that most detestable of all superstitions which consists in the belief that we have a representative government.

ALFRED CRIDGE.

A MISTAKE.

"One might as well try to prove by denial that there is no sun, star, earth, light, or a thousand other existing realities, as to deny the creator."—Mrs. Noff, M.D.

The writer of the above makes a great mistake by classing the seen and the known with the unseen and the unknown. Science, history, and every reasonable person will agree that suns, stars, earth, and light exist. These facts are as plain and probable as that two and two make four. No one denies them or tries to argue that they are myths. But as far back as we have any record men and women have denied a creator, and year by year the number of Atheists is increasing, especially so among the intelligent, thinking class of people. They see no need for a creator or a creation. They see no proof of any thing, any power, or any existence outside of and beyond matter with its powers and potencies.

The wiser people become, the less faith they have in the supernatural. As they trace effects back to causes and find out the reasons why, they see no need and no possibility of there being a "great first cause," a cause itself or himself or herself uncaused. But they find each result preceded by innumerable causes, running so far back into time as to blot out the possibility of finding a beginning. They learn that matter is eternal and has in itself all the powers that produce present effects and have produced past effects through all eternity.

God is only a name for ignorance and idleness. The believer don't know and can't conceive, and instead of trying to learn and understand, simply says "it's God," and thus raises a blank wall that effectually prevents all further knowledge. The more crude and uncivilized the age the more gods the people have. Only knowledge will destroy the deities and make men wiser, kinder, and better than any god has ever been conceived to be.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Mrs. M. P. KREKEL, of Kansas, gave the last of the course of three consecutive lectures last Sunday evening, which was the most eloquent and brilliant of the series. The lady is one of the most gifted and polished orators we have ever listened to. Her themes are attractive, and the masterly manner in which she discusses them evidence that they are wisely chosen. Mrs. Krekel combines eloquence with logic, and brilliant rhetoric with profound reasoning in her discourses, together with a fine delivery and dignified attractive personal appearance, and we assure our readers who were not so fortunate as to hear the talented speaker that they lost a rare intellectual treat. There is a possibility of Mrs. Krekel visiting Lodi on her return from Fresno, and it is hoped that she will again favor us with one or more lectures.—Lodi Valley Recorder.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Grey's River	June 11 to 18	Baker City	July 27, 28, 29
Portland	June 22	Union	July 30
Cascades, Wash.	June 24, 25	Summerville	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Fossil, Or.	June 29	Dayton	Aug. 10, 11
Lost Valley	July 1	Rosalia	Aug. 13
Wagner	July 2, 3, 4	Plaza	Aug. 14
Prineville and vicinity	July 7 to 16	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
Monument	July 18	Spokane Falls	Aug. 17
Hamilton	July 19	Davenport	Aug. 18, 19
Fox	July 20, 21, 22	Buckley	Aug. 21, 22, 23
John Day	July 24	Tacoma	Aug. 25
Prairie City	July 25	Port Townsend	Aug. 31

TEXT BOOKS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"The state board of education will receive proposals on June 3 for the furnishing of such text books as may be hereafter enumerated for the use of the common schools of the state for a period of five years from and after the 1st day of September, 1890."

The following letter tells its own story:

WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION.

Organized January 29, 1890, for the protection and perpetuation of American institutions. President, R. Winsor; secretary, C. B. Reynolds; treasurer, G. M. Boman; directors at large, A. Rosenow, R. J. Wilson.

2104 Sixth street, SEATTLE, WASH., May 24, 1890.

To the Hon. Board of Education of the State of Washington:

Gentlemen: The Washington Secular Union having been organized, and through its efforts a fund provided to enforce and protect all individuals in the "absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment," as guaranteed by Art. I. Sec. 11, of the constitution of this state; and farther, to see that "no one shall be disturbed in person or property on account of religion," and that "no public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious worship, exercise, or instruction" in violation of the provisions of said section; the Washington Secular Union, believing that your honorable board has the public school system of the state and its success uppermost in your hearts while about to receive bids for and determine what text books shall be used in the public schools of this young state for the next five years; and believing that your responsibilities as a board, under your oath of office as well as your consciences as men, and individual duties as citizens of the state, will cause you to protect and guard, as well as bow in humble obedience to, the rights referred to and guaranteed by the constitution; desires to call your special attention to the fact that many of the text books now in common use in the schools contain quotations from the Bible known as the King James version, Bible stories, and other matters of religious sentiment, belief, and instruction.

You will observe that in our constitution the exclusion is not of sectarian instruction, etc., but of any religious worship, exercise, or instruction, and that under our constitution there is not even room for the contention made in the case on the relation of Weiss, *et al.* vs. School District No. 8 in the city of Edgerton, Wis., decided by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin March 18, 1890, and reported in vol. 44 of the Northwestern Reporter, at page 967, to which your attention is respectfully called.

If any school-book offered or proposed to be used in any of the public schools of our state contains any religious instruction or sentiment, we respectfully request your honorable board to reject any and every such book.

Absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment being guaranteed to every individual, necessarily includes every individual scholar at our public schools, and this can only be effected by the use of text books entirely free from any religious belief or sentiment.

And we earnestly solicit that in the discharge of your duties as the state board of education you will remove all excuse for the hierarchy of Rome, or any other power or person, to make just attacks upon the public schools and school system of the state on account of the practices in and conduct of the public schools in violation of the most sacred rights guaranteed by the constitution.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that in many of our public schools the teachers, in direct violation alike of the letter and the spirit of the constitution, open school with such religious worship, exercise, and instruction as happens to suit the humor, faith, or caprice of the teacher or local school board; in profound ignorance or utterly ignoring the fact that Washington is now a state, with a bill of rights and a constitution.

At Lynden, Whatcom county, the public school exercises are opened by one of the teachers reading a chapter from the King James version of the Bible; the Lord's prayer is recited by the entire school, after which a gospel hymn is sung. Reading the Bible is religious instruction. Reciting or repeating the Lord's prayer, or any other prayer, is religious worship. Singing gospel hymns is religious exercise.

Why should such unlawful proceedings be tolerated, when even the most fanatical and bigoted religionist, equally with the Liberal, is interested in the strict enforcement of the bill of rights?

For if it is right and just to have the Protestant Bible read, the Lord's prayer repeated, and gospel hymns sung at the opening of public schools when or wherever Protestants are in a majority, then it is equally right and just to have the Roman Catholic Bible read, prayers to the virgin Mary repeated, and hymns or parts of high mass sung at the opening of public schools when and where Roman Catholics are in a majority.

The officers and members of the Washington Secular Union are each and all most staunch and devoted friends of our public schools, regarding them as the bulwarks of American independence and the only sure reliance for the perpetuation of our republic.

We should deeply deplore being compelled in the defense of the sacred rights, so wisely and justly guaranteed by our constitution, of absolute freedom of religious sentiment to every individual, to appeal to the courts, because we desire to avoid the religious strife, hate, and bickering that such litigation would engender.

We therefore ask the action of your honorable board, believing you have the right, power, and duty to avert such litigation or appeal to the courts by officially notifying all public school officers of the state of their duty and your determination to enforce obedience to the constitution, affording absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment and belief to every individual. To insure which we ask you to positively prohibit the use of any book containing any religious exercise or instruction, or that indorses or inculcates religious belief or sentiment, in any public school in the state. Respectfully yours, etc.,

C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec.

R. WINSOR, Pres.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

ENTITLED YE PLAINS.

The Plain of Science.—The Favorites of the Dragons.—The Car of Free-thought.—The Trees of the Plain.—Simon falls in with Unitheos.—Simon and Unitheos in the Plain.—The Vision of Unitheos.—True Communism.

39. Now, they had not gone far when they perceived one of the giants busy with one of the trees called Astronomos.

40. And the giant perceiving them, inquired whither they went; and Simon said, We are bound to the great and glorious city beyond the river.

41. And the giant smiled, and plucked some of the fruit from the tree, and offered them thereof, saying, Eat; they are good for the eyesight.

42. And Unitheos partook, and lo! a film fell from his eyes, and he saw that the firmament was neither of brass nor yet of tapestry, and he began to mutter.

43. And I, Philo Aletheia, listened to his muttering, and heard this, The stars are not candles, but Joshua was an ass.

44. But Simon, saying the fruit was dry, swallowed but little.

45. And the giant said to Unitheos, Where thinkest thou is the city thou searchest for; where thy guide-book telleth thee?

46. And Unitheos started and said, Nay, verily, that which I thought was the outskirts of it has vanished, now that I see better.

47. And Simon said, I fear me much, Unitheos, that this is some snare of the evil one. I do remember that I perceived trees somewhat like unto these in the Forest, but the fruit thereof was by no means like unto this.

48. And the giant answered, saying, Of a truth there are trees somewhat like these in the Forest, for seest thou yonder car which is casting out great abundance of seed? Out of that car hath seeds been carried into the Forest, and trees have sprung up; but, as thou sayest, though the trees somewhat resemble these, yet the fruit is different; and the reason is this:

49. In the Forest the guides destroy and bend the trees, and compel them to twine themselves round other trees, such as belong to the Forest, and thus they become strangled, and their growth impeded, and their fruit becometh unsound and worthless, and is never matured; whilst here the trees are under no law, but grow accordingly to their several inclinations, and do accordingly flourish and bear their natural fruit.

50. And the giant led Unitheos to another tree, called Critical Examination; and this tree gave forth light, and its virtues were

such that whatsoever was brought nigh unto it, straightway became of its true color and texture, and appeared without disguise.

51. And the giant desired Unitheos to examine his guide-book thereby; and Unitheos did so, and immediately the book looked so hideous that Unitheos cast it upon the ground, and kicked it away, and began to laugh.

52. And Simon was greatly astonished, and mightily afraid, and he inquired of Unitheos why he laughed and kicked the book.

53. And Unitheos said, Verily, I laugh because I now perceive what an ass I have been; and I kicked the book because 'tis full of lies. Prithee come hither and look at it by this light, and then thou wilt kick it also; and Simon looked.

54. And Simon began to be exceedingly affrighted, and he cried out piteously, saying, Ah, Unitheos, now we are altogether undone; woe, woe, woe is me! Oh, that I, one of the chosen, should be thus entrapped! Fly, Unitheos, while there is yet time. And Simon turned him about and fled like a full-grown whirlwind.

55. And as he fled, there suddenly surrounded him on every side more than six hundred and nine imps, called Doubts, and they began to bite and gnaw him without compassion; and one of the greatest of the imps was called Unpardonable Sin, and it ran a tilt at Simon with its claws, and spitted him thereon, and held him aloft and carried him away; and the rest of the imps followed, tormenting Simon without ceasing.

56. And Simon groaned with an exceeding great and grievous dismality.

57. And sundry guides came up and battled with the imps, and sent them packing, and unspitted Simon.

58. And Simon rejoiced exceedingly, and danced for joy, and shouted aloud, and split the afflicted clouds with his vociferous howling, and go: him again into the gutter and plunged headlong into the mire and filth, and bathed himself unsparingly in the mud, and sang like a pelican.

59. And he girded up his loins afresh, and went on his way triumphantly, and held up his empty head, and strode away with valiant and lordly strides.

60. And Unitheos and the giant laughed consummately.

61. And the giant showed Unitheos some of the wonders of the Plain, and made known to him the desire and intention of the people thereof, how they desired to cultivate the great tree called Natural Wealth, and let all men share in its bountiful produce, and debar none.

62. And Unitheos admired very exceedingly, and extolled the giants and their cause; and when the giant left him he began to ponder on the things he had heard and seen, and, pondering, he fell into a vision.

63. And he saw a new earth and a new heaven.

64. Vast plains were spread before him, studded with pleasant dwellings, and peopled with happy and smiling nations.

65. There was a man truly a man, and his fellows were his brethren. Not one was higher than another, nor one any lower.

66. The ground teemed with abundant fruit, and verdant pastures nurtured unnumbered flocks. There the sloping vale spread its charms to the glowing sun, and shimmered in silvery beauty beneath the colder glances of the moon.

67. There the towering hill lifted its hoary head to the skies, the swelling bosom thereof clad in richest verdure, and girdled with unfading firs.

68. There the crystal streamlet pursued its way, now flowing silently and peacefully through shady glades, and now murmuring in gentle cadences, like the softest notes of the air-stirred lyre, and anon leaping in mimic fright from crag to crag, and forming tiny cascades sparkling like unto a myriad gems.

69. There mighty rivers swept majestically along their rock-girt courses, now gliding slowly and placidly through verdant plains and wood-girt valleys, and now swiftly racing adown gentle declivities, and anon, in seething fury, rushing in thunderous torrents over mighty precipices, and with foam-crowned crest forcing their resistless way with surging bounds through appalling gorges, and awakening from the cavernous depths a thousand weird echoes.

70. There the feathered songsters of many-hued plumage filled

the air with their melodies, and adorned the woods by their beauty.

71. There the resonant din of commerce rose to the skies, and the busy hum of prosperous cities smote on the listening ear.

72. There the craftsman was equal with the highest, and not a man dwelt in idleness, or lived by the toil of another.

73. There every man did his portion of the labor, and none labored more than was his due, or beyond his strength.

74. There every one had sufficient wherewith to provide for his needs, and none more than sufficient, and the residue was for the sick, the feeble, and the aged. Thither came not famine, for all alike shared in the bountiful outpourings of the earth.

75. There was the abode of learning and knowledge, and every man had abundant leisure to profit thereby.

76. There dwelt not crime, for the inducement thereto was vanished. No man dwelt in fear of the robber, for, all having enough, none had need to steal.

77. Thither came not pestilence, for Science was nurtured. Thither came not war, for there were neither kings nor priests.

78. There innocent mirth and youthful pleasures made the earth ring again, and the shades of night joyous.

79. There the sweet song of blithesome content pervaded the air, and the merry carolings of youth filled the heart.

80. There the swift stepping of the frequent dance gladdened the eyes, and the elastic bounding of ruddy children made men merry.

81. And the rest of the Vision of Unitheos, behold, is it not written in the book of Futurity, and in the chronicles of the To-come?

To be Continued.

HELL.

J. M. Wheeler, of London, has written a work entitled "The Christian Doctrine of Hell," in which he quotes a good many pious authorities on that burning question. Following are portions of his citations and comments:

"The Sight of Hell," by the Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R., is another popular work issued "*permissu superiorum*" among "Books for Children and Young Persons." A more atrocious composition it is difficult to conceive. The agony is piled on as though the imagination of the writer reveled in the description of torture. One specimen, a mild one, will suffice:

Perhaps at this moment, seven o'clock in the evening, a child is just going into hell. To-morrow evening at seven o'clock go and knock at the gates of hell and ask what the child is doing. The devils will go and look. Then they will come back again and say, the child is burning! Go in a week and ask what the child is doing; you will get the same answer—it is burning! Go in a year and ask, the same answer comes—it is burning! Go in a million of years and ask the same question; the answer is just the same—it is burning! So if you go forever and ever, you will always get the same answer—it is burning in the fire!

I declare I would rather put into the hands of any young child Boccaccio's "Decameron," or any of the works put on the Roman "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," with which I am acquainted, than this pious work by a Christian father.

Protestantism did nothing to lighten the realm of outer darkness. Rather, by its repudiation of the priest-serving doctrine of Purgatory, it rendered more glaring the contrast between the condition of the saved and that of the non-elect. Calvin asks: "How is it that the fall of Adam involves so many nations, *with their infant children*, to eternal death without remedy, unless that it so seemed meet to God?" The same holy Christian says of the damned: "Forever harassed with a dreadful tempest, they shall feel themselves torn asunder by an angry God, and transfixed and penetrated by mortal stings, terrified by the thunderbolts of God, and broken by the weight of his hand, so that to sink into any gulf would be more tolerable than to stand for a moment in these terrors."

According to the "Westminster Confession," ch. xxxiii: "The wicked who know not God and obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be cast into eternal torments." And the "Larger Catechism," Art. 29, declares: "The punishments of sin in the

world to come are everlasting separation from the comfortable presence of God, and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hellfire forever." "They that have done good shall go into life everlasting; and they that have done evil into everlasting fire," is the doctrine of the Book of Common Prayer.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, the prose poet of the Church of England, says in his discourse on "The Pains of Hell:" "We are amazed at the inhumanity of Phalaris, who roasted men in his brazen bull: this was joy in respect of that fire of Hell which penetrates the very entrails without consuming them." "Husbands shall see their wives, parents shall see their children, tormented before their eyes." Picture it, think of it, Christian, and then give praises to your demon God. The good, really good, bishop tells us the bodies of the damned shall be crowded together in hell like grapes in a wine-press, which press one another till they burst. "Every distinct sense and organ shall be assailed with its own appropriate and most exquisite sufferings." Surely the creed is accursed which led so worthy a man as Taylor to paint with unction this description of the Pains of Hell.

Our own Milton, liberal in theology though he was, adheres to the Biblical idea of—

"Regions of Sorrow! doleful Shades! where Peace
And Rest can never dwell; Hope never comes,
That comes to all: but Torture without End
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd."

Bishop Hall says: "What, oh what, is it to conceive of lying in a *fire more intense than nature can kindle*, for hundreds, thousands, millions, yea millions of millions of years, which, after all, are only a minute of time compared with eternity?"

Dr. Barrow asserts that "our bodies will be afflicted continually by a sulphurous flame piercing the inmost sinews." Wesley says:

"Eternity and deep despair
On every flame is written there."

Again he says: "From the moment wherein they are plunged into the lake of fire, *burning with brimstone*, their torments are not only without intermission, but likewise without end."

The sight of the torments of the damned in hell will increase the ecstasy of the saints in heaven. This is the doctrine of St. John, and it has been repeated by orthodox Christian preachers times without number. And, though orthodox Christian preachers dare not preach it now, it is the legitimate outcome of their belief. In heaven the angels see all, and must therefore witness the torments of the damned; and these do not diminish their happiness, though the damned be their own parents or their own children.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the most consistent Christians that ever breathed, devoted a work to the subject. The thirteenth sermon of his "Works" is entitled "The End of the Wicked Contemplated by the Righteous," and is particularly devoted to the illustration of the doctrine that "the sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever." "It will," he continues, "not only make them more sensible of the greatness and freeness of the grace of God in their happiness, but it really makes their happiness the greater, as it will make them more *sensible* of their own happiness. It will give them a more lively relish of it; it will make them prize it more. When they see others who were of the same nature, and born under the same circumstances, plunged in such misery, and they so distinguished, it will make them the more sensible how happy they are."

In his direful poem on "The Last Day," the once popular Dr. Young makes one of God's victims vainly ask:

"This one, this slender, almost no request:
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have ran of anguish'd years in fire
Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

The pious Dr. Samuel Hopkins thus displays the divine character and illustrates the loving kindness of the blessed scripture promises: "The smoke of their torment shall ascend up in the sight of the blessed forever and ever, and serve, as a most clear glass before their eyes, to give them a bright and most effective view. The display of the divine character will be most enter-

taining to all who love God, will give them the highest and most ineffable pleasure. Should the fire of this eternal punishment cease, it would in a great measure obscure the light of heaven and put an end to a great part of the happiness and glory of the blessed."

Contrast with this holy utterance of the pious Christian the burning words of the Atheist poet, James Thomson:

"If any human soul at all
Must die the second death, must fall
Into that gulph of quenchless flame
Which keeps its victims still the same,
Unpurified as unconsumed,
To everlasting torments doomed;
Then I give God my scorn and hate,
And turning back from heaven's gate
(Suppose me got there!), bow, Adieu!
Almighty Devil, damn me too."

Baxter, in his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," declares: "The principal author of hell torments is God himself. As is was no less than God whom the sinner had offended, so it is no less than God who will punish them for their offenses. He has prepared those torments for his enemies. . . . The everlasting flames of hell will not be thought too hot for the rebellious; and when they have burnt there for millions of ages, he will not repent him of the evil which is befallen them."

Was not Shelley right when he described the Christian Go!—

"A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood?"

It would be easy to multiply citations. Spurgeon, among living divines, has preached hell as hot as anybody. But the doctrine is decaying together with real faith in Christianity.

CALIFORNIANS DON'T WANT IT.

At the present time we are again reminded that religious fanatics are awake and active with their Sunday law schemes, and, as the public press is teeming with their plans and purpose, it should also give the other side a hearing and permit open discussion. As an American citizen, who believes that a person's acceptance or rejection of Christianity has nothing to do with his rights and privileges under a purely secular government, I rise to protest against every effort on the part of organized Christianity to enact and establish restrictive Sunday laws. And while uttering this protest I would ask, when and where have the people of California at large ever requested or demanded the enactment of such laws? Every attempt to restrict personal liberty on Sunday is and always was traceable to a few religious fanatics, and we have in our midst to-day one of these busybodies from the East, who is back of all the agitation now going on.

In view of this fact, I am led to ask: Are the people of California so ignorant of their wants and wishes in regard to Sunday laws that they must import eastern fanaticism and puritanism to enlighten them? Do the people of this city wish to see a Connecticut law in force here, that will prevent the running of trains on Sunday between the hours of 9 a. m. and sundown? Do they wish to be debarred from a Sunday trip to the coast and the pleasure of Sunday excursions? Do they want every place of Sunday amusement closed, and the sale of Sunday papers, an open barber's shop or a bakery, made a legal crime, as is the case in Massachusetts? Do they hanker after that enforced "rest" which their religious guardians seem so anxious to confer upon them? In my opinion the answer to all these questions will be a loud and prolonged "No!" from the great majority. The progress of the world has been so great since the sixteenth century that the puritan Sabbath of that era is not a desirable or appropriate thing to resurrect, and the people of the great and growing West rebel against such intolerance as religious fanaticism and bigotry seek to establish. If the people of California felt the need of laws to restrict their personal liberty on Sunday, they would probably make it manifest in various ways; but nothing has been said or known of such needs until the advent of eastern agitators, who come here and prate of our extreme wickedness, and plead with us to enact Sunday laws so eastern people can migrate here with safety and fill our empty tene-

ment houses. What an insult to intelligence it is to be told that dull times and vacant tenements are due to the absence of Sunday laws! And what a jowl that person must have to assert such a thing before persons of common sense.

How hard up the advocates of Sunday laws are for facts and arguments when they deal in such nonsense. It is both a slander and a falsehood to assert or insinuate that crime and wickedness are so prevalent in Los Angeles that eastern people cannot locate here with safety to person and morals, and I wonder that some one has not before now resented this gratuitous insult. California has no need of such people within her borders, and these self-invited advocates of a puritanical Sabbath are wasting wind and efforts in their endeavor to create a demand for laws the people do not want. Here in California we believe in freedom to exist without church control, and desire no union whatever of church and state. History has revealed too much of religious tyranny to make the resurrection of blue laws desirable, and every step in that direction will find wide-awake opposition throughout the state. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" therefore let every man keep it as he sees fit, and those who dislike the freedom which prevails in California will meet with no objections or hindrance if they desire to migrate to Connecticut or Massachusetts, where liberty is considered a crime and restricted accordingly.—C. SEVERANCE, in the Los Angeles Herald.

SONNETS.

GROWTH.

The world grows daily larger to man's gaze,
The infinities retreat before his blows;
He stood at first, trembling in sad amaze,
And fearful of the mists that round him rose,
Believing each a monster full of woe;
When powers of nature less did terrify,
His ignorant fancy peopled earth and sky
With demons, gods, and devils, each a foe
To wretched man; then calmer grown, his eyes
Unsealed dispelled his fears; the threatening show
Of phantoms disappeared; he saw the sun arise,
The sun of knowledge making all men wise;
Now all his tyrants dead, he sits and smiles,
And music breathes far up the world's great aisles.

MUSIC.

Man's first utterance is a cry, his last a groan;
But all between his two eternities
He hears a harmony from unseen skies,
Oft interrupted and in fragments blown
About his jarring life; but every tone
He seizes eagerly, and strives to speak
With voice or instrument; this echo weak
Yet faithful is music called; the soul upflown
Throbs at this reading of the primal law,
The path of motion, life's expressive voice,
Tender as love, stilling to solemn awe,
Cure of sad minds, outlet of mounting joys,
Sweeter than power, brighter than flashing gem,
Man's kindly lullaby and requiem. HERBERT MILLER.

A Secular Funeral.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have just had the first Secular funeral in this neighborhood. Adolph Muehl died May 25 of consumption, aged 38 years. He leaves a wife and three small children. Though he has been sick for nearly three years, he bore it with patience to the last. He often expressed the wish while living that no minister should officiate at his funeral. There were no prayers rendered, an absence which the Christians present noticed. Judge Robinson, of Davenport, made an appropriate speech at Mr. Muehl's home, and read a fine selection at the grave. Respectfully,
Davenport, Wash. PETER SELDE, JR.

But Dr. Stratton is "Exonerated."

To the Editors of Freethought:

The Stockton "Mail" seems to be one among the very few papers having the moral courage and independence to expose the immoral practices of certain privileged characters known as ministers of the gospel. That paper, in its issue of May 19, gives a graphic account of the Rev. Dr. Stratton's late racket among the females of Mills Seminary. The

article referred to would seem almost unfit for publication, were it not that such practices are quite frequent among the reverend doctors of divinity, and that the public has a right to know something of these pious pretenders and self-appointed teachers of public morals. The "Mail's" correspondent asserts that "the inhabitants of the world are divided into three sexes—men, women, and ministers." He might have said "men, women, and drones."

Hardly a day passes but we read of some ministerial scandal or some act of questionable purity committed by these chicken-dinner parasites—these parlor pets and brazen libertines. If this reverend dainty work continues, it will necessitate a special law or a new society for the protection of innocent and unsuspecting females. Ministers, as well as others, should be held responsible for their misdeeds; they should, before entering upon their soul-saving occupation, be required to pay a special tax or high license, and also to give bonds for their good and lawful behavior.

J. C. P.

Turlock, Cal, May 27, 1890.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Bidding Ukiah, with its steeples and creeds, lamp-throwers, Liberals, and all others, a Freethinker's go(0)d be with you and take care of your soul, if there is one found in the final round-up; and with the mercury away up to 100 in the shade, I climbed up beside the driver of a four-horse stage for a thirty three-mile ride over the rocks and mountains to Lakeport, in Lake county. We passed through fine shaded groves, in the darkest of which the driver related a blood-and-thunder incident of a terrible crime committed in his stage a few years ago in that very spot. It was thus: A Mexican in Ukiah fell deeply in love with an American lady of the same place who did not reciprocate his Spanish adoration, and to escape his constant advances she took the stage over this route. But Spanish lovers' eyes, like all other lovers' eyes, are keenly watchful over the adored one. The Mexican saw his fair inamorata depart. He soon hires a fleet-footed horse, takes a shorter route, gets ahead of the slow-going stage, and waits in the sombre gloom of these shaded dells until he hears the stage coming. He then struck his horse a violent blow with his whip, turning him loose to go home, while he rolled himself all over in the deep dust, so when the driver came up he was not recognized. He said his horse had thrown him and nearly killed him, and asked to be taken to the next house. They put him in the stage and started on. The fiend watched his opportunity and shot the girl, killing her instantly, and then shot himself to death. As there were no other passengers, the driver was compelled to go on alone with his ghastly load of love and passion, with blood and brains bespattered everywhere.

He told me that was one lonely ride at least he had taken in these Mendocino mountain wilds. Being somewhat of a believer in Hamlet's ghost, "my father's ghost" (but not in the holy ghost), I rather expected to see the murdered woman's form standing under these wondrous big trees, for it was "a tale that thrilled my bosom through;" but she did not materialize then and there, so an opportunity was lost to prove to FREETHOUGHT that the dead do live. My belief, however, goes on forever. If a man (or woman) dies, he goes right along and attends to business daily.

We rode up this long winding, and at times dark, canyon for fifteen miles until the summit was reached, and we passed into Lake county. Now commenced the break-neck ride down the mountain side on a road where often in making a sharp turn it seemed as if we must go over into the depths below. But the driver was as sober as usual, the horses true as steel. The old coach swung from side to side, crowded as it was, with passengers, all from Frisco; the fire, as we struck some rock in the road with the rattling wheels, often lighting up the shadows of night's fast-falling curtain. Down, down we went almost with lightning speed, until Blue lakes were reached, where we stopped for the indispensable filling up of the inner man, sometimes called for short "grub." These Blue lakes are getting to be a great summer resort for fishing and boating, hunting and flirting, billing and cooing, and such. There are several hotels and many summer cottages built here, for the scenery is perfectly grand. These little mountain-locked lakes, covering a few hundred acres, the water clear and blue as the bending sky above, are

nearly two thousand feet above the ocean, while the solid, silent crags and peaks of the embracing, heaven-pointing mountains seem to say to the tired traveler and business man or the worn-out, pale-faced wife and mother from city life, throw away dull care and toil in the tread-mill of life, leave corset and bustle, fashion and creed, mint juleps and cocktails, come up here to the arms, not of Abraham, but these pine-clad hills, and bathe in the elixir of life (not a fountain filled with Jesus's blood), but in the pure *agua* distilled in the heavens and cradled here in these beautiful lakes. Here one can be natural; far removed from the haunts of man nature rules supreme. The virgin soil, the rocks, formed in the birth agonies of our fire-and-water-made planet, still in the main lie where the great accoucher, Mother Nature, laid them—in her own lap—millions of years ago. Our swift-rolling orb is growing old, but in the wrinkles of her rocky face and depths of her fructifying soil we read the history of all the past.

Supper over, "All aboard for Lakeport!" shouts the driver, and with fresh horses we now turn into Scotch valley. Leaving the enchanting lakes and cozy nooks, we find this new scene a narrow but well-settled valley of most beautiful homes, locked in here by nature's walls of adamantine rocks and forests wild. This is almost another Eden, with its vine-clad hills, fruiting orchards, alfalfa meadows, and hop-fields; but the terrible rains and snows the past winter played sad havoc, sweeping away fences, buildings, and stock, washing down hillsides and burying up little farms with mud and drift. Verily Mother Eve eating that little crab some time ago has made a world of work for sin-cursed mortal in earning his brow by the sweat of his bread. Just think of it, if Eve had not been flattered and beguiled by the nasty snake there would be no fig leaves to-day to hide nature's handiwork. It would be a free show, not even a circus tent in the way to keep the small boy out.

At length the stage rattled down to the side of a much larger body of water, called Clear lake, and we are landed safely in the hotel at Lakeport, county seat of Lake county. Our thirty-three-mile ride since three o'clock P.M. has tired us all out, so we retire to our virtuous couch to sleep the sleep of the righteous and dream that "the world do move." The next day being Sunday, we obeyed strictly the holy injunction of resting from all labor. In the evening I went to the new and beautiful Christian church, with its stained windows, tall steeple, and such, and found the house crowded and a revival of religion with a full head of steam on, with two imported engines (preachers), plenty of flowers, good old-fashioned singing, that would almost convert you of itself. In fact, I think I dropped a tear or two in remembrance of past deeds that I will not mention here—it is not best.

The exercises were very interesting, the sermons able and sound, from their standpoint, and the appeal to sinners by Brother Shelton to come now, ere it was too late, almost caused you to lose your correspondent. I felt the shaft of conviction go through my ungenerate heart, or some of the inside works. I was on the front seat; it was hard to bear, and being so close to the battery, the magnetism—as my friends, the Spiritualists, would say—almost got me; but I did manage to hand the elder a written notice of my lecture next evening at the court house, which he most gracefully read to the audience, and asked them to tell all their friends. The court house was filled to overflowing, and I heard that their church was very slim for an audience that evening. I gave four lectures here to good audiences. As I was putting up notices in the post-office for my last lecture there, the postmaster ordered me to take them down, saying no man who taught Darwinism or that man came from monkeys, could put up notices of his infidel talk in his office. I asked him if he did not know that the church thought so much of Darwin that when he died they buried him under the great Westminster Abbey along with their canons and bishops, saints and popes, an honor that very few could hope to attain to. Again, that Darwin never said man came from monkeys, nor did I say it. I asked him if monkeys were not a higher source to come from than "the dust of the earth" which he believed was man's embryonic condition. He answered by saying he was just as well-read as I was, and that I need not think I could talk him down. I said I did not want to talk him down, but up to the grand scientific truths of evolution, that revealed the fact that his Bible was a fake, that hell had froze over, the devil was a gentleman with no cloven foot, and that his three head-god had no head at all, but was an infinite supremacy of intelligence, matter, and spirit, that doeth all things well, by fixed and unchangeable law called nature's method of procedure. The man was

a good Methodist brother, but ironclad with his education in creedism. Oh, for a thousand lecturers to compass the country over and pull down the structures that are in the trail of the priests.

The week I stopped at Lakeport to lecture, I found a home at the Lakeview House. This is a hotel that would be a credit to any city, a fine three-story brick, fronting on the beautiful lake, and kept by J. D. Jourden. In this case "Jordan is an easy road to travel," and every tourist, health seeker, land and home hunter, will not have seen the country unless they stop with Jourden. It is the best house, and best kept of any in this whole mountain country.

Here the tired, dusty traveler is at rest, with a cuisine fit for a king. The house is always full, yet room for "one more." Every Liberal should stop here, for the landlord is radical and Liberal from the outside all the way through. Lakeport is the most beautiful little city I have found in the mountains; but my letter is too long, so I will await until the next.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

The Tualatin Secular Union.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Last Sunday, May 18, my mother and I had the pleasure of visiting the Tualatin Secular Union, organized by Mr. Geo. H. Dawes April 20, at the Kruse school-house, near Wilsonville, Clackamas county, Or., about eight miles from Oswego. We found the Union a very thriving one, consisting of thirty-three members or more, with Mr. A. O. Kruse, president, and Mr. O. P. Sharp, secretary. The meeting was held in the Grange Hall, a pleasant, spacious room occupying the second story of the Kruse school-house. The meeting was well attended.

After some valuable remarks by the president, recitations were given by Miss Viola Barnes, B. F. Barstow, and John Tyler. H. A. Kruse read a very interesting and instructive article concerning the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Mr. Kruse is a young man who is much enthused in our Freethought cause, and his energy aids much in promoting the success of their Union. Mr. H. A. Kruse also furnished some beautiful music on the organ, and Miss Beda Sharp, Miss Allie Hayes, and others sang two pretty songs, which were very entertaining and helped to make the meeting a most enjoyable one.

The meeting closed with a discussion. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved, That no sectarian beliefs should be taught in public schools." All who spoke were in favor of the Bible being excluded from our public schools, and gave their reasons for believing that the Bible was not a fit book to be taught in our schools. One gentleman said he thought the Bible to be the worst book ever published—the most immoral, obscene, and disconnected. The speakers all agreed that if parents wished to have the Bible taught to their children, they should have it taught them elsewhere—not in our public schools. The discussion was a very useful one. This subject concerning the Bible in our schools should interest every American citizen. There were quite a number of young people present, and this discussion, no doubt, will help much toward setting them to thinking on the subject of state secularization.

The members of the grange in the Kruse neighborhood are all more or less Liberal, we are told, and they have kindly given the Secular Union the use of their hall for their meetings free of charge, and likewise the use of the organ which is in the hall. The Union is to organize a choir, and has voted to purchase copies of the "Cosmian Hymn Book" and other Liberal song books for the use of the choir.

All combined pleasure with business, and the meeting throughout was sociable, instructive, and enjoyable; and amid pleasant farewells the audience dispersed, with bright hopes for their next meeting. The Union meets every second Sunday at 2 P.M. The subject for discussion at the next meeting is: "Resolved, That Infidelity has been of more benefit to humanity than Christianity."

We are glad this new Union is beginning so hopefully, and sincerely hope it will continue to prosper. Liberals everywhere should form local Unions wherever it is possible to do so. There have been a number of local Unions organized in Oregon during the past year. I wish them all the greatest possible success, and hope new ones will continue to be formed. We Liberals must organize and work together, and support our Freethought papers if we hope to do effective work toward state secularization and mental freedom. Most respectfully, your Freethought friend,

ELVA E. DAVIDSON, Ass't Sec. Or. State Secular Union,
Oswego, Or., May 25.

Obituary.

On Sunday, May 4, death came to our community and claimed for its own one of our most beloved citizens in the person of Charles E. Fry, the youngest member of the former business firm of Fry Brothers. He was a native of Hope, Ind., and 34 years old at the time of his death.

Although pulmonary consumption had for years been preying on his vitality, he never gave up the hope of regaining his health, even to the last. Being entirely free from superstition, he had no fear of death, and could look with calmness toward the future; but the desire to enjoy the things of this life to a good old age was very strong, the result of his generous and affectionate nature manifesting itself towards all those who were fortunate enough to form his friendship.

A Freethinker from his early youth, and fairly versed in the history of Christianity, as well as possessing brain power of a highly intellectual order, he was always "too many" for the numerous "servants of the Lord" sent as special messengers to bring him to see the "error of his ways" and the terrible punishment in store for him if he would reject their proffers of "saving grace" and would not love their heavenly master with his whole heart before it should be too late, the most-zealous even prophesying the ruination of Nipomo should he remain unconverted, and showing no timidity in endeavoring to impress him with the "awful" fact that he must soon stand before the "judgment bar of God." Not even when the dew of death lay heavy upon his brow did they refrain from their oft-repeated attacks; as just before he died, while his devoted brother was absent from his side a few moments, a "good sister" went to him with exhortations to "place his trust in Jesus," etc. Summoning his fast-failing breath, he gasped hoarsely to her to go away and let him alone, which she deemed it expedient to do.

Calmly and peacefully as the falling to sleep of an infant he yielded up his life, and no lines of cruel suffering remained to mar the placid clay.

Lovingly, tenderly laid to rest in the bosom of Mother Earth, and as lovingly mourned and remembered by relatives and friends, he sleeps the tranquil sleep of one who had fulfilled the task of life as far as he was able to do so, having lived an active business life, as well as a useful one in being happy and contributing greatly to the happiness of others.

Farewell, dear friend. We fear not for thy future. No inquisitorial terrors can reach thee now. E. R.

Nipomo, Cal.

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Considering all the circumstances of the case, we cannot find words to express our feelings or portray the public sentiment. It is something like the man of excessive passion and profanity who was driving a wagon loaded with apples or potatoes, or some such freight, up a long hill and when he got up to the top of the hill stopped his team and looked back in the road; he then discovered that near the foot of the hill the tail board had become loosened, and his load was strewn in the road from the bottom to the top of the hill. The man looked at the long line of freight for a while, when he quietly got down and gathered all up without uttering a word. This proceeding seemed so strange to those who knew the man best that they asked him why he had not done some swearing. He replied that "there was no language that could do justice to the case."

This is our fix just now. The "Times" has essayed to administer condemnation and execration upon the man who has thus broken up a family and scandalized his profession and betrayed a large circle of the most loyal of friends, but it cannot reach the case. We might imagine a million Judas Iscariots and Benedict Arnolds, with all their treachery and ingratitude, concentrated into one man, and that man could hardly be expected to betray the steadfast friends who had lifted him up when in direst need. The red-handed assassin, the sneaking midnight thief, even are credited with some sense of gratitude for kindness received, but here is a case that has no mitigation, no shadow of excuse or cause to palliate, but as long as the man Sanborne escapes the unerring, deathdealing bullet of some avenging Nemesis, he must be shunned, loathed, and despised by all, even to the lowest of earth's creatures, his life a reproach upon his profession, and his presence a burden upon the earth.

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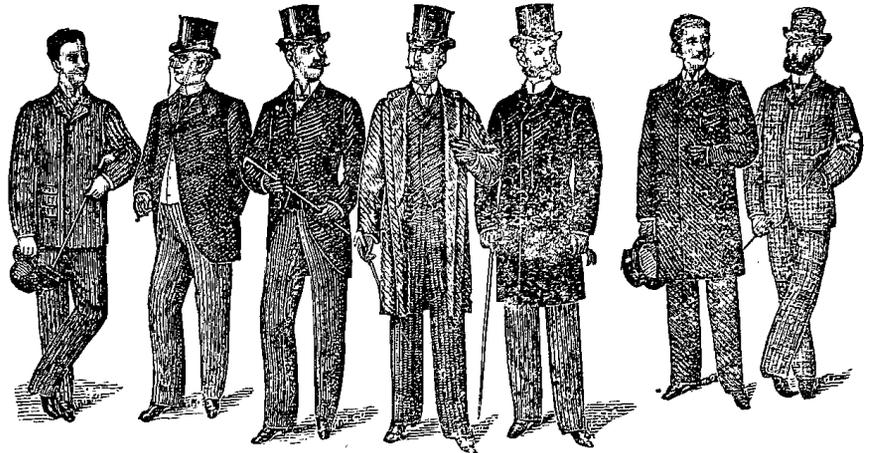
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - JUNE 14, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Talent pursues the even tenor of its way. It does not grow very fast, but it generally stays. It has survived the hard winter, and the summer prospects are of blue and gold. All along the Rogue River valley the harvests are beginning to appear. A little rain in due season will square the accounts, and the ledger-book of the weather will show considerably on the credit side. As usual, the Secular Pilgrim brought the showers, and they poured abundantly on his devoted head, for no pilgrim in this age of "conveyance," as the wise call it, would ever think of carrying an umbrella, the most mutable of all things in this world of immutability.

My friend Breese is as radical as ever, and proposes to take in the whole universe, seen and unseen, and both worlds at a time, and all worlds. But however transcendental he may become, he never loses sight of the "things that are." He has a level head, although his intellectual wings disport in the "blue empyrean." Mrs. Breese is somewhat of a doubter still after my own fashion, although the phenomena presented are of a somewhat marvelous nature. What makes the phenomena? is still the question, and the "spirits" do not have it all their own way. Even spirits must conform to logic and the rules of human thought, and so as matter is infinite, and the living human mind unmeasured, it seems that the "spiritual world" must take a back seat until the previous question has been definitely settled. We have been roaming over the mysterious, the intangible and the interminable, but return to the same starting-point, and faith and knowledge must continue the everlasting truce.

I arrived in Talent on Thursday morning, and a good day's rest was before me in this happy camping-ground, and I enjoyed it to the utmost. Nature was before my eyes in her beautiful garb, the fruits and flowers were abundant, and genial associates made the passing hours profitable and sparkling. I lectured on Friday evening and Sunday morning, and the old guard was present and many new faces appeared. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Terrill visited with us on Thursday evening at Breese's. On Saturday I wended my way to the foothills under Wagner butte, where the snow is still lying white on its shaggy top, and

there enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dean. I was quite entertained with an account of Mr. Dean's religious experience—how he went into the fold, and how he went out of it. He really thought he had committed the unpardonable sin; and when the ministers found out that he had been reading Infidel books, they confirmed him in that belief. It was not until his "big brother" came home with a vigorous dash of Freethought that he recovered his senses and his appetite at the same time, and religion became a thing of the dead past. Dean is a Materialist like myself, but he is a medium and has had some very remarkable tests. Like myself, however, he is content to let science settle the matter, and believes that natural and human causes will be discovered. Deeply interesting, however, are the facts he relates, and one communication which he received from a "spirit" is put into good English, and is a very reasonable essay, considering the standpoint from which it was produced. I have suggested the publication of this, with its attendant history, in FREETHOUGHT, so as to place the phenomena on record for examination. A contribution to "spiritualistic" phenomena by a Materialist might be of service to our good friend Hull in the elucidation of the problem in which every thinker has a perpetual interest.

I find that our staunch Secularist W. Beeson has been reading Bellamy, and, like others, has been fascinated by the glorious dream, and intends, through the philosophy of Freethought, to make it a reality. To my mind, these are signs of progress, for if Nationalism does not represent the best method of co-operation, it does represent a noble ideal of what may be the result of combined human effort. Comrade B. C. Goddard, Hendrik Goddard, and all the family were with us in this campaign. C. K. Klum is at the "old stand," and the flag of Freethought is there also. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Robison, E. K. Anderson, S. Culver, Henry Amerman, J. R. Robison, and others are in the ranks, and "bate no jot of heart or hope." With the mountains looking upon us; the blue sky and vast clouds, like glittering armies, overhead; the spreading valley, with homes of men upon its fruitful bosom; the wild hills, where the sparkling gold is waiting—these, blending with thought and toil, make the days entertaining, and Talent is a delightful spot amidst the journeys of this secular world.

Ashland is still queen city of Southern Oregon, and continues to improve. Since I was here a new hotel has been built, and a fine opera-house is in process of construction, equal in convenience and beauty to any between Portland and San Francisco. Coming into the valley from the Siskiyou mountains, the city presents a most charming aspect, spreading against the hillsides, while green and cultivated fields are lying at its feet. This is the land of fruit. I presume there is no city on the continent within whose limits so much fruit in such variety is raised as in Ashland. Beautiful orchards meet the eye in every direction, and the flower gardens are simply resplendent. I revealed to

strawberries all the time I was here, and could ask for no greater blessing. Good old Isaac Walton declared—and I concur—God might have made a better berry than the strawberry; but he never did.

I left Talent Sunday noon, with the showers lowering over the mountains, as usual, to drench our pathway, while the sunshine was glittering with mocking lustre, as if to say, no matter if I do come forth, the predestined rain will come with me. And surely it did. Right in the very splendor of the sunlight the jeweled drops dashed with wild glee into our faces, as if they enjoyed the incongruity of the situation. Notwithstanding the elements, Nellie, the nimble nag, drew Breese and myself in good style up to Granite Hall, where quite a large audience was in readiness to hear the lecture on "The Religious Conspiracy." Our standard-bearer, H. S. Evans, secretary of the Union, acted as chairman. Numerous showers in the afternoon, and perhaps the interest of the election which was to occur on the morrow, made the attendance less in the evening than I expected; but there was gain, although the church bells did ring incessantly. The Ashland Union was organized last fall when Mrs. Krekel was here, and it has continued to flourish. Secretary Evans, President Lucky, Hutchins, McCall, Coolidge, and other strenuous and working Liberals have kept the line moving, and there never was a better promise of success. It would be too bad for the churches to entirely command in a community where advanced thought has such genial surroundings.

Sunday afternoon, after the lecture, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins entertained me in their cosy home, where, secure from the storm of elements outside, the "inner man" was replenished for the evening work, and the inspirations of good companionship made "the heart beat lighter" to the rhythm of the world that is "growing brighter." Sunday evening and Monday, I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. After many hard knocks, our friends now take the afternoon of life amidst blooming flowers. Mr. Coolidge has been over almost the whole coast, and traveled thousands of miles on foot, where the white man had scarcely been before, and by pluck has won a fortune. He has never trusted in God, but always in himself. When he first began to till the soil and plant trees, he was looked upon as a kind of crank, for it was not supposed that this valley was fruit producing. He was among the pioneers in developing the resources. He has one of the best orchards and vineyards in the state, and his garden is brilliant with flowers, a picture of harmonious colors. Monday morning we rambled over his well-cultivated acres, and the parsons wonder why it is that the Infidel has made such a magnificent success. He does not pray—he simply works—and that is the secret of it.

It was election day, Monday, and the streets of Ashland were crowded with all sorts of people to settle the destinies of the country. One man in a unique paraphernalia of rags, of almost every color, with a hat of picturesque dilapidation, was haranguing the amused crowd from the rear platform of his wagon, upon what topic I could not distinctly make out, but I believe some one had wired his wheels to prevent locomotion, and hence his emphatic eloquence. He is an inhabitant of the woods, and, I should judge, only came once a year into the domains of civilization on "town-meeting day," as they used to call it in New England, when everybody is expected to put in an appearance whether they vote or not. Election day presents many peculiarities of human nature, and affords a curious study to those who contemplate the stupendous problem of democracy. I am glad

to say that some of the subscribers of FREETHOUGHT won the honors of the day, and will do credit to the voice of the people. Dr. Price, Dr. Caldwell, Judge Toland, J. O. Miller, D. High, Thos. Smith, and others are among the many representatives of Freethought in this prosperous community; and with nature rendering such abundant gifts, I don't think there is any fitter place for an "earthly paradise" than right here.

On Monday afternoon, I come down to Central Point, where I meet Will Terrill and go over to Eagle Point ten miles away. The hubbub of the election is just dying out as we arrive, and the judges are busy summing up the returns. It was not, perhaps, the most favorable time for a lecture right after an election, but the hall was full. I guess some of the younger portion came to attend the dance, which was afterwards, until morning, but they gave good attention to the discourse, and perhaps learned something. I left the music and flying feet, and retired to Pioneer Hotel, where I had a good sleep until morning. The proprietor of the house is a genial gentleman, but an awful Presbyterian. I have not been in a place where they say grace and have family prayers for many a year. I rather enjoyed the "set back" into old familiar theological surroundings. The host rather apologized for the custom, but I told him I had not the slightest objections. I had done the same thing myself, and it really did not disturb the appetite at all. In spite of the religion, I found a most Liberal atmosphere and enjoyed my sojourn in this quiet retreat, where amidst the most lovely scenery and brilliant sunshine and musical winds, I could pen my "News and Notes" with all the jubilant jingle of last week's FREETHOUGHT, where G. E. M. gives his outlook over the vast expanse where postage stamps never fail, and the mucilage sticketh closer than a brother.

I found mine host, Peter Simon;—good scripture name—to be a German, who came over in 1848, and his last wish is now after forty years' absence to visit Fatherland, and then he says he is ready for the other side of Jordan. But just now he had rather take in the Fatherland than heaven, and I believe he would have a better time over there than he would among the harp-players.

Among the first Freethinkers that I struck here was W. W. French and his son, and they are certainly those who can be counted on every time. I was glad, also, to meet Comrade Newman and his family, all in the front ranks, and the littlest one, three years old, takes pride in calling himself Robert Ingersoll. Jos. Friar, T. E. Nichols, Postmaster Flora, S. A. Carleton, and others are among the friends at this point, which, though out among the hills, is one of the most lovely places for the pioneer Infidel that I have yet found. I lectured on Tuesday evening, and the attendance was larger than on the first night, less of the younger people, but more of the older folks. These were the first lectures of the kind, and the greeting shows that the field for the future is bright.

After the lecture, in the glorious moonlight, I went home with the Terrills of the younger generation—Will and Delbert and Miss Effie and the aunt, Mrs. Bradley—who live on a ranch five miles away at Brownsboro. The boys have been "backing" it during the winter, but the women folks are now helping them out and trying to preserve order. I never got into better Freethought company than with these bright and youthful spirits, who know how to work for this world and delight in making things progressive. Wm. Terrill is schoolmaster just now, and the others run the ranch. No growling is permitted, and everybody

do as they are a mind to, and herein lies the paradise that is to be.

Wednesday morning the clouds roll off. Mt. Pitt shines out in luminous splendor. The wild woods and rocks glisten in the sunshine, whose warm radiance bathes the landscape, to where the billowing hills, crested with snow, sink into the shining sky. I bid farewell to my good friends with the intention of some day returning to this picket line, where I have found such animating signals of a forward movement.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

LEGAL SUPERSTITION.

Within the past few days the newspapers have made public a good many instances of superstitious belief in legal power, and abuse of it.

One case is that of the women ball-players arrested in Indiana for disturbing the Sabbath. These women had an unquestionable right to play ball.

About June 7 a party of Belgian glassblowers landed in New York, but having had the foresight to insure themselves work before leaving Belgium, they were forced to take a return steamer back to their native land. If they had reached this country destitute and with no work in view, they would have been admitted. Their exclusion was an act of tyranny totally unjustifiable.

Judge Cooley, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has issued a circular calling for the legal suppression of that class of speculators in railroad tickets known as scalpers. Yet every citizen has a right to buy and sell anything he chooses to make a business of handling, and the scalper's business is as legitimate as that of the railroad companies.

The other day a San Francisco policeman saw a man named Squire Jones emerge from a house suspected of containing a lottery office. As the man was walking away the officer stopped him and proceeded to search his pockets. Jones resisted, as he should have done, and was clubbed into submission. No lottery tickets were discovered, but Jones is in jail on a charge of battery.

The strike of ironmolders in the city affords another illustration of the prevailing belief that one person's business is to be legally supervised by other persons. The moulders had an undoubted right to strike, and the non-union men have an equal right to work in their places; but the quarrels between the two sets of laborers and the police supervision over both, show that the notion of individual freedom has not as yet entered the heads of any concerned.

Here is part of the objects of an organization called "Economists" that lately held a meeting in this city: "First—To rid the country of Chinese coolies. Second—To restrict immigration. Fifth—To make eight hours a legal day's work. Sixth—To make laws to divide the products of labor among those who produce them," etc. This platform shows that its framers have the law superstition strongly developed.

The "Examiner" of last Sunday gives space to a "Citizen" who proposes an ordinance "to prohibit vehicles from being driven with one wheel only on the cartrack!" as though the law could drive a horse in such a way that both wheels of a wagon on a five-foot axletree would run on tracks four feet apart. The average political dupe has about the same faith in law that the religious dupe has in his deity. Each thinks his fetich all-powerful, but still powerless to do wrong.

It is not necessary to mention all these forms of political superstition. We have the labor-law superstition, the prohibition fanaticism, the prevention of vice delusion, the marriage license

inquisition, and oath, blasphemy, and Sunday law crusades. It is about time that intelligent people got over the insane belief that majorities possess powers of omniscience, or that the question of human rights is to be voted upon and decided by a numerical superiority of two or three.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, June 15, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Prof. W. S. Bell; subject, "Popular Objections to Freethought."

ARREARAGES.

We have just sent out notices to subscribers whose arrearages in the aggregate amount to more than five hundred dollars. It is very easy for these subscribers to pay this sum, but it will be very hard on FREETHOUGHT to lose it.

SEVERAL men who within the past few weeks became murderers in order to vindicate their honor have been acquitted by San Francisco courts. As a natural result murders of the same kind grow more frequent. Last Monday Michael Conlin shot his wife because she drank liquor. Conlin is a drinker and was intoxicated when he did the shooting, yet he is more than half justified by the press of this city, and the "higher law" is likely to acquit him. All these tragedies spring from the mistake which men make that wives are their property and subject to their will and correction.

THE pope has again emitted his wail. He says:

"The persecution of me and the church in Italy is increasing. Twelve years have I been confined within these walls, and it is only within these last few years that the offenses charged against me have become intensified. While I live I must protest against and expose the blasphemous way in which Italy is treating the Holy See."

There is nothing in this charge of persecution. The Italian government treats the pope as it would any other citizen. It is because they know him to be an impostor and humbug that the people of Italy no longer treat the pope with respect which he does not deserve.

A PATRIOTIC press is rising up to hurl back Minister Hurlbert's statement that General Grant once admitted that England had some institutions of which Americans might well be proud. One Russell Young declares that Grant couldn't have made such an admission because he was "an American of Americans." According to Mr. Young an American of Americans is debarred from telling the truth about any other country, which is very much like being a bigot of bigots.

WHATEVER the ministers may do, the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Princeton, will stand by the old creed. He says: "We cannot eliminate doctrines because we do not like them, nor can we insert new ones ourselves because popular clamor calls for them." Dr. Patton's position is impregnable. If the creed was ever true, it is true now, and not one infant a span long can be saved from the fate to which it consigns him by all the revisers in the world.

THERE is no occasion for surprise at the revelations concerning the rotten work done in the construction of San Francisco's new city hall. Contracts secured through political pulls, and relet and sublet to give all the heelers a job, are usually performed in this

way. A city hall well built would never give satisfaction. It must have enough defects and fall down fast enough to keep the favorites in a soft place inspecting repairs.

To what great uses may the laws of our country be put! Last Sunday the female members of two baseball clubs were arrested for playing ball at Danville, Ill., and charged with disturbing the peace. The women had advertised the game, and when it came off two thousand Danvillians were present to be disturbed. The arrest is a great outrage. Women have as good a right to play ball as men, on Sunday or any other day.

THE people of Oakland did themselves great credit by the way they greeted the members of the Turn Vereins of the state last Saturday. These Turners are a valuable class of citizens. They are progressive in politics, Liberal in religion, promoters of education both mental and physical, and pledged as an organization to the total separation of church and state.

VICTOR E. LENNSTRAND, imprisoned in Stockholm, Sweden, for delivering a lecture which the Swedish authorities pronounced blasphemous, was liberated May 2 by a pardon from the king, granted because of ill-health. Two other charges hanging over him may again consign him to jail if the king's court so decides. Lennstrand was suffering from prison fever.

WHILE there are laws against gambling the "first lady of the land" ought not to encourage people to break them, as Mrs. Harrison has done in presenting a plate decorated by herself to a church fair at Washington to be raffled for at one dollar a chance. What makes it worse is the suspicion that the winner will not get his money's worth.

A SILVER bill has finally passed the House of Representatives, the Democrats voting against the bill and the Republicans for it. It seems strange that party affiliations should produce this unanimity on what might be called a purely economic question, but it goes to show that neither party has any large number of independent thinkers and voters.

WHY should the Presbyterians desire to so revise their creed as to make redemption possible to the non-elect? According to the faith delivered to the saints, all mankind are depraved and unworthy of salvation, and if that is so, anything else would be a defeat of justice. If we deserve to be damned, let us be damned.

PETITIONS for the pardon of Moses Harman are being circulated. We have blanks at this office which we will be glad to send to any who can obtain signatures.

OBSERVATIONS.

Dr. D. C. Moore, who was announced to speak before the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday evening, did not appear, and what he knows about "Human Progress and Evolution" still remains to be imparted to an expectant world. It is supposed that as the date approached he was stricken with orthodox paralysis, as he notified the secretary that he did not desire his name made public through the advertising columns of the daily press. If such is the case, he is excusable, for nobody lacking the courage of his convictions could feel at home in the Freethought Society. Every man must protect his reputation to the extent of his ability. I have seen some, however, who are careless on that point. For instance, there is Mr. Burgman, the tailor on Fifth street. I carried him a large card last week to hang up in his store to advertise this paper. He said it should

be posted in a conspicuous place if he could find room. I inquired if it would not injure his business, and he replied that it might have that effect in the case of some persons; "but then," he added, in his quaint Theosophical way, "if they do not like it they can go to hades."

We therefore had no lecture at the Freethought Society. Mrs. Lindal gave a few remarks, and Mr. George Cummings spoke also. Mr. Schou received the offerings of the people, in return for which he made a speech that was worth all the money he got in his hat. I handed out the cards bearing the programme for the coming month, and, having some left over, distributed them among the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Dowie, who held a meeting in the adjoining hall. I observed that some did not seem pleased with the cards, but tore them into small fragments and scattered them to the four or more winds blowing at the time. I thought of the warning we have received through revelation touching the futility of casting pearls before pork, but said nothing about it for fear of hurting somebody's feelings. As none of the persons mentioned are intelligent enough to read FREETHOUGHT, allusion to the matter here can do no harm. Perhaps, under providence, some of the programmes went where they will do good.

Next Sunday evening Prof. W. S. Bell speaks on "Popular Objections to Freethought."

Four of the days which I am accustomed to devote to the work of preparing FREETHOUGHT for the press have been spent this week in Police Court, No. 2, Lawler, judge. It is a good place to get acquainted with some of the odd features of life in this metropolis of the West, as it is customary to say when speaking of San Francisco. People who never go to the police court cannot know all about human misery. I saw there, in a box about the size of the average potato bin, numerous persons who on the previous evening had stepped aside from the narrow path that led to their domicile. Many wore white bandages to conceal the place where the policeman's club had caressed their brows. Some were not yet sober. The occupants of the box differed as to sex, several being females. One case excited my close attention. A good looking young woman was charged with abstracting forty dollars from the shoe of a young fellow whom she had entertained at her room. The fellow who brought the charge made a shameless confession connected with the alleged theft. It seemed from this confession that for the sake of revenge he was willing to stand in a public place and acknowledge his total depravity. His evidence was diaphanously thin. The young woman was also put upon the stand, and there she told her equally shameless tale. One question put to her I thought might have been omitted. The prosecuting lawyer inquired, "What is your business?" and while every auditor peaked his ears she replied, "I am a woman of the town." The lawyer repeated scornfully, "A woman of the town!" and she answered briefly, "I must live." She was acquitted, I think justly.

Another case, as described by Attorney Mott, involved a citizen in the crime of "allowing a dog, etc., to run at large." He was examined on the dog question, the etcetera portion of the charge not being pressed. This man, whose name was Wagner, conducted his own defense. He had an Irish lady to examine as a witness to the alleged fact that his dog had bitten a little girl. He asked his preparatory questions leading up to the main point; then, standing on tiptoe and shaking his forefinger impressively at the witness, he threw his whole weight into the question, "Madam, did you see that CHILD bite that DOG?" And the frightened woman, knowing what he meant to say, but not noticing how he said it, answered: "Before God, I did, sor."

But that was not the case which interested me. I had been called as a witness in the case of the State versus a man who shall appear in these records as J. Doe Bushrod, a carpenter whose workshop is located in the rear of 838 Howard street. Bushrod made some book cases for the lighthouse stations and was sufficiently unreasonable to hold the goods for his pay. The contractor, a youth I will call Gulliver, had Bushrod arrested for felony embezzlement. Gulliver's father was also in it, and the two together formed the most precious pair of liars I ever came in contact with. The elder Gulliver is a foul-mouthed old rep-

robate that any decent man would be justified in kicking at sight and hearing. The younger one looks like a sneak-thief. These fellows were witnesses for the prosecution, and the way they perjured themselves would satisfy the inventor of lying that he had not lived in vain. They lied in their complaint, they lied on the stand under oath, they lied to the judge, to their counsel, and to the prosecuting attorney. I was acquainted with the facts from beginning to end, and I cannot recollect that either of these rascals told one material truth throughout the whole examination. The younger man had on the 28th of May, in my presence, agreed to an order on the government for a certain sum of money to be paid for the work, and at his instance I drew the order; and yet the scamp denied repeatedly, while giving his testimony, that he ever saw or authorized such an order, though it was shown to him in court. Again, on the 15th of May in the presence of witnesses he signed a contract to pay a fixed price for the carpenter's work, but when the contract was presented to him in court he repudiated it as a forgery, though the witnesses were there to confront him. Both Gullivers swore that they had paid Bushrod the price agreed upon.

I was myself placed upon the stand, and by telling the truth contradicted the Gullivers on every point. Slate's Attorney Mott conducted the prosecution, and stubbornly, it seemed to me, refused to recognize the discrepancies in the witnesses' testimony, while anything that I could say totally failed to recommend itself to his confidence. Printer Browne and Bushrod himself told my story over again. There was exact harmony between the three of us even on points where our memories had not been refreshed by a previous comparison of notes. It was a beautiful illustration of the way facts fit one another. Yet it took the court four days to get so far as to release the prisoner on his own recognizance.

I do not like to see a matter left in doubt when the facts are capable of proof. Now here is a case where two witnesses are contradicted by five—that is, by themselves and three others—to say nothing about the everlasting truth being against them. Somebody has committed perjury. If the Gullivers told the truth, I am a guilty party, and ought to be in San Quentin. If I told the truth, the Gullivers should be taken into custody.

It is easy to see from things that transpired during these four days what a difficult contract a police judge undertakes when he promises to administer justice. Judge Lawler shows much sagacity in sifting evidence and rendering decisions. He has the judicial and magisterial pose to perfection, but can change it readily for any demeanor he regards as appropriate to the case. When the long-winded and blustering attorney is stuffing the court with preposterous arguments, the judge twists his moustache carelessly, gazes at the spouter in the most unconcerned way, and ejects tobacco juice without the slightest attempt at concealment. If the matter presented be relevant, he listens closely and respectfully. The important points in testimony he often requires the witness to repeat or the stenographer to read. Toward a hesitating witness he presents the reassuring aspect, and his face glows with benignity. His patience is enduring, and has the peculiarity that its end is foreshadowed by a smile and nod, whereat the tedious bloviator before him subsides if he be wise.

Prosecuting Attorney Mott's office is hardly less wearing than that of the judge. No matter how weak a case the complainant has, Mr. Mott must make something out of it. I could imagine when he was examining Mr. Browne and myself that his face wore an appealing look, as if beseeching us to say something that would help the prosecution. Once he had me involved in an apparent contradiction, and his countenance lighted as he rose to his feet to demand the explanation. The next answer cleared the matter and he sat quietly and wearily down.

Judge Sawyer, counsel for the defense, is in the evening twilight of life, though still vigorous as a pleader, and retaining the faculty of condensing and presenting a case with the strong features in the foreground. When in the possession of his full physical powers I should prefer to have him talk about some other person than myself, especially if his remarks were uncomplimentary. He scorched the Gullivers as with a red-hot iron, and he has my gratitude for that.

A queer official in this police court who should not be over-

looked is the bailiff with a green shade over his left eye. It is his business to keep order, and it is probably due solely to his zeal that he makes more disturbance than he quiets. His frown is terrible, and I was glad not to be in the place of the young man beside me who dropped asleep and awoke in surprise to find the bailiff twisting his ear and glaring down upon him with that solitary eye.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

No trace has yet been discovered of Samuel Dunn, the missing engineer, to whose carelessness is attributed the Webster-street disaster on the narrow gauge railroad, May 30. No one has yet been found who is willing to swear to a complaint against the engineer, accusing him of manslaughter, and it is probable that if Dunn should surrender nothing would be done to him.

The Christian church at Fortuna in Humboldt county was burned by an incendiary June 8.—The total rainfall at Boulder Creek for the past season is given at 124 inches, something over ten feet.—Two doctors of Reno, Nev., have just set the broken neck of Charles Ferrel, who was injured by falling from a buggy, and the man is all right.—Buckley, the Democratic boss of San Francisco, is now in the East. He is spoken of as a possible leader of Tammany Hall, New York.—Dr. Burtzell, the priest who supported Dr. McGlynn, is under censure of the Catholic authorities of Rome. Some time ago he was removed from his office of defender of the marriage tie.

The Rev. J. C. Carter, editor of the "Methodist Advocate" at Chattanooga, Tenn., is defendant in a church trial. The bill of complaint alleges that "while attending a district conference at Pleasant Grove church, Marion county, in June, 1887, and while walking in company with Mary Ann Ramsey, now known as Mary Ann Nelson, after the close of the night service, put his arms around her, embraced her, expressed great admiration and affection for her and solicited her to permit him to visit her in her room." It is further alleged in this specification that the Nelson woman accepted his proposition, and that he left his room late at night and visited her room. The trial is now on.—Some Washington women, under the leadership of Miss Susan B. Anthony, have formed an organization called the "Wimodaughsis." The object of the society is to educate women in political science, art, literature, and physical culture.—Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, the founder of the Catholic University at Washington, who went to Paris a while ago to marry Prince Murat, has returned a maid. The price of the prince was higher than she was willing to pay.—Some women who played ball at Danville, Ind., last Sunday were arrested for disturbing the peace.—The Rev. Mr. Boyd is defendant in a libel suit at Newark, N. J., having cast aspersions upon the birth of John D. Peddie, whose father founded the Peddie Memorial church, where Mr. Boyd preaches.

A Buddhist conference is soon to be held in Paris. Many Europeans are followers of the Buddhist fad.—While a religious procession was in progress on June 5 at San Jose, Costa Rica, a platform fell, killing four persons.—A woman has carried off the honors of Cambridge University, England.

JESUS AS GOD.

If we accept the alleged miracles of Jesus, difficulties still confront us. We may admit that he walked upon the sea; that he healed Peter's mother-in-law of a great fever; that he fed five thousand hungry people with five loaves and two fishes, and that more fragments were taken up after the repast than would have reconstituted the loaves and fishes several times over; that he cured somebody of leprosy; made the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see; and then we may ask how it was that a being who was capable of performing such wonders impressed his own disciples so little that in the hour of trouble they all forsook him and fled (Mark xiv, 50)? It was just as though he were some poor charlatan, who had no moral hold on his followers. If Jesus were God, it is strange that, when he encountered the devil, who asked him for proof of his divinity, he allowed his distinguished critic to go away unconvinced? Strange, too, that, when Jesus came to die, he prayed, "Oh, my Father,

if it be possible, let this cup pass from me" (Mat. xxvi, 39). If Jesus were God, he must have known that to let the cup pass was at one stroke to send the whole of mankind to eternal perdition. Moreover, he surely knew his own mind, and was not likely, by a prayer to himself, to change his own immutable will. But all these difficulties shrink to comparatively small proportions beside that which is involved in his exclamation in the last agony of all, as he hung stretched upon the cross: "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*?"—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If Jesus were God, in what sense could it be that he had forsaken himself? If he had come to die, to save the world, was this extraordinary utterance indicative of grief at having to undergo such a trying ordeal? Besides, as God, Jesus must have known that he could not die—that an eternal being could not pass through the agony of death; or, at worst, that, if he died, his invisible spirit possessed the power at any moment to resurrect his visible body, and thus triumph over his persecutors and murderers. The gospels offer no explanation of these enigmas. The clergy are profuse with apologies; but they have no satisfactory answer to such heretical questions.—From *The Bible and Evolution*, by Arthur B. Moss.

"CHURCH TAXATION."

Our pamphlet on "Church Taxation" has, to use a familiar expression, "just boomed." The first edition of a thousand was exhausted long before our own members at the x-y-z end of the alphabet were supplied. Strangers—Liberals and Illiberals—have written for a copy; and having read, have written for more. Blue Presbyterians have nearly tumbled over themselves to praise it to us, even if they do as quickly bob up to their old prim attitude at the mention of secularizing the public schools. However, we are preparing a neat little tract for these last, which we hope to issue in midsummer—if—if—if our friends will please help us out financially.

For, with it all, the receipts for these pamphlets have not been as enormous as they should have been. Our little scheme for raising money by charging a nominal sum for them has not been a success. Some eight hundred and fifty of the thousand have been given away free, for we have not gone into the publishing business yet. And, as we should probably give away a still larger proportion of the forthcoming second edition, we have concluded to say so, and to print on the cover "For free distribution." We trust that our friends will, therefore, see the need of furnishing the wherewithal to help along the "free distribution" of this very effective pamphlet.

Through the generosity of a few of our members we have now in the treasury just about enough to cover last month's deficit, to pay this month's running expenses, and the bill for printing the forthcoming second thousand of "Church Taxation." It is doubtful if we shall have enough left over to pay even for the envelopes and postage necessary to send out this edition.

This second edition has been enlarged by the following addendum by Dr. Westbrook, which explains itself:

After the circulation of an edition of one thousand copies of this pamphlet, an article in favor of the exemption of church property from taxation has appeared in the "*Magazine of Christian Literature*," and has been copied in "*Current Comment and Legal Miscellany*," a law magazine published in Philadelphia. The article was written by the Rev. Henry C. Vedder, one of the editors of the "*Baptist Examiner*."

It is to be regretted that he could not discuss this subject without calling those who differ with him "fanatics and visionaries," and that he should so freely use the words "enthusiasts," "nonsensical," and "absurd," and accuse all who would tax church property in common with other property with "oppressing religion."

I. Mr. Vedder urges that no government taxes *all* property, and illustrates it by the fact that there are certain articles on the free-list in our tariff schedules; and he thence concludes that churches should be free from tax! This is such a perfect *non sequitur* that it needs only to be stated to be refuted. A few articles, because we cannot produce them, or for other reasons, are admitted duty free; and therefore church property—*bona fide*

real estate—should not be taxed! The two things have nothing in common, as there is a great difference between tea, which we must import, and real estate, of which the churches generally get the choice corner lots.

II. The writer says no unproductive property should be taxed; that it would be "overburdensome;" and he contends that church property is "essentially unproductive." He at the same time admits that in the province of Quebec from \$100,000,000 to \$120,000,000 of church property is entirely free from taxation, and that the estimated annual income is \$10,000,000.

But is church property unproductive? How about Plymouth church, which, in Mr. Beecher's time, rented its pews for about \$50,000 per annum? How about many other churches, the pews of which rent annually for from \$5,000 to \$50,000? Then, too, the pews in many churches are sold, and the title passes with the estate of the holder, and is estimated as so much money. Besides, the churches tax these pews themselves. The great majority of churches, from a business standpoint, are mere mutual club-houses, kept up for the delectation of rich men and their families. It is common to speak of "how many millions" such, and such churches "represent." These churches would not be "overburdened" by paying just taxes. Ministers are "hired;" and those who can "draw" best get the most salary. But suppose, for the sake of the argument, that churches are essentially unproductive in an economic sense. What then? Houses occupied by their owners produce no income of money. Vacant lots are unproductive. Should these be exempt from taxation? Then look at the millions of acres of "unseated lands," producing not a dime of income. Should these lands be exempt from taxation? But it is said that they pay to hold, because they increase in value. And does not church property increase in value also? But there are cheap houses of worship, like the Friends' meeting-houses and the mission churches. Well, then, the taxes would be low, and could be paid as other expenses are paid.

In some parts of the United States an attempt has been made to compromise this matter of unjust exemption by taxing all churches estimated above a certain value. Of course, this puts a premium upon fraudulent assessments. In the state of Washington no churches are taxed unless they are worth at least \$5,000; and the result, as we are informed, is that no churches are estimated at more than \$4,000. A similar dishonesty in the assessment of churches prevails in California.

Few, if any, church buildings are exclusively devoted to religious worship. Pews are owned and rented, and are as really individual property as are dwelling-houses which are rented. Concerts are advertised, and a money admission is demanded and received. Oyster suppers and strawberry festivals are held, and refreshments generally are sold. Bazaars are conducted, and quasi-gambling is often practiced at church fairs.

Any church which rents a pew or takes a collection is not strictly a public charity; and it should be required to pay the ordinary tax. Exemption from taxation is a kind of deadheadism, of which honorable men should be ashamed. It is of the same incongruous character as is the custom of full-grown ministers traveling on the half-fare tickets of young children, and expecting a discount on everything they purchase, because they are ministers. Such things have a very stultifying influence upon all concerned. The church is rich, and becoming more and more extravagant; and it ought to pay its way in the matter of taxes.

III. But Mr. Vedder urges that building a church increases the value of adjoining lots, and that, therefore, the church should pay no taxes. Sometimes the price of property advances near the location of a church, but not always. The building of a church sometimes depreciates adjoining property. The ringing of bells, the collection of undesirable people, the holding of meetings every night in the week, make the adjoining lots undesirable. But the erection of a fine private dwelling always increases the price of adjoining lots. Shall we exempt from taxation all who make improvements and thus increase values? The building of a factory or the opening of a mine always advances the price of property for miles around. Shall their enterprising owners be exempt from taxation in consequence?

IV. But the most plausible argument made by Mr. Vedder is

that churches promote morality, and that therefore they should be exempt from taxation.

The general influence of the churches, in the main, is good. Some persons, it is true, very much doubt whether certain theological dogmas taught both in Catholic and Protestant churches tend to a true morality. But it is not necessary to discuss this question here and now. It cannot be denied, however, that a large majority of the most atrocious defalcations of the day are committed by church-members, or by those who attend church. The morality of church members, evidently, is not higher than that of the world in general. Church membership gives no credit in bank; and many persons who never attend church are known as models of integrity and uprightness. But it does not follow that, because the influence of the church is in favor of morality, it should not share in bearing the expense of maintaining good government. A pure morality should favor honest taxation. It should not shirk its share of the public burden on the ground that it labors to promote public morality. Many other corporations do the same, and do not ask to be paid for it. Why should not the public press claim exemption from taxation on the ground that it advocates morality, and that its influence tends to elevate the people? Dr. Wayland was right in the opinion that the church has no claim on the state for the incidental moral influence which it may exert.

In the state of Maryland, at the present time, the Jesuits and ultra-orthodox Protestants are working hard to secure a constitutional amendment in favor of church exemption. This will lift the matter out of the reach of ordinary legislation, and will be a serious blow to the cause for which we are working—total separation of church and state. Ten thousand copies of "Church Taxation" ought to be distributed throughout Maryland as soon as possible. It would open the eyes of many now indifferent or opposed to church taxation; and the circulation of this little pamphlet might entirely change the result of the battle and score a victory for us.

A New York friend writes that a copy ought to get into the hands of every member of Congress and of the state legislatures. But, dear friends, these things all cost money; and how can we do the work of the American Secular Union without funds?

Liberals, you have long been anxious to strike an effective blow at the union of church and state, and right here is your chance. Here is a society—the American Secular Union—organized and ready for effective work. It has already made a favorable impression on just the class of allies that we need—the Liberal conservatives. It will shortly lay before the world a book which will show how morality can be taught in the public schools without religious dogma. It has now before the public a tract on "Church Taxation" which is acceptable even to many of extreme orthodox, and which wins converts and causes discussion wherever it goes. It is also preparing a tract on "The Bible in the Public Schools," which we have reason to believe will produce an equally telling effect on conservatives. And yet the very people for whom the American Secular Union is working are starving it out by withholding supplies!

American Secular Unionists, here is an opportunity for practical work in behalf of our cause. We need money for the "Church Taxation" pamphlets, and we need it quickly. Who will help?

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.

Philadelphia, May 29, 1890.

GOD AS A PERSONALITY.

Face.—"For I have seen God's face" (Genesis xxxii, 30, Deut. xxxi, 18; Jer. xxxi, 10, xvi, 17; Chron. vii, 15.)

Mouth.—"For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isaiah lviii, 14.)

Eyes.—"I will set mine eyes upon them for evil" (Amos ix, 4, Zac. iv, 10.)

Teeth.—"He hath broken my teeth with gravelstones" (Lam. iii, 16.)

Ears.—"And my cry did enter his ear" (Samuel xxii, 7, 2, Cor. xiii, 20.)

Arms.—"Oh! arms of the Lord" (Jer. xxxii, 21, Isaiah v, 19.)

Hands.—"I took the cup at the Lord's hands, and made all

the nations drunk" (Jer. xxv, 11, xxxii, 21, Ezek. xxi, 7, Isaiah li, 22, v, 1.)

Feet.—"And his feet shall stand in that day" (Zac. xiv, 4, Nahum i, 3.)

Wings.—"He shall fly and spread his wings" (Jer. xlix, 22, Psalms xci, 4.)

Feathers.—"He shall cover thee with his feathers" (Psalms xci, 4.)

Hair.—"The hair of his feet" (Isaiah vii, 20.)

Talked.—"The Lord said; The man has become as one us" (Genesis iii, 22.)

The Lord had sons.—"The sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair" (Genesis vi, 2.)

God had grandchildren.—"The daughters of men had children by the sons of God" (Genesis vi, 4.)

Got weary and rested.—"The Lord rested on the seventh day" (Genesis ii, 2.)

Was a planter.—"The Lord planted a garden" (Genesis ii, 8.)

Was a tailor.—"The Lord made coats of skin" (Genesis iii, 12.)

Was an engraver.—"I will engrave the engravings thereof, saith the Lord" (Zac. iii, 2.)

Was a barber.—"In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor" (Isaiah vii, 20.)

A warrior.—"Saith the Lord, I will appoint the sword to slay, and the dogs to tear, and the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the earth, to devour and destroy" (Jer. xv, 3, Deut. xxxii, 41, Ezek. xvi, 3.)

Bow, quiver, and arrows.—"He hath bent his bow. He has caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins" (Lamentations iii, 12, 13, Chron. xv, 13, Isaiah xxxiv, 6.)

Plurality of Gods.—"Thou shalt not revile the Gods" (Exodus xxii, 28, Gen. i, 26, vi, 2, Job ii, 1.)

Cry and roar.—"The like as the young lion roareth on his prey" (Isaiah xxxi, 4, xlii, 16, Amos i, 2, Joel iii, 16, Hosea, xi, 12.)

Tread and trample.—"I will tread them in anger, and trample in my fury" (Isaiah lxiii, 3.)

A druggist.—"I took the Lord's cup at the Lord's hands and made all the nations drunk" (Jer. xxv, 11.)

Fierce anger.—"The Lord slew seventy thousand men because David numbered the people" (2 Samuel xxiv, 15, 2 Chron. xviii, 22, Prov. xv, 11, Isaiah xliii, 9, iii, 42, Lamentations ii, 4.)

God's vengeance.—"In the days of God's vengeance the streams shall be turned into pitch, the dust into brimstone, and the land shall become burning pitch" (Isaiah xxxiv, 8, 9, 1 Kings xxii, 22, Samuel xviii, 10.)

The Lord swears.—"I swear by myself" (Jer. xxii, 5.)

Fierce anger.—"And the peaceable habitations are cut down because of the fierce anger of the Lord" (Jer. xxv, 31, xlii, 27, li, 27, Lamentations xii, 4, ii, 6, v, 11, Ezek. ix, 6, ix, 10.)

Furious.—"I will gather you in my anger, and in my fury melt you" (Ezek. xxii, 20, xxv, 15, xxxviii, 22, Hosea, xiii, 7, xiii, 8, Jonah ii, 2, ii, 10, Zach. ix, 14, xiv, 3, Malakai i, 4, ii, 3.)

The Lord's furnace.—"The Lord whose fire is in Zion, and whose furnace is in Jerusalem" (Isaiah xxxi, 9.)

Images.—"You shall make of your emeralds images, and images of your mice, and give glory to the God of Israel" (1 Samuel vi, 4, vi, 5, vi, 11, Judges xv, 15.)

Human sacrifices.—"And did according to the vow we had made, and it was custom in Israel" (Judges xi, 39). "I will offer it up for a burnt offering" (Judges xi, 29, 30, 31).—Agnostic Journal.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Grey's River	June 11 to 18	Baker City	July 27, 28, 29
Portland	June 22	Union	July 30
Cascades, Wash.	June 24, 25	New Bridge	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Fossil, Or.	June 29	Summerville	Aug. 5, 6, 7
Lost Valley	July 1	Dayton	Aug. 10, 11
Wagner	July 2, 3, 4	Rosalia	Aug. 13
Mitchell	July 5, 6	Plaza	Aug. 14
Prineville and vicinity	July 8 to 16	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
Monument	July 18	Spokane Falls	Aug. 17
Hamilton	July 19	Davenport	Aug. 18, 19
Fox	July 20, 21, 22	Buckley	Aug. 21, 22, 23
John Day	July 24	Tacoma	Aug. 25
Prairie City	July 25	Port Townsend	Aug. 31

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENTITLED JUSTIFICATION.

The City of Justification.—Dissension in the City.—Simon prepares to cross the Moat.—Simon discovered amongst the Yellow Metal.

1. And in the valley of superstition was a certain city called the city of Justification, the foundations whereof were a certain offensive substance called Presumption.

2. And the walls of the city were built of a very light sand called Assumption, and this sand called Assumption was of the purest of its kind, and it was bound together by brazen girths, called Assertions, and some of these girths were very strong.

3. But the sand was light and was continually being blown away, and the guides and the men of the city, thinking to keep it in its place, had taken great abundance of the ropes called Sophistries, and had fastened to the ends of the ropes some of the stones called Arguments, and others called Facts, and had slung the ropes over the walls to keep down the sand.

4. But the stones called Arguments and Facts did no good but rather harm to the walls, for they ground away the sand on every side, so that it was blown away more than before. And the people were compelled to bring more sand continually. Yea, verily.

5. Day by day did they laboriously bring more and more sand, and girth it with the brazen Assertions, with infinite and increasing pains, and sang joyful hosannas over every basketful; and even while they were yet rejoicing together and saying to each other, This is a sufficient, behold it was all gone and more with it.

6. And round about the city was a very thick and muddy moat. And the guides swore by the hour that this moat, the name whereof was Mystery, could not be fathomed, though the line was never so long. But as was their wont, they lied hideously, for the bottom was easy to be seen, and was of a yellow metal.

7. And over the moat, leading to the gate, was a bridge called Works, and a boat called Belief. And the bridge was made of filthy rags, and the boat of whales' throattles cemented together by mothers-milk.

8. And the moat was full of all manner of unspeakable rottenness, and the pilgrims passing over by the bridge, and by the boat, were continually falling in, and without doubt would have been drowned, but that their heads were light and caused them to float, even as an empty bladder causeth a man to float.

9. And Simon, after he was unspitted from off the claws of the Imp, did pursue his way through the valley of Superstition, and wallowed greedily in the gutter.

10. And the whole valley was full of dead men's bones, even the bones of such as were killed in the ceaseless wars of the Beast and his servants; for they were continually fighting with such as refused to go by their roadway, and persecuting them with all manner of persecution and torment.

11. For the Beast was arrogant, and full of malice, haughty beyond measure, and filled to the very brim with intolerance; and the guides, his servants, were like unto him, and they were stirring up strife perpetually, and inciting contention.

12. And not only did they persecute such as refused to go by their roadway, but they that entered the city of Conversion by one gate, persecuted those that entered by the others; and the guides stirred up the enmity of the pilgrims against each other, and set them by the ears, and made them slay and destroy each other by myriads.

13. Yea, they burnt each other alive, and charitably slit each other's throats, and sang innumerable hosannas to their King whilst they did it.

14. But their power for evil was decreasing day by day, and the power of the Giants was increasing.

15. Yea, day by day did the Giants gather strength, and did encroach upon the territory of the Beast and of his servants, and cast down their strongholds and bulwarks.

16. And the Beast was no longer able to persecute as was his wont.

17. And Simon pursued his journey and came to the city, even the city of Justification, and stood on the edge of the moat.

18. And there came out to him two woefully mildewed men,

ancient and hoary of aspect, and the name of one was Paul and of the other James.

19. And Paul desired Simon to pass over by means of the boat, and the other desired him to come over by the bridge.

20. And Simon knew not what to do, and did it not. And the mildewed men drew near and gobbled vehemently, and promised that Simon should have his share in the cauldron of fire except he came over the moat, the one saying by the boat and the other by the bridge.

21. And Simon gaped amain.

22. And some came with the nets of dust, and others with the baskets of brimstone and fire,* and they fell upon Simon like famished wolves, and they with the smoke censers assisted in the fray, and the hag Credulity came up, and laid on gloriously with her staff, and beat him on the head and immolated the crawlers.

23. And they all laid on heartily, and brought down the nets of dust upon him like flails, and poured out the baskets of brimstone and fire upon him with untiring benevolence, and of the censer smoke they made swaddling clothes, and swathed him withal.

24. And there was the noise of a mighty clapper-clawing, and of a hideous uproar, and the earth rang again with the noise and clamor; and the air shook with affright; and the mountains could no longer retain their shape, but melted away, even as butter melteth in the sun, and spread themselves out on the plains; and the rocks, leaping into the air, were pulverized with fear, and fell down in showers of sand; and the trees shed their moisture in a full stream, and dried up, and became rotten in an hour.

25. And Simon made unutterable haste and put one foot upon the bridge and the other in the boat, and the mildewed men tugged away unmercifully, and the others grew fiercer and fiercer, and laid on mighty thwacks, and dealt out thumpings unsparingly.

26. And suddenly there was an horrified crashing heard, and an appalling rending of rags, and Simon's foot went through the bridge and tore away the lashings thereof, and he fell down into the boat.

27. Now the boat-builders had not reckoned upon so great a strain, and Simon's foot went through the boat also, as it had done the bridge.

28. And when Simon saw it he drew it back with so vehement a tug that the other foot went through also, and when he drew that back the other went through a second time; then did he draw both out together, and fell down.

29. And as he fell, one of the whale's throattles, of which the boat was built, opened its mouth, for it must needs laugh or perish, and Simon fell into the mouth, and slid down to a very great depth, even as an arrow shooteth from the bow, so did he shoot down the whale's throttle.

30. And when the guides saw that Simon was gone they were astonished and dismayed, and gathered a great company together and held a council.

31. And one of them whose name was Godlyguts said, I will go in after him; so he went him, and one whose name was Gospelsides held him by one of his feet lest he should fall in and disappear like unto Simon; and when Godlyguts could not find Simon, Gospelsides said, Let some one hold my foot, and I will go in after Godlyguts, and perchance he will find him.

32. So Gospelsides went in after Godlyguts, holding him by his foot, and one whose name was Fiddlemug held Gospelsides by the foot.

33. And Fiddlemug went in and Swallowmuch held him.

34. And Swallowmuch went in, and Swallowmore held him.

35. And Swallowmore went in, and Swallowanything held him.

36. And Swallowanything went in, and Swalloweverything held him.

37. And many more went in to the number of threescore, and twenty, and seven, and upwards, each holding by the foot the one who went before him, and being himself held by the one that was behind.

38. And they all went in, yea verily, they all went in. Selah.

39. And what they did, and how they fared, and the mighty

* See chapter vi, verse 14.

deeds they performed, and the summers the swallows made there, behold, is it not written in the book of the omnivorous prophet Lunaticums Neveradoubt?

40. Go and look. Selah.

41. And the sun journeyed to and fro in the heavens, as was his custom in those days, and sang resonant madrigals when the weather did permit him.

42. And the wicked moon jiggered behind the hills, and stayed out anights; and white-robed winter pursued the yellow-garbed summer wherever she did went.

43. Season followed season, until spices more than abounded, and seed-time trod on the heels of harvest, and rank-smelling men were abundant; and the ears of corn gathered together in yellow sheaves, and laughed when the sun shone, but when the rain descended they fell on each other's necks and wept.

44. And after this Simon lay at the bottom of the moat, having his hands full of the yellow metal, and the guides saw him and rejoiced.

45. He that hath understanding let him understand. Let him that is able pluck the garlic. Selah.

46. And Godlyguts took a pole having at the end thereof a sharp hook, and he plunged the hook into the southwest corner of Simon, where the fat was, and drew him ashore.

47. And Simon made haste, yea, he made haste very exceedingly, and delivered himself of many reverberant howlings.

48. And Simon sent out messengers and gathered himself together; and when he was duly assembled he took courage and counsel and his hook,* and went into the city.

To be Continued.

PIOUS TRAMPS FROM BIBLE LANDS.

The foreign population in the lower part of New York city, says the "Times," has of late years been increased by the Arabic-speaking element from Lebanon, in Syria. In clannishness and outlandish manners these people resemble the Chinese and what are called the Diego Italians. Nearly all of them are Maronites and in many respects they are inferior to the Chinese and Italians, who do possess a certain amount of self-respect, and are willing to work honestly and work hard for a living.

The Maronites are the followers of Maron, a supposed saint who lived in the fifth century, and they settled in Lebanon in the early part of the eighth century. Later on they recognized the authority of the pope and entered into a formal act of union with Rome. They are, however, allowed to use the Arabic language in their prayers, and married men may join their clergy and still retain their wives. The Jesuits managed to secure a strong hold upon the Maronites. They have a Jesuit college at Antura in the Lebanon, and have so imbued their disciples with Jesuitical doctrines and teachings that all, or nearly all, the Maronites may be said to be lay members of the order founded by Loyola.

The Maronites first began coming to this country ten or twelve years ago in the garb of mendicants, for which profession they have ever since shown a preference. They generally landed in New York at Castle Garden, where they could be recognized by their dress, consisting of a red fez, a short, open jacket, short, baggy, and blue trousers that descended to the calves, leaving the remainder of the legs bare, while their feet were thrust into ill-shaped shoes.

No sooner had these people passed through the gates of Castle Garden and emerged into the city than they at once began to ply their trade of begging. Thrusting a hand under a citizen's nose, they would cross themselves with the other and mutter, "Christian, poor." Such a wretched and forlorn expression of countenance could these people assume that their appeals were generally successful, and at the end of his first day in America the whining Maronite would have added at least \$5 to his hoard, while the Irish or German immigrant would be hustling around trying to find work to enable him to earn a dollar.

The immigration regulations were pretty lax then, and these mendicants found no trouble in passing through Castle Garden. They are a hardy people, brought up in the mountains, and are

capable of enduring a wonderful amount of fatigue. They belong to the peasantry of the Lebanon, and can go about in summer and winter with bare breasts with impunity. In this they resemble other natives of Lebanon, but the teachings that are instilled into them in childhood seem to encourage their natural laziness; which a sense of self-respect and independence enables their fellow-countrymen, the Druses, Mohammedans, and Greeks, to overcome.

According to their own admissions they are taught by their Jesuit instructors that it is commendable in a man to emulate Jesus Christ in his public life. During Christ's public life for three years, they say, he did not work for himself, and taught that man should not worry about the morrow, and he subsisted on the gifts of kind-hearted people and prayed. What doctrine could be more welcome to people naturally indolent and not endowed by nature with any breadth of intellect? Prayer to them, consisting of the repetitions of certain formulas and crossings, was easy. To live as a parasite on others in this world, and then to enjoy eternal bliss among the angels in heaven as a reward for such a life below, was preferable to the Mohammedan doctrine that the way to paradise lies under the shadow of swords. And so the Maronite takes kindly to this doctrine, as a frog takes to a pond.

Other maxims of scripture are also observed by the Maronites, in so far as they can be made applicable to their trade. Such are: "I will make you fishers of men," "Be cunning as serpents," and "Be ye all things unto all men." The Maronite Arab tramps have their own interpretations of these passages from holy writ, and regulate their conduct accordingly. A misinterpretation of the first two passages by these sanctified tramps can easily be guessed; the third is taken by them to mean that they are at liberty to pretend belief in the faith of anybody of whom they may be expecting favors, and in the presence of their benefactor to denounce his enemies and flatter him. And yet the Maronite tramp is a praying man. Every night before going to sleep he will take out the cloth charm that he wears around his neck, kiss it, and implore all the saints and angels to give him luck.

Sunday in the country is a very profitable day to the Maronite tramps. They flock to the doors of the churches just about noon when services end and the worshipers come out of church with softened feelings, upon which the professional beggar knows how to play. Sometimes the beggar will put on scanty clothes in winter and bare his breast to excite pity.

The headquarters of these Maronite Arabs in New York are in the lower part of Washington and Greenwich streets and the streets that cross those named. Some of their lodging-houses are filthy in the extreme. Many of them pay as low as five cents for a night's lodging, and as many as ten and twelve men and women have been known to sleep on the floor in a single room. Early in the morning the tramps, each equipped with a basket containing rosaries and knickknacks, start out on a tour of begging and peddling. There are a few respectable Arab merchants here, and these are heartily ashamed of their countrymen and countrywomen.

The number of Maronites in this country at present is estimated at 8000.

FREETHOUGHT IN POLITICS.

The disciple of Freethought is the same in politics as in religion. He is for the utmost freedom for all, and the greatest advantage for our entire race. He is the one essential republican; equal rights for all; exclusive privileges for none; each to seek his own happiness, regarding always the same right in others; each to enjoy his own, and use it at his own will; government to suppress crime, secure peace, insure contracts, and prevent undue advantages; to suppress all injurious combinations; to secure all inalienable rights; to guard from all oppression the young and aged, the feeble of mind and body, the sick, insane, and helpless; to discourage all tendency to vice, to encourage virtue and progress; to preserve liberty and the republic; to enforce justice for all; to protect from invasion; to give example to the world.

The disciple of Freethought will forever bring his free mind to the ballot-box ready to support all of these things with his

* What hook?—TRANSLATORS.

best judgment. He will listen to no pope, bishop, pastor, or master, but votes as a free American for the best interest of mankind, the republic, his state, city, or township, and himself. He will see that no class, sect, persuasion, or denomination of men obtain any undue control of the government for their own purposes to the detriment of the commonwealth. We know well that aristocrats, priests, plutocrats, land-grabbers, corporations, and other combinations are forever eager to seek something for themselves at the public expense; that there is no end to their exactions when once in power, except correction from the outside. They themselves never surrender an advantage. It has to be torn from them. Aristocrats indulged once run to empire and despotism like Russia. There is no limit till resistance tears it down. It has no conscience. Domestic service runs to abject slavery till checked from without. The slave-owner never reforms of his own motion. The priest, once in power, goes on from bad to worse till he is pope and all the same as God. The land-grabber and millionaire are just the same. Give them an inch, and they take a yard, till you have to knock their brains out to make them let go. The politician develops the same tendency. More taxes, more salaries, more offices, more corruption, bribery, and malfeasance, till the people kick and correct.

Let the people sleep, and we would soon have a czar, a pope, an army of Pinkerton assassins, a Siberia for exiles, an Inquisition for heretics, the republic a failure, and our children born slaves.

Human nature needs all these checks and balances. The virtues themselves become vices when carried a little too far. A sharp, thrifty, enterprising, saving, and scheming man is a good citizen till he becomes rich and runs these virtues into vices. Then he is the usurer, monopolist, oppressor, and general nuisance. We need such men. We should be a very poor people indeed if we had none such. But when they overleap the bounds of virtue and tread the ragged edge of vice we must have laws to check their mad career and save them from themselves. Our Senator Stanford is a fair specimen of virtues become vices by public allowance till his mind has lost sight of all the dividing lines. We did not punish him for lying, so he proceeded to breach of trust. That allowed, embezzlement of millions followed. Then perjury to obtain the Mussel slough lands; bribery of Congress to get the second-mortgage steal; bribery of the legislature, railroad commission, courts, judges, attorneys, all in his way. Then eviction and murder at Mussel slough. Now a false petition in bankruptcy, that he may evade his debts and keep \$50,000,000 of stolen money. And at last this scheme to loan land-holders money at two per cent, to cover his criminal career with the smoke and dust of a seeming good. It all shows that vice and crime know no moderation and no stopping-place till its career is cut short from the outside.

The Freethought voter is ever ready to check these tendencies in either priest, king, or plutocrat. These men are all of one stamp in effect. Stanford has all the look and aptitude for a most infernal despot, a malignant pope, or an Irish landlord; and he will never amend or turn back till the people stop his mad career. And the republic, with its leniency and respect for wrong, has nursed ten thousand just such snakes as Stanford, and is on the verge of Anarchy and ruin.

Freethought will find the remedy and apply it. It will restore the land to the people, where it belongs, to every babe born in the republic, a fair share of the rental value. It will suppress all trusts and combinations for public robbery. It will insist on the education of children for liberty, for the republic, with no pope presuming to be God, no pastor, and no master. It will demand for woman all that belongs to her as a member of the republic; that all laws be just and equal. It will insist that crime shall be punished in the president as in the beggar; and more, that he knows better. It will secure to labor its just reward in some practical way, and to the whole race all the advantages of science and machinery. It will secure to all the mere comforts of life before any shall decorate their foolish and empty heads with diamonds and feathers bought with the price of flesh and blood and human misery. It will so legislate as to make on earth the nearest possible imitation of the fabled Eden, not for the few only, but for all. It will not, as church religion does, give the

joys of earth to a favored few and direct the many to look for a heaven hereafter, but secure for all their just rights here, with an equal chance in the lottery of hereafter also. H. L. KNIGHT.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE two best papers published in New York: "The Truth Seeker" and the "Twentieth Century."

Arthur B. Moss, of London, has sent us for review his latest work, "The Bible and Evolution." It is a book of 128 pages, gotten up in the best manner mechanically, and filled from cover to cover with instructive and entertaining matter. We shall take the liberty to publish occasional extracts from the work, which is one of the best of its kind.

A most able work is C. L. Abbott's "Evolution: True or False?" a 54-page pamphlet published by J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas. Mr. Abbott has given the facts and arguments in the case of Evolution *versus* Creation, and renders the verdict for evolution in the words of the leading scientists of the world. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents.

A new edition of "The Bible: Whence and What," by Dr. R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., president of the American Secular Union, has just been issued by the Lippincotts of Philadelphia. The work has now been before the public eight years and is still in demand, necessitating this the third edition. The author rejects the Bible as infallibly inspired, but announces his belief in God; a future life, and future rewards and punishments. His retention of these doctrines after having rejected their source is doubtless achieved by what Prof. John Fiske defines as a supreme act of faith. \$1.

We have received the "Constitution and Laws" of the Assembly of Progress formed this year at Los Angeles. The objects of the order are of a fraternal and benevolent character. Article X. of the Constitution reads as follows:

Prayers or invocations to any assumed deity, or religious observances or religious ceremonies of any kind or character in the order, are hereby positively forbidden in the Grand and subordinate assemblies; and this section shall not be altered or amended so as to destroy its objects, purpose, or meaning.

The names of J. M. Voss, Charles French, J. E. Clark, and C. Severance among the officers of the order leave no doubt as to the origin of the above judicious Article.

David Whitmer, who died at Richmond, Ray county, Mo., January 25, 1888, had in his possession one of the most interesting and valuable manuscripts in the world, the original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon." Some time before his death the Salt Lake hierarchy, through Orson Pratt and others, offered Mr. Whitmer \$100,000 for his treasure, which he promptly refused. It is believed that \$500,000 would have been given by the interested parties, but the owner told them that "all the gold in the world would not tempt him to part with it." The table upon which it was written, an invaluable relic of itself, is now the property of George Schweich, of Richmond. J. D., a son of David Whitmer, has custody of the manuscript.

Recently the "Twentieth Century" began to publish weekly a series of articles, among which are the following: "Why I am a Protectionist," by Van Buren Denslow; "Why I am a Free-Trader," by Prof. W. G. Sumner; "Why I am a Single Taxer," by Wm. Lloyd Garrison; "Why I am a Socialist," by Laurence Gronland; "Why I am a Nationalist," by Burnette G. Haskell; "Why I am a Communist," by John Most; "Why I am an Anarchist," by Benj. R. Tucker; "Why I am an Individualist," by Frank Q. Stuart; "Why I am an Opportunist," by J. W. Sullivan. The "Twentieth Century" offers these eight numbers to readers of FREETHOUGHT for 25 cents. Address Twentieth Century Publishing Company, 4 Warren st., New York, N. Y.

THERE is no shrewder advertiser in the world than George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger. He is something of a Barnum, with the difference that while Barnum advertises a circus, Childs advertises himself. His latest advertising dodge is an undersized book entitled "Recollections of General Grant." It

is a work of 104 small pages, sixty-six of which are about evenly divided between Grant and Childs; the thirty-eight others mention Grant incidentally, while Childs appears a dozen times on every page. Childs will be remembered as the pious editor who never permits any allusion to Colonel Ingersoll to appear in his paper. His book has no literary merit whatever, and no object except to advertise G. W. Childs at the expense of General Grant and a few other eminent men toward whom his wealth enabled Childs to occupy the position of flunkey.

"Catechism on the Science of a Universal Religion" is another attempt to apologize and find a place for the ignorance of mankind which has been called the religious nature. Gabriel Z. Wacht is responsible for it. Mr. Wacht's booklet is a work of something more than one hundred pages, very neatly printed and bound by the Pacific Union Publishing Company. "Briefly stated," says the author, "the object of this catechism is to explain how every human desire or want can become fully and satisfactorily supplied." Following are the closing questions and answers in the book:

Q.—What is the full name and present address of the author of this catechism? A.—Gabriel Zacharias Wacht, 12 Laskie st., San Francisco, California.

Q.—When and where was he born? A.—In the city of Norkoping, in Sweden, the 24th of March, 1833.

Q.—What time is it now? A.—Nine o'clock A.M., May 26, 1890.

A question and answer as to the price of the work would have enabled us to give all further necessary information about the catechism.

Mrs. Waisbrooker's Work.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just returned from a two months' trip in Washington, lecturing, selling books, etc., according to my ability. There are many Liberals in Washington, but the number of church buildings going up shows the activity of the church leaders.

At eighteen mills upon the dollar, the government, state and national, gave the church organizations in the form of remitted taxes, \$25,000,000 during the past year; and that sum expended upon the building of churches, places of worship, is sufficient for the erection of twenty-five hundred at a cost of \$10,000 each, and still injustice continues.

I say the church leaders are busy, and it is the leaders, those whose place and power depend upon the perpetuation and prosperity of church organizations, who are the active perpetrators of much of the wrong done in the name of and as the natural result of the special claims of Christianity.

Did the members of churches, as a whole, really see into what their leaders are taking them, did they really understand one-half the duplicity, the underhand trickery that is practiced, one-half of them would leave the church at once, or would, at least, reject those who so misrepresented in action that which they advocate in theory.

In proof of this, I will relate, as it was told to me, the course taken by the pastor of the Presbyterian church, at Puyallup, Washington, and the prompt action of his church when they learned the fact.

A Liberal lady, at least she was not a church member, was named for the post-office. A saloon keeper said that she had been heard to express great admiration for Robert Ingersoll; "and our government offices should not be given to such people," he said, and the minister wrote a slanderous letter to the post-office department, thinking, no doubt, that Brother Wanamaker would promptly reject Mrs. D'Arcy, but the letter fell into the hands of Congressman Wilson, the whole matter was made public, Mr. Lackey was deposed from his charge, and the lady got the appointment.

In this instance, the members of the church declined to longer listen to the ministrations of one who was so zealous as to lie for Christ's sake.

I see by a recent FREETHOUGHT, a letter from Mr. Schroeder, of Coos county, Oregon, in which he states that a minister has made a man's private opinion a reason for urging Christians to vote against him. If the professing Christians of that county would take as prompt condemnatory action of his course as did the church in Puyallup, of what their minister did, they would gain more respect for their cause than they could by sustaining him.

And now just a word to Friend Severance. He says no one is under moral obligation to become a martyr.

Who said any one was? What would Mr. Severance think of a mother who toiled and suffered for her children from a sense of obligation instead of from the promptings of a love that never once thought of obligation? Mr. Severance does not in the least seem to understand the feeling that prompts to heroic action in the face of all possible consequences to one's self. He says the country was ripe for action, or words to that effect, before John Brown attacked Harper's Ferry.

Not quite. John Brown's acts, coupled with his mental magnetic force, finished up the ripening, but men had been imprisoned, had died there, had met martyrdom in their efforts for the slave, had been mobbed, rotten-egged, tarred and feathered, etc., to prepare the way which culminated in the destruction of slavery, and other forms of slavery will have their martyrs, and the force that takes them to their fate will come from within, and not from a sense of outward obligation.

I see that the Golden Gate declares the Word ought to be suppressed, thinks you may not be informed as to its character. The question is not what ought to be done, but who shall decide? Shall the one man-power prevail, or shall the civil authorities look into the matter and judge as to the questions at issue?

This continued usurpation of personal authority, personal judgment deciding public matters, would shut the Golden Gate from the mails if the postmaster-general should so choose, and think it wise.

In the case of the Chicago Anarchists, so far as I am able to judge, the police were the only ones who broke the law of the land, previous to the throwing of the bomb. They had no right to disperse a peaceable meeting, no matter what the language used, so far as disaffection, threats, etc., were concerned. If unlawful language was used, it was the work of the civil authorities to arrest and try, but, until there was actual violence, the police had no business to interfere. I am not now making a plea for Mr. Heywood, nor for the Anarchists, but for legally appointed authority against official usurpation. The chief of the police also went to newspaper offices in Chicago, at that time, and drew his blue pencil across what he said should not be published. Who gave Chief Ebersole the right to exercise censorship over the press?

Personal feeling against another's course should not make us blind to such violations of the safe-guards of liberty. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Was Lillian Mistaken?

To the Editors of Freethought:

If a new edition of Miss Leland's "Around the World" is gotten out, I would advise that the view of Mt. Ararat from Jaffa be expunged. It is over seven hundred miles distant. Travelers don't all see things the same, but none can stretch their vision seven hundred miles. I find much foreign correspondence misleading, some absolutely untrue, especially when writing up protection. I trust our suggestion to Miss Leland will be received in kindly spirit. We having been there, and favored by clear weather and good opportunities, I feel sure that the historical mountain can't be seen. There have been big stories enough told about the holy land, both in the Testament and out of it, by Christians, without Infidels adding any more. Yours, etc., W. F. FREEMAN.

Stockton, Cal.

A MAN down South suspected his wife of being interested in another man, and so he watched her and him. By and by he discovered what he was looking for. He found them together. Then, like a dime novel hero, he bounced into the room and shot them both, and his fellow townsmen applauded him for thus vindicating his honor (?) What a sad and silly performance. If he wanted to retain his wife's love he should have begun to court her just as he did before they were married. And if he could not succeed in winning her love, if she really loved the other man better than she loved him, and the other man loved her, he should have gone away like a gentleman and not interfered any further with what was none of his business. Wouldn't that have been more honorable, better morals, than it was to stain his hands with the blood of two human beings?—*Twentieth Century.*

SEND your orders for printing to the FREETHOUGHT office. Country orders solicited.

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year. The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

Architects and Builders.

F. Emil Neubauer, 1955 Market st.

Art-Glass, Bending and Cutting Works.

Hopper & Schroeder, 39 1/2 Fremont st., cor. Mission.

Assayers.

H. W. Walker, Teacher of Assaying, and Practical Worker of ores. Office-109, Montgomery Block, corner Washington and Montgomery streets.

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George Schwab, Fashionable and Practical Shoe maker, 438 Bush street, above California Theater. C. Heck, Boot and Shoe Store, 508 Fourth street.

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A. J. Forbes & Son, 213 Mission st.

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A. H. Schou, 677 Twenty-fifth st., OAKLAND

Contracting Painters.

Jos. Larsen, 240 Montgomery st., rooms 25 and

Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

Davis & Cowen, 929 Market st.

Dentists.

S. P. Chalfant, N. E. cor. Market and Mason sts. (Entrance, No. 8 Mason st.)

Geologist.

Chas F Blackburn, Practical Mining Geologist, Seattle, Wash.

Independent German Congregation.

Frederick Schuenemann-Pott, speaker, 845 Golden Gate ave.

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Dr. C. A. Bonesteel, Consulting Physician in all forms of Nervous and Mental Diseases for MEN ONLY. Office, 105 Stockton st., Rooms 4 and 5, San Francisco, Cal.

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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Headache. By M. L. Holbrook, \$1.

Deep Breathing, as a Means of Promoting the Art of Song, etc. By Sophia M. A. Ciccolina, Ills.

Marriage and Parentage. M. L. Holbrook.

Medical Hints on the Singing Voice. By Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S. 30 cents

He'd Had No Show.

Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, an' throw
One leg right over t'other leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show.

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he'd got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes twenty-four, an' never struck,
Although I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnation streak of luck.

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regeler ever' day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
"Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,

Yer hain't no show;
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest luffed, an' luffed, an' luffed, an luffed.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

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Wife—Yes, I noticed at the sociable the other night that our minister was very fond of the game.

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"You see, I was waitin' in a daypot, as you folks call it, down 'ere in a town called Toledo, when a bloomin' young gal comes hup to me hand says:

"'Could I hax a great favor of you, young man?"

"'You could,' says I.

"'Hare you a fighter?' says she.

"'Sunthink of one,' says I, 'aving taken twenty-four lessons in boxin' of the Liverpool Kid, and 'aving put up me dukes along with several good uns.'

"'Then sit beside me, young man, hand protect me from a duffer who is takin' hadvantage of the fact that I ham hall alone 'ere in this daypot,'

"'I'll do it,' says I, 'hand hif he dares to wink at you hagain I'll bust the bloomin' 'ead of himself wide hopen.'

"'Hand I sat. Hand she sat. Hand haf an 'our without no bloomin' duffer showin' hup, I took the train for this town, hand arrived 'ere to find that I 'ad neither watch nor wallet. That bloomin' young gal 'ad despoiled me.'

"Well?"

"Well that's hall, hexcept that I should like to strike a job, and that hereafter the bloomin' young women hof America will not pull wool hover the heyes hof yours truly."

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Phil.—The thought is profound—abyssal. My brain reels on the brink of it.
Prof.—Lend your brain this staff: Property is not things; property is somebody's things. If everybody take of somebody's things what he himself needs, is he not rich?
Phil.—He is then rich.
Prof.—Therefore let each man take only what he can consume, and he has all he needs, and is rich.
Phil.—But the stock of things will give out.
Prof.—It must be renewed by work.
Phil.—How if a man will not work?
Prof.—Club him.
Phil.—And if that does no good?
Prof.—Club him some more. Keep on clubbing him.

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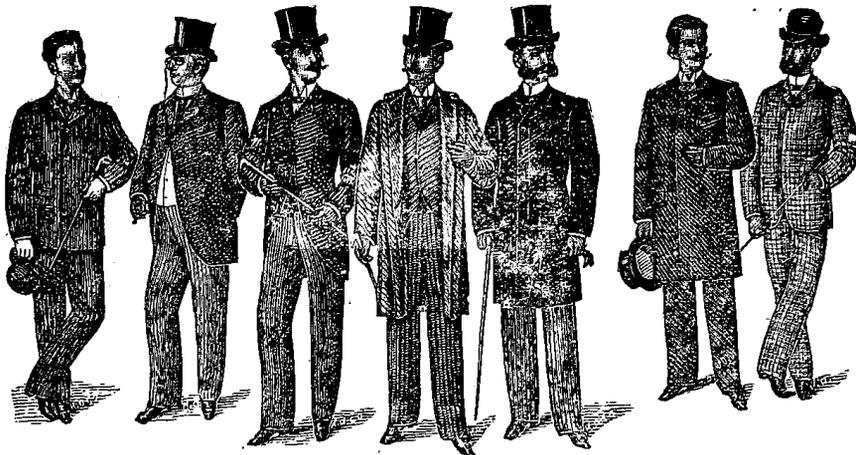
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - JUNE 21, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thursday, June 5, I am on my way in the sunny afternoon to Coburg with uncle John Diamond, who always makes it his especial care to see that the pilgrim is not lost in wide wanderings. Far off over the wooded hills shines Diamond's peak in snowy lustre, and on top of this peak is Uncle John's farm. Nearly forty years ago, the first white man, and first man of all, I guess, Diamond planted his staff upon this mighty pinnacle, and no one has ever yet jumped that claim, and long as the world stands the Diamond on that lofty pyramid of ice will face the summer's sun.

We arrive in Coburg in time for the evening meal at the hospitable home of the Delaneys, who, if they are Christians at all, are Christians after such a fashion as always to give welcome to the unsectarian traveler. It needs the magic of no name to open their hearts to humanity. William Delaney has played his part amidst the scenes of early Oregon, and can shoot the rifle with the best of the hunters of the land. After supper the Hon. E. P. Coleman came to our camping-ground, honorable this time with a fresh lustre, for he has just been elected to the legislature on the Democratic ticket, overcoming in his district a majority of two hundred and fifty on the Republican side. Coleman has always stood by the Freethought colors. By his unflinching maintenance of principle Bible-reading is prohibited in the public school at Coburg. Notwithstanding this, the people, without regard to politics or religion, elected him as an honest man "who would not give up to party what was meant for mankind."

I see J. D. Garfield, of Coos county, has also won in spite of the attacks of ecclesiastical bigots and is a member of the same legislature with Coleman. Freethought has also quite a number of staunch representatives on the Republican side of the house. The Oregon election has been a puzzler to the ordinary politician. Hermann, Republican, for Congress, went in by about nine thousand majority, while Pennoyer, Democrat, for governor, went in by nearly as large a count. This shows that the Oregon voters are a mighty independent set of people, and party lines become obliterated. I don't believe there ever was an election where so many Democrats voted for a Republican and

so many Republicans voted for a Democrat. This is a good sign of the times.

I call Mr. Coleman "Hon.," but there is not a man who cares less for titles or office simply as decorations than he does. He is a worker, and the office seeks him because nothing could tempt him to abandon a principle.

The lecture was very well attended. The people of Coburg like to hear both sides of a question, and the Christians generally have come to the conclusion that the Freethinker has something of value to say, and they are willing to listen and candidly judge. Coburg is one of the pleasantest places along the route, not only for its staunch supporters of Secularism, but for the atmosphere of Liberalism among all classes.

I was to lecture on Friday evening, but a school exhibition being on hand and as what pertains to the school is for the advantage of the republic, it was decided to have no lecture, and no diversion on a matter of universal interest.

Therefore, we Liberals—a few of us—decided to have a holiday. A good Friday on our own account. Early in the morning, which was as beautiful as heart could wish, Coleman drove me over to his ranch, to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. John Long and their bright little daughter, who was born to do good, no matter if grandmother Eve did eat the apple, and give the devil a chance to stir up things. There couldn't be a more lovely place on a hot summer's day than this rural retreat of over three thousand acres of hill and dale and spreading field, where the cattle and the sheep enjoy the glowing hours, and nearly three hundred chickens flutter in gay carnival, and the dog drowzes in the bright shadows, and we sit on the long porch, embowered with trees, upon whose green canopy, from cloudless skies, the sparkling sunshine quivers, and it seems as if jewels were falling at your very feet from the dancing branches. The morning and the afternoon hours roll along, and as every one is left to do exactly as he pleases to do, of course we have a very delightful time, and we can mark the day with a white line as a day to be remembered for simple and absolute enjoyment. It was a sun's day and so it shall be named in the pages of memory.

Coming home in the evening, I drop into the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Murch, and partake of a few delicious cherries such as Oregon takes pride in producing. These friends include the spiritual realm in their philosophy, but they don't forget the heaven that lies round about us here, and are always ready for the duties of this life. We are traveling the same road, be it longer or shorter as the everlasting fates may determine.

P. J. Blakiston, who has sailed the seas with many a storm and sun, spent the evening with us at Delaney's. Comrade Kruse is on the list still. Some have gone away, but are doing good work elsewhere. Coburg looks ahead and bids fair with the country about it to be one of the flourishing places of Oregon.

Saturday morning, I am en route to Brownsville. My friend, John Diamond, goes with me to see that I am properly trans-

ferred to this new field of labor. Brownsville is a pretty place and is growing, but the churches do overshadow it tremendously. I lectured Saturday and Sunday. I had small audiences, but I don't feel like giving up Brownsville. It has good material and a few of the best of Liberals. B. S. Martin and his brothers are as true as steel, and not afraid of pioneer work when the "mid-night darkness is turning into gray." His father is a Christian clergyman, but the mother's blood is Liberal from long ancestry, and the seven sons don't follow in the paths of the ancient faith. C. E. Rockwell is another "stand-by" who wouldn't desert the guns even in a Waterloo defeat. D. C. Cushman is also on the list, and J. K. McCormick, who will keep the fires on the outer line. B. F. Fields, lately of Prineville, is now located at this point, and he has the heart and intellect of the true Liberal. McDowell, L. Tyler, W. Standish, Henry Archbald, and others can be counted on. John Cushman was away, but in the ranks a soldier still. We trust to the future. There are six churches in Brownsville, and they are a cordon for the old faith, and the sheep are closely watched. Many Liberals are afraid and indifferent. The flag, however, won't be hauled down. There are enough to furnish ammunition for a longer campaign. There may be occasionally a "flash in the pan," but some shots will tell. Coburg and Brownsville are on for the fall campaign.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WHAT CATHOLICS ARE EXPECTED TO BELIEVE.

The Roman Catholic "Monitor," a weekly paper published in San Francisco, copies from the "Universe," and indorses as true, a story that would have added to Munchhausen's reputation as a liar. The object of the yarn is to show the miraculous power of the Catholic fetich known as the scapular, which consists of a piece of cloth with the name of the Virgin Mary embroidered upon it. The principal personages in the narrative are one Finnell, a laborer who was cut in two by a railway train, and Priest Conway, now of Painesville, Ohio. This is the account given of the miraculous power of the scapular:

One Saturday, about noon, in June (or possibly July), Finnell's nephew came rushing in hot haste to Father Conway. Finnell had seen a man fall off the construction train; had rushed back to aid—taking the parallel track of the Lake Shore railroad; had been run down by a train; was dying.

The distance to be covered was a good half mile, and Father Conway and his companion made it in their best time. Arrived at the place of the accident, the priest found from thirty to forty men standing around—what shall we say? the remains of poor Finnell on the track. He had been cut *in two* by the cars. The trunk of the body lay at least eighteen inches from the abdomen and lower limbs.

Father Conway turned to the nephew; "The sacraments are for the living, not for the dead. I can do nothing here." Then, after a mental prayer for the deceased and some words of commiseration, the priest prepared to go, when a by-stander remarked that the doctor was coming, and Father Conway, through an impulse of curiosity, waited as a locomotive came thundering along, bearing Dr. William Ames, a leading practitioner of Ashtabula. [The doctor is since dead; the present Dr. Ames of that city is his son.]

The doctor and the priest had often met at sick calls. Dr. Ames saluted Father Conway; picked up one of the organs of poor Finnell from where it lay detached on the ground, then stooped over, placed his hand on Finnell's breast, and removing from it a scapular of Mt. Carmel, held it up, saying; "Father Conway, what's this?"

The priest cared to make no further explanation under the circumstances than that it was a Catholic article of devotion. And then Dr. Ames, kneeling, placed his ear over Finnell's heart, looked up quickly, and said: "Why, Father Conway, the heart is beating!"

"Impossible, doctor," was Father Conway's instant reply. "That man has been cut into halves for three-quarters of an hour."

The doctor bent and again applied his ear. "Father Conway, the heart *is* beating."

"Impossible, doctor," was again the involuntary reply of the priest.

D. Ames was a man of great dignity and force of character (though unhappily an Infidel), resented this remark, and answered with some asperity: "I'll count the beats for you, sir. . . . One, two, three, four, five—"

"Enough, doctor," said Father Conway, hastily, "I'll anoint that man."

Instantly all heads were uncovered as Father Conway donned his stole and proceeded to absolve and anoint the dying Finnell.

The heart that was true to Mary had not ceased to beat until that was consummated which every faithful Catholic prays for—the priest and the sacraments at the last moment of life.

It will be noted that the doctor is dead, which removes the only reliable witness to the case. Such is always the fact—none but Catholics are ever on hand to testify to Catholic miracles. But this is a meagre miracle at best. To make the story a good one, the power of the Virgin should have drawn the sundered halves of Finnell together, adjusted the severed bones, ligatures, veins, and arteries, and raised him up a whole man. Then his heart might have continued to beat to some purpose. But this would have involved the sponsor for the story in difficulties. The skeptical would have said to him: "If you have faith in the Virgin to do these things, permit us to place you before a train of cars and let it run across your body. Then your survival will convince us all; and like those in the side of Christ your wounds will testify to the truth of your claim." Here would have been a genuine test, a thing that believers in the supernatural always avoid.

Beyond doubt, nine Catholics out of ten who have read Priest Conway's story believe it, for the reason that they are too ignorant or too superstitious to differentiate the natural from the miraculous. They are like persons who regard the fabric of dreams as a part of the actual occurrences of life, and with thousands of priests devoting themselves to the perpetuation of the delusion, the progress of enlightenment is slow. We hope that the next generation will not be as superstitious as this one.

THE LAND LOAN BILL.

The dispatches sent West by the Associated Press failed to give a clear idea of the actual provisions of the bill introduced in the Senate by Leland Stanford, entitled "A bill to provide for making loans by the government and securing the same by liens upon land." So far as the said provisions have been set forth by the press, the bill limited the issue to one hundred millions of dollars, an amount scarcely sufficient to pay the interest for one year on the mortgages of an average state. We are now in receipt of the bill itself as printed by the government at Washington. Section 4 provides:

"That the treasurer of the United States is hereby authorized and directed to be caused to be printed, signed, and ready for issue, for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, circulating notes of the United States of the denominations of five dollars, ten dollars, twenty dollars, fifty dollars, one hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, and one thousand dollars, to the amount of one hundred million of dollars, and such additional amounts from time to time as shall be necessary to meet the requirements of this act."

Admitting the practicability of the scheme, the clause above italicized makes it adequate to the purpose for which it is drawn. If the treasurer will issue such additional amounts from time to time as shall be necessary to free farmers from the burden of

high-interest mortgages, which is the chief requirement of the act, nothing more can be asked.

But why is not our senator in Washington pushing his bill? While he is enjoying himself in Europe, the interest on mortgages is piling up at the rate of millions per day.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, June 22, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Mr. John M. Days; subject, "The Eight Hour Question."

THE Hon. Joseph E. Washington, a representative to Congress from Tennessee, appears to be an Hon. Jackass. The constitution of Tennessee excludes from public offices all men who deny "God or a future state of rewards and punishments," and in discussing the subject with an opponent lately Mr. Washington said:

"Surely the gentleman cannot object to that clause of our constitution which excludes from civil office the Infidel who denies the existence of a God! How, forsooth, could such a person take an oath to support the constitution? Upon whom would or could he call to witness the solemnity of his obligation? He could not swear by the earth, for it is God's footstool. He could not swear by any created thing, for it is less than the creator, whose very existence he denies."

And such men as the Hon. Joseph E. Washington are in Congress legislating upon the liberties of citizens. Down in Tennessee, running a Sunday-school, he would doubtless be a great man; therefore he ought to stay there.

ONE of the designs submitted for the Lick statuary in the new City Hall park has a shaft around which runs this inscription:

"Therefore God gave thee of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth and plenty of corn and wine."

Mr. Lick did not leave his money for the purpose of decorating the city with religious mottoes, and that one should be discarded. We move that the following be substituted:

"To plow is to pray; to plant is to prophesy, and the harvest answers and fulfils."

Ingersoll wrote it; it contains more truth and more poetry than anything to be found in the Bible, and it will not offend the Prohibitionists by public congratulation over the fact that California has a large wine industry.

THERE are two factions of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the partisan and the non-partisan. The former desires to affiliate with one of the political parties or to run a third party—the Prohibition—while the latter simply go in for temperance with a "Christian" prefix. Mrs. Mary F. Lathrop, non-partisan, now on this coast, lately spoke in Oakland, and there read a letter which she had received while in the East from one of our local ministers. In the letter the preacher said to her:

"Don't you dare to come to California, you scarlet woman of Babylon, you hand-painted Jezebel!"

From which it is to be inferred that though a man may be a preacher he is not necessarily a gentleman or an embodiment of decent manners.

WHEN the pope gets angry, he can rail like Malachi. Referring to the refusal of the Italian government to grant him temporal sovereignty over Rome, he thus breaks out: "The Lord will come no longer with a sweet, peaceful face, but with an

angry one to strike and purify his church. The sea of evil is about to beat against the rock on which the church is founded, and will leave nothing to be seen of the horizon but the threat of an angry God. Prayer will not suffice to appease the Almighty." We recently had on this coast a man who talked as the pope does. His name was Erickson, and he is now in the asylum for lunatics.

A WOMAN in this city gave Dr. Louis Schlesinger, manager of the "Carrier Dove," \$250 for services as a medium and to aid the cause of Spiritualism. Subsequently she wanted her money returned, and brought suit in Justice Stafford's court for its recovery. The court gave a verdict in her favor, and Dr. Schlesinger must refund. Whether the decision is just or unjust we do not know; but supposing the woman had given the same money to a priest to pay for masses for her dead husband, and had afterwards regretted it; is there any process of law known to the courts of this state whereby the church could have been made to disgorge? If there is we never heard of its being successfully tried.

SENATOR EDMUNDS has sprung on Congress a bill proposing to devote the proceeds of confiscated Mormon church property to educational purposes. The cause of education is a good one, the noblest in the world, but it does not justify unfair discrimination; and to use Mormon money, taken from its owners by compulsion, to pay the tuition of Catholics, Protestants, or Free-thinkers is a bad precedent, likely to lead in time to the confiscation of all property belonging to unpopular sects.

THE Rev. C. D. Barrows, pastor of one of the most prominent and wealthy churches of San Francisco, has fled and resigned his pastorate on account of charges reflecting upon his reputation for morality. An innocent man would have demanded an investigation, while a braver man would have declared that the public could have no interest in his private affairs. But Dr. Barrows shows no evidence of being either innocent or courageous.

DR. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, faith-healer, says that Mrs. Ana J. Johnson, also a faith-healer, is an impostor, a Jezebel, and unchaste. Mrs. Johnson, in rebuttal, says that the Rev. Dr. John Alexander is a beast, a devil, a liar, and so forth, and she has sued him for fifty thousand dollars for defaming her character. It appears that faith-healing does not include the healing of discord between the faithful.

IN saying that over-education is the cause of the political discontent in Russia and Germany, Bismarck tells a plain truth; but education should not be restricted, as he suggests, for that reason. Enlightened disaffection is preferable to ignorant content. The one is mankind struggling to better their condition; the other, a lazy animal sleeping in the sun, happy but not intelligent enough to know it.

THE "Weekly Star" has to make this correction:

"The intelligent compositor made us say, in last week's 'Star,' 'the monster of religion,' for 'the minister of religion.'"

We are glad to see this evidence that the influence of Voltaire is not lost upon the "Star's" compositors. "*Ecrasez l'infame!*"

IT is worth while to be a priest. Cardinal Manning has just been presented with a check for about \$18,000 on the occasion of

his silver jubilee. There is a passage of scripture that sets forth the difficulty of a rich man getting into heaven, but Cardinal Manning and the rest of the clerics are willing to take the risk.

By a full vote of the city trustees, Oceanside, in San Diego county, has abolished the Sunday-closing law. The citizens held a well-timed jollification on June 14 to celebrate the restoration of Sunday to the use and purposes to which other days are devoted.

OBSERVATIONS.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society last Sunday night was a most pleasant affair, including an address and a presentation. The hall was filled with an intelligent audience; Prof. W. S. Bell was the orator of the evening, and "Popular Objections to Freethought" was the theme of his discourse. Mr. Bell said that he had often been asked how it happened that Free-thinkers knew so much more than the great and wise men of the past who had accepted Christianity. He replied that these great and wise men did not know everything. They were often mistaken. Many of them believed in witchcraft, in dreams, fortune-telling, a flat and stationary earth, in six days of creation six thousand years ago, and in a personal devil. These were all errors, and the judgment of men who accepted them was open to suspicion. The wise and the unwise alike have been deluded, and we are at liberty to reject what we now know to have been their mistakes. One reason why the wise men of the past accepted Christianity was because they had to. They were forced into a position of acceptance by the rack, the thumbscrew, and the Inquisition. There was a time when those called the wisest believed that stealing a sheep was a capital offense, and the same men who reject their belief on that subject still accept them as authority in matters of religion.

Professor Bell reviewed the other objections to Freethought, including the claim that it is demoralizing, which he refuted by logical argument and by citations from history.

During the lecture Mr. Schou occupied a front seat. He was loaded with a handsome cane, which he desired to present to Professor Bell, and with a speech for the audience. As soon as opportunity was offered he delivered both. Taking the floor Mr. Schou held up the cane and proceeded to describe it. The wood, he said, came from Palestine, and was therefore holy. The head of the cane was of horn, and, having a hole through it, could be similarly described. As for the band covering the joint of the stick and the horn, that was of coin silver, one of the gods of the American people, and therefore holy. On behalf of the Freethought Society and of the Liberals of San Francisco, Mr. Schou would present this cane to Professor Bell as a token of their esteem and a pledge of their admiration and good will.

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

The Chair invited discussion of the lecture. There was no immediate response, and adjournment was suggested, but Mr. P. Healy felt called upon to say something and took the floor, although the writer moved the previous question. Mr. Healy defended the justness of hanging men for stealing sheep, and maintained that the best way to secure religious harmony was to appoint some man like the pope to settle all disputes. The habit of indulging in independent thought was quite pernicious, and should be done away with.

Mr. Pingree, following, proved himself a surprisingly good speaker and made remarks of much value.

Professor Bell closed the debate, replying to Mr. Healy, as he

said, more through courtesy toward the man than out of respect for his arguments.

"The Eight Hour Question" is up for discussion next Sunday night, John M. Days being the speaker, who will doubtless demonstrate the merit of eight-hour Days.

I suppose I owe Dr. D. C. Moore an apology for attributing to other causes than the right ones his absence from the Freethought meeting on the evening set for his lecture. He has written an explanation, which I will here introduce. The apology due may be collected next steamer day:

ROOM 6, FLOOD BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 17, 1890.

To Freethought, Paper, Society, or Whom it May Concern: A word of explanation. The Liberal journal, Vol. III., No. 24, of 14th inst., is before me. On page 372, under "Observations," my name appears, which, owing to excessive toil, struggle for existence against abnormal environment, I had not before noticed.

Now, in justice, equity, and morality, which I conclude is the object of your paper and society, I desire you to publish this brief explanation. When Mr. Faust spoke to me about speaking to your society, I told him I had some notes, jotted down from time to time, that I might overhaul and make a lecture; hence the arrangement with Mr. Eastman.

In the course of a few days my wife, Dr. Ellen D. Moore, and family returned, sooner than expected, from Oregon, thus making it necessary to get a house furnished, etc. My time was so completely occupied with this and my business, two million-dollar redwood sales, one of a quarter-million; one mining transaction of a — also, and many other smaller deals, including two law-suits—the Bodwell liquid fuel swindle and a suit for commissions, over \$2000, for sale of Saratoga Hall—altogether making the most intensely active, aggravating, and distracting period of my existence, that I left the lecture to consider and prepare on Sunday. I found a lecture from the notes I had prepared, to do justice to myself, the theme, and the society, would require two hours at least to deliver. The "better half" insisted that it was too intensely ultra and radical for even the most advanced Freethought—that is, so caustic and cutting on all classes of poor deluded humanity that it would only give offense, etc.; hence I myself concluded it should have more of the spirit of Christ, or if you please, charity and love. Hence I rushed over to see if I could find the committee and get more time. I could not learn from the directory or any other source where any of them lived. I went to the Howard-street office and found it closed; then to the hall that was advertised and found it occupied by others, and no sign of any Freethought people around, at 7:45 P. M.; and as I had promised to be at home on the 8 o'clock boat, Dr. E. D. being tired out and needing treatment, rest, and sleep, I gave a note to the janitor for Mr. Eastman or the committee and left, feeling almost distracted that I had got into such a predicament. To tell the absolute truth, and that is after all the best policy, I was so wrought up over an attempt during the week to swindle me out about \$1000, prospective, that I was, with all the other circumstances, not in my right mind, or I should have remained and made my explanation in person, and then taken the 8:30 boat.

Whatever my disease, distress, or suffering, which was intense, may be called, it certainly was not "orthodox paralysis." The reason I "notified the secretary" not to publish my name, was the fear that it would keep people away, as I am so unpopular with the medical despotism—the power of darkness, of poison mongery—being their victim of a twenty-years conspiracy, the most hellish ever conceived of in all history, which I referred to in my notes, and to which my wife objected so strongly.

I ask no excuse, nor will I permit any reference to my want of "courage of my convictions." I make the modest claim to be the most daring Freethinker of all the ages. I was the chief organizer of the first society of advanced and untrammelled minds west of the Alleghanies, in the most radical town on the continent, Salem, Ohio. If you want proof of my courage, get me an audience in a respectable and good-sized hall seating at least one thousand people. Yours truly,

D. C. MOORE.

Dr. Moore's letter lacks nothing necessary to a vindication, and I do not see how more particulars could very well have been added. There is not the slightest doubt that the lecture would have proved interesting, and if it consumed two hours in its delivery no one could complain that it was too short.

I will add that I have met Dr. Moore personally. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and as radical as a stump-puller.

A young lady in Kansas writes:

You see more good in John Thomas than we do, evidently. But wouldn't it have done just as well if you had credited his article in FREETHOUGHT, May 31, to the "Rostrum," May 15? Inquisitively,

Nay, daughter, not so. Mr. John Thomas forwarded his "Rule of Right Conduct" as an original contribution to FREETHOUGHT, and it was printed as such. That he sent it also to the "Rostrum" does not affect the matter. Moreover, fair prairie

blossom, Mr. John Thomas is a brick. He hath subscribed for this journal and pungled the shekels; he hath taken and paid for many copies for gratuitous distribution; and yet again hath he sent us the names of four new subscribers and cash for the same. Good in John Thomas? Verily he is the salt of the earth.

A prolific source of poverty is the amount of money spent for intoxicating liquors by the poor. The reason why so much is spent is because liquor is so high priced. The cause of this high price is tax and license, which constitute two-thirds of the cost. Remove the tax, reduce the price, and less money will be wasted. The moderate drinker will drink no more than now, but the confirmed sot will end his useless days sooner. Give men a fair field to fight the evils that curse the earth, and when the victory is won it will be decisive.

In response to a cordial copper-plate invitation from Mr. de Young, I attended the reception at the new Chronicle building last Monday evening. The card accompanying the invitation admitting the editor of FREETHOUGHT to the premises, entitled him to apply at the cashier's window for a souvenir, but it did not promise him the privilege of being galloped over and jabbed in the ribs by a rushing, surging throng. The Chronicle building is quite tall, and from a distance seems to throw the rest of the city out of proportion. It has marble halls, as fine as any I ever dreamt that I dwelt in. The first thing that strikes the eye upon entering is the ferruled end of a walking-stick carried under the arm of some enemy of his race. I ascended to the tower in an elevator which goes up like a rocket, and gives the ascendant the feeling that his legs are being driven far into his body by the upward force of the floor. Going down is simply a drop, accompanied by a distinct knowledge that the elevator is trying to get there first. If it went any faster the passenger would fall upward against the roof like a fly inside an umbrella. From a ground view the tower of the Chronicle building does not appear much larger than the pilot house on a ferryboat, but in reality it is more commodious than the average Alameda residence. The tower contains a clock whose works are actuated by a large iron weight, though that is not the reason the works are said to be actuweighted. The dial of the clock is of such dimensions that the end of the minute hand travels about forty feet per hour. A fine view is commanded from this eminence, objects many thousands of miles distant being distinctly visible. Among the most conspicuous of these is the moon, pale empress of the night.

The printing-office, situated below the tower, is well appointed, everything being new and clean up to date. Some three-score compositors were here working their hands and great brains getting type ready for the rattled maker-up to pi under the scrutinizing gaze of many visitors.

Mr. de Young's private office on the floor below attracted marked attention on account of its walls of carved oak and embossed leather. A lavatory adjoins, and being of cast steel cemented into the brickwork, and having a strong lock, will prevent the compositors from using Mr. de Young's towel. A fine varnished desk with a pistol pocket adds to the convenience and safety of the private office.

Other portions of the building deserve notice, which will be inserted at our regular rates. Fireworks were inaugurated at 8 o'clock and kept up until a late hour.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Complete returns from the census enumeration of San Francisco are promised this week—Many Chinese, landed at Guaymas, are being smuggled over the border into California.—Prentice Mulford, the journalist, who has been on the coast for several months, has returned to the East. His parting advice to San Francisco is to introduce one and two cent pieces.—June 17 was the 115th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The day was appropriately celebrated in this city.—Thirteen more Eastern ironmolders arrived here last Sunday. They will take the places of the striking molders if allowed to do so.—The single tax has become an issue in British Columbia. All the op-

position candidates for the legislative assembly in Victoria are practically pledged to it, and at least one of the government candidates has promised to give it favorable consideration.—The Native Sons of the Golden West are preparing to celebrate Admission Day, Sept. 9, in fine style.—Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, spent a few days in Paris last week and left for Kissengen.—Samuel Carson & Co., the second largest book dealers of San Francisco, have gone into insolvency. General demoralization of the trade and numerous failures are the causes.—A prize-fight between two unskilled men in one of San Francisco's "athletic" clubs last week resulted fatally to one of the contestants. Charges of murder are laid against all concerned, and several parties, including the principal, are in jail.

The Nationalists of New York will hold a conference on July 2 to decide whether they will go into politics. If they enter the field they will doubtless have the support of the Socialistic element, which in New York city is very large.—A young woman has won the Sargent prize for poetry at Harvard college.—The heaviest rainfalls ever known have deluged the cities of Joliet and Rockford in Illinois. Much damage resulted to property.—The church committee has vindicated the Rev. T. C. Carter, editor of the Chattanooga Christian Advocate, of the charges of slander.—Chicago people are credited with using every effort to make the world's fair a big success.—A nunnery was burnt at Davenport, Iowa, June 12, and one woman perished.

There are fears that the construction of the underground railroad in London may weaken the foundations of St. Paul's cathedral.—Cholera has appeared in Spain, and many fatalities have resulted.—A Presbyterian minister named Imbrie was recently assaulted by Japanese students at Tokio, Japan. The clergyman entered the ball grounds by a rear way, and was "slugged" for beating his way in. Of course Japanese doing the same thing in this country would not be molested!—Ex-President Garcia of Mexico has been excommunicated by the archbishop at the City of Mexico for declaring that the masses of the people are not Catholics.—The English clergy are to make a concerted attack on gambling and betting. They must be doing something to draw attention to themselves.—The first convention of Woman Suffragists met at Toronto June 13.

HOW MOSES HARMAN IS FARING.

KANSAS PENITENTIARY, FIFTH DIVISION, CELL, No. 27. }
Sunday, June 1, 1890. }

Dear Friends, Relatives, Fellow-workers, and Readers All: My first month of convict life having expired, I am permitted to send you another friendly greeting. Am very glad to be able to report myself well and in usual spirits. That is to say, my health is no worse than it has been for several months past. I am glad to be able to say that I have found my surroundings, thus far, less annoying and more endurable than I expected to find them. For two weeks or more I have been employed in the kitchen—officer's kitchen. My work there is not hard, and the fare better adapted to the wants of chronic dyspeptic. My chief cause of mental worry now is the knowledge of the fact that my friends and relatives are worrying about me. One writes, "Is there anything I can do for you? I have supposed that owing to your age and infirmities you would not be put to hard labor, or that an equivalent in money would be accepted by the officials instead of such labor. Hard work would soon kill you. Will they allow you to eat such food as your friends may send you?" Another writes urging me to order the discontinuance of Lucifer and advises the signing of a pledge on my part, never to engage in the publication of a similar paper again. By so doing he thinks the judge, the prosecuting attorney, and in fact all who know anything of the case, would sign a petition to President Harrison, asking for my release from prison. This plan he thinks the only hope. The present sentence of five years, with another indictment hanging over me, he says, simply means, in my case, imprisonment for life. He then adds: "You can help no one by dying in the penitentiary. Your being where you are is causing your dearest friends the deepest sorrow of their lives. Were you dead they would know you were out of misery, but to know every day that you are suffering mentally and perhaps phys-

ically is simply madness. I cannot rest knowing you are where you are and that I cannot help you. I don't believe you can know how I suffered when I saw you disappear through that door, Saturday evening, with that gang of low, depraved criminals."

That these letters and others of similar tone have moved me deeply, that they have brought my heart into my throat, so to speak, and caused unmanly tears to flow, I will not pretend to deny. But while sincerely thanking all who have thus spoken for their sympathetic interest in my welfare I wish to say very briefly in reply: First—Do not lose any sleep or rest because you think me "suffering physically or mentally," for such—except to a very limited extent—is not the case. True, there are many privations, discomforts, annoyances, and chagrins incident to and inseparable from prison life that are not usually met with elsewhere, but I have long since learned that to "devour the chagrins of one's lot" is the true philosophy of life. I do not mean to say that I am able, by a single effort, to gulp down the chagrins of my lot and think no more of them. I mean rather that by my persistent effort I am generally able, as in the present instance, to rise superior to my surroundings, and to enjoy the calm satisfaction and peace of mind that is not born of circumstance, and that is largely, if not wholly, independent of circumstance.

Second—I wish to say in regard to making pledges for the future in order to secure release, that while I cannot foresee what I may be willing to do a year or two from now, for the present I must regretfully decline to comply with the well-meant proposal of my friend quoted above. While estimating freedom of the body at its full value, I prize mental or intellectual freedom still more highly. If ever these prison doors open to let me out I want to walk forth a free man! Not hampered or handicapped with embarrassing pledges or promises. Just now I feel much as I suppose Emerson felt when he wrote: "Let it not be recorded in our own memories, that in this moment of the eternity, when we who were named by our names, flitted across the light, we were afraid of any fact, or disgraced the fair day by a pusillanimous preference of our bread to our freedom" (Vol. 1, p. 158).

My single sheet is about full. I wish, in closing, to return heartfelt thanks to all who have written me here, and to say to all who may intend to write: Please be careful what you write, if you do not wish me to be deprived of the privilege of receiving letters from the outside; and to all who, whether writing or not, believe that "thoughts are things" I would say, please send some of your best thoughts hitherward; and for mottoes or targets upon which to focalize those hitherward thoughts, I suggest the following words: Patience, endurance, self-control, cheerfulness, hopefulness, aspiration, and inspiration. Yours for truth, right, and justice,

MOSES HARMAN.

LABOR UNION TYRANNY.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In your issue of May 31 I find a criticism by J. C. Weybright on my letter published in FREETHOUGHT on May 10. Mr. Weybright seems to concede that the statements I made are true in fact, but he thinks they are bitter, and claims that those who work for the improvement of the human race in a mistaken way are not dreamers.

We all know that dreams are representations which never had a reality. We likewise know that many of the representations of so-called reformers never were, and never will be, realized. Why then is it wrong to call those dreamers who deal in fancies rather than facts?

No doubt Mr. Weybright's aim and mine are identical; we simply differ in method. I, like him, believe that co-operation is the only way by which the laboring classes can obtain the full fruit of their labor. But how can mechanics, who often strike for eight hours, associate themselves with farmers who have to work fourteen hours a day to keep the wolf from the door? Is a mechanic so much higher in the scale of development that eight hours' work of a mechanic is equal to fourteen hours' work of a farmer? I have not found it so, and I am a mechanic by trade and a farmer by occupation. I have no objection to eight hours' labor as a day's work, provided all laborers shall work

eight hours only; the farmers included, and not only the chosen few.

Mr. Weybright seems to have great confidence in unions. If he will look at all our trades unions without prejudice he will find that they all stand on solid selfishness. When a number of men combine together for self-improvement, for mutual assistance, or for any purpose whatever to promote their interest without encroaching upon the rights of their fellow beings, their object is laudable. But when men form unions for the sake of trampling under foot the rights of their fellow men, they deserve the condemnation of every well-meaning man. What right has any union to tell an outsider how long he shall work, how much he shall charge for a day's work, and how much he shall do, or whom they will allow to learn the trade and whom they will exclude? No tyranny can be worse.

Mr. Weybright says: "Shall we do as Germany has done to be wise?" I say yes. The conditions of the laboring classes have improved enormously in Germany within the last fifty years, while in the United States they have been at a standstill, if they have not gone backward.

Let the laboring classes combine so as to reap the full benefit of their labor, and not oppress their fellow laborers as they now do. We cannot improve the human race by making slaves of them. Let mankind be free. That is to say, let them be free to do what their physical and mental developments have fitted them for, so long as they do not encroach upon the rights of their fellow men.

Mr. Weybright's plea for women is well put in, but out of place, since I have as much sympathy for them as he possibly can have.

The comparison between Mr. Ingersoll's ideas and my own lacks the reflection Mr. Weybright ought to have given it. We all are creatures of circumstances. Our thoughts are formed from the impressions left upon our brain; and men who have grown up under different circumstances must necessarily have different ideas and come to different conclusions. Yet in no instance can we form a correct judgment in regard to anything we are not familiar with, and right here is the difference between Mr. Ingersoll and myself. Mr. Ingersoll, likely, never did a day's bodily labor in his life. He has known luxury from childhood, but not want; he has never mingled with the laboring classes, never was one of them. This incapacitates him to a great extent to speak intelligently on the labor question. Had he been turned out to root for himself as early as I was, and been among strangers without a cent in his pockets as often as I have been, his ideas would be different, and on the labor question much more correct.

ROBERT GUNTHER.

Eureka, June 8, 20.

SECULARISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

It would not be possible to frame a constitution more essentially secular than that of the United States and most of the states as they exist to-day. Our fathers were Secularists in the broadest sense of that term, and they did all that could be done in their day. In fact, they did more than would have been accepted but for one fact.

The religious world was divided. The Christians accepted this Freethought constitution, each sect, rather than one that would put one sect in the ascendant and give it the power to persecute them. They preferred Freethought principle to Christian practice. But the constitution was far ahead of the nation, and the law they made far better than the people were prepared for.

So in each state, county, city, and locality the prevailing religion held its own in spite of the constitution, just as slavery did in the teeth of the declaration that all men are born free and equal. Wherever religion had a majority it pursued its old methods, regardless of the constitution, and Freethought rights were only respected where the enemy were divided among themselves.

At last heresy or unbelief has taken such a shape that all the creeds are inclined to do battle against it. It questions the whole Christian faith. It assails every article of the creed. It has be

come a huge army—in our cities three-fourths, in the villages one-half, in the nation a powerful majority. It is stronger in numbers than any one sect. It is abler in argument than all of them. It challenges to debate their ablest champions. It will win the field; if it has not already done so, for absolute Free-thought and perfect secularization if some grand effort be not made against it.

And there are signs that that effort is to be made. The entire Christian army is negotiating for a union and a crusade against the common enemy, the heretic and Infidel.

The holy Roman Catholic church unbends. It declares its allegiance to the republic, speaks of itself as Christian, and of this as a Christian country. The sects are feeling for the Roman Catholic Alliance, and willing to accept it for a victory over religious liberty. Even that old fogey, Dr. Stebbins, called pastor of the Unitarian church here, recognizes the grand old church as the mother of the faith, and says he would be a Catholic, were he not a well-paid pastor of the other end of the track.

All this portends a gathering storm for Secularism. They will begin where they can all agree, and end, if successful, in the extirpation of religious freedom. That is the end and aim.

God in the constitution and a sacred and compulsory Sabbath will be the first step. We all like God! will be the war cry. And the workingman will be persuaded that the Sabbath is to be a day of rest for him. Oh, yes, the church is suddenly concerned for the workers. It wants their votes. And it may get them. There is a danger here. They may be deceived, and they are a great power.

But let them understand this, that a day of rest, to do as you please, is not a Sabbath, and not what the church wants. The day of rest is all right. It might even be two, instead of one, in every seven. But the church wants a sacred day, not to rest, not to do as you please, but to go to church and support the priest, and be forbidden to do ought else. Beware of that kind of a wolf that comes in sheep's clothing.

And God in the Constitution is not a harmless thing, either. It means the repeal of the constitution of our fathers. It means that government shall favor some religion. It means that Free-thought will no more be allowed on that question. The nation has declared for a God, and no man must deny it.

And it will soon mean more. They will proceed to define God. A God of truth, justice, mercy, and goodness would not do them. As one of our papers says, "that is not the God that is in the churches." That God would do no harm. But they would have the God of the Bible, who appoints priests, clothes them with powers, and damns eternally all who do not believe them. That accomplished, all liberty is lost. Heresy is a crime, the scientist must find only religious truth in nature, and the press and all others speak respectfully of the anointed priesthood.

All the rest would soon follow. The church has never been known to yield a point it had the power to make or keep. The United States would soon have a grand Ecumenical council, of which Cardinal Gibbons would be president and Pastor Stebbins the grand secretary; and the council would decree as follows:

"Our fathers were great fools and not instructed in the ways of God; men have no inalienable rights; men are not by nature free or equal; no man should think for himself; the people have no right to rule; the priests should dictate policy; the Christian religion is true; it must be believed as we say, on pain of death and hell. Amen."

This is the programme in short for us. This is the dose the American people are expected to swallow if they will. And there will be no honor, no scruple in accomplishing that end, if it may be achieved. Priests have never shown either when it stood in the way of their ambition.

Our only safety lies in setting the current the other way—to not to an utter defeat of the constitution, but to a general observance and enforcement. In all things let us be worthy of our fathers and preserve all the rights they declared ours. H. L. K.

THE Socialistic Labor party, which cast a large vote for Henry George in New York a few years ago, is no longer in friendly relations with the great apostle of the Single Tax. Mr. George's paper, the Standard, says: "So far as the Socialistic Labor party

is concerned, it can be depended upon to oppose any rational scheme of political action, and to do so in utter disregard of good faith and common sense."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR MAY.

During the month thirty-six membership certificates were issued, making the total enrollment to May 31 1043 members. The new members are from New York, 1; Illinois, 1; Missouri, 1; Texas, 4; Montana, 1; Alabama, 6; Ohio, 4; Michigan, 1; Massachusetts, 2; Ontario, 2; Colorado, 13. F. H. RAU, Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from April	\$10 75	
J. T. Allison, Texas	40	
F. Shodl, Col.	1 00	
Wm. Perkins, Mo.	50	
Harmon Wettstein, Ill.	1 00	
Wm. Horsfall, N. Y.	25	
		13 90
	Expended	3 20
		10 70
Hannibal, Mo.		A. R. AVRES, Treas.

A CONVENTION OF TEXAS LIBERALS.

To the Liberals of Texas: After considerable discussion through the columns of the Independent Pulpit and an extensive correspondence with Liberals in this state it has been determined to hold a general meeting in Waco, Texas, July 15, 16, and 17, 1890; to which all who have at heart, and hold dear, that absolute freedom of thought and expression, in the search for truth, which is the natural right of every rational being, are cordially invited.

The object for holding such a meeting is to inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture, and practical benevolence, in which all liberal minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improvement, physical amelioration, social well-being and consequent happiness of the human race. Therefore, the following subjects will no doubt be discussed in such order as may be agreed upon by those in attendance:

1. Is an organization practicable?
2. On what basis shall it be established?
3. What particular aims are to be attained by it?
4. What methods of work will be most effective in the attainment of its aims?

With an object so laudable for an incentive, and with subjects so important for discussion, it is expected that the occasion will be one of unusual interest to all morally disposed, freethinking people, and a large attendance is solicited. Very truly,
Waco, Texas. J. D. SHAW.

THE Australian ballot system has been adopted in Tennessee, and as it excludes illiterates, the politicians have inaugurated night schools wherein negroes may be taught to read.

IN Professor Huxley's last contribution to the "Nineteenth Century" the editor of "Liberty" finds evidence that the writer has a leaning toward philosophical Anarchy.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Grey's River	June 11 to 18	Baker City	July 27, 28, 29
Portland	June 22	Union	July 30
Cascades, Wash.	June 24, 25	New Bridge	Aug. 1, 2, 3
Fossil, Or.	June 29	Summerville	Aug. 5, 6, 7
Lost Valley	July 1	Dayton	Aug. 10, 11
Wagner	July 2, 3, 4	Rosalia	Aug. 13
Mitchell	July 5, 6	Plaza	Aug. 14
Prineville and vicinity	July 8 to 16	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
Monument	July 18	Spokane Falls	Aug. 17
Hamilton	July 19	Davenport	Aug. 18, 19
Fox	July 20, 21, 22	Buckley	Aug. 21, 22, 23
John Day	July 24	Tacoma	Aug. 25
Prairie City	July 25	Port Townsend	Aug. 31

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ENTITLED PARABLES.

Simon is Armed, and Continues his Journey.—Meeting with Blunt.—Comes to Grief.

1. Who is this that cometh with lordly steps? That paweth the air like the impatient ass? Who is he that cometh with his garments dyed? His garments are dyed with blood, and smeared with pellucid mire.

2. He cometh with the aspect of a king, and prancing like unto a war-horse. Declare to us his name, that we may greet him with due reverence.

3. Blow the loud trumpets, and waken the timbrels. Aha, thou proud charger, why dost thou bray? Why arch thy soft neck?

4. Whoa! Whoa!

5. And it came to pass, that when Simon was duly welcomed, his bones were sore. And the city was illuminated by much moonshine, and the trumpeting began.

6. Yea, the trumpeting began, and it was a jubilant trumpeting, and the city shook again. And the guides shouted with a great shout, and took the yellow metal from him.

7. Then did they take Simon to a certain smith's and having put an halter upon him, they tied him fast to a stall, and the smith came and lifted up one of Simon's feet and took off his shoe, and in its place nailed on another called gospel, and when he had shod him on the one, he did likewise to the other.

8. And after this they took a helmet made of green paper, in the shape of a cone, and put it upon his head, and put a sword in his hand. And the name of the helmet was Deafears, and the name of the sword Intolerance.

9. But the armory of the city was in a woeful plight, for the Giants did continually break into it, and break the swords in pieces, so that the pilgrims were unable to arm themselves as of yore.

10. And they put upon him a cloak called Righteousness, made of linen, but exceedingly transparent and rotten withal, so that it was soon in rags. And people saw through it, and that under it was much filthiness.

11. Now they who were masters of the gate called Katholikos, which goeth into the city of Conversion, boasted that they could cleanse this cloak by means of a certain soap called Confession, and make it smooth and straight by means of a mangle called Penance.

12. But they of the gates by which Simon entered had neither soap nor mangle.*

13. Then they put Simon into a press, and pressed his face until it was of sufficient length, and when they had done that he was ready to go on his way.

14. And Godlyguts blessed Simon, and he was blest indeed. And he went on his way singing—King, Lamb, and Ghost, ye glorious host. I sing your praises. But for ye three, I should, I see, have gone to blazes. But here I am, in blood of Lamb, I've had a wash. Yet I deserve, without reserve, immortal smash. Good Godlyguts, his hand he puts, upon my head. And well I'm blest, and from my breast, all fears are fled.

15. And having sung and recovered from his labor, he set himself to his journey afresh, and having traveled but a little way he fell in with the man whose name was Blunt.

16. And Simon was very valiant, and feared not any, for said he, I am armed with armor that is able to overcome even Ahri-manes. So he talked with Blunt.

17. And Blunt said, Come now and I will speak a parable unto thee.

18. A certain man had many children, and he made himself a garden, and sent his children into it to play.

19. Now in the middle of the garden he had dug a great pit, and at the bottom of the pit he placed a great number of very sharp thorns, so that should any fall in, they should be grievously hurt and wounded thereby; and he concealed the whereabouts of the pit.

20. And he spake unto his children, saying, Ye shall not go near the middle of the garden, for thereabouts I have dug a pit, into which if ye fall I will assuredly burn you alive.

21. And Simon was wroth, and said, What sayest thou? Did he lay snares for his children, knowing they would fall into them, and when they fell into them burn them alive?

22. And Blunt answered and said, Yea, and had a very great fire in readiness. Moreover there went a man to the children and persuaded them vehemently to go into the middle of the garden for that all the choice fruits were there, and that there was not any pit. And the father of the children knew that this man would persuade them, and that his persuasions would prevail, and he could have hindered the man from persuading them and would not.

23. And Simon said, Then the father desired to burn his children alive, and with much care sought occasion and excuse to do it. Surely no man is so vile. Surely there is no man so unjust, nor any so full of malice and cruelty?

24. And Blunt went on saying, And the children were persuaded, and went into the middle of the garden and fell into the pit, and were grievously wounded.

25. And the fire which the father had made surrounded the garden on every side, and grew nearer and nearer.

26. And the father to justify himself said, I have prepared a way of escape for them; there is a pathway under the ground by which they may come out. But the children knew not where the entrance to the pathway was, and though they strove hard to find it they could not.

27. And the father hid himself from his children and would not tell them where the entrance was.

28. And many men went and said to the children, Your father hath sent me to point out to you the entrance.

29. And one of the men said, It is here, and another said, It is there, and another said, It is yonder; some say, It lieth this way, and some said, It lieth that way; and thus were the children mocked, and knew not which way to go.

30. And the father knew the true way and could have shown it them, and have hindered the men from deceiving the children, and he would not.

31. And he justified himself by saying, One of the men knoweth the true way, and will lead them to it, if they will but give heed to him.

32. And he would not hinder the other men from deceiving the children, and thus the most part of them were caught in the flames, for they knew not which of the men to follow, for they all alike said, We are sent by your father.

33. And Simon was very wroth at the father of the children, and said, Truly he was the vilest of men, and unspeakably wicked, and deserved to be torn to pieces by the dogs; nay, that no punishment could be devised great enough to sufficiently punish him.

34. And Blunt went on saying, And the children not only were caught in the fire, but the father had cunningly devised that the fire should not slay them outright, but on the contrary keep them alive, and torture them horribly, not only for days and months, but for many, very many years.

35. Then said Simon, He was not a man, but some accursed demon, and he cursed him very bitterly, and Blunt joined in the curses very heavily.

36. And Simon said, Tell me I beseech thee who he is, that I may curse him by name.

37. And Blunt with a deep voice cried out, Thou hast adjudged him. Oh Simon, he is thy king, even the King Jah.

38. Hereabouts some one fell down in a swoon, and when I looked to see who it was, I saw it was Simon.

39. And presently there came up innumerable hobgoblins, and many horrific creatures, and tore Simon out of the gutter and made much sport of him, tossing him from one to another, and kicking him hither and thither, and bemauling and bespattering

* It is singular that popular cries should so long outlive all recollection of their original meaning. Here we have undoubtedly the origin of the cries, "How are you off for soap?" And "Has your mother sold her mangle?" so common in our streets, and the meaning of which not even the most ingenious dealer in folk-lore has been able to discover. Nay, the cries in question may have been usually supposed to have no meaning whatever, and yet how pithy and apt they become when viewed in the light our invaluable MS. throws upon them.—Trs.

him without pity, and his new cloak and his armor came hideously to grief.

40. And many days afterwards the guide whose name was Godlyguts was prowling about, when he stumbled over a mud heap.

41. And the mud heap moaned pitifully, for it was no other than Simon, and Godlyguts ran to the city and returned, bringing with him some of the other guides; and they brought vessels of water and threw them upon Simon, and when they had sufficiently cleaned him, they took him and drew him into the moat called Mystery.

42. And when they had rinsed him, they threw him out and having dried him in the moonshine by which the city was illuminated, they took him into the city and armed and clothed him afresh.

43. And Simon revived and was more valiant than before, and addressed himself to his journey anew.

To be Continued.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

To the Editors of Fr. ethought:

In your issue of May 24 you slightly criticise Mr. Stanford's land-loan scheme. In my opinion, the great defect of that bill is that it proposes to use the credit of the government for the benefit of a class. It is a mere extension of the same privilege now enjoyed by the bond-holding national banks to another class. The only difference is that the bankers are taxed one per cent. on their circulation guaranteed by the government, and thus resting on the credit system, while the owners of land are to be charged two per cent. instead of one, and it is to be called interest instead of a tax.

And, remember, it is not farmers as a class who are to be benefited, but land-owners. A farmer is a man who farms, not one who merely owns land. Let us suppose, on one hand, a land-owner who leases his land to tenants, and on the other one of his tenant farmers. Which of the two would get the benefit of this bill? Plainly the landlord, not the farmer. Those farmers who own land would get a small share of the pie, but they would get it as land-owners, not as farmers.

What is needed is not an extension of privileges now enjoyed by certain classes to others, but the abolition of all privileges and the establishment of equal rights. The national banks now enjoy this privilege of using the people's credit, which enables them to obtain double interest on the same money—once on the bonds, and again on the money issued on the security of the bonds. Instead of extending similar valuable privileges to land-owners, we should immediately do away with the privilege held by the banks by substituting currency issued directly by the government for the national bank notes.

Another objection to Mr. Stanford's bill is that it would encourage land speculation and discourage improvement. The money is to be loaned on land values alone, exclusive of improvements. Now suppose a man owning an unimproved piece of land worth \$10,000 borrows \$5000 on it. If he spends the money in making improvements he can get no more, but if he buys more land with it he can get another \$2500. It would be a fine thing for the railroad companies and others who hold vast tracts of unimproved land, but how would it affect the poor man who wants land for a farm? One great trouble is now that so much land is held in idleness by speculators that it is difficult for those who would put it to a useful purpose to obtain it. Would not the passage of this bill of Mr. Stanford's cause speculators to still more firmly hold their land on account of the valuable privilege its ownership would carry with it of obtaining the use of Uncle Sam's credit at a low rate of interest?

The farmers are not paupers. They can take care of themselves. The only "relief" they need is relief from unjust taxation. Let the government stop picking their pockets for the benefit of a variety of privileged classes—blood-suckers on the body politic—and they will be all right. Stop taxing them on their stock, on their tools and machinery, on their household furniture, their trees, their fences and other improvements, on all the products of their labor, and take off the exorbitant import

duties on the goods received in exchange for their exported products, and you will benefit the actual farmer and the industrious and enterprising of every other class, without injustice to any.

But if the government is going to loan money to farmers, let it loan it as the farmers themselves proposed at the Alliance convention held last fall in St. Louis—not upon land, but upon farm produce held in store in government warehouses as security. This would leave the mere land speculator out in the cold, and give at least a portion of the benefit to the actual producing farmer. Yours,

W. G. SELLERS.

San Francisco, June 11, 1890.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

The Single Tax Society of this city has addressed the following circular to the citizens of San Francisco:

The past winter has been a hard one upon both business and laboring men. Unemployed labor means dull times for business, but the rent collector makes his unfailling monthly round, and gas and water bills must be met, rain or shine. To aggravate matters, the assessor now calls upon every citizen for a statement of his property, that a percentage of its value may be taken for public use.

Has a lot-owner erected a building, thus giving employment to labor and creating business? The city and state will punish him by taxing the value so created.

Has a merchant a large stock of goods on hand, the production of which has given employment to labor? The state must have a share of their value also.

Even the household furniture of men forced to accept work in the Park at low wages at the hands of so-called charity, will be taxed by the sovereign people.

Is this just? Is it sensible? To tax improvements is to discourage the employment of labor. Taxing goods has the same effect. Taxing the poor man's furniture is no better than highway robbery.

Our manufacturers say they cannot compete with the East on account of high wages. Their employees say that wages must be kept up to meet the high cost of living. If we take the taxes off the manufacturer's plant and product, he can compete without reducing wages. If we will take the taxes off houses, goods, and furniture, the cost of living will be less.

Wages are the last thing that should be reduced, for good wages mean good times. Reduce the working man's ability to buy, and hard times are the necessary result. Then we hear the senseless cry of "over-production," at the very time when those whose labor produces all wealth are suffering from want of the things they have produced.

Ruinous taxation is set down by Labor Commissioner Tobin as one of the causes of the decay of wool-manufacturing in this state. He says that in many states manufactories are either partly or wholly exempt from taxation, while in California all their costly buildings and machinery are fully taxed. "The Pioneer Mills," he says, "had to pay last year \$7000 for taxes."

High prices for water, fuel, and insurance he gives as other reasons why our mills cannot compete with those of the East. All these items are increased by our system of taxation. The result has been the closing of the Pioneer Mills, "throwing 700 employees out of work." Mills in Oakland, Los Angeles, Santa Rosa, Stockton, and Woodland are closed down, depriving many more of employment.

Do we want a boom in San Francisco? Not a boom in sand lots, but a boom in business; in building and manufacturing and legitimate enterprise of every kind? If we do—if we want to make work plenty and business brisk, and place our city on a solid basis of prosperity—let us abandon the stupid plan of taxing industry and enterprise.

We have great natural advantages that should give us a foremost rank in many branches of manufacture. Work can be performed to advantage every day in the year. It is never too hot, never too cold. Our noble harbor faces the grandest ocean in the world, surrounded by populous nations with whom to exchange our products. Our iron shipbuilders have shown what they can do in competition with those on the Delaware—the

home in America of that industry. All that they, and many other industries, need is that we shall cease to hamper and discourage them by unwise, unjust, and ruinous taxation.

Now the taxes are necessary, and if justly laid and honestly expended, a benefit, not an injury. It pays to have effective fire and police departments, good sewers, and well paved and lighted streets. Then why do we grumble at paying for them? The principal reason is that those who pay the taxes do not get their just proportion of the benefits. Some pay heavily who get but little benefit, while others who are greatly benefited pay little or nothing.

Who pays them? The man who is industrious and enterprising; the man who builds a house, or a factory, or a business block. Such a man increases the value of every foot of land in the city, and we discourage him by fining him for every nail he drives and every brick he lays. Is it any wonder that he grumbles when we tax him for giving employment to labor? Is it any wonder that men are out of work, when we punish others for employing them? We have adopted the Turkish method of taxation: "When you see anything, grab it." It is a great injustice to tax one man for the benefit of others, when he has already increased the value of their property by his improvements. The burden of taxation falls mainly on the man who improves, while those who stand in the way of improvements are let off with a nominal tax. This is not equitable. Those who receive the benefit of taxes spent, should pay them. This is but simple justice, and the only question should be

Who reaps the benefit?

Do public improvements increase the value of buildings? No; but they do increase the value of land. Therefore, if we wish to tax the man who receives the benefit, we must tax the value of land only.

It may be said that the rate would have to be raised. Well, supposing it were; what difference would it make whether a man paid \$50 a year on his house and lot, or \$50 a year on his lot alone? Not any; but it would make a great difference to the speculator, who blocks improvement by asking big prices for vacant land. A table has been prepared showing that if all the taxable land in this city were assessed at its full value, and all other property exempted, it would not be necessary to raise the rate in order to obtain the full amount of taxes now levied.

If we want our city to prosper, let us endeavor to have a change made in our constitution and laws that will enable us to adopt the common-sense plan of exempting the products of industry and enterprise, and taxing nothing but land values. Land values are created by the community, and it is nothing but plain and simple justice that they alone should be taxed to pay the necessary expenses of the community.

Is it wise to use the taxing power to enrich owners of vacant land and to diminish the profits of productive enterprises, when by exempting improvements we would encourage land-owners to improve their property?

If capital invested in business and manufacturing is taxed, is it not equivalent to a license fee for the privilege of doing business and employing labor?

Take taxes off improvements, and every workingman will pay less taxes on his home; every merchant can sell cheaper; every manufacturer can increase the wages of his employees.

Taxes on goods, on buildings and machinery, and license taxes as well, must all be paid in the end by the purchaser of the goods. All such taxes increase the cost of living. Why should we increase the cost of living by taxation? Why should we use the taxing power to discourage our citizens from engaging in business?

NATIONALISM VERSUS PROHIBITION.

The February "Nationalist" contains an article entitled "A Liquor-Solution Precipitated," raising a question which, it appears to me, should be settled by Nationalists at the outset and once for all.

That question is embodied in the somewhat startling proposition that Nationalists should unite with the Prohibitionists to "close the saloon." In other words it is proposed that Nationalism form the tail to the kite of Prohibition.

I shall refrain from dwelling at any length on the merits or demerits of the Prohibition movement, except as to its economic side; I do not consider this magazine the proper ground for such foreign discussions. I shall refrain from referring to the various vices, such as the opium habit, covered with the mantle of Prohibition; I will not enlarge upon the comparative growth of inebriety in sections where prohibition prevails, the fear of detection adding hypocrisy to the evil; I shall not present the argument of the moderate drinker, nor advert to the comparative decorum and sobriety existing in countries where prohibitive measures would be laughed to scorn and where innocent enjoyment and decency are insured for the music—and beer—garden by the universal patronage of women in company with their fathers, husbands, and brothers; I shall but suggest the fact that the remedy offered by the Prohibitionists proposes to put in place of the evil of occasional intemperance the wrong of universal coercion and tyranny, such as might indeed have won the public mind in the days of Blue-Laws and Scotch Calvinism, but which is sadly out of place when all tends to the goal of perfect personal liberty.

But what I do desire to develop in this article is the pivotal fact that the philosophy and policy of these two movements are so utterly irreconcilable that it would be suicidal for Nationalists to entertain any thought of affiliating politically with Prohibitionists.

We Nationalists believe, supported by a vast array of facts, that man tends to develop into more exalted conceptions and practices of morality as his environments become more just and tolerable, and that, therefore, it is necessary to ameliorate these before the former can effectually be improved. We have made it a policy, therefore, that no purely ethical, religious, or, least of all, sumptuary discussions should be entertained by us as Nationalists.

The Prohibitionist, on the other hand, is pledged to the extremely narrow view that by withdrawing the possibility of obtaining drink (if that were possible) man will be made better in spite of himself and that, hence (here he makes an enormous jump in his argument) he will become prosperous. He is absolutely blind and deaf to any other view than that liquor is the sole cause to which can be traced all the evils of society.

These antipodal theories should make it conclusive that there is absolutely no common ground whereon Nationalists and Prohibitionists can meet. To my mind it is incomprehensible how the latter can consistently become identified with Nationalism, how one who, with the author of the article under discussion, exclaims that "no other question (referring to the liquor problem) is so deeply allied with the labor and industrial problem" can indorse the Nationalist programme, which affirms distinctly that "as long as competition continues to be the ruling factor in our industrial system the highest development of the individual cannot be reached," and that "those who seek the welfare of man must endeavor to suppress the system based on the brute principle of competition," and which in no way alludes to the influences of the liquor traffic.

It is stated in the article by Mr. Kempton that "the liquor traffic robs labor not only of the ability and power to produce earth products and manufactured goods, but also of the power and privilege of purchasing and enjoying the average consumer's share of said goods and products. Let \$10,000,000 be expended annually for better food, more clothing, furniture, and home comforts, and the manufacturers' cry of 'overproduction' and their demands for a reduction in wages would cease. Underconsumption is one great cause of our business disturbances, and this comes chiefly through the liquor saloons which are permitted to exist and the drinking habits of the people." This view is so utterly at variance with the position of Nationalists that I cannot forego pointing out its errors.

Under the present system of production and distribution, it is not true that by temperance the wage-earner would be enabled to enjoy more of the "earth's products and manufactured goods." Quite the reverse is true. If universal sobriety prevailed among workingmen, the consequence, under the present absurd system, would be that the employer would get more work out of him and that, his wants being reduced, his wages would sink; the share he would get in the product of his labor would be decreased not

only by the amount formerly expended in drink, but also by the additional work the employer would be able to extract from him, until the overworked and underfed human machine collapsed.

In this respect the position of Prohibitionists is on a par with that of "philanthropists" of the Atkinson type, who devise all sorts of schemes, such as fuel-saving stoves, cheap food, etc., for the benefit of the workman. Cheap food and penurious economy, the curses of Ireland and India, when modern industry could empty the horn of plenty over every human being! What a satire upon human understanding! Has Mr. Kempton ever considered that India has a population practicing universal abstinence from liquor? And is he not also aware that misery reached its climax among that unfortunate population?

Again referring to the above extract, Mr. Kempton forgets that, were the liquor traffic abolished to-day, a vast army of wage-earners would be thrown out of employ; untold misery and privation would be added to the present almost intolerable lot of the workman. Moreover, since as production has already to-day glutted the market, and since the tendency with every successful effort at consolidation of capital, every labor-saving invention, is to retrench, to throw wage-earners out of employment, it is not seen where these would be able to apply their undoubted "ability and power to produce." They would simply swell the numbers of the already stupendous army of unemployed and tramps, or by their competition in the crowded labor-market they would aid in depressing wages still further, and thus the sum total of misery and destitution would be enormously increased.

By the way, what is set up on page 110, to wit: "Capital robs labor more or less in various ways, but none more so than the \$118,037,729 engaged in the liquor business in 1880, which paid labor only \$15,978,579; while the same amount of capital in legitimate, useful industries, employed five times the number of men and paid in wages \$60,314,000," is not calculated to fortify Mr. Kempton's position, for it appears from the figures there quoted that the average wage paid to the individual wage-worker by the liquor industries in 1880 was more than 1 1-4 (one and one-fourth) times that paid by the "legitimate and useful industries."

Prohibitionists differ from Nationalists in this that they fail to recognize the fact that the prevalence of drunkenness is among the two extremes of society.

The one class, the underpaid and overworked pariah, careworn and neglected, with no avenue of rational enjoyment, having neither time nor means nor energy left to allow the intellectual being to grow, no hope of ever escaping from his wretched condition, readily resorts to almost the only means of enjoyment, of covering wretchedness for a time with oblivion, the rum bottle.

The other class, the worthless idler, living on the work of others, the scion of aristocracy and plutocracy, satiated with enjoyment, steeped in pleasures, without the wholesome and tempering influence of useful work, seeks to drown moral prostration and *degout* in debauchery and excess.

Both these classes will disappear upon the advent of a just distribution of wealth, upon the destruction of competition, and with them, so Nationalists hold, the evils of intemperance.

Nationalists also hold that in the physical exhaustion resultant from the poor and insufficient food the wage-worker in many trades is able to buy and the intensity of his labor, he would simply break down much earlier than otherwise if he did not resort to stimulants, and that in such cases it would be cruel restraint to deny him the support in the weary *golgotha* of his life.

But I do not intend to enlarge further on these facts self-evident to Nationalists. All I desire to inculcate is that there exists so fundamental a difference between the two movements that it is futile to speak of a common cause. The one involves the philosophy of ascetism, the other claims the right of enjoyment for all. It holds that enjoyment for all is rational and conducive to the weal of society, and, therefore, moral; it holds ascetism to be either morbid or hypocritical.

While I have no hesitancy in believing that advocates of temperance and total abstinence may, and undoubtedly have, become valuable promoters of Nationalism, still it must not be forgotten that, most likely, the bulk of Nationalists believe otherwise. As to those who believe in prohibition, the enactment of sumptuary

laws, the interference with the private affairs of the individual, a position deprecated by many total abstainers, they cannot in my judgment become allied with our movement.—MAX GEORGH, in the Nationalist.

A SECULAR VICTORY IN WASHINGTON.

The school board at Lynden, Whatcom county, Washington, finding the law unmistakably against them, reconsidered their recent defiance, and have instructed the teachers to discontinue all religious worship, exercise, or instruction in the public schools. Having justice, reason, and all the law on our side, the directors of the Washington Secular Union have pursued the most patient and conservative course, studiously avoiding anything like dictation, or offensive or hasty action.

Vice-president Tobiassen, our executive officer for Lynden, first obtained evidence that the public school was opened with reading the Bible, repeating the Lord's prayer, and singing gospel hymns. He then waited on the members of the school board, called their attention to the requirements of the Constitution, and kindly requested them to instruct the teachers to obey the law. They asked time to consider the matter, which was granted them; after nearly three weeks, they inform him of their determination to continue religious exercises and instruction in the schools and defied the Liberals to stop it.

Under advisement of our president, R. Winsor—one of the most acute and able lawyers of the state—we sent letters to the state board of education, calling their attention to the facts, and asking them to take action in the matter (see FREETHOUGHT, June 7, 1890). Determined, if possible, to avoid litigation, and the fierce, religious hate and bitter dissension it would engender, I went to Lynden, and at the Opera House there delivered two lectures, calling attention to the law and proving that it was equally to the interest of the most devout Christian, as to the Liberal, that the wise provision of the Constitution (Art. I. Sec. 2) should be enforced.

The following extract from a letter of Vice-president Tobiassen, of Lynden, dated June 8, 1890, will be read with interest.

Last Tuesday, E. O'Neil and Wm. Lauckhart, two of our most influential citizens (both members of the W. S. U. and of the Lynden Secular Union), visited the public school. Soon as school was called to order, the principal announced to the school that he had received orders from the school board to henceforth discontinue all religious exercise or instruction in the school. One of the pupils asked if they could sing a gospel hymn. The principal answered, "No!" An item in the last Lynden Press states that our public schools are now opened without prayer, scripture reading, or singing, greatly to the disgust of many of the pupils.

Beyond doubt, the Lynden school board did not revoke their first decision, especially in view of the excitement on the part of the religionists, until after consultation and advice from the state superintendent of public instruction. If so, thus ends all religious worship, exercise, or instruction in any public school in the state of Washington. Glory to organized effort!

All funds contributed for the purpose of making an appeal to the courts will be at once returned to the generous donors.

Our next struggle will be to enforce obedience to the law in regard to taxation of all church property at its full valuation.

Once again I call on every genuine Liberal of this state, in any precinct where it has not already been done, to send in their names as members of the Washington Secular Union, and induce all Liberals in their neighborhood to do likewise, and soon as this is done, elect from their own number a vice-president of the state society, who shall be the executive officer of the Washington Secular Union for that precinct, so that by right of office, and in performance of duty as the authorized officer of the united Liberals of the state, the assessment rolls may be examined, and when church property is not assessed at full valuation as the law requires (Art. I. Sec. 2, of the Constitution and H. B. 179, by Hughes, of King county), demand compliance, and in any case of refusal report to me as secretary of Washington Secular Union that I lay the matter before the board of directors for prompt action.

C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. Washington Secular Union.
2104 Sixth street, Seattle, Wash.

Be happy and you will be virtuous.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

Architects and Builders.

F. Emil Neubauer, 1955 Market st.

Art-Glass, Bending and Cutting Works.

Hopper & Schroeder, 39 1/2 Fremont st., cor. Mission.

Assayers.

H. W. Walker, Teacher of Assaying, and Practical Worker of ores. Office 109, Montgomery Block, corner Washington and Montgomery streets.

Boot and Shoemaker.

George Schwab, Fashionable and Practical Shoe maker, 438 Bush street, above California Theater.
C. Heick, Boot and Shoe Store, 508 Fourth street.

Cabinet-makers.

A. J. Forbes & Son, 213 Mission st.

Carpenters and Builders.

A. H. Schou, 677 Twenty-fifth st., OAKLAND

Contracting Painters.

Jos. Larsen, 240 Montgomery st., rooms 25 and

Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

Davis & Cowen, 929 Market st.

Dentists.

S. P. Chalfant, N. E. cor. Market and Mason sts. (Entrance, No. 8 Mason st.)

Geologist.

Chas. F. Blackburn, Practical Mining Geologist, Seattle, Wash.

Independent German Congregation.

Frederick Schuenemann-Pott, speaker, 845 Golden Gate ave.

Laundries.

J. W. Selzer, People's Laundry, Office 221 Grant ave.

Lawyers.

Geo. W. Schell, 320 California st.

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S. H. Morse, Inglewood House, 126 Fifth st.

Merchant Tailors.

Chas. F. Burgman, 101 Fifth st.

Wm. W. Noble, 1222 Stockton st.

Magnesia Sectional Covering.

C. B. Johnson & Co., 59 Clay st.

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Henry Krause, teacher of Piano and Zither, 1467 Grove st., (OAKLAND.)

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G. W. Daywalt, M.D., rooms 14 and 15, Murphy Building, 1236 Market st.

Dr. C. A. Bonesteel, Consulting Physician in all forms of Nervous and Mental Diseases for MEN ONLY. Office, 105 Stockton st., Rooms 4 and 5, San Francisco, Cal.

Stoves and Plumbing.

F. Koch, 1063 Howard st.

Stoves (Gasoline).

Thomas Curtis, 24 Hayes st.

Upholstering and Furniture.

August Lutge, 1144 Howard street.

Wine, Beer, and Liquor.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co., 529 California st.
Rapp & Debarry, U. S. Beer Bottling Establishment cor. McAllister and Franklin sts.

J. O. Scott, 655 Sacramento st.

The Social, 1057 Folsom street, A. G. Wood & Co.

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Glindeman & Schweitzer, 303 Kearny st.

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Enough is provided if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more
Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard,
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches
And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth,
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.
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Bought with the labor of half-paid men—
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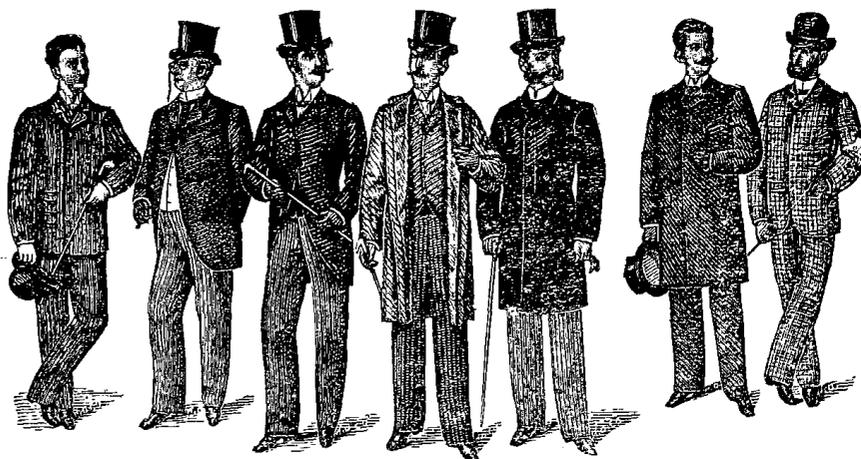
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - - JUNE 28, 1890.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Byron says "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and surrounded by these big woods of Oregon and Washington, with the "big waters" also rolling away in splendor and variety, one can enjoy the fleeting days, be it rain or shine. Here are the delights of solitude. We are outside of the world, and nature rules in her wild magnificence. But the world is pressing on even into these vast wildernesses and the flags of commerce from all parts of the world are streaming over the river and the sea. The Columbia, a majestic flood, twelve miles wide, sweeps by Astoria into the mighty ocean. Round about are the wooded shores stretching back into the precipitous hills and mountains, the latter with snowy caps shining above the blue ridges which encircle the horizon with changeful forms, while to the west the immense Pacific glitters with dancing billows. In this framework of beauty and sublimity, where nature's serenest haunts vibrate with the breath of civilization, and the vanishing spirits of the old come face to face with the new ere they flit forever into oblivion, thought has ample room for flight, and the poetic muse can weave its brightest pictures, for where nature is old and civilization is new, there the heart and brain can revel in exuberance of life. Confronting the gigantic forests, along whose vivid green tower the ghostly monuments of uncounted ages, where the wild beast still wanders and mingles his fiery glance with the puff of the engine; and the little cabin and flower garden seem dropped as if by magic in the midst of untraveled scenes, only an hour's journey from the splendid steamships, which make music on the watery path, the dreamer finds a mingling of repose and activity that is simply enchanting. The very beginning of the world is here, and the pulse of yesterday beats in the long shadows of the primeval arches. The shores of Columbia are destined one day to be a great centre of human industry. With a dozen railroads piercing the mountains and piling the wealth of millions of acres upon the wharves of Astoria and Frankfort to be borne by great ships to every part of the globe, these rivers and bays and harbors and rolling ocean will present a gorgeous picture of man's achievements where in the

long ago the gods of land first won their victory over the deities of the sea.

Thursday morning, June 12, I was on board the steamer Rival, which outrivals every steamer on the river with the tardiness of its motion. However, I was in no hurry, and while the steamer slowly puffed its way to Grey's River I could dreamily enjoy the magnificent scenery of the brilliant dawn. Hundreds of sails could be seen glinting in the sunrise. The river itself was like a vast ocean as it swept to the sea, and from the boundless sea the eye could wander to the encircling mountains, whose lofty summits, like grand sentinels, sent the first smiles of the sun to the breast of the Pacific. After tumbling along for two or three hours we finally rounded Rocky point and came in view of Stark's point, and while uncertain as to what my course might be for the rest of the day, John Nelson, of Deep River, hove alongside and I was transferred bag and baggage to his skiff in order that by a more expeditious conveyance than the steamer I might reach my destination for the evening. Rounding Stark's point, we plowed our way over Deep river, which is so deep that no plummet has ever sounded its bottom, and nobody knows where it is. It may be that if one should try to find the bottom he would land in sheol. Not desirous of plunging into such theological mysteries, we landed safe at the home of Nelson with John Anderson and family, and there we stayed until evening, when the clans of Freethought began to gather—and some Christians with them—and I gave a lecture on "The Evolutions of a Century." That night I went home with O. Nelson and his family to Crooked Creek, where the "watch-dog's honest bark" always greets the midnight wanderer. It was after twelve o'clock when I got to bed, but the next day I had a long rest, for there was no lecture on Friday night.

On Saturday we went over the bay in the sunny afternoon to Frankfort. Last year this had the humble name of Barney's Point, but that name is not good enough for it now. The boom is come. Our friend W. W. Butts has been burned out, and has sold out. A syndicate is now running the affair, and the future metropolis of Frankfort is laid out with all the magnificence that paper maps can give. Streets are constructed on blue paper through unbroken forest. Three buildings are already under way—Mr. Butts's new hotel and hall, the post-office, and the headquarters of the company. I lectured in the latter, through the kindness of Mr. Thorburn, the agent of the company, Mr. Butts's building not being completed. A pretty good number were present. Of course Frankfort is all in the "mind's eye." It has a good harbor—the best, they say, from Portland to Astoria. If the railroads now planned from Port Townsend and Olympia are ever built, undoubtedly Frankfort will be a splendid business point and the dreams of its projectors will be fulfilled.

I was sorry to find Mr. Butts an invalid, but I trust the bracing atmosphere of the Columbia will bring health again. I hope that with the growth of Frankfort the colors of Freethought will

not be lost. As the first discourse ever given in the new city was for liberty, may it not be the last, when the engine and the steamship shall give to its barren heights the splendor of wealth.

Sunday morning, bright and early, on the flowing tide we take our way—all of us—to Anderson's, up Grey's river, where the hospitable board is spread for dinner. After dinner, nearly a score, by boat, proceed four miles further up stream to Walker's, where, after landing, we walk about a mile to the school-house. Last year the Christians attended the lectures in good numbers, but this year hardly one was to be seen. I lectured on "Freethought and Morality." After the lecture, I returned to Anderson's and lectured on Monday evening in the school-house near by, on "Evolution and Creation." The attendance of Liberals was quite encouraging. They came from far and near. Traveling in this country is not very luxurious. There are no roads, and horses and carriages are useless. We must go by boat, or by trail on foot, and the trails are not easily found in the depths of the forest. Friends came dozens of miles by boats to attend the lectures, and thus manifested a deep interest in the cause, which to the lecturer is most inspiring.

In all, four lectures were given, and the world moves here as elsewhere.

A little Freethinker, about two months old, I guess, by this time, has joined the ranks of the Ahlberg's, and means to have a mind of its own. I was glad to see these Liberal friends again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Foster and Mr. James, who were at Crooked Creek last year, have changed residence, and are now on Grey's river. A new house is in course of construction. At present, they live in a tent on the banks of the river. I have a cordial invitation to the new house which I hope to accept in the future. These friends would as soon think of going without a dinner as not to attend a Freethought lecture when there is opportunity.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Anderson and the little girl Lena make their home a most hospitable fireside for the Pilgrim. Rain or shine the hours flow by without dullness. Friends come and go, and the laden table is always ready. There is plenty to talk about and day and evening blend with "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

To-day, June 18, I am at my old camping-place, O. Nelson's on Crooked Creek, where the bees are humming, and the honey is plenteous, and the strawberries are big; the ranks of the forest stand in green and gray, and the winding creek swells and recedes as the tides sweep in and out. It is a little cosy corner of the world; in this June season, as lovely a place as one could find, with glimpses of the bay and ocean through shifting trees, the verdant expanses flecked with flowers of red and white and golden hue. Miss Ella's dolls, now seventeen in number, are quite cosmopolitan in aspect. The Japanese, the celestial, the Ethiopian, and the fair-haired Caucasian, find a home in these Liberal ranks. Over them, on the walls, are the portraits of Ingersoll, Bennett, and Paine; and Freethought books, freighted with the poetry and philosophy of every age, meet the eye and charm the imagination. The days of work mingle with days of play, and the week becomes a kind of festival era for those who believe in a good time coming.

The Freethinkers about Grey's river are true to their flag, but the Christians seem to be afraid to show themselves. They have found out, probably, that they have no particular reason for the faith that is in them, and they don't want it disturbed by any radical inquiries, and they have concluded to stay at home.

Among our friends who have joined in this campaign with

those already mentioned, are Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Miller, who for years have been identified with Freethought, John Anderson, of Deep River, Peter Nelson, James Hanson, Wm. Feustel, Thos. Jensen, the Whitford brothers, Harry Hill, John Lind, etc.

Lewis Olson was not able to be at the lectures on account of hard work on the Columbia after the salmon, but he never fails to lend a hand.

Feustal was with me on the steamer coming back, the fated Rival, for which I waited three hours amidst the weltering waters ere it put in an appearance. Feustal was on his way to meet Mrs. Feustal at Astoria to see his baby, just twelve days old, which I also had the pleasure of seeing on Friday morning, before it took its first journey to Grey's river. It weighed eleven pounds at birth—good pioneer weight. It is a boy, and will, no doubt, hold its own for Freethought. All hail to the new arrival.

At Astoria, I meet Wm. Chance, Utzinger, and others who keep this post ready for future work whenever the fates shall be kindly enough disposed to give an opportunity. Astoria is growing fast and has great promise; \$200,000 has been raised for a railroad and it is expected to be built this summer.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

AN INJUSTICE POINTED OUT.

Last Monday's "Chronicle" contains a notice of the Freethought Society's meeting on the previous evening, in which these words occur:

"At the meeting of the Freethought Society at Union Square Hall last night a petition to the president of the United States for the pardon of Moses Harman was circulated. Harman was publisher of 'Lucifer,' a Kansas Freethought paper. In addition to Freethought he went into freedom largely in various other directions. Among other things he published a communication on love which was very free with certain terms commonly considered unfit for polite ears. He was convicted at the last April term of the United States District Court for sending improper matter through the mails, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labor in the penitentiary."

It is quite true that copies of such a petition were circulated, and we hope they will be returned to the office of FREETHOUGHT with thousands of signatures appended. The "Chronicle's" reference to the matter is slightly flippant, but it could not have more truthfully stated the case, or put it in such a form that the enormity of the injustice involved would be more conspicuous. Moses Harman has been guilty of the offense of publishing a communication which was "very free" with certain terms *commonly* considered unfit for "polite ears!" That is his crime. His punishment is five years' imprisonment with hard labor. How many newspaper publishers would be out of jail if they got five years for every word considered unfit for polite ears? If that rule were enforced the editor of the "Chronicle" and nearly every other daily would be serving a sentence so long that they could not hope to live until its expiration. The press reports of scandals and police court examinations are as offensive to polite ears as the Markland letter, and a thousand times more demoralizing to those into whose hands they are likely to fall. Again, the "Chronicle's" advertisements (and the other dailies are tarred with the same stick) contribute directly to immorality. Papers that advertise the names, addresses, merits, and business of prostitutes, day after day for so much per line, are not in a position, before a fair-minded public, to cast either stones or slurs at Moses Harman.

But whose polite ear is it, anyway, that is used as a sort of moralometer whereby to test the mailability of literature? Where

does the said polite ear reside? In slavery days it was a sufficient answer to the abolitionist to inquire if he desired that his daughter should marry a nigger. Later on the daughter appeared as a literary gauge, and the average intelligent jury would convict a man of obscenity if he had published or circulated anything not adapted to her maiden mind. "Is such matter fit for your innocent daughters' ears?" was the question by which the prosecuting attorney reached the sentiment of the jurors, first by assuming that the said jurors had daughters, secondly that such daughters were of course innocent, *i.e.*, ignorant, and thirdly that, if not adapted to the necessities of immature girlies, the matter in question was beyond doubt unfit for publication. "Polite ears" at that time merely closed themselves, but now they have deposed the maiden censor, and to offend them is to incur a penalty of five years in the penitentiary. The time is near at hand, we are fully convinced, when there will come a rebellion not only against the supervision of youthful female experts, but also against polite ears acting in the same capacity. There is something wrong when scandal, slander, blackmail, lottery advertisements, and a Directory of the Demimonde will bring one man to a ten-story building and an embossed private office with his monogram in gilt on the walls, while working in the interests of abused wives will land another in the penitentiary. The injustice is so conspicuous that we wonder the proprietor of the daily paper does not protest against it himself.

THE TRUTH FROM A CLERGYMAN.

It is so seldom that a preacher is found who has the courage or the honesty to tell the exact truth about the Bible, that when such a one appears he deserves the greatest encouragement. This remark is called out now by the lecture of Dr. Harcourt at the Howard-street Methodist church last Sunday evening. The subject of the clergyman's discourse was "The Mistakes of Moses"—not an original phrase, but a suggestive one nevertheless. In the course of his lecture he said:

"There is no good to come to the world by studying the Bible with your eyes closed, no matter how pious the expression of your face. We live in a reading, thinking age, and few are willing to receive 'original packages,' even with the brand of the church upon them, without an explanation. I will say more. I do not believe that God, who inspired holy men of old to write the books and tracts which go to make up the Bible, ever meant that we should give our approval of all the doings therein recorded, nor do I believe it to be the duty or work of the ministers of the gospel to pass over, cover up, or whitewash the unsightly things that are found therein."

It is high time that Christians were apprised of the facts contained in Dr. Harcourt's words. They have been studying the Bible long enough with their eyes closed, or opened only to such portions as they wish to believe. It would perhaps be more appropriate to say that they have not "studied" it all; they have merely read and swallowed it. There may be some good in the Bible; there is said to be good in everything; but if such good exists there, it is so overshadowed by the bad that the beneficial effect is lost when both are taken together. If a thing appeals to reason, and upon examination is found to be true, it needs no authority and no inspiration to recommend it to sensible people. And if it have not these qualities, neither authority nor inspiration can help it.

Dr. Harcourt's statement that God inspired the "holy men of old to write the books and tracts which go to make up the Bible" is of course mere clerical assumption, from which the best of preachers are not wholly free. All clergymen have a habit of

fortifying their own opinions by placing God on their side of the question. But if God inspired the writing of the Bible he either inspired the whole of it or only a part. He has not told us which part is inspired and which uninspired, and when ecclesiastics use their discrimination or prejudice in deciding that question they proceed exactly as they would with any other book. Their claim for the inspiration of the portions which they set apart as the word of God rests upon their own judgment and their sense of what ought to be true. Like every other work the Bible will be put to the test of experience and utility, and as much of it as is good will be preserved, not because it is inspired but because it is useful. That which is not good will be discarded whether it is inspired or not.

When the clergy generally adopt this view, which follows logically from the position of Dr. Harcourt, the Bible will be removed from its present position as a Christian fetish.

IT IS NOW READY.

After numerous delays which some how or other always interfere in the publication of any book, the pamphlet, previously announced, by Samuel P. Putnam is out and ready for mailing. The title is "My Religious Experience," and the work tells how the author became a Christian, how he entered the pulpit, and how, after many struggles and misgivings, he cut loose from the church, passed through the various intermediate stages, and finally became an unqualified Materialist. A more interesting and useful "confession" never came from the press. The typographical work is excellent, and the price, 25 cents, makes this pamphlet readily accessible. We hope to be compelled to issue a second edition within six weeks from date.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society, Sunday evening, June 29, at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, will be addressed by Hon. F. B. Perkins, subject, "Morality and Religion—What Are They?"

FAIR WARNING!

This will be the last week for subscribers far in arrears unless they are heard from promptly. The virtue of patience has been exercised until it has become an expensive vice. Renew, or down comes the guillotine.

We call attention to Secretary McKenley's article in this week's FREETHOUGHT on the "Pacific Laborers' Union, No. 1." This is the largest union on the coast, and the quietest. There is no splurge about it. Its members and officers are laboring men. They are not looking for fat positions with a large salary, but for a chance to work with pick and shovel for two dollars a day. There is no politics or religion in the organization, no elaborate scheme for readjusting the relations of mankind in advance of the natural workings of evolution. What each member desires is a job, and when he gets it he will "hold it down" till the work is done. These men realize that under present conditions they have but one weapon in their hands for which the politicians have any respect, and that is the ballot. The wise politician, therefore, will not ignore the Laborers' Union, but will so frame his policy that the genuine hard-handed son of toil shall not be left unconsidered in the economy of municipal affairs,

Our judges are assuming extraordinary powers of jurisdiction in the matter of admitting foreigners to citizenship. This account is from a Sacramento paper:

Judge J. M. Walling, who is presiding in Judge Armstrong's court, certainly has the courage of his convictions. He is a temperance man, an advocate of temperance principles, and he don't care who knows it. Yesterday a German came up before him as an applicant for citizenship. The man admitted that he did not know who is governor of California, and in reply to a query as to who is president replied:

"Vell, I dink it is Harrison."

"Do you know who make our laws?" inquired the judge.

"I dinks it vas state officers," was the reply.

"What is your business?"

"I am a saloon-keeper."

"Do you belong to an organization known as the League of Freedom?"

"Yes."

"Is it not one of the objects of that organization to fight all laws distasteful to saloon-keepers?"

"Yes, if the laws do not suit 'em," was the reply.

"Well," said the judge, "I guess I will not admit you to citizenship." And he didn't.

A man who has never heard of Waterman, governor of California, is in an unenlightened state. One who thinks Harrison instead of John Wanamaker is our chief executive makes an egregious error. The individual who opposes all laws inimical to his business is justly chargeable with deep-seated self-interest. But the judge who refuses naturalization to a foreigner for either of the foregoing reasons is more discreditable to the country as an official than the applicant could be as a citizen.

COLONEL INGERSOLL condemns vivisection. "It is," he says, "the inquisition, the hell of science. All the cruelty which the human, or rather the inhuman, heart is capable of inflicting is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss. We can excuse in part the crimes of passion. We take into consideration the fact that when a man's brain is on fire the soul rushes to a crime, but what excuse can there be for a man who deliberately, with an unaccelerated pulse, with the calmness of John Calvin at the murder of Servetus, seeks with curious and cunning knives, in the living, quivering flesh of a dog, for all the throbbing nerves of pain?" There is certainly a cruelty about vivisection which the resultant benefits to mankind cannot justify. It is too much like vicarious atonement.

THE miracle of St. Patrick driving the snakes from Ireland is explained by Mr. C. A. Pieux, a linguist of Redwood, whose sanity is questioned, but whose genius is unmistakable. St. Patrick, he says, was not an Irishman, but a Frenchman, who was terribly addicted to "booze" while in France. After having reached the delirium tremens stage he was banished to Ireland, where he saw nothing but snakes on all sides, which he was kept busy fighting and driving out of the country. His forced abstinence in Ireland at that early stage of its history cured him of his malady, and with his convalescence he imagined he had driven out the snakes, and returned to France fully cured in mind and body, but firm in the hallucination of his great historical snake act. An explanation more lucid than this would be too reasonable to be credited.

THE Portland Oregonian, of June 23, reports: "Samuel P. Putnam, editor of FREETHOUGHT, and ex-president of the American Secular Union, addressed, last night, quite a large audience

at the corner of First and Madison streets. The Liberals of this city and vicinity are growing in numbers, and will make their influence felt at the next session of the legislature. Mr. Putnam is an able speaker, and at times he is very eloquent. His plea for the total separation of church and state was strong and convincing. The Liberals of Oregon are already making preparations for a grand State Convention to be held here October next."

THE Portsmouth, Ohio, Secular Union has passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we as an auxiliary and part of the American Secular Union, plead for the session of the next annual congress in this, our native city."

Our Ohio friends evidently mean business. Secretary Will S. Andres writes to FREETHOUGHT: "As a Secular Union we are making a stir in this locality. We propose to be not only seen but heard." Perhaps Portsmouth would prove an excellent place for the next Congress of the national organization.

It is feared that the Nationalist club of San Francisco will hold no more receptions. At a business meeting last week a committee appointed to examine the books of the club reported a shortage in the accounts of the financial secretary and charged Mr. Haskell with embezzlement. The organization is deeply in debt, the president, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, contemplates resigning, and scandalous revelations are foreshadowed. The business meeting broke up in a violent row.

THE indifference of some of our subscribers as regards the payment of their subscription is painful. We are reduced to the alternative of either assuming the expense of letting the paper run and waiting for them to experience a quickened conscience; or of removing their names from the list and losing both their dues and their good will. If delinquents will kindly favor us with advice in the matter we will act accordingly.

A PARTY of two hundred and fifty Scandinavian converts to Mormonism landed at New York last week. They were en route for Utah, and if upon arrival they find that the Mormons have no churches left, they can take advantage of the educational facilities afforded by the new Edmunds act, which confiscates Mormon church property for the benefit of public schools.

AT a recent Bible reading of Baptists at San Bernardino, Rev. Dr. Reed took the ground that the old Sabbath law of the Decalogue was abrogated. If it was still binding, he said, it was so as to the day named, the seventh, which is Saturday. Quite true, but where, then, is the authority for observing the first day of the week?

THE new Lick Academy of Sciences, in process of erection, is becoming one of the most conspicuous structures on Market street. It is now taller than the Flood Building. But the ridiculous abbreviation "Cal. Academy of Sciences" should be corrected. The building might as well be described as the gift of Jas.

ESMERALDA county, Nevada, has but one church edifice, and that is a Chinese joss house. There is no preacher of the Christian gospel in the county, and only one Sunday school, which is conducted by the district attorney. Missionary societies will please take notice.

A WOMAN was hanged for murder last week at Elko, Nevada.

It is a barbarous thing to hang a woman, but there is as much justification for it as there is for the hanging of a man. Her victim is as dead as though slain by one of the opposite sex.

MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL is to give the Fourth of July oration at Myrtle Point, Coos county, Or., and will lecture in Coos county and the Willamette valley during July and August. Those desiring her service may address her in care of this office.

If any object in clerical clothes is seen rushing westward with the speed of a comet, and frightening the residents of the interior states, let no one be deceived. It is not the Rev. Dr. Barrows coming back to San Francisco to face his accusers.

ON account of pressing engagements, S. P. Putnam is obliged to change and postpone some of his appointments. Lectures will be given in Tacoma and other points later in the season.

OBSERVATIONS.

The San Francisco Freethought Society's meeting last Sunday night opened with a good audience and a piano solo by Miss Annie Lenont. Then Vice-President Eastman, in a neat speech adapted to the occasion, introduced Mr. John M. Days as the orator of the evening. Mr. Days spoke on the "Eight Hour Question," his address being more a history of the movement than an argument for the uses and benefits of short days. He said that the eight hour question sprang from the late Rebellion. The war drew from the producing forces of the country and stimulated invention, so that when the soldiers returned from the field they were met by labor-saving machinery whereby one man or even one child could do the work which formerly required several hands. In 1865 a convention of trades was held which declared for eight hours as a day's work. One Alexander Kennedy led a similar movement in California, and we had two trades, carpenters and masons, working eight hours. In 1868 the day was legally fixed by the state legislature at eight hours, but was soon disregarded. Mr. Days here called attention to the fact that the longest day's work is poorest paid, as observe the difference in the remuneration of bankers and farmers. Ralston, who built the Palace Hotel, was the first to break up the eight-hour day, and it has not been since resumed. So universal is the disregard of the law that even on the new city hall building it is not observed. Mr. Days recommended that the mayor, the auditor, and the city and county attorney be indicted as a test to see whether the law can be enforced.

The address was one of the ablest ever made before the Freethought Society. It was also one of the longest, showing that the legal restriction of time does not necessarily apply to those who labor otherwise than with their hands.

During the intermission the Chair presented the petition for the pardon of Moses Harman, copies of which were circulated among the audience, and made an excellent plea for signatures.

It is perhaps needless to say that Mr. P. Healy was the lecturer's protagonist. Mr. Healy argued that an eight-hour law was against freedom, and could not be enforced on Americans. The people rebel against that kind of restrictions. The eight-hour day might sometime be adopted, but not through statute law. It would come through co-operation among workers. If the legislature had the power to prescribe the length of a day's work, it could also fix the rate of wages. Mr. Healy objected to legal interference in the matter.

Mr. Nye followed, but I have forgotten what he said.

Mr. Days replied to Mr. Healy that all reduction in hours in England had been accomplished by legislation, and must take the same course in America.

Next Sunday evening, in a lecture under the title of "Morality and Religion—What Are They?" the Hon. F. B. Perkins will endeavor to point out that morality is in no sense dependent upon religion, or even related to it. This lecture will probably be the last of the course, as the society contemplates an adjourn-

ment over the summer months. I greatly regret this, because valuable material will thus be lost for my leading "Observation."

I PHILOSOPHIZE.

Every man should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in him, and should be prepared to explain his conduct when he does good as well as when he does evil. To do good for the sake of good, or to do right "because it is right," is not philosophical. Self-denial is unnatural, and therefore unwise unless some benefit results to the self-denier sufficient to pay for the inconvenience. Life, as far as I can see, has no object, but it may have its uses. Uses for what? To give the means of happiness to its possessor. One thing is not "higher" than another. A handful of mud from the bottom of the bay is as "high" as the brain of the philosopher. The latter is merely a more complex mass, and has attributes not belonging to mud. What we call intelligence, as I view it, is a result of complexity. Intelligence is not put into the brain, but is the recognizable manifestation of the working of the brain. There is no design in it, but a natural process. Therefore we are not required to indulge in sentimental admiration for genius. We need only to recognize it as a natural outcome of prior conditions.

Life having no object, and when rightly viewed no high aim or romance to the sane person, what shall he do with it? Spend it riotously? That will not pay, as witness the wrecks on the shores of dissipation. Shall we practice self-denial as regards the pleasures of the world? Yes, if it gives us happiness, in which case we have used life to the point of its highest productivity, and in denying ourselves one pleasure we have achieved a greater. The monk in his cell, the anchorite in his cave, the priest among lepers, contemplates his reward and is happier, or thinks he is, than he would be elsewhere. Otherwise he would not be there. Life has no virtues and no duties as generally understood. To do that which we call virtuous is to do what experience has taught us brings most happiness, and therefore pays us in the end. It is no more praiseworthy than the act of paying our board in advance when we have no credit. To practice what goes under the name of virtue is simply to prepare conditions for selfish benefits. The duty idea is a superstition. If a person would be happy otherwise than in the performance of what he terms his duty, he would not perform it. He has only followed his ruling inclination.

The question arises, What is life for? It is *for* nothing. We possess legs adapted to locomotion, and use them for that purpose. We have life adapted to the pursuit of happiness. Let us so employ it.

Gentle reader, do you ask what I am giving you? I answer: If I understand the subject it is the doctrine of Egoism, the philosophical side of Anarchism. It appears to me to be a valuable line of thought for those who desire to get at the main spring of human action, though at the end of the investigation they are likely to emerge from the same hole they went in at, and to find things the same as ever upon the surface.

The Nationalist badge-pin, a fac-simile of which has been forwarded to me from Los Angeles, has a device described as "a Dove, representing the Spirit of Love, descending from above, to announce a new Era of Peace." Mr. B. G. Haskell wore one the other night when he shied his hat violently across the hall and desired to thrash Otto Sinz for reporting a deficiency in his accounts. It is perhaps owing to the Era of Peace that Mr. Haskell did not attempt to realize his desires on the spot, but instead discharged the examining committee and appointed another with a blind man as a member. Sad it is to reflect that Mr. Haskell's club is not maturing according to its bloom.

From reading Putnam's "Religious Experience" I conclude that the Secular Pilgrim has a good claim for a full pension. While in the army he contracted religion in acute form, from which he had not previously suffered. The same afterwards became chronic, and so remained up to about the year 1878, during which period he was incapacitated for clear and rational thought. He is still afflicted with a recurrence of the title "Reverend," and some traces of the parsonitis are at present noticeable, it is

said, in his style of oratory. He is also given, at times of excitement, to the use of ecclesiastical terms, such as "damn it," "god almighty," and other phrases evidently acquired at the theological seminary where the mental disabilities contracted landed him at the close of the war. If a grateful Republic pensions those who lost an arm or a leg, how can it overlook the claim of a man who lost his head for ten years? I pause for a reply.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

John Baptiste Villancour, a Roman Catholic priest, has been committed to the Stockton insane asylum from Los Angeles. —There were 132 deaths in San Francisco last week against 90 for the corresponding week of 1889. —Many bogus dollars are in circulation in this city. The counterfeit has the right feeling and a pronounced ring, but it falls below the standard weight. —The molders' strike is in its seventeenth week, with no prospect of settlement. Work at the foundries is seriously hampered. —About \$160,000 has been subscribed by the citizens of San Francisco to be offered as an inducement to some railroad company to bring a competing transcontinental line into this city. —There are loud complaints that the census enumeration in San Francisco has been inefficient. Many other cities make the same charge. —Charles Dudley Warner, the well-known author, is in San Francisco. —The recent fatal fight at the Golden Gate Athletic Club has brought boxing matches into deserved dispute, and may result in their total suppression. —Hon. T. V. Cator, of the Nationalist Club, is to be San Francisco's next Fourth of July orator. —The suppression of gambling and lotteries in Chinatown is reported to have led to a general stagnation of trade in that quarter, but the games are being worked in other parts of the city. —J. D. McCombs, recently convicted of misappropriating a large amount of the Seattle relief fund while secretary of the relief committee, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The president has appointed the following commissioners-at-large to the World's Fair at Chicago: Gaston W. Allen, of New York in place of Edwin H. Ammidown, declined, with Louis Fitzgerald, of New York, as alternate; William M. Lindsay of Kentucky, with Patrick J. Walsh, of Georgia, as alternate. —All the Omaha, Neb., papers last Sunday printed an address of the State Business Men's and Bankers' Association of Nebraska, in which it is declared that in view of the results apparent from the attempts heretofore made to enforce prohibition in neighboring states the incorporation of such an amendment in the Constitution of Nebraska will be inimical to the best interests of the people of the state and disastrous to business affairs. The address is signed by over one thousand bankers and business men in the principal towns of the state, but neither wholesale nor retail liquor dealers are included. —President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, and Powderly, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, are having a wordy war. Gompers charges that Powderly is working in the interests of "scab" labor. —The Central Labor Union at New York has split, the Socialistic members being compelled to withdraw. —Miss Bessie G. Robertson of Aurora, Ill., is the champion census enumerator. Her average has been 262 names per day. This means that she has earned between \$7 and \$8 a day. —A Mormon missionary was severely whipped and then coated with tar at Warrentown, Ga., last week. —The Senate, on Saturday, June 21, passed the Edmunds bill providing that all funds and property belonging to the Mormon church shall be devoted to the use and benefit of the common schools of Utah. —The census returns show that New York has a population of about 1,800,000.

THE ninth of Dr. Andrew D. White's new chapters in the "Warfare of Science" will be published in the Popular Science Monthly for July. Its subject is "The Antiquity of Man and Prehistoric Archaeology," and it tells how step by step "thunderstones" or "heaven axes" came to be recognized as flint implements of human make, and how their discovery together with bones of men and of extinct animals in the drift established the very early appearance of man upon the earth.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK IN WASHINGTON.

The following extract from the editorial columns of the Lynden Pioneer Press is the best commentary on actual results accomplished by the Washington Secular Union.

A request has been made that the Press publish an article upon the subject, "What Religion Shall be Taught in our Public Schools?" It is not deemed advisable to open up such a field of controversy through a local paper. *The Secular Union has succeeded in having the reading of scripture, prayer, and singing discontinued in our public schools, and the Press don't purpose to be drawn into the controversy at this stage either upon one side or the other.*

In many public schools in the state, religious exercises and instruction are persisted in, in defiance of the law.

That trusty champion of Liberalism, Peter Selde, of Davenport, Lincoln county, protested against the teachers enforcing recitation by his children of the Lord's prayer, or the use of any prayers in the public schools, but the teacher persists, in defiance of remonstrance.

The average pious teacher seems to be of the opinion that so far as religious exercises are concerned, they will be sustained by the church in defying the law.

Our worthy president, R. Winsor, has made a brief, giving the law points, and sent it, accompanied with a most kindly letter, to that teacher, urging obedience to the Constitution, and avoidance of litigation, with its attendant heart-burnings and dissensions.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

I was about to return funds contributed to the "defense fund," when we received reliable information that the state university, in this city, has regular chapel services—Bible reading, prayer, sermons, hymns, etc.

Our president and some members of our board of directors will visit the university during its sessions, so as to proceed on sure evidence, and we will then enter protest, and furnish the faculty with brief, so they cannot plead their violation of the law is from lack of being notified of its requirements. An act in relation to the establishment and government of the University of the state of Washington (page 516 to 521, Session Laws, 1889-90), provides:

Section 15. The fund of the university shall be derived from the proceeds of sales of lands donated by the United States for the endowment of the university, and the admission and tuition fees of the students, and such appropriations as the legislature may make.

Section 21. The sum of ten thousand dollars is hereby appropriated, etc.

No public money or property shall be appropriated for or applied to any religious worship, exercise, or instruction, or the support of any religious establishment.—Constitution, Art. I. Sec. 2.

Doubtless we shall have a fierce contest, for the religionists will rally all their forces to defend chapel exercises in the university. But if a big fight, it will surely result in our obtaining a big victory, for reason, right, and all the law are all on our side.

OUR PRESSING, PRESENT NEED.

The one only great trouble is lack of funds; despite the most careful, rigid economy, we are miserably hindered for lack of means. I have hesitated to publish the list of contributions, because of dislike to expose how meager have been the receipts, and hoped each day the amount would be swelled to more creditable proportions. Publication cannot be delayed beyond next week.

The apathetic and careless will please take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly. Your contributions may necessarily be small, then the less reason for withholding them. If all will do the little they can without inconvenience or real self-sacrifice, they will save much anxiety, weary care, and cruel overburdening of the workers; and funds absolutely needed to insure successful prosecution of the work will be on hand.

TAXING CHURCH PROPERTY.

Church property throughout the state is not being assessed as the Constitution demands. I have prepared a letter to the governor urging his issuing special instructions to all auditors and assessors throughout the state, insisting on their performance of their duties in compliance with the requirements of the Constitution; but delayed forwarding it, under advice of our astute President R. Winsor, until we can accompany the letters with

evidence that in many parts of the state the assessors are wilfully or ignorantly omitting to assess church property, thus occasioning loss to the revenues of the state, and increasing the burden of taxation on other property.

I have written to our vice-presidents to interview the assessors of their respective districts and write me the reasons given for such noncompliance with the law. I am embarrassed and hindered because in so many places Liberals have failed to enroll as members of the W. S. U., and no vice-president has been elected with whom correspondence can be maintained on this and many other important matters.

Let every Liberal in Washington who really desires the cessation of religious exercises and instruction in our public schools, the just taxation of all church property, and the abolition of compulsory Sunday laws (who has not already done so) give evidence of their sincerity by immediate enrollment in the ranks of the W. S. U. and election of a vice-president to be the executive officer of the state society for their precinct.

Is this asking too much? Why should not all share the burden, since all will be benefited by the results? Please answer at once.

C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. W. S. U.

THE PACIFIC COAST LABORERS' UNION, NO. 1.

Born of a necessity, bred in the spirit of fellowship, growing in brotherly love and usefulness daily, is in brief the history of this body of our fellow citizens. How often the expression, "workingmen," is used in this particular instead of fellow citizen conveys the truth of the situation to-day; the workingman forgetting that he is a citizen too often and deeming himself of a class that has no responsibilities in citizenship. If there is one truth more potent than another, that it is the purpose of this Union to maintain and emphasize, it is the responsibility of citizenship; the fundamental basis of which is that men are associated together to secure and maintain that liberty of action which in a state of barbarism is unknown; by which all individuals will develop to their greatest capacity.

To this end was the struggle of 1776, expressed in the Declaration of Independence, which, like many other promises made on holidays, are broken on every other day in the year; and that Declaration in particular, because enough citizens do not awake to the full realization of the importance of citizenship; holding as it does within itself the possibilities of all the relief needed by the workingman to-day.

The necessity which officiated at the birth of this Union was the utter indifference of public officials to the pleadings of so many fellow citizens for those opportunities guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, which is made null and void by the various state constitutions, viz., The natural liberty to exercise their faculties for their development and existence, which is denied by denying the natural opportunity to labor that is necessary to all creatures to exist; without which, all prating about "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is a farce, rendered so by the selfish relic of barbarism, crystallized into the state constitutions, which makes money and property of more value than human life—the ancient battle between conservatism and progress—the struggle between property and personality, a relic of the struggle, a phase only of which was settled in the late war, wherein personality conquered. As this crystallization of thought is manifest in our laws, the importance of decisive action on the part of those who believe in the sacredness of the person became necessary; consequently, the late results of combined action in demanding a measure of the liberties to be restored to the hungry multitude proved that only in combined and persistent effort in these demands could any success be expected. Therefore, on the seventh of March last, on the victorious field of the sand lot, where was won a victory for personality over property, seven hundred citizens assembled and enrolled themselves to stand by the truths above stated in a persistent effort to crystallize into law, statute, constitution, and rule of action, the fact that maintenance of human liberty is of more importance than property or than life itself; which can only be accomplished by the individual realizing the importance of citizenship, and his responsibilities in assuming its privileges.

To this end three months have seen a phenomenal growth in numbers. From seven hundred its roll has increased to nearly twenty-five hundred. The measures of benefit derived to humanity at large by reason of such support and adherence have been infinitely greater than any physical benefit to its immediate members by its action in securing observation of the Eight Hour law in all city departments; in the pending measures which it is pushing before Congress for the enlarging of the liberties of municipalities, whereby they may be freed from the shackles of the foreign bond holder by borrowing credit from the central government. These are among its many measures of progress.

The moral benefit to the community and its own members by the high stand it has taken on the disgraceful slogging matches, and against intemperance, is a matter of record. Its members, having heretofore formed the rank and file of the various precinct clubs and afforded power to the political bosses to make a showing of strength, concluded that they would act for themselves in formulating a basis of voting rules, and passed the following:

Resolved: "That no member of any political party club can be a member of the Union;" which means in substance that they are going to vote for themselves and what they want, and not for what some one else wants, and that in consequence of their wanting the mental, moral, and physical elevation of humanity, they believe that it will result in a different rule of action and a new constitution for our country, more in keeping with the national constitution. With this end in view, that never in the history of California may again be seen the sad, disgraceful spectacle of hungry men appealing for access to mother earth to maintain their existence from which they are now excluded by selfish property laws; in thus stepping out of the beaten path of trade organizations they believe they are only the vanguard of a large detachment which is soon to follow, and then, laborers, the vast majority of citizens, will not be pleading with a very small minority for the privilege of working only eight hours; but, rather, no licenses will be granted, to carry on business, that does not prohibit labor longer than is necessary to properly serve the public. Grasping, cut-throat competition will be given another blow, and other progressive moves, *ad infinitum*. May the army soon begin to march is the sincere wish of

Yours for humanity,

E. D. MCKENLEY.

A NEW SECT DISCOVERED.

A correspondent of the "Chronicle," under date of June 19, writes from Los Angeles that George P. Hinde, Walter Lockwood Thales, and William Weiderholtz were arraigned before United States Commissioner Van Dyke for refusing to answer the questions of a census enumerator. Their bail was fixed at \$100, which they furnished. These three men are leaders of a sect which is located near Anaheim in Orange county. They are vegetarians and have some of the most peculiar and anomalous ideas.

It was about fifteen years ago that George P. Hinde, an Englishman by birth, located near Anaheim. He gave it out that he was desirous of demonstrating that man could live without animal food—that he could exist alone on nuts and vegetables. The result has been that he and Thales have gathered around them a colony of about fifteen, most of whom are men, although women are admitted to the faith. All property is held in common. It is vested in Thales, and upon the records he appears as owner of about ten acres of land which belongs to the sect.

They raise considerable produce, for which there is always a market, and in this way make their living. In the past they have lived quietly with and among themselves, and public attention has never been directed to them until now.

At present Walter Lockwood Thales appears as leader of these peculiar people. He is an Englishman, like Hinde. His phrenological development shows that his mental and moral faculties are deficient, while his animal faculties are largely developed. It is perhaps well that such men as he should live on a vegetable diet.

Thales was approached by a "Chronicle" correspondent, but was very loth to talk.

"What are the principles of your faith?" was asked.

"It is contrary to our principles to give any information of this kind. In fact, we are strictly forbidden from doing so. What would it profit to know our principles? They do not concern you. We are merely making experiments in matters of diet and life. As soon as these experiments have reached a state from which we can draw conclusions, you and the world shall be given the benefit of our experience."

"But if you do not let your experiments become known as they progress how do you acquire converts?"

"We do not want converts, or at least do not seek them. Those who come among us and accept our faith we sometimes take, but not always."

"It is charged that you do not respect the sanctity of the marriage tie and that you advocate free love."

"Whoever says that lies. We are pure, lead pure lives, and are learning lessons of purity. By our lives and our faith we are trying to show what a pure life, led and followed by pure motives, would result in. We ourselves do not know the end yet. As I said before, we are experimenters. As far as answering the questions of the census enumerator is concerned, it was merely a matter of conscience with us. What was asked of us was a personal matter which no one can demand of us except Jehovah. We are not citizens of the United States, but of the world. We do not and never have voted. We merely live in Southern California because the locality is specially adapted to our experiment. We recognize the right of no one to make laws for us except the great Jehovah. He did not place man on the earth to rule. What he intended was for every man to be governed through life by his own conscience, properly educated.

"We do not recognize the right of any king, emperor, priest, or leader to rule over us. Each man governs himself through the dictates of his own conscience. We are not like the Mormons. We do not make laws in defiance of the laws of your government, nor do we advise any one to break your laws. What we want is to be left to conduct our experiments in peace."

All three of the prisoners announce their determination not to answer the census questions. They will undoubtedly be held by the United States commissioner, and in the end receive the maximum punishment of the law at the hands of Judge Ross.

The statements made about this community are vague and contradictory. It is known that they are all vegetarians, and the extent to which they carry their fanaticism in this line can be estimated from the fact that some time ago they got into trouble through their burning a number of bee hives belonging to their neighbors. They regarded honey as an animal product and proposed to stop its manufacture by bees for the use of men.

It is said that their objection to the census is based on scriptural authority. In the twenty-fourth chapter of 2 Samuel an account is given of the taking of the census in Israel and Judea by David and the punishment which followed in the shape of a pestilence.

ADVICE TO THE W. C. T. U.

Among the resolutions adopted at the May convention of the San Diego W. C. T. U., held in Fallbrook, were the following:

Resolved, That whereas in view of the fact that in the schools of our country so much is read and talked that is impure, therefore,

Resolved, That we think it a necessity that more care should be taken in the selection of teachers, and we also advise that the board of education insist upon the religious principles of teachers as well as thoroughness of education.

The above *morceau* of female politics is taken from the San Diegan of the 12th inst.

It is to be regretted, Mr. Editor, that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. party had not studied the constitution of the United States before they went into politics. Without desiring to be intrusive or obtrusive, I beg leave to inform them that the fundamental law of the land is *law*. By reading the constitution above mentioned they will find the following unambiguous language: "No public money or property shall be appropriated or applied to any religious worship, exercise, or instruction."

Our public schools are sustained by public money. To insist that they shall become avenues of religious instruction is unconstitutional. To make religious belief a qualification for the office

of teacher in these schools violates another part of the constitution which says that no one shall be disqualified for any office in the United States on account of religious belief.

Being a "woman's rights man," I am sorry to see the sisters making such blunders in their first efforts at running politics.

But this writing is for information as well as instruction. Will the ladies inform us when, where, and by whom "in the schools of our country so much is read and talked that is impure?" In what particular school did the impure reading or talking occur? Who did it? Who heard it? How did the W. C. T. U. find it out? What evidence have they that such "impure" reading and talking did occur, or has occurred as they have stated?

Before going into politics women must learn something of the rules of evidence governing testimony in courts of justice. Insinuations may do for sewing-societies, prayer-meetings, and afternoon teas, but something more substantial is required in a political campaign. Unless the charge of "so much impure" reading and talking "in the schools of our country" can be sustained by the facts, the case will go by default against the W. C. T. U. ladies as a political lie perpetrated for partisan purposes.

The distinctive feature of our constitution makes this a purely secular government. To endeavor to undermine this its fundamental principle is the work of traitors to our liberties.

San Diego, June 13.

MARY A. WHITE.

IS IT PROVED?

"A world appears with five continents. On each continent a man. They are thousands of miles apart, without means of communication. At last means are found. They come together and are of the same species. Alike in every particular that is essential. All talk and think of God, love alike, breed alike; in size, erect posture, age, all alike. . . . They meet and intermarry, all as one. In these races, and in all races, there seems to have been a special creation of first specimens, and no change and no other production, save from parents afterwards. This, we think, indicates the finger of God, and makes every hypothesis absurd." (H. L. Knight, in FREETHOUGHT of March 8, 1890.)

Where and when did a world appear with five continents and a man on each? Where was there ever a world with continents thousands of miles apart and no means of communication between them? Certainly this is not that kind of a world. Europe, Asia, and Africa contain the most distinctive races of men. Leander swam across from Europe to Asia to see his best girl, and he could have walked around the Black sea, only he was in a hurry. There is nothing to prevent people from walking from Asia into Africa except the Suez canal. It is only thirty-five miles, across Behring's straits, from Asia to America—half as far as across Lake Michigan; and people could always cross over by short canoe voyages from one to another of the Aleutian islands. So of the islands of Oceanica and their connection with Australia.

There is no more reason, on account of any difficulty of geographical distribution, for supposing special creations on the different continents than there is in supposing separate creations to people countries on either side of the Mississippi river. Why did not Mr. Knight observe that God created Mongolians to grade the two portions of the Oregon & California railroad, and that when they met in the Siskiyou mountains they were all very much alike? They must have been separate creations, because they were all men and could not have increased in the ordinary way.

Where are the continents with no means of communication between them? There has always been water, and a stretch of water with a uniform climate is not as much of an obstacle to migration as a range of mountains.

"At last means are found." What means? Water. When Europeans came over from the east they found the American continent covered with people who had come over from the west; and Mr. Knight infers that the ancestors of these natives were made to order.

Surely a god who could make a man and a woman full-grown and set them up in business, with an unacquired experience sufficient to enable them to take care of themselves and protect

themselves from the ferocious beasts whose remains are found mingled with those of early man, could have constructed a canoe and endowed some of the descendants of those already made with sense enough to paddle it across. Is it not a fact that most people who have succeeded in getting there have either had to paddle their own canoe or persuade some simple-minded theists that God would be very much pleased to have them paddle it?

"They come together and are of the same species." Professor Agassiz said there are at least five distinct species of men so different that any theory that would account for the descent of one from the other would account for the descent of man from the anthropoid apes. Evidently the terms employed in ethnology do not signify anything to Mr. Knight. I am afraid his knowledge of the characteristic differences of the different species of men is rather superficial. His observation that men are all essentially alike is of the same kind, scientifically considered, as the profound philological observation of Nate Slocum. He says: "There is no use of having so many words in the English language. For instance, there are the different kinds of press. There are compress and depress and express and suppress and cheese-press. They all mean about the same thing."

The creation of a full-grown man with knowledge and experience sufficient to enable him to adjust himself to such a world as this is as absurd as the construction of a circular triangle. The boy that said God could not make a three-year-old steer in a minute knew what he was talking about; but Mr. Knight seems to think that God has been in the habit of making a pair of twenty-five-year-old humans, out of raw material, every now and then, apparently for fear that if any of those already made should cross a little water they might get their feet wet and take cold. We know he has always been very careful to save his dear children from having any trouble or exposure.

Mr. Knight thinks "this indicates the finger of God." Which finger?

Job asks his friends, "Will ye talk deceitfully for God? Will ye contend for him?" "Ye bet they would. What a mean god it would be who would make man weak and helpless and place him in this desert world with thorns to pierce his naked feet, insects to sting his naked body, savage beasts to devour him, and poisonous serpents to inject their venom into his veins; to struggle all his life to escape death, with the certain knowledge that death will be the victor, with just expectation and fear enough of the future to make him the prey of priests and kings. Happy is the man who can look with pity upon the meanest man on earth, knowing he is a victim of his inheritance and surroundings, and who can say that as there is no God nobody is to blame.

Does Mr. Knight know that there are miles in depth of stratified rocks in which life on this planet has been traced from rudimentary beginnings? Does he know that Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and others have worked out the problem of the present geographical distribution of organic beings on the earth in connection with paleontological history and the changes which are known to have taken place in continental areas? Does he know that philologists have proved that all the European languages are derived from the same source as the ancient Sanskrit of India? Does he know that a race of men having many characteristics in common with the present inhabitants of equatorial Africa and associated with extinct animals, many of them like the giraffe and hippopotamus, now inhabiting Southern Africa alone, once lived in Europe? Does he know that the remains of many large animals, frequently associated with implements of human workmanship, are often found in the islands of the Mediterranean? Such facts as that of the existence of three extinct species of elephants on the little rocky island of Malta proves that in the times of early man Europe and Africa were one continent.

When Parson Jasper comes at us with the proposition that "de sun do move," or Professor Spear with his hollow sphere, a few simple propositions in geometry applied to the plainest facts of ordinary observation will dispose of them, but when a man comes with the theory of special creation, though it has not a particle of evidence to even make it a plausible supposition, it takes time and patience to appreciate the relations of the innumerable facts which have been accumulated to prove that man is the result of evolution and has a common origin with all ani-

mated beings on the earth. Let any one who wishes to form an intelligent idea upon the question of the origin of man, read Le Conte's "Geology," Wallace's work on the "Geographical Distribution of Animals," and he will have at least a foundation for an understanding of any of the popular works on the origin of man. Milwaukee, Or. D. PRIESTLEY.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XV.

ENTITLED SUBLIMITY.

Simon Again Proceeds Wearily on his Journey.

1. The gathering. The gathering of the mighty ones. The gathering of the great ones. Woe be to him that delayeth to come; woe to him that heareth not.

2. The mighty shall rejoice, and the weak-kneed shall fall down.

3. And the viper of Ezion was married to the nether whirlwind, and the mighty ones were gathered together. And a great mist came out and overwhelmed the scribe, and built itself an habitation among the bushes, and sent out invitations to the feast.

4. And the crocodiles, and the locusts, and the grasshoppers of the sea isles came. And two beetles and a cimex presented themselves in baskets of filigree work.

5. And one of the crocodiles had a flat nose, and was an eunuch, and they stoned him, and drowned him with water till he died.

6. And divers of the conies said continually, It is well, it is well; and the grey falcons grew sick unto death, and made over their possessions.

7. And the great fish that sat in the midst, was possessed of a demon, and refused to sell, and the lepers were angry thereat.

8. But why they broke it, I know not, and no man living can tell, and of late the dead are silent.

9. And the scribe lifted up his voice, which had fallen into a pit, and cried, saying, Out of the depth, out of the depth, and the answer came quick, saying, Wallow.

10. And I sharpened mine ears with myrtle sprigs, and came down, and the beggar died.

11. And Abram gave him a four square cloth and said, Blow, and it was so.

12. And the other side was hollow, and said it was born so, and the horses and the chariots went away empty, nevertheless the man was a liar.

13. And it came to pass, and was not able, and went by on the other side of the dead crocodile, and began to scratch lustily, and the woe-begone cimex said, So let him find grief, and it was so.

14. Then I understood why the blood was seen, and what was meant by the wounded coppersmith. And the king said, It is better thus, and I said, Amen.

15. After this it grew dark, and there were seven of them.

16. He that hath ears to hear let him hear!

To be Continued.

"MATTER" AND "MATERIAL."

In a recent number of FREETHOUGHT P. Carus replies to a few words in which I took exception to some of his philosophical statements. If there was any error in my quotation (I have not papers at hand to verify it) it was, if not typographical, due doubtless to inadvertence on my part. But my criticism was directed against the sentence as P. Carus himself quoted it, and as it originally appeared, viz: "Materialism went too far when it tried to explain everything from matter, when it identified matter with reality. Yet it stands on solid ground when it maintains that every reality is material."

I say this is nonsense. But he says: "The adjective 'real' covers a larger field than the noun 'reality.' Thus every fool is foolish, but everything that is foolish need not exactly be a fool." Foolish is indefinite because there are *different degrees of folly*. There are not different degrees of matter; that is to say, one kind of matter is not more material than another; for it is all, ac-

according to P. Carus, "composed of material particles." Hence the absurdity of the statement that "Materialism went too far when it tried to explain everything from matter, when it identified matter with reality. Yet it stands on solid ground when it maintains that every reality is material." To say that matter is real, and then that we must not identify matter with reality, is to utter twaddle.

Form and motion trouble P. Carus greatly. They are "abstracts," he says. Our *conceptions* are abstracts; but all abstracts are derived from reals. Form is not a thing *per se*. We know form as a quality. We know motion, not as something separate from matter, but as a change of space relations. The abstract noun "motion" is from the adjective "moving." We say a moving ball. Motion is the abstraction of the ball in changing space relations. To speak of matter and motion, and to distinguish between matter and material (one being a noun and the other an adjective), as P. Carus does in his "fool" and "foolish" illustration, is to show philosophical incapacity, which, indeed, is marked in all his articles that I have seen.

As he has taken the liberty to say that I am ignorant of logic and have disgraced your columns, I may be pardoned for also making a personal remark. Mr. P. Carus as a pedagogue may understand the rules of logic, but he lacks logical power, and does not know how to make a logical statement. Logicians, like poets, are born. Studying syllogisms won't make a logician. Mr. Carus's attempts to reason are like those of a child except in the egoism and self-conceit which they exhibit. But for the help he constantly has from one specially employed to supply his deficiency and correct his errors, he would appear at still greater disadvantage. A man who writes and sends to editors extravagant eulogies of his writings and of himself, and descends to any kind of pretension and trickery to get recognition, and who is least esteemed by those who know him best, is the last man to meet a few words of criticism by insulting the writer of the criticism and reflecting on the judgment of the editors of the paper in which the criticism appeared. AGNOSTIC.

SEVERAL PERSONS REBUKED.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I want to place myself in the line of fire from my Spiritualistic friends by criticising some of their methods, one of which is the creeping in under the priest's robe by adopting the title of "Rev."

The Rev. Mrs. Whitney came to Portland and gave public tests. She had diamonds in her hair, diamonds at her throat, and the front of her dress was covered with costly cut beads like to a breast plate, while her shapely arms gleamed through a covering of lace as she came into the hall and inclined her head with a ministerial air. Bosh! Do I doubt that she is a medium? No, but a medium for church spirits who love to use her vanity, her love of display, to disgust sensible people who are not glamourised by the magnetism of her attractions.

Now, please remember that I am a Spiritualist so far as the facts are concerned. I have had evidence through myself and by myself to convince me that continued life is a reality, but the man or woman who uses mediumship for display, the money thus gained I mean, for the display of diamonds and rings, till the hand is half-covered, cannot attract noble, generous, humanity-loving spirits.

One tear of the imprisoned Harman, as he reads the loving letters of his friends, is of more value than all the diamonds that can glisten from hair and throat, unless their money value can be used to aid in liberating him.

And that brings me to another point, to wit: The comments and criticisms of Mr. Harman's friends. These all hinge upon as to whether Mr. Harman or the cause he advocates is considered of the most importance, and Mr. Harman evidently puts himself second and the cause first. Could he know that by remaining in prison he could do more for the race by aiding in woman's emancipation, than by coming out, I honestly believe he would remain there from choice.

I do not agree with Moses Hull when he says through the "Carrier Dove" that Mr. Harman's methods are a positive dam-

age to the cause he advocates. I cannot understand why Moses Hull, a man who has defied the law in defense of his natural rights, a man who has risked his life, been nearly killed, and more maligned than most men—I cannot understand why he should so far forget his usual good sense as to write so illogical an appeal as is that in the "Carrier Dove."

"Doing the cause more harm than good," "has brought upon himself what every sensible man expected." To write such things as that and then call for help for the man of whom he thus speaks; it seems to me that he could not have taken a more efficient method to close half-open pocket books. If Mr. Hull, in his recent debate, used no better logic in his defense of Spiritualism, I should, for one, count that defense of but little worth.

"The only thing he is guilty of is being a fanatic; that I know is not a penitentiary offense," and yet he "has brought upon himself what every sensible man expected." Does Mr. Hull mean to say that every sensible man expects that a man will be imprisoned for what is not a penitentiary offense? Were I in Mr. Harman's place I should prefer that Moses Hull had kept silent to saying what he did.

Well, I think I have provoked hot shot enough, so good-by for this time.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

East Portland, Or.

The Eureka Clergyman.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see from several issues of FREETHOUGHT that you take great interest in our Eureka ministers. But since you seem to see things in a different light from what we do I pen this by way of heading you off.

Sanborn has hardly left California when another of our ministers is accredited with Christian conduct. He had been reading Luke xiv, 26, where it says: "If any man come unto me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Being a good Christian, he scorned to act contrary to the precepts of his master. But as there is nothing in the passage to prohibit a man from loving the wife of another, he betook himself to loving the wife of another man. Unfortunately, the happy couple were more loving than prudent and they got caught. Now, people who have not the fear of God at heart denounce the worthy reverend as a criminal, when in reality he practiced one of the greatest of Christian virtues. Our holy Bible tells us that David was a man after God's own heart. It likewise tells us that there never was a more lecherous villain in existence than David. It tells us that Solomon was the wisest of men, because he loved wine, women, and song, was a heartless debauchee, and had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. It tells us that Jesus Christ was a descendant of the greatest of libertines and the vilest of prostitutes, and that he seldom ever kept decent company himself. It tells us that God himself came down from heaven to commit an assault on a Jewish girl, who in consequence became our mother Mary. Why then should we blame a minister of the gospel for acting in a way so highly approved by the Bible? None but ungodly people will do so, and I am proud to say there are but few people in this pious city of Eureka who find fault with the praiseworthy conduct of our ministers.

Some years ago a rumor was started that one of our ministers was loving a young miss of his flock to the great annoyance of his wife. Of course we all believed it, and we believe it yet, but since such rumors are very damaging to the sale of the gospel we denied it and whitewashed our minister, and we did the job so well that the rascal was looked upon as a saint ever afterwards, especially by the ladies. He has since gone to pastures new.

Lately we have had our beloved Sanborn, another man after God's own heart. As we are not at war with the Philistines he could not send our modern Uriah into the thickest of the battle. So he took another course to get his wife. Sanborn acted well. Like David, he walked in the ways of the Lord except in one thing; but in that, it must be confessed, he acted mean beyond expression. Mrs. Ricks was not the only woman who loved Sanborn; about half a dozen more would have been willing to go with him; and then to go off with one and leave the rest behind was certainly an unpardonable sin. The husbands of those who loved him may forgive him for leaving them behind, but the women never will. Another little charge might be brought against him by the

brethren of the cloth. It is said that at the beginning of one of his sermons, Sanborn told his audience that he would not speak to them like a minister, but he would tell them the truth. It is hard for a servant of the Lord to be called a liar, but the worst of it is, nine-tenths of the people here believe that Sanborn told the truth when he insinuated that ministers were liars. Sanborn was a great man, especially among the ladies, and, no doubt, many a bitter tear has been shed by them since his departure.

Now, to console the ladies in their distress, another servant of the Lord has come forward and shown his willingness to take them under his protecting wing. Unfortunately, like a hen who is pounced upon by a hawk when calling her chicks, so the reverend gentleman was pounced upon while spreading his wings for the young and tender of his flock (or other flocks for that matter) to take shelter under. You may think that there is something wrong with our ministers, but I assure you that it is sheer benevolence and goodheartedness on their part when they minister to the wants, spiritual or otherwise, of the fairer sex in their congregations.

Ministers are Bible students, and know that the Lord was always partial to young women. He always commanded the Jews to kill everything but the young virgins, and in Numbers xxxi we are informed that on one occasion the Lord took thirty-two of them to his own bosom. Why should our ministers not do the same thing?

Alas! This generation lays great stress upon its enlightenment. Yet, while socially and scientifically great progress has been made, religiously the human race is as stupid as ever. People pay a pack of unprincipled drones to do their thinking for them, and put faith in a book which has but one redeeming feature, and that is, nearly the whole of it is a lie. I know of no book that is equal to the Bible in obscenity, absurdity, brutality, and untruthfulness.

ROBERT GUNTHER.

Eureka, June 16, 1890.

A Level-Headed Man.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In looking over FREETHOUGHT "News and Notes" we were pleased to see that our townsman, Mr. H. E. Witherspoon, acted as chairman of Mr. Putnam's meeting at Fort Jones. We happened to know Harry. He is one of California's very best and noblest sons. Harry packs a splendid thinking machine around with him and always keeps it in complete order ready for business. If ever Harry gets both his legs on the Freethought side of the fence and plants both his feet solidly on Infidel ground he will make some of the folks think that there is a positive and constructive side to Freethought. Why, he would kick down the partition and pull bigots faster than a boy ever yanked minnows out of a brook. Harry is young in years, but has a level American head. And we predict that all America will know it, in time. All we have to do is to place a little Liberal literature where the eagle eye of Witherspoon can light on it, and the job is done. Success, friend Harry.

San Jose, Cal.

L. R. TITUS.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Leaving Coquille on the steamer, I had a glorious ride, on the hurricane deck, all the way to Arago. Driftwood was lodged in every bend in thousands of cords. Some farms were almost buried up with it, beyond redemption. I saw some houses that had been floated across the river, and hundreds had to leave their homes for fear of their lives. Much stock was swept away, and some died afterward from starvation, as the feed had been washed away and the grass was buried deep in mud when the waters subsided. The Coquille valley is a fine one, but it overflows sometimes. The houses are built up six to eight feet from the ground, yet often are flooded. Even the chickens were compelled to stay in the trees, and feed was carried up to them and put where they could get it.

I arrived in due season at my destination. J. Henry Schroeder met me at the landing. Old friends soon began to come in, and a general hand-shake all around was indulged in. I found the Schroeder mansion presided over, as usual, by Mrs. Schroeder, who is a model landlady, and helpmate, in fact, to J. H.; also the Misses Schroeder, accomplished and modest as ever, and Willie, the oldest son, who is the postmaster, merchant, and "hail fellow well met" all round, and who always has a good word and a smile for the tired tramp lecturer. Several others of

the family, sons and daughters, even down to the baby, all gave a welcome to ye wandering comet that was like an oasis in the desert to the weary pilgrim. That evening I lectured in the pavilion to a small audience, but few coming out on account of the rain. Sunday morning the glorious sun shone out in all its resplendent beauty, yet a fire was needed to sit by, for this country is a cool one. Soon our Liberal friends began to come down from the hills and out from under the big myrtle and maple trees, until, at one o'clock, a good audience was gathered to have "the bread of life broken to them." Crazy McNorton, the Spiritualist from "over there," or some other place not yet in the summer land but in the eternal mountains, full of fire and zeal

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that he can do,"

was on time and meant business; Mr. Boque, wife and son and daughter, whom I knew years ago in "bloody Kansas," came down from their mountain home in one of the wild canyons of Coos county, to greet me and listen to the Liberal balm in Gilead to be found in Freethought. I knew Brother Bogue's people as good Methodists away back in times gone by, but Oregon atmosphere has freed the troubled spirit from fears of hades, and my old-time friends are building on more liberal ground. Mr. Smith's bright and winsome girls, four in number, who live near Bogue's, came with them, making a bevy of bright faces and happy hearts not often met with. We had a regular revival, and if the "holy spirit" was not there he missed a good chance to get in his work, that is all. I knew we were on *preying* ground and the contribution showed it; also the appreciation of the mourners. I went home with comrade Bogue and family, all riding on an Oregon buckboard, and had a royal time riding up the long, crooked canyon, under the immense forest trees, going around this and that big log or stump—the road crookeder than the letter S, or the Christian's road to their heavenly home. Bubbling springs and foaming creek were now here now there, and glory everywhere; especially could I see stars as our coach and four "fell off" a log or rock. At length the ranch was reached and supper was soon on the table smoking hot.

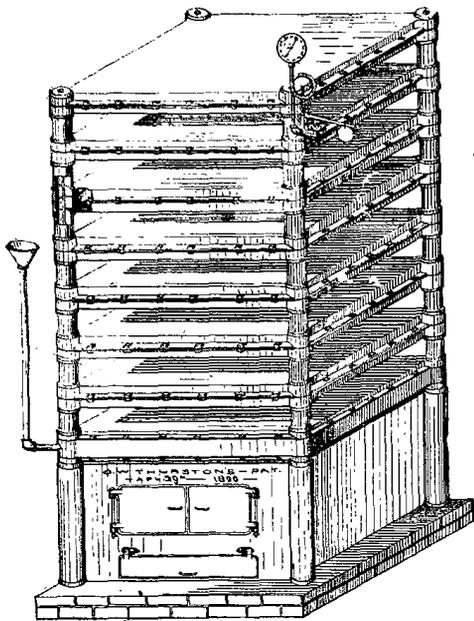
The way they farm it here is a caution. The timber is cut down along the road and away up the slopes and mountains and burned; a fence is built along the road; the cleared land is sowed to tame grass, the cattle turned on, and they can't run off or stray. The fence keeps them out of the road and the timber and fallen logs are so thick they have no chance to go off in that direction very far. So if the rancher does not see his cattle, sheep, horses, or hogs, for three months, he knows they are not far off. If he wants meat, and no bear, deer, or fish, happen along, he goes out and gives a lead pill to one of his own herd and drags that in and has a small barbecue. Two or three acres seems to be a large farm here, of plow land, and it costs about \$100 an acre to clear it. Hence small farms. The scenery, water, air, etc., are perfect; and no sickness is heard of. I rode back to Arago next day on a "cayuse," and lectured again in the evening to a fair audience. I met the two Robinsons, from the "fish trap," liberal, intelligent gentlemen who have buried themselves in this neck of the woods to make a home, and have, I understand, a fine one. The next day it was still raining, but the little steamer bore me on to Myrtle Point where I am at present writing.

Yours, etc., D. C. SEYMOUR.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Fossil, Or.....	June 29	New Bridge...	July 30, 31, Aug. 1
Lost Valley.....	July 1	Summerville.....	Aug. 2, 3, 4
Wagner.....	July 2, 3, 4	Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11
Mitchell.....	July 5, 6	Rosalia.....	Aug. 13
Prineville and vicinity.....	July 8 to 16	Plaza.....	Aug. 14
Monument.....	July 18	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Hamilton.....	July 19	Spokane Falls.....	Aug. 17
Fox.....	July 20, 21, 22	Davenport.....	Aug. 18, 19
John Day.....	July 24	Colville.....	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Prairie City.....	July 25	Buckley.....	Aug. 24, 25
Baker City.....	July 26, 27	Port Townsend.....	Aug. 31
Union.....	July 28		

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.



The Thurston Steam Dryer.

The above cut illustrates the Thurston Portable Family Fruit Dryer, which is equally well adapted to use in a factory of any conceivable dimensions.

It is formed in sections. First a stove or furnace $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, to be lined with fire brick. Second, a shallow boiler, of the same size as the furnace, which rests on the top of the stove. The cover of this boiler has a hole at each corner; a short tube, 3 inches in length, is placed over each of these holes on the corners as rests for the next section, which is perforated by a hole at the top and bottom. These holes are placed over the above mentioned tubes and form, thus, a connection through which steam may pass.

Thus section after section may be added until the Dryer is built to any height desired. It is then securely bound together by strong rods attached to the boiler at one end and passing up through the steam passages at the corners, and secured by nuts at the top end.

Each section or steam chamber is formed of two parts, either cast or pressed, a little cupping and to be fastened at the edges by either bolts or rivets, after having been properly packed. Flanges are made for the rivets.

Live steam is supplied to each corner of every section, and thus the heat will be constant and equal at all points all the time. The steam can be raised and held at any degree of pressure desired, and thus the desired degree of heat can be maintained. The fruit, placed on trays, can be slid into the spaces between the sections and will receive heat both from above and below, and as all sides of this machine are entirely open, all moisture from the drying fruit will be expelled, by the radiation of heat, the moment it leaves the fruit.

All steam is condensed and returned to the boiler and thus heat is economized. It needs no expert to run the machinery; any child can do that. No fruit need ever be burned. As there is a safety valve no explosion can ever occur. There is a tube attached to the boiler through which water is supplied. The inner end of this tube dips to the bottom of the boiler so that steam cannot escape unless the water be exhausted; more should then be added. This tube may be used to indicate steam pressure by placing a float in it with a stem attached. It will also act as a safety valve in case of too great heat.

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City Items.

Dennis Walsh, a steamboat fireman, who has been on the verge of delirium tremens for several days, was examined before the Commissioners of Insanity yesterday. He was rational on all subjects except religion, and said that Archbishop Riordan recently descended from heaven and told him to pray. He proceeded to do so and fell forward on his face several times. Although he received wounds on his face and a black eye he would not place his hands in front of him while falling, because he wanted to show proper respect to his savior. He was sent to the Agnews asylum.

Henry Wilson, a young man with a Uriah Heep expression of countenance, was before Judge Rix the other day, charged with stealing a prayer-book from Lottie White, 122 Turk street, where he had been employed cleaning windows.

Wilson said he had been drinking, was taken ill, and feared he was about to die. He took the prayer-book on a Sunday night, and, after reading it, proceeded to go to church. The devil took possession of him on the way and he proceeded to get drunker than ever. A policeman stopped him, for which he professed thanks. Case dismissed.

At the Mission.

Pretty teacher (intent on the lesson)—And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel.

Small Boy—Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either.

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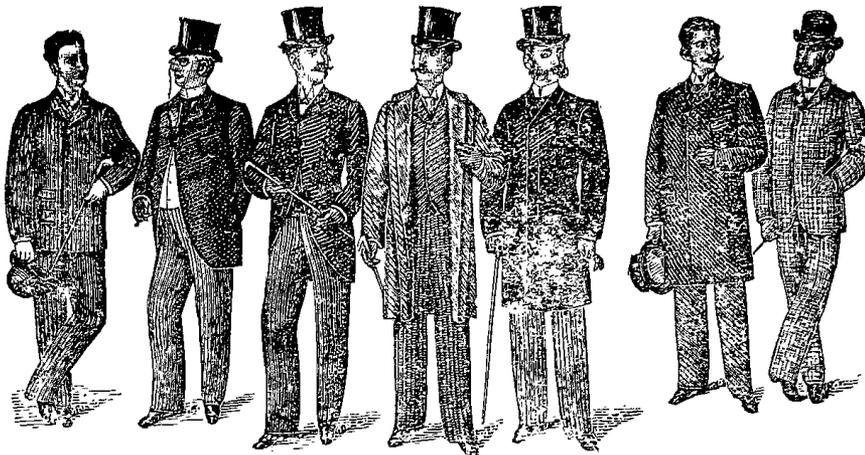
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Dalles are very orthodox, or they are the most indifferent "outsiders" that I have ever met, or rather didn't meet. They were conspicuous by their absence. The Dalles is an unknowable quantity. Like the Irishman's flea, you put your finger on it and it is not there. I reckon it is a discouraged community. The railroad shops are removed, or rather the men, and about \$17,000 a month is taken out of circulation. That gives The Dalles an orthodox black eye, and Freethought is not appreciated. However, Ives and myself took it quite philosophically. We were both old soldiers and used to every fortune. I must give my thanks to Judge Thornbury for the use of the court-house, and to Meshell, of the Times-Mountaineer, for a kindly notice. The next time I visit The Dalles I shall take a brass band with me. But it will be some time before I venture again into these regions of profound slumber. I don't believe The Dalles will ever know what is going on in the world until Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Friday morning I say good-bye to Ives and push on to Arlington.

Ives is a jolly campaigner, and we enjoyed ourselves hugely amid good and evil luck. Ives is an old steamboat captain on the Columbia. He has been in this country, from Salt Lake to Portland, nearly forty years. He knew Grant and Sheridan before the war, and camped with them, and told stories in the festive circle. He is full of reminiscences of the old days—of the Indians and the first settlers. He has been rich several times and "busted" several times, but he comes right side up with care—always gets a square meal somehow, and laughs at misfortune and death. As long as I have such a comrade by my side it is impossible to lose courage. We shake hands, and our last words are, "We'll meet at Portland."

As soon as I reach Arlington whom do I find but my old Montana friend, B. W. Carrington, conductor on railroad from Arlington to Heppner. He had telegraphed me at the Cascades to come right on to Heppner and lecture there. But my unfortunate trip to The Dalles prevented. I should have had a crowded house at Heppner, for the brass band, with a Methodist minister for drummer, was ready to stir up the natives with music for Freethought. This was another disappointment. I could not go to Heppner and reach Fossil in time. However, I am going to Heppner August 4, 5, and 6, and I reckon on having one of the best times along the route. Carrington is one of those who make things hum when he sets about it. It was a pleasure to meet a comrade who is so splendidly in earnest for the cause.

I have had plenty of ups and downs this week. I have met the worst of luck and the best of friends, and am therefore "on top."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

INGERSOLL ON THE PRESBYTERIAN CREED.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was interviewed at Rochester, N. Y., the other day, and in answer to the question, "What do you think of the revision of the Westminster creed?" he said: "I think that the intelligence and morality of the age demand its revision. The Westminster creed is infamous. It makes God an infinite monster and man the most miserable of beings. That creed has made millions insane. It has furrowed countless cheeks with tears, and under its influence the sentiments and sympathies of the heart have withered. It was produced by those who were suffering with two diseases—petrification of the heart and putrefaction of the brain.

"The civilized Presbyterians do not believe it, the intelligent

clergymen will not preach it, and all good men who understand it hold it in abhorrence. It gives me great joy to know that the churches are getting better; that they are growing more and more humane; that they do not really hate all forms of joy. Infidels are reforming Christians, teaching them to be generous, intellectually hospitable, and happy. After all, happiness is the only good, and the time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here.

"Christians owe a debt of gratitude to Haeckel, Huxley, Voltaire, Diderot, Hume, Paine, Humboldt, Darwin, and many others. These great men have helped to destroy the awful fears, ghosts, and devils of the orthodox religion. Yes, the creeds must be revised or the churches will have to be closed."

A LIBERAL PREACHER.

There is considerable excitement in ecclesiastical circles over the pulpit utterances of the Rev. J. C. A. Grumbine, the best known Unitarian clergyman in Missouri.

Mr. Grumbine has always been known as a Liberalist, but his congregation at St. Joseph was astonished on Sunday, June 23. They never heard such radical talk in their lives before, and they don't know what to make of it, says a dispatch. The people of other denominations do, however, and they have set down Mr. Grumbine as a man dangerous to the Christian religion. He said, with accompanying gestures, that he was in favor of Sunday theatrical performances, Sunday ball games, Sunday horseraces and all kinds of Sunday sports. He said that he believed in them, and intended to patronize them whenever he had an opportunity.

In support of this advocacy he stated that Christ said that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and if the people found relaxation and pleasure in Sunday sports he favored them.

He believed that they would tend to keep people from the saloons, and he advised all of his hearers to read all the Sunday papers.

A JUDGE WHO THINKS.

Last week FREETHOUGHT referred to a Sacramento judge who refused a man citizenship because the applicant belonged to a society formed for the protection of personal rights. The judge, whose name is Walling, would probably not have been heard of outside his own county except for his absurd decision. Now comes another judge, a well-known jurist, whose opinion Walling would do well to study, providing he has sufficient intelligence to comprehend, or even apprehend, its meaning. At the annual gathering of the Turners' societies of Chicago a letter was read from Judge Murry F. Tully, which the Associated Press, strangely enough, has telegraphed to San Francisco. In this letter Judge Tully says:

"Just so far as an individual is deprived of his personal rights, just to that extent is he enslaved. Every law which directly or indirectly forbids the exercise of, or abridges, a man's personal rights deprives him to that extent of his liberty, but the danger to liberty is not so much from unequal, tyrannical legislation as from the ignoring of the written laws, and the usurpation by the executive officers of the powers at any time of authority not granted by the laws. Where, as in the city of Chicago, an arrest upon bare suspicion, and without a warrant, of persons not found in the act of violating the law; when the police undertake to determine who shall and who shall not meet upon public assem-

blages to discuss political or economic questions; when trial by newspapers is substituted for trial by jury; when original packages of slander and vituperation are hurled at the court of the nation because of decisions favoring personal rights and the freedom of commerce; when upon almost every article of food, drink, and clothing fictitious prices are made by means of unlawful trusts and combinations—it is time, I say, not only to call a halt, but to establish personal rights leagues in every school district in every county in every state of the Union. Let your organization proclaim it to be the first duty of every citizen to obey the law, whether an official or a private citizen. Demand that there shall be absolute equality to every citizen before the law, in the administration of the law, and under the operation of the law. Persevere in your opposition to all sumptuary and all other vicious legislation, and teach the people that if they wish to preserve their liberties there must be eternal vigilance in the protection of personal rights."

These are wise words—words whose truth is known and voiced by thousands of people throughout the country; but it seldom happens that those who utter them are able to reach the public ear. It is gratifying to know there is at least one judge in the country who realizes that individuals have rights majorities ought to respect.

A SOCIABLE

Next Sunday evening, July 6, the San Francisco Freethought Society will close the season's meetings with a sociable and dance. All members of the Society, and all friends, are cordially invited to be present. The treasurer desires to realize a modest fund to square accounts all around, and hopes for generous cooperation.

Therefore, attend the Sociable. Professor Miller will give a reading; Mr. F. B. Perkins promises a recitation, and there will be songs and music, and other attractive features. Those who have attended the previous sociables can testify that nothing necessary to enjoyment has been lacking.

THE Rev. Dr. Gray, of San Francisco, admitted in his last Sunday's sermon that Infidelity was on the increase, but he was sure that there would be a reaction toward Christianity. Dr. Gray does not read the signs of the times aright, or, rather, he reads only half of them. There are two divisions of mankind which are on the increase. Infidelity, which is one division, is growing in proportion to the growth of intelligence. Catholicism, which is the other division, increases to the extent that ignorance propagates its kind. A general reversion to Christianity may occur if Catholicism overpowers and destroys Freethought, and people will again pass through the transition stage now occupied by Dr. Gray's congregation. Otherwise Protestantism is doomed, and except as social club houses its churches, after a few decades, will not exist. Roman Catholicism will endure until mankind get sufficient intelligence to be Infidels.

FREETHOUGHT is in receipt of a communication from Alexander von Humboldt, given inspirationally through the brain impressibility of Mrs. Julia C. Franklin, of Big Creek, Steuben county, New York. Brother von H. sends a kindly greeting to the editors. He adds that while in the material or earth plane he discovered that the universe is governed by law. The communication is not accompanied by a remittance, but we would be glad to enroll our distinguished correspondent on the subscription list without that formality, except that he has omitted to

forward his present address. Judging from the communication a little of the robust thought to be found in this journal could be profitably disseminated in the spirit world.

To be approved are the methods adopted to discourage a saloon keeper at Moore's Hill, Ind. The place had never had a saloon until very recently, and the women objected to the innovation. They therefore visited it in relays, taking their knitting with them, and simply sat there, knitting for dear life and saying nothing. In a town where everybody knew everybody else customers did not feel like frequenting a saloon thus occupied, and so the women had it all to themselves until the dealer confessed himself "knit out" and shut up shop. If the women had smashed the man's glassware and spilled his goods they would have made a martyr of him and fools of themselves.

MANY alluring schemes are offered for the acceptance of those interested in reform work, and usually those schemes with the least in them have the most followers. Sometimes they distract the attention of Freethinkers from Liberal work and divert their support; but it is cheering to remember that some day these Freethinkers will return to the object of their former fealty, and work thence onward for the one great principle upon which all other necessary reforms depend, the principle of untrammelled liberty for the human mind.

THE silver bill is defeated and appears to be dead. Consequently the relief expected from a monthly coinage of four or five millions will not be realized. And yet the agitation of the question has done good. It has shown that people are not contented with our present financial system, under which the flow of money into the hands of the few is as constant as the flow of all streams toward the sea.

It needs a tyrannical state to support a tyrannical superstition. The trial of a Protestant clergyman named Grimm, in Russia, for making insulting references to the church, has resulted in his conviction and sentence to ten years' exile in Siberia. The church and state in Russia, and in some other countries, are two of a kind, both detestable.

WHATEVER happens to other business the church and the priest never suffer. In good times their dupes are assured that they have been blessed in store that they might do more for religion; and when times are bad they are warned that providence is offended at their lack of enthusiasm for the church. Either way the priest gets his dollar.

"FOUGHT like Tigresses—two women engage in a prize-fight on Coney Island.—Two hundred brutes applaud it." Such is the sensational heading in a morning paper, which in describing the disgraceful event at length omits to say that the most dangerous brutes concerned in the affair are the ones who report and publish it.

THE arrest of a Kansas City parrot for using profane language is as sensible as any arrest made for the same offense. To preserve the similarity to other cases of the kind the blasphemous bird should get a long term in jail. It might also be fined.

To inquirers concerning the date when the Harman petitions are to be forwarded we would say that the defense committee will doubtless give due notice. In the mean time let as many signatures as possible be obtained.

THE deacons of the First Congregational church of San Francisco have good scriptural grounds for not investigating the charges against their pastor, Dr. Barrows. There is not one among them with courage or character enough to cast the first stone.

THE fact that San Francisco has 300,000 inhabitants instead of 350,000, as some have guessed, is not to be grieved over. There are many thousands here now who have nothing to do and would be better off somewhere else.

OUR readers have been apprised that Putnam's "Religious Experience" is now on the market. It is going well. Price 25 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

"About now look out for a dry time," said the Hon. F. B. Perkins in opening his address on "Morality and Religion" before the Freethought Society last Sunday evening. "For," he continued, "I know of but one subject drier than morality, and that is religion." Mr. Perkins's lecture was devoted to an inquiry whether there was really any necessary relation between the profession of religion and the practice of morality. He held that there was not. Among Rationalists, he said, morality, or the adoption of that course of life which led to the greatest amount of happiness in this world, was held to be of the highest importance. Christianity, on the other hand, placed less stress upon morality and more upon belief in certain dogmas. As a result there was more faith than works among religious people. Mr. Perkins then said that he would call attention to a few of the prominent illustrations of this fact to be found in San Francisco and vicinity, whereupon he proceeded to tell what he knew about the local religious lights. Within the past few weeks the lustre of many of these luminaries had been dimmed by the exposure of their lechery, their dishonesty, and their hypocrisy. Moreover our Christian statesmen, jurists, and politicians, many of whom held full communion with the churches, were men of low and unprincipled private life. So far as promoting morality was concerned, religion had been ineffective. After two thousand years of Christianity, professing to be backed by the full power of Almighty God, there was no perceptible gain in the morals of believers.

Many of the teachings of religion, the speaker said, were plainly false. The doctrine that evil is for the good of mankind and therefore necessary, was a palpable lie. Those who believed in that doctrine were welcome to all the evil in the world. In defining morality, Mr. Perkins said that it had to do with the relations of men with one another, whereas religion concerned men only in their relations with a supposed deity. The two systems of conduct not only had no connection with each other but were contradictory and conflicting, since religion looked backward for its sanctions, and beyond this life for its goal, while morality sprang from the necessities of society and placed its reward here and now.

An interesting portion of the lecture was that describing the old Roman household, where the head of the establishment ran a little private goddery of his own, and conducted the religious affairs of the family himself. In those days there were gods in every corner, and there was no department or household convenience that did not have its presiding deity. The Roman was jealous of interference with his idols, and his patriotism was largely of a religious nature. He would fight seven days per week for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods.

Professor Herbert Miller, by way of supplementing the lecture, read a page or two from a new book entitled "Cæsar's Column," the scene of which was laid in the twentieth century. The book did not present the attractive picture of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," but painted things about as they will probably look if the present drift of affairs is not diverted. Professor Miller is growing every day more intellectual and thoughtful of aspect. I understand he has recently been attending a discussion at the Berkeley University between Dr. Howison, the Hegelian, and

Professor Le Conte, the evolutionist, and has taken a hand in the controversy himself, the subject of the debate being Plato's "Phædo." He has studied the "Phædo" more than I have had time to do, hence his superior bulge of forehead; but in conversation the other day I found that he does not profess any further knowledge of immortality, of which the "Phædo" treats, than I do. All he has gained, I take it, is sufficient data to be able to tell Dr. Howison that Plato knew no more about the soul than the Attic agriculturist.

At the close of the discussion the Chair announced that there would be no more lectures before the Freethought Society until after the summer months. Next Sunday evening a social and dance occurs, intended to furnish members with recollections of the season of 1889-90 to which they can recur with pleasurable feelings.

Last Tuesday morning when I opened FREETHOUGHT office at half past six I found a clerical-looking man awaiting me. It was his duty, he explained, to tell me that Freethinkers took a wrong view of the scriptures, which were not intended to be literally interpreted. I asked him to what he referred, and he replied that he had seen in the window a copy of a book called "Self-Contradictions of the Bible." He had studied the Bible carefully all his life and had never discovered any discrepancy. I told him I would look into the matter, and picking up the pamphlet read, casually, "The earth abideth forever." And my clerical friend replied, "Yea, it is from everlasting to everlasting." I then continued: "The earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Then the clerical man said, "Really I had not before noted the contradiction." So he journeyed down into his pocket for fifteen cents, and having purchased the work, went on his way rejoicing.

A gentleman who is the editor of a city paper met me the other day, and speaking about the whitewashing report of the clerical committee that exonerated the Rev. Dr. Stratton, accused of ministerial conduct, said: There is a story that fits this case exactly, and I have wept bitter tears because I could not publish it. There was once a man on trial for an offense against good morals, and the evidence was overwhelmingly against him. The judge told the jury that the man was unquestionably culpable, and then inquired if the defendant desired to offer any reason why he should not be found guilty. The man said he would like to say a few words, and going into the box he whispered something into the ear of each juror. As a result he was acquitted quicker than lightning. The judge was surprised, but said nothing at the time. When he met one of the jurors again, he took occasion to observe that the plea of the acquitted party must have been very powerful. "Well," said the juror, "I don't know what he sprung on the others, but what he said to me was this: 'Now is the time for us fellows who are in the same boat to stand by one another.'"

"In my opinion," added the relator of the above incident, "that is about what the Rev. Dr. Stratton said to the members of the committee that tried him, and they were in a position to realize the force of the remark."

In "Liberty" of June 21, Editor Tucker says:

The contents of this issue show that Liberty has recently found much worth quoting in the columns of San Francisco FREETHOUGHT. Putnam is up-country lecturing.

There is always much worth quoting in FREETHOUGHT, and never more than when the Secular Pilgrim furnishes the paper with an extended letter from up-country. There is also much quotable material in Mr. Putnam's "Religious Experience," the price of which is 25 cents per copy.

I was setting type for FREETHOUGHT and Henry Replogle was working off a page of his monthly paper, when the news came that a brother editor with Liberal tendencies, T. L. McCready of the "Twentieth Century," was dead. Quoth I, "He is in luck." "Yes," said Henry grimly, "save this drawback: being dead he cannot realize what a good thing he has struck." And I agreed with Henry, yet both of us are still working away for dear life.

Moral: The contradictions of human nature are more numerous than its harmonies.

The writer of "Observations" acknowledges the gift of some roses placed upon the editorial desk by his wife. I do not think that these little attentions from women to their larger halves are of rare occurrence, but I believe that an acknowledgment of the courtesy constitutes an original item.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The silver men are discouraged over the failure of the free coinage bill.—One of the striking ironmolders was shot and killed by a foundryman named Kerr during a street quarrel last week Thursday. Kerr claims to have acted in self-defense.—First Assistant Postmaster-General J. S. Clarkson, of Washington, D. C., is in San Francisco. Possibly he is here to find a site for our prospective postoffice.—The striking carpenters of Oakland challenge their employers to a public discussion of differences.—Thomas Waller, Connecticut; M. H. de Young, California; D. B. Penn, Louisiana; G. W. Allen, New York, and A. B. Andrews, North Carolina, are the vice-presidents of the World's Fair.—Postmaster W. J. Bryan of San Francisco has retired, and General Backus, his predecessor, succeeds him. The cause of the change is purely political, which is no cause at all.—Herbert Beecher, son of the late Henry Ward Beecher, has just been acquitted of a charge of larceny. He was collector of customs at Port Townsend, and abstracted a book from the records.—D. O. Mills will erect a twelve-story building in San Francisco on the northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets. The building will extend to and include the site now occupied by Platt's Hall.—September 8 and 9 will be legal holidays this year in honor of the fortieth anniversary of California's admission into the Union.

Madam Diss de Bar, the medium who swindled Lawyer Marsh of New York, and who was arrested in Rome, Italy, has appealed to the citizens of America for aid. She says: "My only crime, when in your midst, was the charge of being a Christian Spiritualist, but aside from all questions of creed, I sincerely trust to find myself as worthy of American generosity as that which has been magnanimously extended toward foreign murderers, where philanthropic aid was required for their defense."—The United States Grand Jury has indicted the Rev. H. F. Bradbury, the dean of Trinity University, in Vermont, for issuing bogus diplomas.—Superintendent of the Census Porter says that from present indications the returns of the enumerators will show a total population of the United States of 64,500,000, against 51,155,783 in 1880.—About half the large cities of the country enter complaints that the census enumerators have not done their work properly. Denver claims 2000 more than the census returns show.

A tremendous howl has been raised by the Sabbatarian element over the order issued by her majesty the queen, that a band of music play on Windsor terrace every Sunday, and petitions protesting against the desecration of the Sabbath are in circulation.—Joan of Arc is to have a monument in Paris.—The Russian police have seized all the copies of the memoirs of the Princess Dolgorouki, which has just been published. The book is exceedingly interesting in some parts on account of the writer's knowledge of some inside facts concerning the imperial family, and it gives a very graphic account of occurrences which took place on the evening of the assassination of the late czar.—The court at Bantry, Ireland, sentenced Father Crowley to one month's imprisonment, and six more additional in default of bail for good behavior, for intimidating a Protestant clergyman.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION BUDGET.

"A bill has passed the House of Representatives, authorizing the director of the Mint, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, to change the patterns and styles of United States coins." So says our esteemed antagonist, the Christian Statesman. The Statesman evidently thinks this bit of news worth publishing as the second item on its editorial page. As the organ of the God-

in-the-Constitution party thus pointedly calls the attention of its people to this matter, we may infer one of two things: Either it fears that the one concession already made to its party (of the "In God we Trust" motto on the Bland dollar), may be withdrawn; or else it hopes for further concessions. At all events it behooves Liberals to be up and stirring in this matter.

How many of you who read this item, and who recognize the importance of a protest against this union of church and state in the mottoes on our coins, are willing to put your objections into some practical form that will have its effect upon the said director of the mint and secretary of the treasury?

There are auxiliaries of the American Secular Union organized all over the country. Let the members of these, and, indeed, of all Liberal clubs, whether auxiliary to us or not, make known their wishes in this matter to their legislators at Washington. Let them, both through their societies and as individuals, insist that their representatives there shall see to it that no more "In God we trust" or any other religious mottoes shall be stamped on the coins of a free people.

The Portsmouth, Ohio, Secular Society (president, J. L. Treuhart; secretary, Will S. Andres) is booming our cause. Judges, lawyers, editors, and other leaders of thought in the town are doing what they can to make the local society a success; and the rank and file of the membership seems to be composed of the most active and influential of the citizens. They are going to work in a business-like way, too—*i.e.*, attempting co-operation with our other auxiliaries and with Liberal societies in general in obtaining lecturers. The first lecturer chosen is Mrs. M. A. Freeman, and she is to be followed by others. These lecturers are, by a recent set of resolutions of the society, to be recommended to the different Freethought societies and citizens throughout Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. These societies and citizens are to be requested to co-operate, by writing at once to Mrs. Freeman for terms, dates, etc., and arranging for her reception. Later on, it is hoped that a system of co-operation can be perfected, by which each of our leading lecturers can make the rounds of the Liberal societies in these states in turn, at the least possible expense to both lecturer and society. This scheme is worthy of consideration, not only by our Liberal friends in the states above named, but all over the country. With organization and co-operation, the traveling expenses of each lecturer would be less; the outlay for each individual society would be less; and the lecturer would have more dollars in his pocket at the end of the year.

Some of our orthodox friends are falling into line with us. It will be remembered that we have laid great stress of late on the necessity of flooding Maryland with pamphlets on "Church Taxation." The Jesuits and ultra-orthodox Protestants in that state are working hard to have church property exempt from taxation by a constitutional amendment which will lift the matter beyond the reach of ordinary legislation. The Maryland newspapers, almost without exception, have been strangely silent on the subject, and one cannot help thinking that they have been muzzled. Lately, however, the Baltimore Methodist, by giving prominence to certain articles by one "Ed. L. Stroughton" and others, has bravely come to the front in behalf of the equitable taxation of church property in common with other property. We wrote the editor, thanking him for his bold and fearless stand in giving such articles prominence, and sending him one of our "Church Taxation" pamphlets for further points; and we have received from him a most encouraging and sympathetic reply.

Now, dear friends, there is just one lesson which is to be gleaned from these three disconnected items of news, and it is this: The value of co-operation among Liberals. If, instead of being broken up into dozens of un-affiliated societies, we were welded into one solid organization, we could strike telling blows for Freethought at every point. We should be able to strike "In God we trust" forever from our debased eighty-five cent dollar; we should possess a full corps of traveling speakers, at more profit to the latter, and at less expense to ourselves, than at present; and we should effectually hinder the plans of the church

exemption people in Maryland. These three things, with many, many more important ones, could be accomplished if for one little year the majority of Liberals would consent to serve in one united army, under organized and capable leadership of their own choice, and to uphold those leaders with something of the loyalty that obtains among our opponents. It is something of which Liberalism ought to be ashamed—that so vastly inferior a force in numbers as is the ecclesiastical party in America to-day, should so frequently outwit the friends of progress and religious freedom.

What is the remedy, do you ask? I reply: Organization and co-operation.

The American Secular Union is doing what it can for freedom of thought. Wherever it can, it strikes a blow for that religious liberty which can be secured only by total separation of church and state. But what can so small a standing army accomplish for the widespread interests of the cause for which it is fighting?

We rejoice in the work which some of our members have accomplished during the past year, and we are grateful for the support which we have hitherto received, both in small and in large ways. But we need many more soldiers than we have. Yes, Liberals, you ought, every one of you, to belong to this army. You ought to be organized into companies and regiments in your local towns; you ought to have your A. S. U. badges and your rallying cry, your camp-fires and your grand military reviews—just as the ecclesiastical party have. And, like them, you should support the leaders whom you yourselves have placed at the head of the controlling central organization.

It should not be necessary for us to appeal for money as we have had to do for the past two months, and as, from the present appearance of the treasury, we shall probably have to do again this month. It ought to be a matter of pride with each Liberal to belong to the army of the American Secular Union, and to help carry on the battle to the best of his ability, both with money and with personal influence.

I repeat that the battle of Liberalism, in the matter of total separation of church and state, is an easy one to gain, provided that our people will become organized. The majority of the male population of the United States are to-day not only non-church-goers, but thorough Liberals at heart. A large (though constantly lessening) proportion of women, it is true, continue to be church-goers; but this will not prevent the majority of these from joining hands also with the American Secular Union, when our society shall prove itself to be a permanent and well-equipped organization, with a definite and loyal following. The more conservative women are, the more likely they are to be swept along with the current of enthusiasm which such a society—and only such a society—can create.

Liberals, we want you, one and all, to enroll yourselves in the army of the A. S. U. How many will enlist as regular members at once? How many who, for any reason, cannot become members just now, will send in their mite to help along the work? Remember that every little contribution helps to swell the general fund.

We need money and we need workers—many, many more of the latter than we now have. For not until Liberals are organized into a permanent, well-equipped body, under capable leadership, and loyal to that leadership, will they be able to deal the death-blow to ecclesiastical power in the state.

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.

Philadelphia, June 24, 1890.

PUTNAM'S "RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE."

To the Editors of Freethought:

The genial Samuel P. Putnam is always an interesting writer, and in his "Religious Experience," just issued from the press, he not only sustains but adds to his previous reputation in that respect. I have read this pamphlet of his with deep interest, for I too had a preacher for a sire, and in some respects had similar experiences to his own, for, like Samuel, "I never got acquainted with my father," and my mother alone could be approached with confidence and a feeling of freedom, for a wall of reserve and a natural barrier bigger than a mountain always existed between

sire and sons. And oh, how depressing, miserable, and devoid of joy and happiness were those Sabbath days, characterized by solemnity and restraint. As Putnam says, blue Monday mornings were then unknown, for Sunday was so great a contrast to week days that Monday morning seemed like breaking into a new world. How many of his readers will voice this statement, and in how many hearts will he strike a responsive chord in recalling the memories of childhood! With his description of religion, and its comparison with morality, I am more than pleased; for no writer to my knowledge has delineated that curse and abomination known as religion in better, clearer, and more fitting language than has he. "Religion can make not only a saint but a devil," says Putnam; "not only a Jesus but a Torquemada," and nothing nameable has ever cursed humanity like this same religion; and right here I wish to mention an admission made recently by a lecturer in one of the churches of this city. Said he, "Nothing in the past has been so intolerant as religion;" and he could truthfully have added, nothing is to this day. Now where is the foundation of religion to be looked for? Putnam says: "The origin of the Christian religion, and of all religions, is the misery of man. Man is a religious animal because he is an unhappy animal, and the universality of religion is based upon the universality of suffering. Take away suffering and religion would cease to be." His assertion and conclusion are undeniably true, and he clinches the whole business with this remark: "Pain is productive of piety. Almost every saint is on the sick list, and Zion is the home of invalids." Verily these words are true, and they open up a line of thought that can be pursued to advantage by all who seek the origin of causes that result in religious effects. Putnam's views are also sustained in this respect by that ancient poet who remarked some time ago that "the devil was sick and the devil a monk would be, but the devil got well and devil a monk was he."

As the reader pursues this little pamphlet to the end, he meets with much sound philosophy, practical common sense, and many glowing periods that would reflect credit on the genius of Ingersoll; and in my judgment this last literary production of Putnam's is one of his best. It should and doubtless will have an extensive sale, and those who know a good thing when they see it will not be disappointed in the contents of this pamphlet. Putnam, I congratulate you on the happy result of the "inspirational thought" that led you to write "My Religious Experience."

Los Angeles, Cal.

Very truly yours, C. SEVERANCE.

MIND AS A CONTROLLING FACTOR IN NATURE.

Brother Knight is candid and genial, therefore it affords me great pleasure to continue the discussion. Both of an analytical turn of mind and both sincere in our researches, we should be able to settle the question of God or no God before we get through.

He says: "We confess when we called God 'he' we did so in deference to fashion merely. We know no sex in the sublime mind in the universe," again affirming his belief in a personal God.

And again I propose to prove that unless there is a personal God there is no God at all; and right here on this rock any God idea will be dashed into fragments; I insist that without sex a God is not thinkable—if not a "he" or a "she," he, she, or it is nothing.

He says "our God has mind, justice, love," etc., but these attributes are those of living creatures, either male or female, solely. Intelligence, mind, love, sympathy, etc., are concomitants of sex only, and wherever we find the former we find the latter. From its highest manifestation to its lowest, be it animal or vegetable, there is no exception to this rule. There is no analogy, then, in nature for the attributes of sexual beings existing without sex.

In repudiating the sex principle in his God, our friend unwittingly divests him of the most divine (so to speak) attribute in nature. Upon this subtle principle depends all life, mind, sensation, sympathy, love, reason, all. Without sex, I insist, all the divinest attributes of men and women would be unthinkable and of course die out, so even a he-God—or any other—could not resurrect them.

God, then, must possess sex, as without sex an intelligent being is utterly unthinkable. But now the very grave question arises, What sex? A belief in a plurality of Gods being considered absurd by Brother Knight, and sacrilege by the "only true" (Christian) church, they must answer in favor of the "stronger" sex, of course, and insist that their God is a "he." But supposing I insist that because the "fairer" sex embodies infinitely more "divine" characteristics than its opposite, God must be a "she." What champion of a he-God could successfully prove the contrary without at the same time killing his own God? Yet both notions are equally absurd. There exists either a he-God and a she-God or no God at all, because the one necessitates the other, and without the other either one would be a most lamentable failure.

I thus show logically that a he-God cannot be a God, or a she-God cannot be a God—and nobody pretends to believe in a he and a she-God (though the most reasonable of all); also that without sex a God is strictly unscientific and unthinkable, therefore there can be no God at all.

Brother Knight's own concessions will annihilate his God and make impossible any God. He insists that God is not a he, but still talks about God "looking," "knowing," "remembering," "rewarding," etc. What folly! Now let him analyze this remnant or this shadow of a God a little further and see if it vanishes not entire: Without being a "he," without being a person, what in the name of reason is it in nature that was "looking" when Brother Knight was alone, that "knew," that took an interest in him, "remembered" his good and evil deeds, and perhaps would reward or punish him? Divested of sex and personality, what is it? What does it look like? Where is it? Is it air, like the air, in the air? Is it electricity, heat, light, ether? Is it the moon, sun, or any particular star or all the stars, planets, or constellations? What is it? Can it be seen by methods of science, reached by our telescopes or observed anywhere within the domain of nature? What and where is it, this important something that has transcendent human attributes without personality or sex, that can "look down upon him" without eyes, hear without ears, think without a brain, and love without a nervous system? I insist upon an answer. Brother Knight places his belief upon the plane of pure reason—then let him give a reasonable, direct answer. I am anxious to know the truth, to discover God—if there is one—by methods of science and reason. Let him aid me in my ardent effort to discover final truth.

He cannot do it. He is in a transition state—has jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. He is still groping his way out of that labyrinth of superstition where I was years ago. If he continues to search he will eventually evolve up to the plane of pure Materialism and reason.

He is not there now. What is it he continues to worship after discarding the Bible God? What in all the realms of nature is it that is invested with divine attributes? What in the realms of science and knowledge that even resembles, acts, or looks like a divine power? What, in nature, is conscious, outside of man and beast?

Nothing, absolutely nothing. And still he talks about a being that has no being, and about a consciousness with no possible mode of existence!

With profound humility I concede that in relation to the universe I am infinitely less than even a mouse is to a church, yet I insist that where we are all mice together it ill behooves some mice to arrogate unto themselves the airs of cats or other superior animals and pretend to know what they don't know and what they emphatically refuse or fail to prove. But this is what priests and preachers have done, and this is what Brother Knight continues to do. He says there is a being (he calls God, but unlike everybody else's God) anterior, exterior, and superior to the universe, who created and now rules it, and sundry other orthodox affirmations. He fails to define the idea or make clear this mystic creature's mode or place of existence. We simply protest against the exhibition of such arrogance on the part of some mice and insist the burden of proof falls upon them, and unless forthcoming our simple denial refutes the assertion.

Brother Knight simply falls into the same errors of the old church. He assumes that man cannot be the result of a "mere

hotch-potch of matter stirred up without plan or mind," and therefore illogically assumes the existence of a logical necessity for a designer, ignoring the fact that by parity of reasoning the same necessity for another designer would then exist for his designer. But, as I stated in my previous letter, if our friend will read Haeckel's "Evolution of Man," or similar books, he will find that what to him manifests design is indeed the result of causes purely chemical and physical, and neither sentient, benevolent, nor wise.

The fact that one says there is no God where a thousand say there is proves but that like causes ever produce like effects; that the masses, being alike ignorant concerning final causes, have like superstitions and solutions. But will my good friend please tell me how the false belief of the millions who do not believe in his God can prove his God?

As a million oughts or ciphers ever remain less than a single unit, so the belief of all the world ever remains of less consequence than the opinion of one Humboldt, who affirmed there is no God.

No doubt as long as mankind are ignorant they are servile, but when free and intelligent they will vote against a tyrant or ruler in the sky or anywhere else every time. Nature rewards virtue and punishes vice deservedly, when God won't.

Rochelle, Ill., June 15, 1890.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

A LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

Probably no other decade in the world's history has been marked by such rapid strides in civilization as the present—so many inventions, such grand discoveries in science, and above all, the founding of benevolent institutions for the helpless. But seemingly the churches perceiving the impossibility of any longer combating with brute force and ignorance against the advancement of scientific education, have determined on a reconciliation; founding schools and colleges, presided over by preachers and priests and instructed in religio-scientific text-books.

Grasping half of a scientific principle, enveloping it with a biblical myth, expounded by a Christian priest and sucked down by the credulous student as purely scientific—such is the state of things in all the church schools, and such would be the state of things if the church had power, and to a certain extent is in all of the state schools, including the primaries and colleges of our country. All who send their children to school are compelled to have them taught this religio-scientific nonsense.

But the time is approaching when this must cease—when science will be taught unalloyed by superstition.

But before this can be accomplished there must be an exertion made by every Liberal of the land, an untiring energy upon their part to outdo the enemy. We must found schools and colleges everywhere and maintain them on a perfectly Secular basis.

Therefore, I appeal to the Liberals of the Pacific coast for the founding of a Liberal university on the coast. That such a school is a necessity of our times, I think is apparent to every Liberal. We are strong enough on this coast to maintain one with the utmost ease if only started. I think to make a success it needs only to be started.

Mr. Dawes, of North Yamhill, Or., in an article in the Truth Seeker some time ago, called for twenty thousand dollars for the erection of a building. Let us have the amount. Let us show to the world that we have awoken from the slumbers of superstition. Let the stout-hearted men of the Pacific have the honor of founding and maintaining the first Liberal university in the world. Let it be the property of the Liberals of this coast, superintended by a board elected by the conventions of the Pacific states.

Let us hear through the columns of FREETHOUGHT, from the Liberals in regard to this matter.

B. S. MARTIN.

Brownsville, Or., June 20, 1890.

THERE is now a Nationalist paper at Santa Cruz. It is a four page weekly.

SEND your orders for printing to the FREETHOUGHT office. Country orders solicited.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

One hundred years ago Thomas Paine was unknown to the world, and yet for nearly one hundred years his name has been a bugbear. Few people are aware that the man whose pen was as mighty as the sword of Washington in the achievement of American independence, was scarcely known as a writer until more than eight years after the close of the war. In 1791, at the age of fifty-four, he burst forth like a meteor in the literary and political world by the publication of the "Rights of Man," in answer to Edmund Burke's attack on the French Revolution. All through the American war he signed himself "Common Sense," and his only open publication prior to his return to England was a "Dissertation on Government; the Affairs of the Bank and Paper Money," in 1786.

His first acknowledged essay was a "Plea for the Excisemen" in 1772. This was anonymous, and the officers of the excise contributed to pay the expense of publishing four thousand copies.

His next known literary work was a few brilliant contributions for the "Pennsylvania Magazine" in the early part of 1775, signed "Atlanticus." How he happened to write for the magazine is explained by himself in a letter to Dr. Franklin, dated March 4, 1775:

Your countenancing me has obtained for me many friends and much reputation, for which please accept my sincere thanks. I have been applied to by several gentlemen to instruct their sons on very advantageous terms to myself, and a printer and bookseller here, a man of reputation and property, Robert Aitkin, has lately attempted a magazine, but having little or no turn that way himself, he has applied to me for assistance. He had not above six hundred subscribers when I first assisted him. We have now upwards of fifteen hundred, and daily increasing. I have not entered into terms with him. This is only the second number [February]. The first I was not concerned in.

On the tenth of January, 1776, he surprised his friend, Dr. Franklin, by the publication of the revolutionary pamphlet, "Common Sense" which fired the hearts of Americans, and in less than six months led to the Declaration of Independence. The authorship of "Common Sense" was attributed to various statesmen of the time. One edition at least, if not more, was exhausted in a month, and on the nineteenth of February Dr. Franklin, in a letter to General Charles Lee, introducing "the bearer, Mr. Paine," said, "He is the reputed and, I think, the real author of 'Common Sense.'"

And in a later edition is found this postscript to the Introduction:

Who the author of this production is, is wholly unnecessary to the public, as the object for attention is the doctrine, not the man. Yet it may not be unnecessary to say that he is unconnected with any party, and under no sort of influence, public or private, but the influence of reason and principle.

From March, 1775, to January, 1776, no trace of any writing by Paine was found until recently. In October, 1880, I first saw in the Congressional Library an American reprint of an English weekly paper called "The Crisis," twenty-seven numbers, from January 21, 1775, to July 22. The principal object of the publication was to oppose the British ministry in their conduct of affairs, especially in regard to America. The writers were anonymous and audacious. The ablest and principal contributor, beginning in April, 1775, was "Casca." No sooner had I read one of his essays than I detected the writer as Thomas Paine. "Casca" was unknown to the publisher, and was certainly about London from May until near the end of the year 1775.

What caused Paine's sudden return to England? Hostilities had begun in America, and the most pressing need of the colonies was gunpowder. In October, 1775, General Washington had penned up General Howe in Boston, but dared not advance one step, because his men had not five rounds of powder. On the ninth of December, Dr. Franklin sent a letter to M. Dumas, in France, by a Mr. Storey, inclosing one hundred pounds to defray expenses in procuring a shipment of small arms, ammunition and saltpeter. Previously, in the same year, Charles Biddle was sent to France to procure munitions of war, and in January, 1776, he returned with a cargo of saltpeter. Hence, I infer that Paine went first of all on a like mission.

Four days after my discovery that "Casca" was Thomas Paine, I was happy to find that Librarian Spofford had anticipated me, his identification of the writer being based, however, not on the series of papers by "Casca" in "The Crisis" but on a separate publication of a pamphlet entitled, "A Crisis Extraordinary," dated August 9, 1775, and signed "Casca." It was an extra paper, all about General Gage's proclamation of June 12. Taking a text from Horace, *Prociat ampullas*, the writer gave it a free translation thus:

On souls, of slavery more than death afraid,
Gage wastes his pardons and his gasconade.

"The Crisis" continued publication until after the Declaration of Independence. "Casca's" last communication was in the paper of April 13, 1776.

On the twenty-third of December, 1776, a little pamphlet was printed in America called "The Crisis," by "Common Sense," written on a drum-head by Thomas Paine, a private in General Washington's army. Many are still familiar with its first words:

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman: Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph.

This paper was read in camp to every corporal's guard, and in three days our army won a victory at Trenton. Three weeks later came the second number of "The Crisis," addressed to Lord Howe, and the sixteenth and last of these papers is dated December 9, 1783.

In 1796 fourteen of the sixteen numbers of the American "Crisis" were published in England, and prefixed to them was "Casca's" "Crisis Extraordinary," of August 9, 1775, signed "American C. S.," i.e., "Common Sense." This was such a puzzle to Paine's biographer, Sherwin, in 1819, that he attributed its insertion to the ignorance of the person who furnished the copy. But Librarian Spofford, having detected "Casca" as Paine, made this margin note in Sherwin's book:

It is by Paine, but does not belong to the "Crisis."

Mr. Spofford was not yet aware that "Casca," i.e., Paine, wrote not less than thirty articles for "The Crisis" of 1775-6. And as Paine was in France in 1796, it is quite possible that he authorized the English publisher of his American papers, called "The Crisis," to put in as number one "A Crisis Extraordinary," changing the signature from "Casca" to "American C. S."

When Paine returned to England in 1787 he immediately published a pamphlet, entitled "Prospects on the War." It was anonymous. Six years later, when he became known as a writer, some critic detected his authorship of that pamphlet, and it was republished as his work.

Paine's success as a pamphleteer was unprecedented. Not less than one hundred thousand copies of his "Common Sense" were sold in America, and the demand for his "Rights of Man" was much greater. Being now, in 1791, first known as a political and revolutionary writer, he acknowledged himself as the author of "Common Sense." But yet his apparent aversion to personal fame or wish for concealment is shown in the preface to part second of the "Rights of Man," where he says: "Had not Mr. Burke urged the controversy, I had most probably been a silent man."

To counteract the effect of the "Rights of Man," one George Chambers was paid five hundred pounds to write a defamatory life of Paine. It purported to be written by Francis Oldys. Paine at once detected the author, and the only answer he made to the calumnies was, "I wish his own life and that of the cabinet were as good."

Up to this time Paine had never written a word to indicate that he was a skeptic in regard to biblical inspiration, and had he died at the age of fifty-six the world would never have known what his religious views were. For prudential reasons he intended to publish his thoughts on religion as his last offering to the world. But in December, 1793, in hourly expectation of arrest and death by the guillotine, he made haste to prepare a portion of the work. With no Bible at hand he completed the first part of the "Age of Reason," gave the manuscript to Joel Barlow, and in less than six hours he was sent to prison.

SUNDAY LAW ENFORCED IN WASHINGTON.

My constant, earnest appeals for all Liberals to enroll in the state organization for mutual protection, and so we may reap the harvest of the good seed sown and enjoy the fruits of our bill of rights in the constitution, meets with cool indifference from many. "Law is all right; no need of organization; can't have any religious exercises in our public schools; we don't have to take oaths—affirm, just as we please; all church property has to pay full share of taxes; never can enforce any Sunday-observance law—our constitution fixes all that."

Yes, some Liberals, at cost of time, means, and hard work, secured all that. The constitution does guarantee absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious belief and sentiment, and that no one shall be disturbed in person or property on account of religion. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and if Liberals do not watch, guard, and defend the rights and privileges the constitution affords us, the despotic tyranny of the church will be exercised despite our constitutional guarantee.

It is only by rigid, scrimping economy I can live—I cannot afford the luxury of a daily paper—have to depend on accidental opportunities to read other people's. Our president informed me that the Post-Intelligencer contained an article on "Religion in Our Schools" that I ought to read and could use for reference, so I indulged in the extravagance of purchasing a copy, and found the following article:

"TACOMA CLOTHIERS FINED FOR SELLING GOODS ON SUNDAY.

"TACOMA, June 18.—The clerks employed in the retail clothing trade recently formed an association with the principal object of securing the closing of all clothing stores on Sunday, and appointed T. Nash to have the Sunday law enforced. On Monday warrants were sworn out against L. Moses, J. E. Heilick, David Jordan, and Abe Blask. They were heard before Justice Patrick this morning, and fined \$25 each and costs. The cases were all appealed to the superior court."

There are no members of the W. S. U. in Tacoma. I have arranged to go there and deliver lectures in the basement of the Unitarian church on the evenings of the 25th, 26th, and 27th. Have written to each of the parties arrested. Presume none of them are Liberals—certain they are not liberal, for they do not take a Liberal paper, are not members of or contributors to the W. S. U. . But the wrong done them, the outrage of arrest and fine, the ignoring of constitutional rights, is just the same, and if not checked it will surely reach Liberals ere long. Oh, that the facts might be sensed so that each Liberal would feel the duty to be prepared for defense of others, so that when the iron clutch of ecclesiastical despotism seized on one all could rally to the rescue!

I shall do all possible, with our very limited means, to arouse the people of Tacoma to a sense of the gross wrong done, and endeavor to post them on the law of the Sabbath and Sunday, both biblical and constitutional, in hopes the informed, intelligent will check the fanatics in such outrages on personal liberty and constitutional rights of the citizen. C. B. REYNOLDS,
1204 Sixth st., Seattle, Wash. Sec. W. S. U.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE STATE.

The question as to whether Christianity is the law of the land, which has been resurrected by the public school discussions, is likely to be settled once for all by the supreme court. No actual litigation arising out of it has ever been important and hardly contested enough to carry it through all the intermediate courts to the final tribunal. A case arising in the state of Tennessee, however, has been taken up by the National Religious Liberty Association, which has already carried it to the supreme court of the state and will appeal it from there to the United States Supreme court.

The case involves the right of a man to work on Sunday. It arises directly out of the act of a person who believes that Saturday should be observed as the Sabbath, but it will serve to test the general principle whether the state has the right to compel a man to keep any Sabbath at all. R. M. King is a farmer, and was indicted by the circuit court of Obion county, Tennessee, for

quietly working on his own premises, not in sight of any place of worship. None of the witnesses for the state testified to having been disturbed in any way, or to having a knowledge that any one else had been disturbed, except that their moral sense had been shocked by seeing work done on Sunday. Mr. King is a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church, a sect which observes the seventh day (Saturday) as the Sabbath, in the place of Sunday, the first day of the week. The defense has been made by the National Religious Liberty Association, an organization of recent origin, which admits no one into its membership who does not believe in the Christian religion, but holds that the functions of religion and the state are entirely distinct, and for interests of both, should be kept separate.

The defendant was first arraigned before a justice of the peace and fined \$3 and costs, amounting in all to about \$12, which he paid. He was afterward indicted for the same offense by the grand jury at Troy, Obion county, and was convicted and fined \$75. An appeal was taken to the supreme court on the plea: First, that the acts complained of and proven did not constitute a nuisance, as charged in the indictment; Second, that the court erred in not permitting the defendant to prove that he had been once arrested, tried, convicted, and fined for the same offense, and that he had paid the fine and costs; Third, on the ground of the appeal of the district attorney-general to the religious prejudices of the jury, by his bitter denunciations of the religious views of the defendant, and confounding the sect with which he is connected with the Mormons.

The supreme court confirmed the decision of the court below and the case will now be appealed to the supreme court of the United States on constitutional grounds, the appeal to the state supreme court having been taken merely upon technical errors. Several similar cases are pending in Tennessee, where an association has been organized, the members of which pledge themselves to prosecute every violation of the Sunday laws. A number of persons who observe the seventh day as the Sabbath are now under indictment for working on Sunday. They are tenacious of their faith, and claim the right under the first and fourteenth amendments to the constitution of the United States, and the bill of rights of the state of Tennessee, to work on Sunday. This will be the first case involving the constitutionality of Sunday laws that has been brought before the United States supreme court, and the decision will be looked for with great interest by other than Seventh-day Adventists.—Portland Oregonian.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XVI,

ENTITLED DUALITY.

Simon in Deep Distress.

1. And Simon departed upon his journey, and took leave of the guides. But the guide whose name was Godlyguts went with him to show him the way.
2. And they went in search of a certain city called the city of Sanctification, but they could not find it.
3. For the gutter called the Narrowway branched off in every direction, and the branches ran into each other, and through each other, and over each other, and under each other.
4. And there were turnings here, and twistings there; on this side was a bend and on that side was a bend; in one place the gutter was so deep that daylight was no longer seen, and in another so shallow that the pilgrims could scarce keep within it.
5. And Simon went on painfully and wearily day by day, tumbling headlong down into the deep places, and toiling up the ascent to the shallows.
6. And everywhere in the gutters were great stones called Arguments, which were cast in by the Giants, and they were exceedingly troublesome to the pilgrims, causing them often to fall down, and compelling them to clamber over, for some of the stones were very great and not easily got over.
7. And Simon and Godlyguts went on together, helping each other over the great stones, and tumbling down together, and lifting each other up again, and condoling with each other, and saying, We fell not, nor can we fall, and even while they were yet saying it, they went down sprawling.

8. And it came to pass at a certain place one of the Giants came and threw down a great stone upon them, where the gutter was very deep.

9. And the great stone came down very swiftly, hissing as it fell, and Godlyguts being expert in such matters avoided it, but it fell upon Simon, and as an hammer driveth in a nail, so did it drive Simon into the ground.

10. Even up to the ears did it drive him into the ground, and not being able to get out, he took good counsel and stayed in, and his wits went gathering wool, and found little.

11. And when his wits came back from their journey, behold Godlyguts was gone away.

12. And Simon went after him, and overtook him, and said unto him, Why hast thou forsaken me, seeing I am nailed fast in the ground, and the great stone over me.

13. And after much entreaty Godlyguts went back with Simon, but they could not find the stone, not the place where Simon was nailed down.

14. Then was Simon in sore distress, and went about as one distraught, moaning his grief to the winds, and Godlyguts grew weary of the search.

15. And Simon bemoaned himself bitterly, saying, Woe is me, woe is me, woe is me; I am one of the lost sheep. Was ever man in such woeful guise, that he should not be able to find himself. Woe is me in very deed, for I know not where I am, nor where my carcass is laid. Oh, Simon, Simon, son of my father, where art thou? Why hidest thou thyself from me? Thou whom my soul loveth above all men, where art thou?

16. And after many days Simon found the stone, and was exceedingly joyful thereat, and he began diligently to dig under the stone, and in due time found himself.

17. And Simon was much shattered by the stone falling upon him, and he gathered himself up with great care, and placed himself in a basket, and putting the basket on his head he went on his journey.

18. And when he came to Gilead he repaired to the physician that dwelt there, and the physician repaired him.*

19. And Simon went on his way rejoicing.

20. And Simon rejoiced exceedingly.

21. And it came to pass that when Simon came to the—

To be Continued.

A LETTER FROM A WEST INDIAN.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have received your noble letter on the 28th inst., and welcome it is to one who for many months past has been seeking for what you have given. Your offer in the same is accepted, and as soon as I have received the copy which you sent, and which I believe is now on its way to me, I shall send you an order.

Your informant has done me a great favor, for which I return my warmest thanks, trusting he may send my name to all the Liberal journals of the United States. I have shown your communication to many of my friends who are of my opinion, and it is as welcome to them as if you had forwarded the same to them; their co-operation is certain, and ere this reach you an order will

* In this verse, and the six preceding, the doctrine of the duality of man's nature is plainly and unequivocally propounded.

† To our excessive dismay and grief, and to the incalculable loss of science, religion, and the rest of the professions, the rest of this highly interesting and very valuable chapter is for the present at least, lost! An irreverent rat (our eternal curses attend it), with a literary taste of ravenous dimensions, has eaten it! May its mother eat dirt! Our sorrow is of course great, and yet we do not sorrow as one without hope. We have borrowed a trap of Anthony Comstock (than whom a more tricky trapper never breathed), and have set it with a bate which we are sure neither gods nor men can resist. In the event of our catching the ignoble animal (to which end we desire the earnest prayers of the faithful), we shall engage an orthodox clergyman (than whom at cutting up the dead none have had more extensive practice) to perform a post mortem examination, and having thus recovered the lost manuscript, we shall publish it in our second or third edition. Should the rat, however, elect to keep out of the trap, we shall engage the renowned strategist Moody. To say more than this is unnecessary. TRS.

be on its way to California. I shall be thankful for any Liberal tracts or pamphlets published by you, and all information from you will be accepted with the greatest kindness. I shall be glad to serve as your agent this way, should you deem it fit to appoint me.

Liberalism is still in its infancy, though it is much on the march from a few weeks past, through the foolishness of some misinformed officials by one of their ill-managed organs that claimed to be the mouthpiece of the police, etc. (The Port of Spain Gazette). The affair, though silly, has led to the opening of many eyes that were shut, and there is much in favor of Free-thought since the occurrence, which I will now relate. Through the distribution of a few tracts by myself and several other persons, who thought that some good might be done, the above named sheet thought it best to raise the Christian war cry of Infidelity. True to their principles of slavery and cowardice, the church and government came to the rescue, and one person, who they thought was more ignorant than the rest of us, was apprehended by a detective sent for that purpose. It turned out in the end that the magistrate considered the matter so simple that he sent the young man away, and charged the police to be careful in the future how they tamper with the liberty of the people. This will give you an idea of our present state of government. The truth is, I am bent on fighting for the Liberal cause, and if even a law was framed similar to that of the Inquisition, that could not turn me from the course on which I have embarked. The emissaries of Rome are trying their utmost that Trinidad may be their stronghold in the West Indies, but there is a movement which all their vigilance cannot hinder, and success is certain. The time has come; already many of their staunchest adherents have broken the chains placed on their necks, and they have exchanged their worn-out creed for the truths set forth by Thomas Paine and others. We, the followers of that liberator of mankind, are trying our best to advance the doctrine taught by the great Ingersoll, and although it is a characteristic of those who are under British rule to be lagging in the rear, still there is a forward tendency which only requires support. I therefore ask you to send all available help possible by cheap tracts, etc., which we will be willing always to purchase.

Hoping to be favored by earliest opportunity with further communication, I remain, gentlemen, yours most truly,
Trinidad, Port of Spain. THOMAS C. JACKSON.

A GOOD MAN ASSAILED.

FRIEND MACDONALD: That article of H. L. Knight against Stanford, which appeared in FREETHOUGHT under date June 14, is simply atrocious. Leland Stanford is one of God's noblemen. He is to-day the most popular man in the state of California. He went to California a poor man—he made his money in the state in a perfectly legitimate manner, and now is spending it in the state for the benefit of the state. His building and endowing the Stanford University will immortalize him. His endowment is liberal, greater than ever was made by any other man for such purpose. To have him vilified, belied, and slandered, if that were possible, by such an old crank as Knight, is infamous. I regret that you should allow the columns of FREETHOUGHT to be prostituted for such base purposes. Many of the readers of FREETHOUGHT are friends of Stanford, and everyone will resent that dirty article. I don't believe such personal articles against anyone will do any good to the community, but will injure the paper that publishes it.

With many kind wishes for your prosperity, I remain, as ever,
Albany, N. Y. Yours truly, A. SCHELL.

* * * On another page are a cut and explanation of the Thurston Fruit Drier. Those acquainted with the necessities of the fruit-drying industry will be able at a glance to detect the value of this device. Mr. Thurston has just secured a patent upon his invention and desires that a company may be organized to manufacture and introduce the drier. Inquirers may address Geo. E. Macdonald, FREETHOUGHT office.

INDUCE your friends to subscribe for FREETHOUGHT.

Interesting Notes From Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The present season has been remarkably dry in the Willamette valley, and the drouth continued up to the time that Putnam came into the valley, and the Campbellite camp-meeting commenced at Turner. Then the refreshing rains descended and watered the thirsty ground. Many attributed the rain to be brought by the camp-meeting, as the Campbellites love wa'er, and it is supposed that they are regarded of "gawd;" but the advent of Putnam was no doubt an active factor, as the Campbellites always "raise a storm" when an Infidel lecturer comes around. Otherwise we are having a season of quietude here in Oregon. This valley has gone decidedly dry so far this summer (until just lately), crops generally will be short, and the dry got away considerably with your correspondent's strawberries.

I am writing this because I see nothing in FREETHOUGHT from this section, and your readers may think that we are all dead. But we are not. The Freethought cause was never stronger here than it is now, although there is not much noise being made about it.

I have got a novelty in the shape of a hen (domestic) raising a brood of a dozen China Pheasant chickens; own countrymen of the gorgeous bird that's standing on his four by six inch landing, o'er the photograph of Putnam, just inside the office door of the Freethought Publishing Company. They are three weeks old now; run at large with the hen; can fly a little, and are lively as crickets; and, although they are timid, they are not wild. Like curses and crows, they come home to roost, and get under the wings of the hen same as their more civilized cousins do. But the natural instinct of their race for running and hiding is still strong in them. They resemble in this respect the Christian, the Prohibitionist, and the protectionist when these try to use argument; they always want to keep a little way off, and to have something to dodge behind.

Aumsville, Or.

F. S. MATTESON.

Come and Gone.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The most intelligent audience that met in Portland last evening convened at Nonpariel hall to hear Putnam on "The Religious Conspiracy."

B. F. Hyland, of Corvallis, the "old man true and tried," was there. The intelligent Priestley, whose grand-uncle was Dr. Priestley of England, came ten miles to the lecture. J. H. Fisk, the chemist, was there. That brave and generous little man, Saunders, who is on duty for life, was there. R. D. Sutton, the ex-minister, who will debate theology with any man in the world, was there. David Wittenberg, the Hungarian patriot, who is a life member of the Oregon State Secular Union, was there and threw a handful of silver into the hat before Putnam was done speaking. Carrie E. Haight, the grand little woman who "works and works ever," was there. Miss Elva Davidson, one of our state secretaries, whose parents and grand-parents have been Liberals for seventy years, was there. And last but not least, the Oregon Hypatia, Miss Mattie Blaisdell, was there; unfurled the banner of the Oregon State Secular Union, and beautified the platform with blooming roses. Her black eyes, beaming countenance, and queenly demeanor pronounced her the belle of the evening. Putnam did not lecture. He simply gave us a grand oration—the best we ever had in Portland. He has made himself the Bradlaugh of America. Long may he live.

Portland, Or.

C. BEAL.

Conservative Mr. Barrett.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have no desire to dictate what you shall do, or what you shall not do—that is your province. I would advise every Liberal paper to eliminate Elmina Drake Slenker from its columns. She is not popular with the Liberals of this locality. She is considered a woman of easy principles; a damage to any paper that accepts her contributions. The "Word," Heywood's paper, and some of its contributions are Elmina's gender. Another matter with some of the so-called Liberal papers—the editors are rebels, and eulogize secession. This will do in some sections. Brother Shaw, of the "Pulpit," is a rank secession sympathizer. I read his "Pulpit" more than a year. Finally the cloven foot appeared in a eulogy on Jeff Davis. I wrote him and he turned my letter over to one Dr. Park, of Waco, Texas, who scored me in his answer concerning Jeff and the lost cause. Uncle Jeff was the most patriotic martyr on earth.

Shaw tried to shirk the situation. Some two years ago I identified myself with the Agnostics of Missouri. They are all rebels and I will have none of them. Now rebeldom has nothing in particular to do with one's religion. A man may be a believer in Liberalism, but an out-and-out traitor to his country. The two don't blend very well, however. Of the two, loyalty and Liberalism are the best and both should be adopted.

The Truth Seeker and the San Francisco FREETHOUGHT, I believe to be loyal. Certainly they are both superior journals. If such productions as are contributed to the columns of the "Word" and "Lucifer," also some other Lilliputian sheets, are a necessity, let's accept them, if not. let us drop them like a hot potato. The human anatomy is all right enveloped in legitimate covering, but exposed in its nudity is not a spectacle for public gaze.

O. S. BARRETT.

Adrian, Mich.

A Suggestion.

To the Editors of Freethought:

There is much time, fuss, feathers, display, and expensive military accoutrement connected with the almost daily drill at the old Montgomery Block, and elsewhere, of our superb and very renowned police force; supposably necessary for some future great riot, which, in the minds of many astute ones, is always anticipated.

All this unnecessary parade of what our magnificent force might do may be dispensed with.

Let it be understood that in case of riot the fire alarm be turned in—a general one if necessary—and then thoroughly drench the unruly crowd with a liberal supply of Spring Valley water. Life and broken heads would be spared and the efficiency of our fire department would drown out all signs of mobocracy.

Publish this. Send a copy to the board of supervisors, and, with the aid of your contemporaries, the suggestion will meet with public favor, and our police force have more time for duty on their regular beats or for rest in their hours off.

San Francisco.

S.

Death of G. W. Tiffany.

Dear Freethought:

By this morning's Oregonian I see that Geo. W. Tiffany, of Salem, Or., is dead. This is sad news. He helped organize the Oregon State Secular Union; was at the last convention, and was the first one to pay in \$25 and become a life member. He had unbounded faith and confidence in the Union. I am doing him no injustice in saying that he had the same confidence in me as its presiding officer, and this urged me forward in the hard work so that his expectations might be at least partially realized. Let the next convention honor this grand Liberal.

Portland, Or.

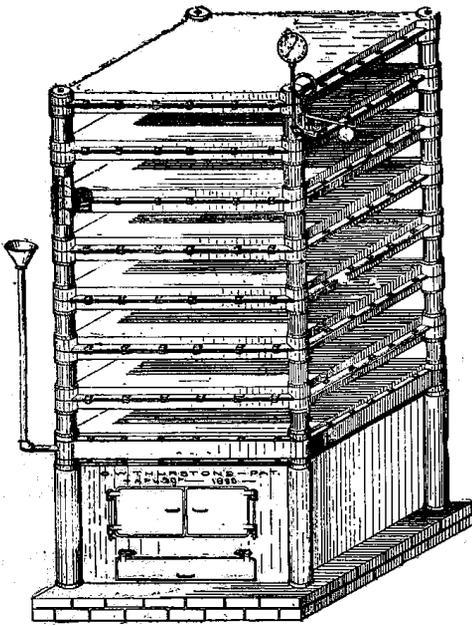
C. BEAL.

W. F. JAMIESON has been almost constantly lecturing in Iowa for the past five months. He was engaged to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Hampton, which created consternation among the orthodox, who were fearful that he might say something against religion, and some politicians surmised that he might advocate the rights of workingmen to equal liberty with millionaire kings. Mr. Jamieson has several calls to Minnesota, where he may go in July. He invites correspondence from Minnesota and Wisconsin. Address at Des Moines, Iowa.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Mitchell	July 5, 6	Heppner	Aug. 4, 5, 6
Prineville and vicinity	July 8 to 16	Dayton	Aug. 10, 11
Monument	July 18	Rosalia	Aug. 13
Hamilton	July 19	Plaza	Aug. 14
Fox	July 20, 21, 22	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
John Day	July 24	Spokane Falls	Aug. 17
Prairie City	July 25	Davenport	Aug. 18, 19
Baker City	July 26, 27	Colville	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Union	July 28	Buckley	Aug. 24, 25
New Bridge	July 30, 31, Aug. 1	Port Townsend	Aug. 31
Summerville	Aug. 2, 3, 4		

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.



The Thurston Steam Dryer.

The above cut illustrates the Thurston Portable Family Fruit Dryer, which is equally well adapted to use in a factory of any conceivable dimensions.

It is formed in sections. First a stove or furnace $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, to be lined with fire brick.

Second, a shallow boiler, of the same size as the furnace, which rests on the top of the stove. The cover of this boiler has a hole at each corner; a short tube, 3 inches in length, is placed over each of these holes on the corners as rests for the next section, which is perforated by a hole at the top and bottom. These holes are placed over the above mentioned tubes and form, thus, a connection through which steam may pass.

Thus section after section may be added until the Dryer is built to any height desired. It is then securely bound together by strong rods attached to the boiler at one end and passing up through the steam passages at the corners, and secured by nuts at the top end.

Each section or steam chamber is formed of two parts, either cast or pressed, a little cupping and to be fastened at the edges by either bolts or rivets, after having been properly packed. Flanges are made for the rivets.

Live steam is supplied to each corner of every section, and thus the heat will be constant and equal at all points all the time. The steam can be raised and held at any degree of pressure desired, and thus the desired degree of heat can be maintained. The fruit, placed on trays, can be slid into the spaces between the sections and will receive heat both from above and below, and as all sides of this machine are entirely open, all moisture from the drying fruit will be expelled, by the radiation of heat, the moment it leaves the fruit.

All steam is condensed and returned to the boiler and thus heat is economized. It needs no expert to run the machinery; any child can do that. No fruit need ever be burned. As there is a safety valve no explosion can ever occur. There is a tube attached to the boiler through which water is supplied. The inner end of this tube dips to the bottom of the boiler so that steam cannot escape unless the water be exhausted; more should then be added. This tube may be used to indicate steam pressure by placing a float in it with a stem attached. It will also act as a safety valve in case of too great heat.

I claim that this machine will do more and better work at less cost for help and fuel than any other now in use. By arranging a number of these machines in a factory, and attaching proper steam power, a factory of any conceivable dimensions may be established and run to advantage.

G. W. THURSTON, SR.

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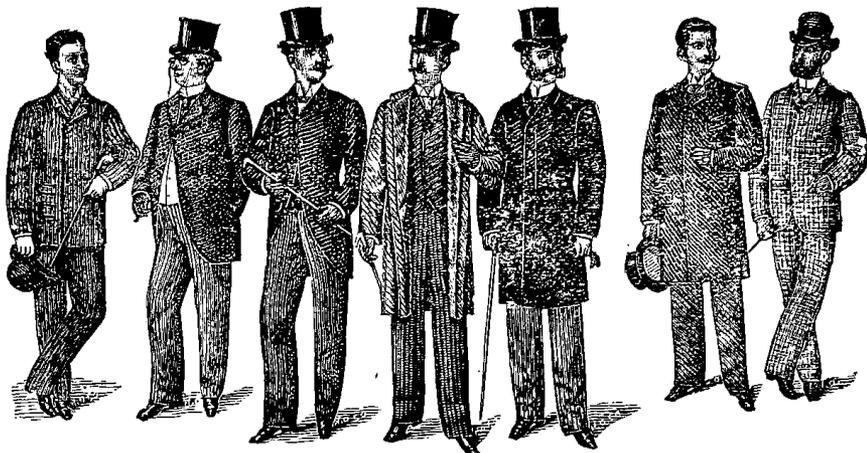
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—BY—

EDWARD B. FOOTE, M. D.,

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relations and social natures,
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world ought to have a better excuse to offer for hard times than
the intemperance of one per cent of its inhabitants

Our Protestant ministers in their union meeting last Monday

erroneous, as Mr. Sinz's charges, for the above reasons, were not presented until after his committee had been discharged. Furthermore, according to Mr. Sinz, the charge of embezzlement is against Mr. Ashton, not Haskell. Mr. Sinz does not think that the statement of the committee, or the technical correction made in the paragraph alluded to, materially changes the aspect of affairs.

A BRAZEN LIE.

The Catholic "Monitor," a weekly paper published by S. J. McCormick in San Francisco, with the most perfect indifference to truth, makes this statement:

"The achievers of great things have never been Infidels."

The occasion for the above untruth is the pious claim of Stanley, the African explorer whom John Burns has so well characterized as the "buccaneer of the Congo," that, "constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess his aid before men." Conceding that Stanley has achieved "great things," what has he accomplished of value compared with the explorer Humboldt, one of the most distinguished men, as well as Infidels, that ever lived? Stanley will be remembered as a daring man, and an astute advertiser of himself, but his achievements give him scarcely more credit for benefit to the human race than Allen Kelly's capture of the "Examiner's" grizzly entitles the latter to.

But how about other Infidels beside Humboldt? It seems to us that Darwin achieved something, and the same is true of Tyndall, Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. To go back farther we might mention Giordano Bruno, the astronomer murdered by the church; Shakespeare, who achieved the greatest things known to literature; Leibnitz, the "universal genius;" Voltaire, the intellectual director of his age; Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine. The things these men achieved will make them live as long as history, while Stanley, as well as his great rival in sensationalism, the Hon. Phineas T. Barnum, will go into early forgetfulness.

Perhaps the "Monitor" doubts that Rousseau ever accomplished anything, or George Washington, who was not a Roman Catholic; or Edward Gibbon; or Goethe; or Laplace the astronomer. Beyond question, Dr. McCormick never heard of the work of Stephen Girard, or Robert Owen, or Gerrit Smith, or William Lloyd Garrison the abolitionist; of John Stuart Mill, the greatest of political economists; of Abraham Lincoln. And lastly, the editor of the "Monitor" has probably lived in San Francisco a half dozen years without hearing of the Mount Hamilton Observatory or the Pioneer Hall, or of the California Academy of Sciences, the work of that conspicuous Infidel, the late James Lick. Never having heard of these men, Dr. McCormick may have spoken more from ignorance than from a desire to lie when he said that "the achievers of great things have never been Infidels." Otherwise he is convicted of deliberate falsehood.

It would be untrue to say that the converse of the "Monitor's" statement is true, namely, that "the achievers of great things have never been Christians," because religion has not prevented all who believed in it from distinguishing themselves in some useful manner. Agassiz professed Christianity. Isaac Newton accepted the same religion subsequent to the unfortunate lesion of the brain which robbed him of his reasoning faculties. The blind Milton was a Christian. These men and others of similar belief made their names famous in the same manner that Infidels

have done. It was therefore not their religion but their humanity which distinguished them. But Christians have had other ways of achieving "great things," although those of them who were noted for their piety have left us little to remember them by except their crimes. Who are the most prominent men in the history of the church? Possibly Constantine, the murderer, is first, and following him is a line of popes, cardinals, and ecclesiastical officers who in a civilized and enlightened age would not escape the gallows. In the list of eminent Infidels these characters have no parallels, and only by defining crime, persecution, and general infamy as "great things" can it be said that the achievers of great things have never been Infidels.

We withhold our opinion of an editor who will tell a deliberate lie in his paper and trust to the ignorance of his readers to escape detection; and our opinion is withheld simply for the reason that there are no words in the language to express it.

HELEN GARDENER's reputation as an author receives new lustre from her latest published book, "A Thoughtless Yes." It is a collection of nine short stories, covering something over two hundred pages and forming as interesting a book as one could wish for leisure reading. The paper and print are elegant; the cover is attractive, and bears this sentiment in the handwriting of Colonel Ingersoll: "The downcast eyes of timid acquiescence have paid to impudent authority the tribute of a thoughtless yes." For the information of those desiring the book we add that the price is fifty cents and that "A Thoughtless Yes" is for sale at this office.

DR. JOHN MONROE, of Day's Gap, Alabama, has lately "been paying great attention to religious matters," and became insane. On July 8 he shot and killed his four children and then killed himself. The superstition of which Monroe and his four children were the victims is still being preached by one hundred thousand paid priests and ministers in this country!

C. BEAL, of Portland, was in San Francisco last week, but could not tarry; yet may his stay be long upon the earth. He is an earnest and whole-hearted worker for Freethought.

OBSERVATIONS.

The man who came into FREETHOUGHT office last week to convert the whole establishment, has twice returned. Once he bought the "Age of Reason," and again Paine's theological works complete. He now admits that there is much on the Freethought side worthy of study.

THE WIND.

Within the caves of ocean's waves
I nestle my supple grace;
Through the mighty lair of the hollow air
I move at a tiger's pace;
I gently creep round the babe asleep,
And waft the lover's sigh;
Each tiny flower has learnt my power,
And bows when I pass by

The fields of wheat yield to my feet
In rhythms smooth and long;
The forest leaves unbind their sheaves,
And breathe a whispering song.
I blow the ships with cunning lips
Of promise false and fair;
None ever know who with me go
What their journey's end or where.

I toss the sands in tropic lands,
And whirl the flakes of snow
When winter white my hand clasps tight,
And we merrily onward go.

I softly blow the seeds of woe
That yield disease and death,
Which I sweep again from the fevered plain
With the rush of my healing breath.

When the hot sun pours from heaven's doors
The flame of his burning heart,
I grow distressed, to madness pressed,
Then leap like Jove's red dart:
The clouds I clasp in my giant grasp
And, hid in stormy rain,
In fury whirled around the world,
I shriek with angry pain.

In the dark I moan to the stars alone,
And sing to the dreamy noon;
None ever see my mystery,
All listen to my tune;
I am the breath of Life-in-Death,
And the spirit of the air,
Where I move free by God's decree,
Yet do his bidding there.

The above poem was given last Sunday evening by Prof. Herbert Miller as a contribution to the literary exercises at the Free-thought Society's sociable. I was not there when he read it, although I learned from others that in his introductory remarks he expressed disappointment over my absence. His words were substantially as follows:

"There is a certain editor of a certain paper known to us all here who has a habit of perpetrating poetry upon his readers, and when any of them retaliate he is unkind enough to print their verses as written with observations of his own calculated to make them regret having dropped into poetry. I know how it is myself. The poem which I shall now read I desired to inflict upon him especially at this time when he is not on the programme for any remarks. But I see he is away; he is not in it. You will please put yourselves in his place and listen to the poem. Then you will realize how much he must suffer if present."

When Professor Miller had made this explanation, which was received with levity, he read his poem in a scholarly way, pronouncing all the words right, following the punctuation marks, and putting the stress of voice on at the proper places. It was greeted with applause, at which the reader expressed surprise, and rebuking his auditors with the remark, "You have brought this upon yourselves," he drew forth and read another. The listeners even then desired more.

The sociable was enjoyable in a high degree. Vice-President Eastman opened proceedings with a neat introductory address, and Miss Annie Lenont gave "Shells of the Ocean" as an overture on the piano. Professor Miller then gave his verses as above. Mrs. Blue recited a poem with fine effect; the Misses Haelke played a duet upon their zithers; Prof. W. S. Bell read some very humorous verses which he said were original with another person; Mr. Will Alfred Pingree performed skillfully with his banjo, and Miss Lillie Arper gave a recitation. There was marked excellence in each number, and no entertainers could ask for a more appreciative and responsive audience.

After this came the dance, Secretary Lemme acting as floor manager. And then hilarity began, the music swept with joyful sound, while many a staid and serious man did swing his partner round and round. An hundred hands clapped in accord, an hundred eyes with pleasure burned, when Bell, as stately as a lord, went down the center and returned. And when Professor Miller danced, ah, how the ladies stopped to look, as o'er their feathered fans they glanced to note each graceful step he took. There will be no more lectures before the society until after the summer months, but it is probable that entertainments will be held monthly, of which due notice will be given in these columns.

At the last business meeting of the Nationalist Club a committee was appointed to make arrangements with FREETHOUGHT to retract something printed two weeks ago. The other proceedings at the meeting were of deep interest. Mr. Otto Sinz, persisted in saying that the accounts were crooked. Mr. Haskell condemned Mr. Sinz as a tool of monopoly, and assaulted him. Mr. Sinz says:

"We were discussing the matter when Haskell arose to a

question of privilege, and went on to say that twenty-five copies of FREETHOUGHT containing statements damaging to him had been sent to Kaweah Colony. I arose to a point of order, and was recognized by the Chair, when Haskell ordered me to sit down, and finally struck me a blow with his fist. I gathered up a chair to defend myself with, when Haskell's friends grabbed me from behind, threw me down, and walked over me. That raised a pandemonium at once. Some of my friends interfered, and at the first opportunity I broke through an opening, climbed on the stage, and took a leisurely view of the house. It was an interesting scene. Half the members had either chairs or their fists in the air ready to bring them down on other members' heads. I waited until they had got through fighting and then resumed my seat. Mr. Haskell demanded a retraction of my charges. I declined. He then said that if the charges were not dropped he would leave the club; so he stalked away as though he were shaking the dust of the whole business off his feet. But he didn't leave the hall; he just got behind a curtain and stayed there to see what would happen. At this the members were scared out of their boots, and one of them moved that I be dishonorably expelled. The motion was carried, but I kept my seat. Secondly, moved that I be invited to withdraw at once. Carried; but I didn't go. Thirdly, moved by Benjie Haskell that the sergeant-at-arms be authorized to remove me forcibly if necessary. Carried. I was also carried—out on the street. There I met Haskell in a fighting mood, but we compromised by his threatening me with a suit for slander and by my inviting him to proceed with it. Then I went home."

The statement of the Committee on Retraction will be found elsewhere. In regard to this matter I stand in a position somewhat similar to that of the country judge who charged the jury as follows: "Gentlemen," said he, "if you believe what counsel for the defense tells you, you will acquit the accused; if you believe what counsel for the prosecution says, you will find a verdict of guilty; but if you are like me, and have full confidence in both, then I am d—d if I know what you will do. Gentlemen, the case is now in your hands."

Professor Seymour, now on the trail, has sent this paper an original poem of several stanzas. I should hesitate to publish it without first consulting the professor's many friends who now hold him in high esteem, but if the offense is repeated there will be no other recourse.

BUSINESS POEM.

We're sending many pamphlets hence
In orders large and small,
But Putnam's quaint "Experience"
More numerous than all.
It makes the torpid liver work,
And starts the blood again
To circulating with a jerk,
And stimulates the brain.

The parsonitis quickly flees
Before its magic power,
While pious weakness at the knees
Is cured within an hour.
The weeping sinner's tears it dries,
Uplifts him from the rack,
Removes the wool from o'er his eyes,
The mos. from off his back.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Chris Buckley, the political boss, has returned to San Francisco, bringing a new wife with him.—The Alaska Commercial Company promises to bring Siberian sealskins into the American market, and to materially lower the prices of the commodity.—One of the San Francisco census enumerators is under arrest for stuffing his returns. Instead of calling at residences he filled up his blanks with fictitious names, turning in about 400 more residents than his district contained.—Although Actor Crane was well rewarded for his late efforts to please the San Francisco public, he went away with a poor opinion of the city. He told a New York reporter: "I know I have said some hard things about California, but, by jingo, it deserves

it. I have talked with old Californians and they admit the truth of what I say. I had not been in San Francisco for eight years, and could scarcely recognize the place. The town is blase and worn out. Prize-fighting in the principal industry, and when that waiter was killed the other day the industry got a black eye. By gad, sir, I do not know what it will talk about now."—French residents of San Francisco will celebrate the 101st anniversary of the fall of the Bastille July 14.—The Planter's Hotel, worth \$15,000, at Anaheim, Cal., was burned last Saturday.—There were 122 deaths in San Francisco last week against 83 for the corresponding week of 1889.

Dr. Burtzell, the friend of McGlynn in the latter's trouble with the pope, has been removed from the pastorate of the church of the Epiphany, at New York. Next to McGlynn Burtzell is the most popular priest in the metropolis.—Congress is now considering the River and Harbor bill. The silver question has been retired, and probably will not be recalled. People who have watched the indications express a belief that congress never intended to do anything to relieve the financial stringency.—Real estate boomers at Cape May Point, N. J., have presented an elegant cottage to President Harrison on the condition that he shall make it his summer residence. The gift is merely an investment by shrewd property-owners who think the presence of the president will enhance the value of their lots and buildings.—A prize-fighter was killed in a slogging match at Chicago last week. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and the parties implicated were released from custody.—P. T. Barnum, the showman, has celebrated his 80th birthday. He and Pope Leo XIII. are among the oldest living humbugs.—Some Detroit women have induced the directors of the Detroit Museum of Art to put drapery over the nude figures of a Venus and the Dying Gladiator.—Idaho has been admitted as the forty-third state of the Union.

The cholera epidemic is on the increase at Valencia in Spain.—The Socialists of France are forming a Democratic Union in connection with the Belgians, the leading clause in the platform being universal suffrage.—Michael Davitt is to publish in London a paper called the "Weekly Labor World."—The editor of *Voz de Mexico*, published at the City of Mexico, has been thrown into prison and his paper denounced by the government. The offense is not stated.—Religious difficulties at Queretaro, Mexico, are of a serious nature. The Protestants and Catholics recently had an armed fight in which several were injured.

THE ASSEMBLY OF PROGRESS.

"L. S. P.," LIBERTY, SCIENCE, AND PROGRESS.

The Assembly of Progress has been founded to supply a long existing vacancy in society. Among all civilized, intelligent aggregations of people, harmonious society is most important to the welfare and happiness of communities, and, in order to realize the greatest degree of happiness in social society, it is most important that people of similar views on the leading vital questions of the age should, as much as possible, be united together in social, moral compacts for their own mutual advancement and prosperity. 'Tis clear you cannot unite Catholics and Protestants in the same society with that degree of social concord which should characterize a society formed for the mutual benefit and advancement of its members, and the same rule applies to the Methodists and Presbyterians, and to other societies holding adverse religious opinions; and particularly is this true with Freethinkers and believers in the orthodox religions. The Christian's feelings are wounded whenever the truth of his faith is questioned, while the Freethinker will not accept the orthodox faith without proof, nor believe the "stories that are told of the miracles of old," and this breeds dissension and discord, and alas! too often engenders an animosity which creates permanent enemies who might otherwise have lived as friends. Therefore the segregation of these opposing elements is necessary to the general welfare of society.

The Catholic church by its thorough organization is a great power and wields a wonderful influence on society and the body politic; and so it is with the Protestant church. It is organized

throughout the civilized world, and in consequence of its thorough organization it is strong and its power is felt as well in politics as in society. There are organized a large number of social and benevolent secret societies, which, as a general rule, are prosperous and increasing in numbers. But the Liberals, who represent a large part of the intelligent portion of mankind, have practically no organization, and are therefore unable to exert that influence upon society which is their right by reason of their numbers and intellectual position. Without organization we are without unity of action; without organization our power is unknown; without organization we have little knowledge of our numbers, and are almost helpless to advance our cause for truth and freedom.

There having been no general beneficiary organization of the Freethinkers, there are now many Liberals who are members of some of the various secret beneficiary orders, notwithstanding the offensive religious ceremonies in common use in most of the secret orders. The want of society, the importance of co-operative insurance and sick and funeral benefits so common to benevolent orders, and the absence of a Liberal organization have driven them to join these societies, however unpleasant the religious ceremonies may be. In consideration of these facts and to advance the cause of Freethought, the Assembly of Progress has been organized. It provides all the advantages of kindred societies, such as co-operative insurance, sick and funeral benefits, with the least possible expense consistent with a sound financial basis, and presents the opportunities to Liberals to perfect a general and permanent organization such as will thoroughly organize the Freethinkers throughout the civilized world. With a thorough organization, such as can be brought about through the Assembly of Progress, the Liberals will be in a condition to work and work successfully for the cause of liberty and truth. Their numbers will be known, and Liberal literature can be generally circulated through the country. With thorough organization a system of missionary work can be effected among the unfortunate who have never seen the first glittering rays of the true light.

With the Assembly of Progress organized in every town and city in the country, our Liberal lecturers will receive an audience and a welcome heretofore unknown. The Assembly of Progress is a society free from religious ceremonies, and therefore free from religious wrangles, hatred, and strife; a society wherein liberal-minded people can assemble together in a pleasant and social manner and peaceably discuss intellectual and scientific subjects without the interference of an assumed deity, or fear of the encroachments of religious creeds or faiths.

For information concerning the Assembly of Progress apply to
J. M. VOSS, Grand Prefect, Los Angeles, Cal.,
Or, E. E. SHAFFER, Grand Secretary, Los Angeles, Cal.

ON DREAMERS.

In reply to Mr. Gunther's letter of June 21, I still maintain that all who work for human happiness, though sometimes mistaken, are not dreamers. Those who deal in fancies only may be called so; but to apply the term unreservedly to all efforts of reformers is not right. Many of the best inventions were made by persons who were called dreamers.

And what shall be said of every attempt at self-government or re-adjustment of labor and social relations? If it were not for them we could not see the matter in its many bearings; hence I rather encourage efforts, though often futile, than discourage them; though I assure you I never intend to encourage wrongdoing.

As to how mechanics and farmers can co-operate, I refer Mr. Gunther to Kaweah. If there is anything obnoxious or impracticable about the plan adopted there I have failed to find it. I have looked about a good deal to formulate a method that would secure fuller justice to the more fully evolved citizens of this country; one that would be practicable. I am so peculiarly constituted that I accepted Edward Bellamy's and Lawrence Gronlund's combined as the very best yet advanced. Kaweah may fail eventually, but so far she has not. I do not think she will ever fail because the theory is wrong, but should failure come, it will be from the "solid selfishness" in human nature

inordinately developed. It may be from a combined effort on the part of church and state.

Germany is essentially German. The United States are essentially everything. Germany "went to Canossa" under Bismarck, and may return with Rome astride of her neck. Then she may go to the "devil" entirely. The United States are there now planning to escape.

My plea for woman was not intended as a criticism upon anything Mr. Gunther said, but to indicate my idea of the kind of co-operation we should build. Women have been ignored so long, now that the tide is rising in their favor I want to see them have equal liberty and opportunity, and when men have got that far on the way to justice the rest of the way will be easier.

My comparison of Mr. Gunther's letter with Mr. Ingersoll's was to show the sympathy of the one for laborers generally, and the lack of it by the other. I think it did that. Suppose we grant that Mr. Ingersoll did not know what he was talking about, and look at the matter in another light. Those who compose the various labor unions have had all the experience Mr. Gunther thinks Mr. Ingersoll lacks. Still, Mr. Gunther differs widely from them. Ingersoll did not offer any solution of the problem, nor has Mr. Gunther, except that we should do as Germany has done. But before Mr. Gunther concludes Mr. Ingersoll is not capacitated to speak upon the labor question, would it not be better to show that what he has said is wrong? Ingersoll evidently does not lack sympathy, and he knows that many have to work long and are poorly paid. He thinks eight hours a day are long enough for a person to labor. He thinks a man not wholly civilized who asks or demands that another shall work hard for scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. And I will add that I think one who is content to do so is equally uncivilized. The hireling system is wrong, based as it is upon the idea that one may own everything, and the rest of mankind nothing—not even liberty, having lost the means to sustain it.

If the right to live is inalienable, a place to live and something to live upon are equally so. It does not follow though that someone else shall produce your living for you. Each one should have every natural opportunity left free. What no one has made belongs to all. The idea of parceling out the earth by homesteads, and then legalizing of all sorts of schemes to gull the most of mankind out of them; the idea of letting all the natural advantages pass into the control of a few shrewd and unmerciful speculators; the idea of a few enjoying unlimited luxury and the many unlimited want; the idea of giving to him that hath and taking from those who have nothing, only their diminishing power to work; the idea of—well, of calling a man a fool just because he is a fool!

Interest on money is wrong. If a man does not need the principal, he surely does not need the interest. Having earned the principal, he should have it when needed; but he nor the money itself earns the interest which men demand and use as a compound lever to get the advantage of the whole world (and the rest of mankind). Then, after setting up this feudal system, kill off mankind to protect money, instead of using money properly to protect mankind! Civilization! Why, after all the civilization in the west half of North America there are some men who think they own the women. There are other men who won't have a wife, but think they own everybody, and more too. But I am not one of that kind. I would be better satisfied if each individual owned himself or herself, with all his or her natural rights inalienable. And should anyone be so thoughtless as to try to build a good industrial and social structure, that is about the depth they will have to dig for a foundation.

Sanel, Cal.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

COLONEL INGERSOLL ON VIVISECTION.

LAW OFFICE, ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, }
45 Wall street, New York, May 27, 1890. }

PHILIP G. PEABODY, ESQ., Boston Mass.—*My Dear Friend:* Vivisection is the Inquisition—the hell—of science. All the cruelty of the human—or rather the inhuman—heart is capable of inflicting, is in this one word. Below this there is no depth. This word lies like a coiled serpent at the bottom of the abyss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

MARRIED—It will be of interest to the Liberals of the United States to learn that our friend, who in youth was a Garibaldian volunteer; who, a few years after, was promoted for gallantry in the Union service; who later on was a member of the Executive Committee of the International Typographical Union; subsequently, chairman of the Executive Board of the General Assembly Knights of Labor; more recently, the energetic secretary of the American Secular Union, and who has been widely renowned as a dashing, fertile newspaper correspondent—Mr. E. A. Stevens—was united in-marriage, at Chicago, on Tuesday, June 17, to Ella Godman Stiles, youngest daughter of the late John C. Godman, for many years treasurer of Morrow county, Ohio, and niece of James Godman, ex-State Auditor of Ohio. The happy couple have our warmest congratulations, and we sincerely hope that their pathway through life may be strewn with roses.—OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

THE RELIGIOUS PESTILENCE IN ILLINOIS.

This town and vicinity (Philo, Ill.) has been in a state of excitement for several weeks past over the actions of a company of strange religious enthusiasts known in this section as the Pentecost Band, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Herald. There are several of these bands holding forth within a radius of thirty miles of here, one being at Charleston, one at Atwood, and still another at Lovington, and at each place they have stirred the people up by their irrepressible and fanatical zeal. They have also visited Camargo, Hinesboro, Fairland, Tuscola, and Urbana, and at each place they left the people torn up and divided. This may appear strange in view of the fact that the people composing the Pentecost bands are young men and women who are in most instances weak-minded, ignorant, superstitious characters, filled with strange notions and ideas, and whose actions are out of accord with this day and age.

From what can be learned of this religious sect, they are mostly foreigners, who, being indolent and shiftless, have hit upon this plan of gaining a means of support, and it is marvelous the number of victims they find among the ignorant classes that throw open their doors to them and contribute to the advancement of their ideas, and to their relief and support. In all there are said to be fifteen of these bands in Central and Southern Illinois, and from those who had charge of the work here it is learned that one V. A. Dake, a native of New York state, originated the new sect and has placed himself at the head, and is looked upon by his followers as a second Moses, who has come to lead sinners out of the "Slough of Despond." They claim to be a branch of the latter-day saints and adhere to the faith-cure doctrine. In fact, they have carried their faith so far in this direction on one or two occasions that their victims were on the point of giving up the ghost, when neighbors interfered and insisted that they should have proper medical attention.

During the time the band has been at work in Philo it has stirred up an unusual amount of feeling and the better class and the more intelligent portion of the community has condemned its actions in unmeasured terms. The press has also censured it in a forcible manner for its efforts to decoy and persuade young women to leave their homes. At nearly every meeting the excitement ran high, and the members of the band and their victims would fall in all parts of the house in swoons and trances, from which they would awaken and relate horrible visions of hades seen while in the mesmeric state. The devil was pictured as having gigantic horns, while in his hands he carried a dragon fork with which he heaped up fire and brimstone around his victims. So great was the effect of this sort of preaching upon the ignorant and weak-minded believers who nightly sought the altar, and so highly were they wrought up by the pictures of hades held up before them by the Pentecosters, that half a dozen or more were soon in a state bordering on insanity, and of this lot one lady did become a raving maniac.

Mrs. Samuel Swarts, who carried an infant child in her arms, became impressed with the idea that she must offer it as a sacrifice to the Lord, and held it aloft by one of its limbs. She was caught by others and prevented from killing the child before the eyes of the people. She was tried for sanity a few days later, and is now an inmate of an insane asylum, with no hope of recovering her reason. Since they were driven from our midst, the night following that on which Mrs. Swarts was taken away, the Pentecosters have been making their quarters with John Brookbanks, a believer in their doctrine, who lives four miles north of here. The leader of the band threatens to appeal to the law for protection in conducting the meetings, but the people retaliate by threatening to appeal to the White Caps if they dare to return and continue their insane religious orgies. It is thought that if they can be kept away the balance of the members who were in a fair way to follow the unfortunate Mrs. Swarts will awaken to their true condition and forsake the band and its vagaries.

Mrs. Martin Rowlen, a sister of the above lady, who was also on the verge of joining the band and was under its power for a time, has awakened to the danger and has told of the artifices employed by the Pentecosters to gain control of her and win her

to their cause. She is positive that while she was kneeling at the altar they in some manner blew a powder into her face, the odor of which acted as a sort of narcotic, causing her to experience strange sensations, such as she never felt before and which she cannot now describe. This was repeated for several evenings, but so adroitly was it done by the sisters of the band that it was only by accident that she discovered the trick. The powder was placed between the leaves of a Bible, and this being held closely before her, was opened and shut two or three times, as the occasion demanded.

The Rev. Dake, the Moses of this nomadic religious band, which flourishes and thrives on the credulity and ignorance of the lower classes, has an assistant in the person of Thomas Nelson, a man of considerable natural ability, who once occupied a prominent position in the Methodist church, but who for some reason severed his relations with that denomination to assist in overseeing the work of the bands, which are mostly composed of women, unmarried, who have forsaken their homes. The intentions of the band may be good, but its actions and the result of its work are not and cannot be beneficial to the interests of any community.

The meetings now in progress at Atwood by the Pentecosters are bearing the same fruits as those held here, and the citizens are daily threatening to rise up and cast them out by force, if necessary. They have infested this community for a year and a half past, and as fast as they are driven out of one town they attach themselves to another and cling on to it with the tenacity of grim death. Nothing short of a cyclone or a famine will shake them off.

PETITIONS.

DEAR FRIENDS: You see my name among those of whom you can obtain petitions for the release of Moses Harman from an unjust imprisonment caused by his revelation of man's reckless, brutal treatment of woman; treatment growing out of the general ignorance regarding the true relations of the sexes towards one another. Now I want you to order all the petitions of me you can. Every time you get a signature you sow seed that will help educate the race. There are few more important educational forces than this one of circulating petitions against injustice, oppression, and tyranny. It stirs up argument and discussion and awakens thought where nothing else will do it. Please order now at once and help in the good work. Address

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER, Snowville, Pulaski co., Va.

A Defunct Institution.

LONDON, June 28.—Dr. Parker, in a lecture on the observance of the Sabbath, said: "Sunday is dead for the moment, yet it will reassert itself. It is God's greatest gift of the week. It is now given up to parties at your homes, bicycling and lawn tennis, even among occasional church-goers who would vote against the opening of museums on Sunday."

THE high school of San Jose had its sixteenth annual commencement exercises June 25. The following paragraph from the report of the proceedings in the San Jose Daily Times refers to the bright and engaging daughter of Mr. J. Vostrovsky, a well-known Liberal:

"Miss Clara Vostrovsky, in an essay on the 'Poetry of Nature,' gave evidence of possessing the 'celestial gift' of poetry. Her essay was full of exquisite bits of word painting and showed a poetical nature strongly imbued with that mysterious influence which hears the voices in the air and interprets the sounds of the forests, the brooklets, and the sea."

We note with regret that the commencement exercises were opened with an "eloquent prayer."

THE Lick Baths on Tenth street, near Howard, are not, at present, a thing of beauty, but they promise to be a joy forever to the trustees. The building has remained in a half finished condition for months. Had it been a private structure it would have been finished and open for business a year ago. But then private parties lose by delay, whereas the trustees do not. The longer the fulfillment of their trust is delayed, the longer they draw their salaries.—Daily Report.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

II.

During the rest of Paine's life he did not generally seek to conceal his personality. But he continued sometimes to use the signature "Common Sense," or "C. S.," and I have discovered an anonymous pamphlet, unmistakably written by him just after his return to America in 1802. It is a series of articles, first published in the *National Intelligencer*, in support of Jefferson's administration. The title of the reprint in 1803 is "Plain Sense; or Sketches of Political Frenzy and Federal Folly."

Paine died in New York, June 8, 1809. Five months before his death he made a will directing his burial at New Rochelle, and that on his headstone should be engraved after his name, "Author of 'Common Sense.'" The will concludes as follows:

I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator God.

Just half a century later, the Rev. Theodore Parker died. He called himself a Theist, but who can define the difference between the Theism of Theodore Parker and the Deism of Thomas Paine? "I believe in one God and no more," said Paine, "and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy." And speaking of Jesus Christ he said: "He was a virtuous and amiable man. The morality that he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind."

The worst libel on the character of Paine appeared in 1846, purporting to be a letter written by Bishop Fenwick, who died in that year, to his brother, a Jesuit priest, who died at Georgetown, D. C., in 1827. It describes a scene at the death-bed of Paine, witnessed by two Catholic priests, Fenwick and Kohlman. It is a fabrication. There were two classes of men that Paine hated above all others, to-wit, Scotch Tories and Catholic priests. And yet, according to the Fenwick letter, he, a priest twenty-seven years of age, was invited by the dying man to prescribe for him medicinally! The plagiarism of a sentence of thirty-seven words from a letter written by Paine's attending physician, stamps the document a forgery, to say nothing of other abundant evidences. Dr. Manley's description of the dying man's distress, written at the request of Cheetham for his lying biography in 1809, is repeated verbatim in the Fenwick letter, which is without date, and was never heard of until the bishop died, nor will anybody produce the original manuscript. Yet this forged letter has served the purpose of convincing most people that Paine "died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death," cursing God and denouncing Jesus Christ as "an impostor."

Paine was not a drunkard, and he died a peaceful death. He was annoyed by the visit of two clergymen, Milledollar and Cunningham, one of whom said: "You have now a full view of death; you cannot live long, and whosoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned." To this the dying man replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning, good morning." And when they were gone he said to his female nurse, "Don't let them come here again; they trouble me."

Again, within a few hours of his death, he was asked by his physician: "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" And as Paine made no answer, the doctor repeated the question very earnestly: "Do you believe, or, let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God?"

After a pause of some minutes he answered, "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

These last words of Paine were drawn forth and reported by his physician, who was a Christian, and they were heard by Paine's landlord, who attended him every day for the last six weeks of his life.

Unfortunately for the memory of Paine his first biographers were malignant and unscrupulous enemies. No true life of Paine was written until he had been dead ten years, and popular writers, who have not ignored him altogether, have generally repeated the falsehoods and calumnies of Oldys and Cheetham,

with more recent additions. And it is shocking to find in the recent "History of the People of the United States," by John McMaster, a string of falsehoods, like the following:

1. That Paine was dismissed from the excise in 1774 for a great abuse of trust.
2. That his wife, weary of his abuse and his blows, left him.
3. That in the depths of poverty he turned his steps to London, where Franklin met him, a half-starved Grub-street hack.
4. That he piteously besought Franklin for aid.
5. That being recommended by the great philosopher to go to America, he followed the advice so well suited to his roving disposition.
6. That he had recourse to his pen and speedily became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*.
7. That in the opinion of Dr. Rush, Paine was penman for the occasion; he therefore waited upon him and urged him to prepare a strong pamphlet recommending separation from England.
8. That the bargain was soon struck; Paine agreed to write the pamphlet, and Dr. Rush agreed to find the publisher, which was no easy matter.

The late Hon. Elizur Wright, after quoting the two paragraphs in McMaster's history containing the above falsehoods, remarked:

A man exalted from a mercenary Grub-street tramp to the top of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon in one year! This is rather a miraculous ascent. But the confessed authority for this is Cheetham, the convicted libeler of Paine. It seems a great pity that American history cannot be purged of calumny.

The moral character of Paine, in spite of the many attempts to blacken it, appears to have been without a smirch.

WAS HE JUNIUS?

"For there is nothing hid which shall not be manifested."—Mark iv, 22.

A few of the leading facts in the life of Thomas Paine were presented in my former article, chiefly with a view to his identification as Junius.

His remarkably secretive nature has been sufficiently shown. Junius began to write under other signatures in 1767. Paine was then an exciseman, stationed at Lewes, forty-five miles south of London, but it is an ascertained fact that he spent most of his time in London. The pay of an exciseman was only fifty pounds a year, and it is certain that Paine had other resources during his entire life, which enabled him to do all his literary work without pay.

Junius was an ardent admirer of Grenville, to whom, on the sixth of February, 1768, he wrote a secret letter, signed "C.," inclosing a paper on taxation, and suggesting that no one could place the observations in so advantageous a light as that statesman. The letter closes as follows:

It is not, sir, either necessary or proper to make myself known to you at present. Hereafter I may perhaps claim that honor. In the meantime be assured that it is a voluntary, disinterested attachment to your person, founded on an esteem for your spirit and understanding, which has and will forever engage me in your favor. A number of late publications, falsely attributed to men of far greater talent, may convince you of my zeal, if not of my capacity to serve you.

The only condition which I presume to make with you, is that you will not only not show these papers to anybody, but that you will never mention having received them.

Seven months later, September 3, 1768, "C." wrote again to Grenville as follows:

It may not be improper you should know that the public is entirely mistaken with respect to the author of some late publications in the newspapers. Be assured that he is quite unknown and unconnected. He has attached himself to your cause and to you alone, upon motives which, if he were of consequence enough to give weight to his judgment, would be thought as honorable to you as they are truly satisfactory to himself. At a proper time he will solicit the honor of being known to you. He has at present important reasons for wishing to be concealed.

Some late papers, in which the cause of this country and the defense of your character and measures have been thought not ill maintained; others signed "Lucius," and one or two upon the new commission of trade, with a multitude of others, came from this hand. They have been taken notice of by the public.

The letter closes with an entreaty to keep the communication a secret.

Again, in a third letter, dated October 20, 1768, the writer says:

I beg leave to offer you a letter, reprinted in the inclosed paper, under the signature of "Atticus." It is finished with more care than I have usually time to give to these productions. The town is curious to know the author. Everybody guesses, some are quite certain, and all are mistaken. Some, who bear your character, give it to the Rockinghams (a policy I do not understand), and Mr. Bourke [Edmund Burke] denies it as he would a fact which he wished to have believed.

It may be proper to assure you that no man knows or even suspects the author. I have no connection with any party, except a voluntary attachment to your person. It began in amusement, grew into a habit, was confirmed by a closer attention to your principles and conduct, and is now heated into a passion. The Grand Council (Miscellaneous, No. VII., October 22, 1767) was mine, and I may say with truth, almost everything that for two years past, has attracted the attention of the public.

I am conscious these papers have been very unequal, but you will be candid enough to make allowances for a man who writes absolutely without materials or instruction. . . . Until you are minister, I must not permit myself to think of the honor of being known to you. When that happens you will not find me a needy or troublesome dependant.

George Grenville, first lord of the treasury from 1763 to 1765, died in 1770.

On the twenty-first of January, 1769, this secret writer, "C.," began a series of papers signed Junius, which continued exactly three years, ending January 21, 1772. In less than six months after he began, a surreptitious collection of his letters was published. Annoyed at the printer's errors, he sends to his own publisher, Woodfall, a few corrections and says:

I did not expect more than the life of a newspaper, but if this man will keep me alive, let me live without being offensive.

A few days later he writes:

I have no manner of objection to your reprinting the letters, if you think it will answer. . . . If you determine to do it, give me a hint, and I will send you more *errata* (indeed they are innumerable), and perhaps a preface. I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature. I am weary of attacking a set of brutes, whose writings are too dull to furnish me even with the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument or to require illustration.

Again, in December, 1769, he writes:

I am now meditating a capital, and, I hope, a final piece.

There were thirty letters of Junius in the year 1769, but in the next year only six. On the twentieth of June, 1771, having written so far in that year six letters, he sends another, saying:

I am strangely partial to the inclosed. It is finished with the utmost care. If I find myself mistaken in my judgment of this paper, I positively will not write again.

Again, on the eighth of November, he writes:

The above to that Scotchman should be printed conspicuously to-morrow. At last I have concluded my great work, and I assure you with no small labor.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XVI.*

ENTITLED WAR.

The Second War.—Revolution in Heaven.—Beelzebub a Devil of a Prince.

1. And there was another war in Heaven. Michael and his angels against the dragon and his army.

2. And the dragon was the old devil, the serpent, otherwise Beelzebub.

3. Now this war was in no wise like the other, for now the dragon had a great and vast army which greatly outnumbered the army of Michael.

4. For the army of Michael, being of such only as were worshippers of the lamb, were few.

5. And Beelzebub prevailed and cast out Michael and his angels.

6. And Beelzebub turned the river of water, which proceeded

* The previous chapter is also Chapter XVI., and it has been suggested that this is numbered in mistake. We do not, however, think so; we cannot see how a divinely inspired book can possibly contain one error, even of this trivial description. We translate faithfully what we find in the MS. without thought of emendation; and if we had found a dozen Chapters XVI. in the MS., the public would have found twelve chapters with that number attached in our translations.—TRs.

from the throne; into hell and put out the flames thereof, and shut fast the gates, saying, There shall be no more holocausts, for I am merciful.

7. And they found the Lamb, even he with the seven horns and seven eyes, and brought him bound, and Beelzebub said, What shall I do with him? And one of his servants whose name was Bar-num said, Give him to me, and I will put him to good service; and Beelzebub said, Take him.

8. And they brought the Ghost bound, and Beelzebub said, Make him an eunuch lest he delude more virgins; and they did so, and let him go.

9. Then they brought the four beasts which were full of eyes behind and before, without and within, and which rested not day or night; and Beelzebub said unto Bar-num, Take these also, but first let them rest and sleep, for they must needs be weary.

10. And Bar-num rejoiced exceedingly, and ran about seeking a smith to make him iron bars.

11. And they brought the four and twenty elders, and made them sing a new song. And the song which they sung was an altogether new song; and they sent them away.

12. And the hundred and forty-four thousand saints which were sealed, they took and held them in the smoke and vapor which arose from hell, and melted the wax by which they were sealed, and made them into a thousand bundles, twelve dozen being in a bundle, and sold them to the boilers of soap.

13. And Beelzebub examined the book with seven seals, and said, Let the leaves be torn out, and the history of Simon be bound within the covers.

14. And the seven angels with the seven trumpets were taken, and Beelzebub said, Throw the angels over the battlements, and of the trumpets, if the metal be good, make wine cups.

15. And the locusts which were like war horses, and had iron breastplates upon them, were put into boxes of cedar wood, and the boxes were fitted with covers of glass, and were placed amongst the curious and strange things; and to the two witnesses, to wit, the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks, out of whose mouth fire came when any man hurt them, they did likewise, and appointed Bar-num to snow the mouths of the olive trees to the people.

16. And they took the red great dragon, which had seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns on his heads, and whose tail threw down the stars; and they took away his crowns, and cut off his tail, and made him cast up the water that was in his mouth before he was ready, and cut off his seven heads, and made lanterns of them, and of his carcase they made an omnibus. And when Bar-num saw what was done he was overcome with grief and wept aloud.

17. And the seven angels with the seven vials they caught, and put the angels into the vials, and sealed them up, and threw them over.

18. And the scarlet woman they sent home even to the city on the seven hills.

19. And they hamstrung the white horse, and gave the red one to Bar-num. And the black horse and the pale horse they tied together by the tail, and put the censers between them, and lighted them.

20. And Beelzebub said, Let the women whose business it was to wash the garments of the saints in the blood of the Lamb be released from their labors, and let them cleanse out the bloody pool, and fill it with wine, and it was so.

21. And Beelzebub said, Where are the horses, even the two hundred thousand which had heads like lions, and which breathed fire and smoke and brimstone, and whose tails are like unto serpents with heads on?

22. And when Bar-num heard this he leaped up, and began to run to and fro very eagerly, and to snuff up the air, even as a dog snuffeth the air when it pursueth its prey.

23. And when he could not find them he sat down and wept.

24. And Beelzebub called his captains together, and gave them wine and bid them be merry.

25. And to that captain whose crest was an image broken he gave white wine from the island of Emeralds.

26. And the captain excused himself, and said, Nay, my lord, from my youth up I have not done this thing.

26. *And Beelzebub laughed and said unto him, There is but one kilderkin of it; pledge me I tell thee, and leave none of it.

27. And the captain began to drink and made a wry face.

29. And Beelzebub said, Nay if thou liketh it not, let this other noble captain drink with thee, even he whose crest is a grave-digger's spade.

28. And the captain smiled, and said, Nay, if he help me the thing is done.

29. So they began to make merry. And the dragon, even Beelzebub, sat down on the throne, and the whole host shouted with a very great shout, saying, Who is like unto Beelzebub; he is the prince of devils, and also a devil of a prince?

30. Who shall we compare to our King Beelzebub, and who shall we liken unto him, for he hath done glorious things and shown mercy to all?

31. And they were all exceeding merry.

31. And they brought out the four beasts, for it was bruited about that they were great at singing.

33. And as I awoke I heard them singing heartily a new song, such as they had not sung before, the refrain whereof was, For he is a jolly good fellow.

To be Continued.

MAN VS. THE STATE.

It would scarcely be too much to say that the most offensive forms of trades-unionism are found in connection with the so-called learned professions. Time was when it was supposed that the state had to look after the spiritual health of individuals; and for that purpose to prescribe their theological beliefs and religious observances. That belief has for the most part been exploded in the modern world, but its place has been taken by the notion that the state is responsible for the intellectual health of its members; and in lieu of the state church we have state schools. As regards the physical health of the community, the general method is to legalize one or two—possibly quite conflicting—schools of medicine, and to empower them to rule out, and if necessary to prosecute and punish, all others. Nobody, broadly speaking, seems to believe that, in the absence of all legislation of this character, people could in any adequate manner preserve their health or protect themselves against gross imposture. We believe it—believe it most heartily; and we believe that the science of medicine would advance far more rapidly, and that, on the whole, the public health would be far better, if every man were left perfectly free to employ any one he chose to attend him in sickness. At present every licensed practitioner feels himself authorized to call every unlicensed practitioner a quack. We should prefer a system under which, to a quickened public intelligence in questions of health and disease, the quack should stand revealed by his quackery. How much of real quackery is now concealed by the license to practice it might distress a confiding public to know.

Our voice may be as that of one crying in the wilderness, but we cry with conviction when we call for more individual liberty, with its correlative individuality. There is something wrong, something vicious, in the application of compulsion where freedom of choice is indicated by all the natural conditions of the case. Force should be reserved for cases in which force is required, where nothing else will serve the purpose, and where the purpose is vital to the life of society. In other cases the application of force is wrong. The issue of "Man vs. the State" is a moral issue; and the more the question is looked at in that light, the more irrelevant, or at least unnecessary, other lines of argument will appear.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THREE months ago, says a dispatch, the Forest Grove Presbyterian church at Chartiers, Pa., was a modest little affair with a debt and a meager attendance. Some of the elders after a hard fight succeeded in getting a permit to drill an oil well on the

* There is evidence of divine inspiration in the mysterious and apparently wrong numbering of this and the following verses. A merely human writer would have numbered them consecutively. There is a mighty meaning hidden here, whose depth we cannot fathom; but the commentators and interpreters of future ages will make all clear.—*TRs.*

premises. Oil was found in abundance and June 15 the church sold out bodily to the Standard Oil Company for ninety two thousand dollars.

THE Single Tax Society, by the Australian ballot system, has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, L. M. Manzer; vice-president, H. L. Pleace; recording and corresponding secretary, H. M. Welcome; financial secretary, John A. Maynard; treasurer, David Farquharson; executive committee, James G. Maguire, James E. Mills, Joseph Leggett, James H. Barry, W. G. Sellers, H. A. Moore, and A. H. Sanborn.

Doubtful Progress, Says Mr. Reynolds.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Circulars of the Los Angeles Assembly of Progress are being freely distributed among Liberals. I have long been intensely anxious that the Liberals should have a mutual aid society, for both sexes, that would make sure provision for dependent loved ones; in which no prayers or mummeries, religious or otherwise, would be allowed; founded and conducted on strictly business principles; affording insurance at actual cost, paying fair salaries for needed work done, but no sinecures, fat jobs, or division of spoils among managers.

Because so fully realizing the great need and advantage of such an organization I am the more anxious that no unreliable or fallacious scheme should be accepted, for it could only result in distrust, and would greatly impede the progress of the genuine.

By long and careful study, and consultation with the best actuaries of the United States, I find actual cost of \$2,000 insurance on lives selected with ordinary care and precaution, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, is \$11 per year; from thirty-five to forty-five, \$17; from forty-five to sixty, \$30.

This is not on the pass your hat system, but combines the mutual co-operative assessment, and old line systems, affording all the security of the old line, with all the advantages of the co-operative.

Each policy is issued for \$2,222, and the \$222 at death of member paid into the reserve fund of the society, and the \$2,000 to heirs of the deceased. The death rate average would be ten to every thousand members, each year. Every death secures \$222 to reserve fund; thus accumulating a reserve fund, proportionate with increase of membership, that affords security and guarantees permanence of the society.

"Fifty cents a month dues is excessive." What! 50 cents a month too much for each member to pay to meet expenses of doing the business of the society?

"How many members do you expect to obtain?" Oh, first year at least seven hundred, don't propose to issue benefit policies until after we get that number; hope to reach one thousand members the first year, two thousand the second year, and ten thousand within a few years.

Seven hundred members at \$6 per year, \$4,200. But there is also membership fees, \$5 from males, \$3 from females, not less than \$3,000 more—over \$7,000, with hope of \$10,000 for doing business of society the first year, \$20,000 the second year, and \$100,000 a year if ever the membership reaches ten thousand. Better go slow before joining such a Progressive Society. Such progress benefits only the promoters of the scheme.

Five dollars a week sick benefit to all members indiscriminate, rich or poor, is a delusion, and an incentive to fraud, utterly impractical in a society extending over the whole United States. The only safe and really helpful sick benefit is necessary amount to secure needed attendance and comfort and provide for dependent loved ones during incapacity from sickness. This can best be secured by loan from Society's reserve fund, secured by pledge of sick member's and two other members' policies.

I do not doubt the good intent of the Los Angeles Assembly of Progress, but their scheme is not practical or reliable. I do hope it will, however, result in great good by arousing attention, discussion, and intelligent action on the subject, that will eventually give us a safe, reliable, practical Liberal mutual aid society. C. B. REYNOLDS.

Freethought.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I was handed a copy of your paper, FREETHOUGHT. I am pleased to find so live and wide awake a paper disseminating the grand truths of Freethought. I have loved the word Freethought since the days of the

grand old Thomas Paine. Freethought, amid all the changes and mutations which have marked these ninety-six years, despite the efforts of its enemies, the priesthood and the army of sky-pilots, to retard its progress, has held on and is to-day pressing forward and onward in its grand march to freedom and liberty. There are more philosophers and thinkers to-day than ever before.

Freethought! Wonderful has been its success. Unprecedented in the history of any age, it has stretched from the frozen regions of the North to the sunniest climes of the South. The boisterous lashings of the Atlantic are in accord with its morning orisons, while the gentle roll of the Pacific harmonizes with its evening hymns. Yea, more; to-day thousands of Freethinkers, good men and true, outside of the United States—in the neighboring provinces of Canada, in some of the countries of South America, in the isles of the sea, in antipodal Australia, and in continental Europe—swell, with pride and pleasure, the grand army in its triumphant march to freedom from priestcraft and superstition, and bring all nations to recognize and act upon the grand principle of Universal Mental Liberty.

S. P. BENTON.

Bowie, Texas.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

At Myrtle Point I soon found I was among Freethinkers. In nearly every store, hotel, etc., I saw copies of FREETHOUGHT lying on the table. I met all the old friends of last year, namely: the brothers Lowe, Brown and wife, Majory and wife, Frank Poore, E. Bender and family, Border—of the hotel—Wise and wife, Dr. Brower and family, and many others. I gave four lectures in Wise & Bender's hall, to full houses and with good acceptance. The town has doubled in size since I was here last year, and "city lots" have quadrupled in value. Bonfires made of big stumps dug out of the streets, were constantly burning; not in honor of my presence but as a result of the expected railroad. The people of the whole county are carried away with the railroad excitement, so they have hardly time to think of lectures or anything else. The long, hard winter has made times dull, and they look to the railroad to bring back good times again. There is very little immigration here, for it is a hard place to get to, the roads are so bad over the mountains. I found Brother Bender rushed with business night and day. The Point is rapidly getting ready to put on metropolitan airs. It is one of the finest town sites in the world and will make the "queen city of the Coquille," no doubt. Dr. Brower invited me to his home, where we soon had a set to, as he is a dyed-in-the-wool Adventist and believes that when a man is dead he's dead until the final round up comes—when the graves shall give up their long sleepers who shall stalk about in their grave clothes. He threw more scripture at me than a mule could carry, to prove that a man had no soul, etc., which I never believed anyway, and to show the resurrection of the body; but all things are possible with God, you know, even to making three-year-old colts in five minutes, and to have them either three years old or five, as you please. You pay your money and take your choice. Handy god, is it not, to have in the family? Dr. Brower is well cultured and much of a gentleman, but is in Bible mire up to his eyes. I tried to pull him out, but where "ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." He thinks evolution is one of the "fakes" of the age. He has a splendid wife and family and is a rising young man of the age, but needs to be widened out to the broad gauge of Liberalism.

After a week's sojourn here at the Lenherr House I boarded the steamer for an all day's ride down the river to Bandon on the ocean shore. The river banks are low and the bottoms are covered with brush and timber, so there is nothing to be seen except the immense piles of drift-wood thrown on to the farms here and there where the timber had been removed so the raging waters could carry it out from the river bed, in some places piling up thousands of cords right at the door of some luckless farmer who, from Providence's mismanagement, has now to clear his farm over again. For a man to work a life time to get his ranch cleared from the jungles which were the growth of the ages, and then to have Providence go on a spree and bury him all up under a million cords of driftwood—whole trees, roots and all—is enough to make any one, even a good praying Christian, say cuss words by the peck. O Mother Eve, why did you masticate that crab and thus set all this drift afloat?

I arrived at Bandon at early eve and met mine host of the Tupper

House waiting at the landing to receive me with open arms. I stopped with Tupper a year ago. I am with Tupper now, and shall always be found at the Hotel Tupper when in Bandon, although there are two other fine hotels. Cause why? Because everybody stops at the Hotel de Tupper; it is but a few minutes' walk from the roaring breakers that chase each other up and down the beach in their mad race to devour the land. It is on the brink of the placid Coquille. It is a big, grand, homelike place, where ye weary traveler finds sweet repose in the arms of Morpheus, listening to the deep bass music of the sounding sea. And, lastly, Tupper & Son are big men with big hearts, grand wives, and as full of Freethought as the Bible is of absurdity. Let every Liberal traveling in Coos county stop at this famous hotel and revel in the good things of this world and let the beauties of the golden throne go by until they get there.

I have given four lectures here, in Rosa's Hall, to large audiences. My most radical thoughts were given, showing why man had made God in his own image; that man was the outcome, the fruit, of the tree of life that started away back in the blood-warm silurian ocean a billion years ago, by spontaneous generation; that pain and want were man's best friends, and have made him all that he is—were nature's emery wheels that made the man out of the savage. Take away these two agencies and man would go back to nakedness and ignorance. The more a man knows the more he wants, and thus will it ever be, and thus will he progress ever and aye.

Saturday, June 28, the Bandonites launched the new steamer they have just built. It was a fine sight to see her make her first trip, stern foremost, into the placid waters of the shining bay. With the speed of a comet she glided from the ways out into the element that was to be her future home, "walking the water like a thing of life" amid the cheers from the excited crowd. Hundreds had come from all around in the bush to be at the christening. She was named the "Dispatch," and, as she lies at the wharf, is a thing of beauty and perhaps a joy for her owners. I met here ex-Editor Upton, a rising and good looking young lawyer, a true blue radical who thinks one world at a time is enough; Emil Wuhlschleger, who has crossed the sea and been everywhere and is yet young, and now chief worker here in keeping up Freethought interests. Marshal & Son, merchants, are for universal mental liberty, and called cranks by the one-idea orthodox folks, but are true-hearted as steel to Freethought. The three Nichols brothers are Spiritualists whose every pulse beats to the rhythm of radical music; in fact, the whole town seemed baptized with the "holy water" of Secularism—no church organization here. Mr. Dyer and family, Mr. Rosa, Mr. Crooks and his handsome and accomplished wife, Captain Dunham, Captain Reed, Mr. Yeager the hardware man, the Kountz family, Editor Stitt of the Recorder; in short, all whom I have met here are Liberals in the broadest sense and are building a city by the sea above whose highest dome shall ever wave the flag of science and universal mental liberty.

After the launching of the steamer was over the liberal owners gave a free ball in the hall where I had lectured, and where my skeletons, charts, and high-colored paintings, Indians, gorillas, etc., were still hanging, thus making the queerest decorated ball room ever known. I visited the ball room at midnight and found it full of people, both old and young, all intent on driving dull care away. As I sat and drank in the sweet inspiration of music and glee I soon caught the inspiration of the occasion and found myself among the merry dancers.

Bandon, Or.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Prineville and vicinity.....	July 8 to 16	Heppner.....	Aug. 4, 5, 6
Monument.....	July 18	Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11
Hamilton.....	July 19	Rosalia.....	Aug. 13
Fox.....	July 20, 21, 22	Plaza.....	Aug. 14
John Day.....	July 24	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Prairie City.....	July 25	Spokane Falls.....	Aug. 17
Baker City.....	July 26, 27	Davenport.....	Aug. 18, 19
Union.....	July 28	Colville.....	Aug. 21, 22, 23
New Bridge.....	July 30, 31, Aug. 1	Buckley.....	Aug. 24, 25
Summerville.....	Aug. 2, 3, 4	Port Townsend.....	Aug. 31

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.

The Glorious Fourth.

I am pensive to-night: I sit in a dream
At my window atop of the town,
I see the rockets' ascending stream,
The flash of the bomb and the ruddy gleam
Of the houses burning down.

I hear the populace roar and shout
As the lively pin-wheels turn;
And the Roman candles lavish about
Their globes of color, and orators spout
With an equal unconcern.

The fire-bells, drunken, reel and yell
At each new and growing light.
The town is a hell and my heart is a hell;
I hate all men and all women as well—
O I'm very pensive to-night. —Bierce.

One Way to Advertise.**HOW A FUNERAL ORATOR COMBINED GRIEF AND BUSINESS.**

A farmer drove up as we were sitting on the side porch of the hotel, and after fastening his horse he came around to us, and began:

"Gentlemen, mebbe it so happens that one of you is a preacher?"

We put in a denial one after another, and he continued:

"Wall, the case is this: My hired man died yesterday. He hain't got no friends around here, and he didn't amount to much, but we've got to hold some sort of a funeral over him. Kin any one of you do any talking?"

We put in a denial one after another, and he continued: "Wall, the case is this: My hired man died yesterday. He hain't got no friends around here, and he didn't amount to much, but we've got to hold some sort of a funeral over him. Kin any one of you do any talking?"

It was finally decided that an Ohio man, who represented a windmill manufacturer, should "do the right thing by the late lamented," and that afternoon the landlörd carried us out to the farmhouse in a wagon. Four or five farmers had assembled, a grave had been dug down on some waste land near the railroad and, the coffin was the cheapest affair to be had for the money. It was evident that the deceased hadn't laid by any cash for such an occasion. When all was ready for the windmill man he stepped out from his chair, pitched the tune, and we joined in the singing. Then he said:

"My friends, death is a sad thing. It must come to us all. Our poor friend here was hardly prepared for death when he took to his bed. He had been carrying water to the stock a long distance and this exertion pulled him down. Had his farm been supplied with one of our 'None Such' windmills, warranted to pump 150 gallons of water per minute, this man's life might——"

"Hold on a bit," interrupted the farmer, as he rose up, "I've got that very windmill on this farm, and it was owing to the blamed thing being out of order and then falling down that Jim got his death. This hain't much of a funeral, gentleman, but what there is of it has got to be straight. Proceed, brother, and perhaps you'd better skip windmills and git in sunthin, about our loss bein' his gain, the good die young, death cometh to the high and low, and so on."

But the windmill man had lost his grip, and he led off with the "Doxology" and closed the business in seven minutes from the start.—New York Sun.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher—I have brought you some odd sayings of the children in my class. I thought perhaps you'd like to print them.

Religious editor (looking them over)—They are hardly blasphemous enough to be funny.

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Scene: A happy home. Enter Reginald de Montfort. Reginald de Montfort (folding his arms and glaring fiercely)—Madam, do you know me?

Mrs. Guinevere McGinnis (with hauteur)—I must confess, sir, that I have not that honor.

R. de M. (hissing into her ear)—Then I will tell you.

Mrs. McG.—Oh, great heavens! I see it all now. You are—oh, have pity, have pity!

R. de M. (sneeringly)—Pity? Pity and I are strangers. You must answer to me.

Mrs. McG. (almost overcome)—Yes, yes; I know—but think—I am only a weak woman. Be generous.

R. de M. [visibly affected]—Woman, I dare not spare you, even though I might wish to.

Mrs. McG.—And you will know all?

R. de M.—I must.

Mrs. McG. [with visible effort at self-control]—Then I am thirty-four years old, have no chronic diseases, have no mental defects, am near-sighted, slightly deaf, but am not deformed, we own our home, and it isn't mortgaged. Now, sir. Leave me. [Falls fainting to the floor, while Reginald de M. stalks calmly through the door].

Hope for the Chinaman.

Minister [sadly]—I'm afraid that the Mongolian will never absolutely give up his gods and allow himself to rest permanently within the sheepfold of the beneficent influences of Christian civilization.

Stockbroker [a member of the minister's flock]—Oh, come off! Here's a Chinaman eloped to Canada with another Chinaman's wife, the pair taking with them \$5000 belonging to the deserted husband.

M.—Is that so?
S.—It is indeed.
M.—Then there is hope for the race yet.

The Organ and the Monkey.

Recently a lady took her little boy to a church in Leeds. He was a very little boy, and it was his first visit to church. The organ began to play, and the child turned to his mother and asked in a loud whisper:

"What's that, mamma?"
"Hush, dear, it's the organ."
"An organ in church," whispered the small boy, evidently much astonished and impressed. Then a pause of expectation, and a clergyman, small of stature, appeared in very gorgeous vestments.
"Oh, look, mamma!" called out the enfant terrible in clear accents, "Is that the monkey?"

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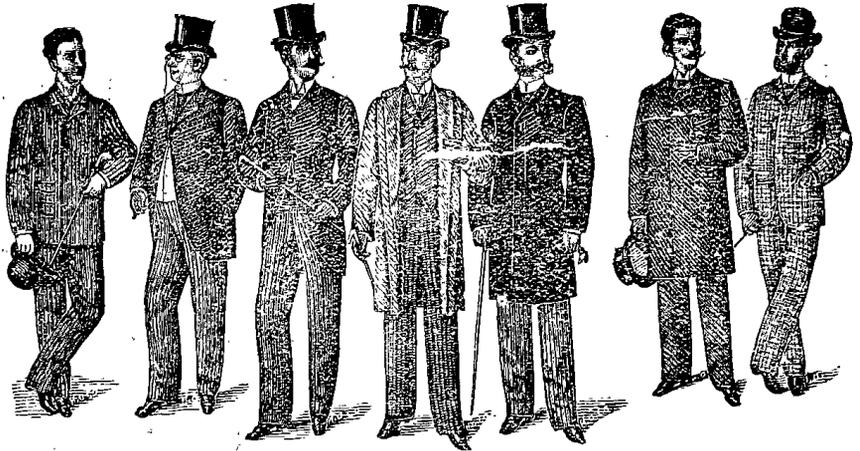
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Owing to the delay in the mails on the Unga-gi Mbawa Northern railroad the following from Life's African correspondent has just come to hand. It is, however, the first authentic report of the meeting of Emin and Stanley: Mr. Stanley approached Emin's headquarters about three o'clock in the afternoon softly whistling "Little Annie Rooney." He rapped at the door of Emin's tent and Emin himself answered the summons. "How do you do, Emin?" said Stanley. "I beg your pardon," said Emin. "You have the advantage of me." "I am Henry M. Stanley—" "I don't care. I don't want any subscription books and I read 'The Dark Continent' a long time ago." "But I have come to rescue you." "I don't want to be rescued." "Well, you've got to be rescued. Put on your coat and come along."—Life.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The drive from Arlington to Fossil, a distance of sixty miles, is through vast stretches of table lands, and immense prospects can be seen upon every side, with the atmosphere free from cloud and smoke, as it was on June 28, when, in a big lumber wagon, with Cook for driver and Hall to look after the "bronchos," I journeyed over these lofty highways. A change was being made in the "line"—new horses and new stages being put on—and as the new stages had not arrived, a lumber wagon became for the time being the transportation facility. It had good solid springs and plenty of room, and with an umbrella over my head I had a fine opportunity to enjoy the magnificent panorama. I do not think that anywhere in the world there could be a grander view than from these vast plains, that spread from the bluffs of the Columbia to the Blue Hills. For hundreds of miles they roll away like gigantic swells of the sea. To the westward, against the unclouded horizon, stand the majestic forms of Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams, and from no point could these snow-white pinacles be seen in nobler magnificence. Almost the whole mountain appears, from base to top. There is nothing intervening. The plain leaps suddenly into these enormous waves, which are of a dazzling white, from the horizon line upward ten thousand feet. Both peaks are nearly two hundred miles distant and yet they seem but a little way, so perfectly clear is the atmosphere. Hour after hour we travel, and yet those mighty sentinels are still before us, and scarcely change their relative positions. Occasionally Mt. Jefferson and Mt. St. Helens glance upon the view. At four o'clock in the afternoon we arrive at Condon, which has recently been made the county seat, taking the honor from Arlington. It has about eight or ten houses at present. I should have remained over and lectured, at the cordial invitation of Postmaster L. W. Darling, if I had not been due at Fossil.

Here we put on a little extra steam in the way of an untamed broncho which had never been in harness before. Gently the horse tamer, Hall, approaches the fiery animal, and by soothing attentions fixes him in the traces. From the moment he starts

off he gallops, and the speed is quite exhilarating. The way is level for about seven miles and it makes no difference how fast the animal goes. The wagon won't tip over. By the time we get to the "back bone" he is well cooled off and under the rein, and it is well that it is so, for if he should happen to "shy" at this point the wagon might shoot into the gully hundreds of feet. The "back bone" is only about twelve or fifteen feet wide in some places, and it goes almost perpendicularly down, and it would take but very little exertion on the part of the broncho to send us to hades. However, he minded his p's and q's pretty well until he got to the bottom and we were just crossing the Thirty Mile Creek, when he took a notion to heave over the side of the bridge. Fortunately he turned and hung suspended in such a way that he could scarcely stir, and was not able to drag the wagon with him. The other horse, a veteran in the business, held back for dear life, and preserved our equanimity. However, we descended rather rapidly from the vehicle, blocked the wheels, and then paid attention to the broncho, which was evidently quite surprised at the situation. He dropped into a hole under the bridge and awaited events. He didn't seem disposed to do anything on his own account. After sundry tugs and pulls the harness was disentangled, but the broncho was in such a position that he could not rise unless he took the bridge upon his back. Whereupon a rope was tied to his hind legs and he was thus hauled out by main force. He then stood up and realized that he had made a mistake. No bones were broken, or anything else. He quietly submitted to the harness and this time went over the bridge in good style; and probably will keep doing so to the end of his days. By the time we got to Fossil he was a subdued broncho.

I lectured on Saturday evening at Fossil. The hall was full. Benton Mires presided. Fossil is still good for Freethought, although there is considerable indifference in regard to work. The majority of the people are Liberal. Church services are not very well sustained. The neighboring country has passed through a hard winter. From thirty to seventy-five per cent of the stock has been destroyed. Some have lost all they had. But it isn't the quality of the people about here to give up, and spite of losses they go ahead. The prospects for harvest are bright. The rains of the last two weeks have helped things wonderfully and there will be more than an average crop. A good deal of money has been made in this country by stock, and undoubtedly will be again. The last season has been extraordinary in the amount of bad weather. The "providence of the skies" gave double the quantity of cold and storm, and being unprepared for this there was a fearful death rate among the sheep and cattle. Even those who had plenty of feed lost from twenty to twenty-five per cent, and consider themselves lucky. In spite of all, the country is improving. Take it year in and year out there is bound to be far more gain than loss.

It is hot weather just now. The thermometer runs up to a

hundred, and in the middle of the day it is almost impossible to stir. I lectured Sunday evening, but just at the hour of gathering a thunderstorm came up and prevented a full attendance. However, there were enough present to keep things moving.

W. N. Putnam, John Putnam, Benton Mires, and others, are in the front ranks here, and represent what the majority really believe but don't take the pains to express. It is upon these few that we have to depend for the advance of Liberalism. W. N. Putnam has had to fight the elements this winter. He has had over seventeen hundred cattle to look after, and has had to ride day and night to battle the storm. His face was frozen, and feet nearly frozen, so fearfully cold was it at times. But he has come out of it all right and can do a heap of work yet for Freethought and humanity.

James S. Stewart, a Freethinker by inheritance, whose father in Scotland bears the brunt of orthodoxy in behalf of liberty and truth, was present Sunday evening from Lost Valley. On Monday evening, when the heat of the day was over, by the kindness of "Uncle" David Smith, I had a ride as far as his ranch, accompanied by Stewart on horseback. It was a delightful journey in the gorgeous twilight. Coming out of the valley where the yellow sunshine flickered, to the level of the broad heights, the sun was just beneath the horizon, and all the western sky was one mass of brilliant gold almost to the zenith. Far and far away stretched the resplendent earth beneath that glorious arch. Remotely to the north Mt. Ranier, over three hundred miles distant, reflected the radiance. Nearer, about one hundred and seventy-five miles off, Mt. Adams reared its massive form, dark blue, against the sky. Next came Mt. St. Helens, double that distance, faintly glittering on the extreme verge; then to the southward in proud pre-eminence Mt. Hood towered. Southward still, the Black Butte showed its rugged head, and then, vying with Mt. Hood, the lofty Jefferson; and to the extreme left, under a black mass of cloud, the Twin Sisters lose themselves. It was a marvelous picture, wonderful in extent and entrancing in sublimity. Scarcely anywhere could one look over such a vast extent of country adorned with such monuments of primeval energy. The rude and wild and desolate mingled with a splendor as rich as ever Art's deftest hand gave to the palaces of kings.

The wings of darkness gradually overspread the beautiful scene. The storm winds began to blow, and the clouds sent forth their lightning. Deep down into the valley we plunged. It seemed as if I was going into hades. After a while we reached a level and secure place where the wild brook, amidst ranks of trees, rushed along. Here David Smith kindly entertained me for the night. Coming here thirteen years ago he found this pleasant spot, where the sheep and cattle range and grow fat and find refuge from the winter's tempest. I sleep well, while the clouds and winds roll overhead. In the morning the brilliant sunshine again greets me. Stewart, going forward the previous evening, returns with an extra horse, and, alongside the Thirty Mile Creek, over an ancient Indian trail which the Aborigines, for immeasurable years, have traversed, amidst rocks and trees and overhanging bushes that almost bar the way, I pull on to Paper Sack Creek, at the head of which is the home of Alex Hardie. As we pursue our way, shut out from every sign of civilization, it might seem as if we were in an absolutely savage country, following the trail of the wild native. We passed by abandoned Indian camps and "sweat boxes." The sweat box is a kind of rude Turkish bath. It is a net work of branches just big enough for the human body. It is packed with hot stones covered with

dirt. In this the sick Indian is stuffed, and kept there until he is about parboiled, and then, being taken out, he jumps into the cold waters of the creek, and in this way gets "cured." The process is said to be very effectual. I should think it would be. It must be either "kill or cure."

In the middle of the forenoon we reach Hardie's, where I am now writing these "News and Notes," and a comfortable place it is to sojourn. It is surrounded with trees, and everything has an air of improvement. There is Freethought hospitality here. Mr. and Mrs. Hardie are genial people. Mr. Hardie came here nearly fifteen years ago, and out of the wilderness has made a home where books, papers, and the spirit of to-day obliterate every shadow of superstition. Mr. Hardie came from Scotland, leaving home when he was seventeen years of age, and he has the knack of his countrymen, of pushing things and succeeding. His brother and father are now with him, and together they own large tracts of land and thousands of sheep. They lost about five thousand this winter, but they don't lose heart even if fortune is so rough, and keep going on, making the best of things. It was supposed at one time that nothing could be raised on this land. It was given over entirely to pasture. But the fields of barley and oats are in fine condition. The cornfield also gives excellent promise and makes a most profitable crop. Corn in this country is a rarity. I guess Mr. Hardie is the only one in the county who raises it. He doesn't go according to old ideas in farming. He believes in brain work, and gets outside of orthodox ruts, and in this way has the best that the land can produce. Those who don't think beyond the ancient landmarks wonder why he is so prosperous. Freethought in farming is as good as Freethought in religion.

It is really delightful to be in these frontier regions, where, amid the plains and hills and forests, only here and there can man conquer a home. Miles and miles of land stretch away, useful only for the wandering herd. But along these spaces are quiet nooks where the waters flow, and nature puts on her green apparel. Here the hand of man can make the fruits and flowers and harvest gold mingle in picturesque beauty with the uncultivated leagues. I have had a happy visit in Lost Valley. I suppose it is called "lost" because there are so many hills about it that it would take a guide to enable the wandering pilgrim to find out where it was. Friend Hardie is a real worker for progress. He has a fine library, takes the Truth Seeker, FREETHOUGHT, and other journals. There is not a dull hour on this picket line Paper Sack. The legend is that an old miner, some quarter of a century ago, struck this creek with his dinner, a cracker or two in a paper sack. After eating his dinner he threw away the sack. In his further travels he referred to this creek as the place where his paper sack was left. Hence the name, Paper Sack Creek. Thus historic association is preserved. Near by is Buttermilk Creek. The buttermilk rolled out of an immigrant's wagon and liquefied the way. The transaction became memorable.

Rye Hollow is where I am now, in the heart of the Blue Mountains, with vast rocks and forests about me—the pages of the planet's past history heaped together in wonderful variety and confusion. I never was in a country with such stupendous scenery as this. You might imagine that some immense battle field was before you, and that giants had here tugged and toiled and thrown mountains at each other, and been buried under the mountains, and in trying to get up had rolled and tossed them

in every possible shape and direction. Demolished castle walls greet you far and near; there are hollows and gulfs innumerable, pinnacles and precipices, tremendous canyons, abrupt peaks, green spaces, tumbling brooks, embowered springs, and "rivers that move in majesty." Now you seem to travel in a prison house, hemmed in by desolation, then pictures suddenly open and the blue horizon glitters in "magnificently stern array" as if heaven's host had fallen upon the earth. All day long I have been riding through these wierd scenes, up and down, pursuing the winding trail, fording the John Day, holding on for dear life, keeping my feet on the horse's back, earnestly desirous that he follow the narrow line and not roll of a sudden into some new-made hollow of waters, for the ford of this river has a tendency to alteration, and where once was safe crossing is now a depth profound. Devious has been my day's journey, and my bones have ached, every one of them. At last I am securely at Rye Hollow, and I descend from my steed with scarcely any feeling in my legs. I have to walk around for a spell in order to realize that I have any "understanding." Rye Hollow is the ranch of Emil and Adolph Straub, two bachelor boys, and in their bachelor quarters I find repose. A good fire is blazing on the hearth, for with a cloudy sky and little rain this day, July 5, is chilly. The boys also provide me with a good square meal, and the absence of the fair sex is not so painful as it might otherwise be. Variety is the spice of life, and a bachelor's hall has its attractions, especially in this unique land, where nature's untamed magnificence cultivates a sort of savage longing.

I have enjoyed the Fourth of July in an unusual fashion. I have had a very jolly time, but there has been an under-current of dissatisfaction which occasionally conduces to emphatic speech. Friend Caspary met me, safe and sound, at Hardie's, July 3, and I left Paper Sack Creek on a mild and beautiful morning. Until noon the ride was enchanting. The blood was jubilant. At noon, however, a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. The poetry of motion on a horse's back ceased to be agreeable. The hard realities of life presented themselves. We could not recline in the verdant glades, attractive though they were. We must press on through sun and shadow. I was due at Wagner at 5 o'clock for lecture. We passed the Corn Cob at 1 o'clock. The origin of this name is unfathomable. It is truly Oregonian. At 3 o'clock the worst of the journey was over and we drew rein at the home of the Wagners—Carl, George, and Miss Lavina. While the supper was preparing I flung myself upon a couch and soothed the weariness of the flesh with sleep. After supper the whole company started for the picnic ground, where a temporary structure had been reared for the lecture and the dance. Here everything was in readiness for a patriotic celebration. The friends of a year ago gave a cordial welcome. Maxwell Ramsby was there, the pioneer Liberal of Haystack, who has kept the flag to the breeze for many a day. Mr. and Mrs. Gates, who first entertained me in this valley; Mrs. Hayden and her daughters, May and Lillie—Miss Lillie that was, is now Mrs. Thos. Smith, married on Christmas; long life and happiness to those who weave Cupid's darts with the colors of Freethought—Warren Carsner and Mrs. Carsner, and the little baby and all, were there also. The Crawfords and the Andrews and the Caldwells, from Lone Rock; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, Doc Hughes, Postmaster Flynn, the Hunt Bros., the Andersons the Frizzels, and many others were in the festive throng. There was nothing to mar the glory of the occasion, except that I found myself in the predicament of Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square. I had

nothing to wear. I was left high and dry without bag or baggage, or scrip or scrippage. One may be a pilgrim to the heavenly city and get along without his gripsack. Not so, however, with the Secular Pilgrim. He is of the earth, earthy, especially in dry weather, and he must have a clean shirt occasionally, and a shave. I had to come from Lost Valley in light marching order, and everything that could be packed up was left at Fossil to be forwarded by stage. But behold the wonderful wisdom of Uncle Sam in his mail contracts. On this route the job was let so low to outside speculators, who prevent local competition, that it was almost impossible to sub-let, and, as a consequence, when the old contract was out, there was no one ready to carry the mails, and, therefore, no baggage, and, therefore, the Secular Pilgrim was obliged to borrow a clean shirt and collar, and the use of a razor, in order to make a presentable appearance, and the whole Fourth of July, including the oration and the dance, had to be passed in these borrowed plumes, and up to date there is no knowing where that baggage is or when I will get it—thanks to the business astuteness of Wanamaker. It looks like a scheme to make me patronize one of his ready-made clothing stores. I was obliged to enjoy the glorious Fourth like a veteran soldier in his fatigue suit, just off a long march. Of course I have no very kindly feelings toward the mail route from Fossil to Wagner. I think its abolition would be a benefit to the community, so long as it is in the hands of those who don't care a snap for the convenience of the traveling public.

I have to bear it philosophically and take the world as it goes. I lectured on Thursday evening, gave the oration on Friday morning before a large assembly, lectured in the afternoon at 5 o'clock, and remained to the dance and supper in the evening, until midnight, whirling occasionally in the mazy circle. Dr. Nicklin, of Lone Rock, read the Declaration of Independence; music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and others. After the oration there was a grand spread of all the good things that provoke a generous appetite. Mrs. Crawford brought a superb chicken twenty miles in order that the orator of the day might bring his clerical experience to "fond recollection." There was a big crowd present, from far and near—men and women, boys, girls, and babies, Christians and non-Christians, Methodists and Liberals, Catholics and Jews—all in one enjoyable assembly. It was the largest gathering Haystack has ever seen. In the evening the numbers overflowed. The majority did not go home till morning. It was a brilliant affair, and the Liberals of Haystack are to be congratulated on the success of this patriotic and Liberal celebration. It has given an impulse to Freethought in the community that will be felt for a long time, and permanent results will follow. The Fourth of July should be made a festival occasion, wherever possible, by Liberals. It is their day, as the Declaration of Independence is their document.

I was up early this morning, July 6, and took breakfast at the hospitable home of the Wagners. I bade good-bye to Caspary, the secretary of the Union here and an indefatigable worker, and my thanks are due to him for his kind attentions. There was a good hearty hand-shake all round as I quit the Wagner ranch. They are royal Liberals. A friend in need is a friend indeed. It was through them that the forlorn and baggageless pilgrim had a clean shirt and collar for the Fourth of July. Not only that, but, as it was impossible for me to go over to Mitchell by stage or wagon, they loaned me a horse to take the journey of forty miles over the roughest country on the coast. Emil Straub, of Rye Hollow, is my guide, and without him I don't

think I could have proceeded. It takes a practiced eye to follow the trail, and I should not want to ford the John Day without somebody to go ahead. If I had been alone I should undoubtedly have got a ducking, for some of the old settlers get "taken in" occasionally.

So I am here, half way to Mitchell, and these generous ranchmen give me delightful hospitality. In fact I never struck a better people than these Eastern Oregonians. The rougher the country the more kindly disposed the inhabitants seem to be, that is, if they don't preach and pray. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

EXPULSION FOR HERESY.

For something like a year the Rev. Henry Frank, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been publishing a lively little paper called the "Rostrum," in which he printed his weekly sermons before his congregation, and dealt in a liberal manner with religious and economic questions. It will be seen from an article printed in another place that the Rev. Mr. Frank is now expelled from the Congregational association. His brother clergymen of Western New York could not abide his heresy and will fellowship with him no longer.

In expelling the Rev. Mr. Frank, the members of the Congregational association have done exactly what they had a right to do. It is one of the rules of the church that when a member departs from the faith he may be excluded from the church. A good Congregationalist must believe in everlasting punishment, in vicarious sacrifice, that clergymen are "called" to preach the gospel, that the entire Bible is divinely inspired, that human nature is totally depraved; in short, he must believe in all the dogmas of the orthodox churches. The Congregationalist differs from the Presbyterian and Episcopalian mainly on points touching the government of the church. His belief regarding the unknowable is substantially the same as theirs; and when the Rev. Henry Frank was ordained he undoubtedly took an oath to preach the orthodox doctrine, which he has not done of late. His brethren in the church were therefore much more consistent in expelling him than he has been in not voluntarily withdrawing from a body organized to inculcate doctrines which he rejects. But the association did an unjust and cowardly thing in expelling Mr. Frank without a hearing. Only a religious body would be guilty of such an act, but they were perhaps wise in their course. Now the criticism will be directed at them, whereas if they had allowed Mr. Frank to defend himself their creed would have been put on trial, and they would have been called on to defend that instead of themselves. Possibly they regard their own meanness and cowardice as more susceptible of defense than the brutal dogmas which Mr. Frank has repudiated.

Hence their wisdom in keeping those dogmas in the background and exposing their own reputations to the fire of criticism. They knew that their creed is too weak to stand examination, and they chose to defend it with their own persons, though they must sink below the level of ward politicians in order to do so.

THE "Pacific Union," a Labor-Nationalist paper, is not pleased with the new Silver bill. It says: "Let us state the situation now in a few words precisely as it is. In the first place, the government is imperatively required to purchase each month 4,500,000 ounces in silver bullion. This will enable those who produce it to sell their product at their own price, thus affording an opportunity to force the government to pay whatever may be demanded. How that part of the bill will work it needs no prophet

to determine. Secondly, the special contract clause will enable the gold-ring to place the whole business of the country absolutely and irrevocably upon a gold basis, by making all obligations payable in gold or its equivalent. What more could be asked? What more, if they should try, could Congress possibly give them? Tell us, if you will, you who seem to know, in what way can the country be more securely bound to the money power than by such a bill as this?"

AT the close of Mrs. Besant's lecture at the Hall of Science on Sunday evening, June 22, says the London "Freethinker," that lady made a most interesting and important statement which was received with tumultuous applause. Recalling the great and sustained support given her by Freethinkers more than a dozen years ago, when proceedings were taken against her for the removal from her of her daughter Mabel, she thought it would please her friends to know that her son, who was now of age, had returned to her of his own free will, and that her daughter, although not legally free until next August twelve months, was again with her. Miss Besant had expressed a desire to be present here that evening, but Mrs. Besant to avoid any unpleasant complications had advised her not for the present. "My daughter," said Mrs. Besant, "notwithstanding her training and surroundings, and without a practical knowledge of Freethought, already expresses her detestation of the religion that separated her from her mother, marring the happiness of her childhood, and causing her mother such poignant sorrow."

FAITH-CURE and consumption have carried the Rev. J. C. Johnson, of Chicago, to the grave. Affliction sore long time he bore, but would do nothing for himself but pray. The advocates of faith healing say that this was not a fair test, as consumption is incurable. But why not? Every faith cure, if any ever occurred, is a miracle, and an impossible miracle is as reasonable as an easy one.

WHILE Providence was counting hairs and watching sparrows last Sunday, a cyclone struck an excursion boat on Lake Pepin, Minnesota, and a hundred persons were drowned. We wonder how many thoughtful people there are in the world who really believe that there is any god who takes the slightest interest in the preservation of human life.

"GREAT fears prevail all over England," says a London dispatch, "that the harvest will be a total failure, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has ordered prayers for fine weather to be offered in all the churches." Why does not this Big Medicine Man pray for good crops regardless of the weather, and produce a miracle worth recording?

A FAITH-HEALER has been held in Omaha for causing a woman's death through negligence, and the "Chronicle" thinks that "if she can be well punished her fate may discourage other medical frauds who live on public credulity." Permit us to remark that it will do nothing of the kind. Fanaticism feeds on opposition.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH and Mr. Hyndman, the Labor advocate, are to debate the "Eight Hours Question" in an oral discussion. Mr. Bradlaugh, it is understood, opposes Mr. Hyndman's Eight Hour law. As it is proposed to have fifty stewards on each side to maintain order, a lively debate is doubtless anticipated.

SUMMERLAND, the Spiritualist colony in Santa Barbara county,

is vaunting itself with good reason over a natural gas discovery that will furnish the inhabitants all the fuel they need. There is no class of citizens who deserve better luck than our Liberal friends the Spiritualists.

MADAM DIS DE BAR, the medium now under bail in Rome for fraudulent practices, threatens that unless she is discharged she will proceed to compromise several eminent clergymen in the Eternal City. There is not much doubt that she can make her charges good.

PRISONERS at San Quentin went without their spiritual provender last Sunday, their chaplain Richard Creighton, having been sentenced to ten days in the dungeon for thrashing a "trusty." Creighton was formerly a state senator, and got into jail for bribing a jury.

JULY 14 is the Frenchman's Independence Day, as it marks the fall of the Bastille. The French citizens of San Francisco celebrated the event last Monday, and their literary exercises were not disfigured by prayers or other superstitious observances.

CHARLES WATTS, editor of *Secular Thought*, has gone to Europe for a few months' vacation. Mr. Watts is a hard and faithful worker, and he is fortunate in being able to take a rest.

T. V. CATOR's Fourth of July oration, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, is published in full in the last number of the "Weekly Star."

S. P. PUTNAM's lecture dates for John Day City and Prairie City are July 23 and 24 instead of July 24 and 25.

OBSERVATIONS.

The trouble between the members of the Nationalist Society, of which mention has heretofore been made in these columns, is getting serious. Not content with expelling Mr. Sinz for his damaging financial report, wherein he accused the financial secretary of irregularity, the offended officer, Mr. T. G. Ashton, has had Mr. Sinz arrested for criminal libel, and the courts of our effete system must settle the dispute between the advocates of the Era of Peace. It grieves me somewhat to know that the publicity given Mr. Sinz's charges through *FREETHOUGHT* has aggravated the unpleasantness, and that if I had minded my own business the difficulty might have ended with the wager of battle between the discordant persons, and thus no harm been done. But it is worth the cost to see the serenity with which Mr. Sinz accepts the issue. At liberty on his own recognizance, he still does fine watch and clock repairing at the old stand, and not a wave of trouble rolls even to Montgomery street.

About the time that Anthony Comstock, with the Vice Society behind him, was arresting people for imparting useful information on certain physiological subjects, somebody discovered that Mr. Colgate, president of the society, was recommending his celebrated vaseline as an effective application for the discouragement of offspring. Of course Mr. Colgate was not indicted, but when the exposure came he called in his vaseline pamphlet and had all surviving copies of it destroyed. The president of the Vice Society, it is believed, thereupon ceased to break the law which he was elected to enforce.

The treasurer of the society then was, and presumably now is, Mr. Killae Van Rensselaer, an innocuous youth of no apparent intelligence. It now becomes the duty of this person to look after his erring wife, lest she be found occupying a position as inconsistent as that of President Colgate. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is an officer of the International Medical Missionary Society, which society has recently issued a tract, written by Mrs. George D. Dowknot, that upon close inspection proves to be a trifle more off-color than the letter that sent Harman to jail for five

years. Indeed, it describes atrocities committed upon women of a similar but if anything worse character than those mentioned in "Lucifer." They are, however, located in India; they are used as a lever to raise missionary funds with, and the publisher, like Colgate, is protected by association with the Vice Society. The Medical Missionary Society has not exceeded its right in publishing the facts which it lays before the world, but it has no claim to a monopoly of the business. We have trusts enough in this country without an obscenity trust run by Anthony Comstock and the Bible Society.

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson lectured last Sunday evening before the Theosophical Society at Red Men's Hall on the "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of the Soul." I was there by invitation and enjoyed myself first-rate. The hall was packed with an audience that had to be attentive or lose the thread of the speaker's discourse. There was no applause and no stir, for the subject of the ego, of Karma, of reincarnation and self-consciousness, is not one calculated to arouse tumultuous excitement. These Theosophists are curiosities to me. They are well-dressed, evidently well-fed, and of commercial aspect. They cannot be distinguished from Materialists either by the length of hair as to men, or the shortness of it as to women. They are mainly Free-thinkers in religion, and Liberals in their doctrine; and thus far I can comprehend them, but when they talk Theosophy I fall down. To be told that matter is crystallized spirit does not excite my antagonism; neither does it interest me, and I am equally indifferent to the assurance that I do not think, but that some previously existing spirit converts my thinker to its own use and purposes. I do not see how these facts alter the present condition of affairs, and I fail to apprehend the exact result of discussions on the subject, since, if demonstrated, the Stanford Loan Bureau would still float upon the horizon and the tariff would remain a tax. The Catholic church would continue to run our city government and grab the best pieces of property; every poor man must pungle his poll-tax and pay more for water than for bread, and the competing railroad would tarry beyond the Sierras.

Among the things that Dr. Anderson discussed was the question whether a stone had consciousness, and whether such consciousness was of the same kind as that manifested by human beings. He also dealt at length with dreams, the value of which he defended; and with hypnotism, which, he averred, had a bearing upon the soul question. The doctor held that the trance state of spiritual mediums was not caused by spirit control, nor was there such a thing as spirit manifestations; all the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism being the result of self-hypnosis on the part of the medium; which is quite as tenable a theory as any other.

Auditors were permitted to ask questions, and one man came directly to the point by inquiring where the first soul came from if it was not the result of organized matter. Dr. Anderson replied that the question was of its own nature unanswerable. No one could tell where the first soul came from—it was a ray from the absolute. "A ray from the absolute" is good, but it is not equal either in force or clearness, as I view it, to Stephen Pearl Andrews's "fulguration from the occultism" to which he was in the habit of referring mysteries.

The chairman of the meeting, whom I suppose to be Mr. Allen Griffiths, has at his command a large vocabulary of indefinite terms. With predicate, postulate, ego, plane, condition, environment, development, consciousness, and so forth, he can put together a series of remarks calculated to faze the questioner if not convince him.

Dr. Anderson believes that he has met scientific Materialism on its own ground, and slain it with its own weapons. He has moreover placed the manuscript of his lecture in my hands, and I believe it should be printed. Readers of this paper may therefore prepare themselves for a large dose of strong argument next week.

A GERMAN Presbyterian church in Brooklyn has recruited a new choir because the members of the old one were unduly fond of beer. Every Sunday, it is said, they took up a collection among themselves and bought a keg.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The state of Washington has an estimated population of 350,000.—Santa Clara county's loss by the hard winter foots up over a quarter of a million, attributable to death of trees and overflow of land.—A silver bill has passed House and Senate which, being signed by the president, will add \$70,000,000 per year to the circulation.—San Francisco's death rate last week was 151, an increase of 50 over the corresponding week of 1889.—John W. Mackay offers \$1000 reward for the detection of the person who attacked the character of his wife.—Assistant Secretary Tichenor has directed the deportation to China at the government's expense of twenty-four Chinamen, recently convicted at Tucson, A.T., of having illegally entered the United States from Mexico.—Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, the distinguished novelist, is in San Francisco.—Two men were arrested in this city last Saturday for trying to bring into disrepute a large clothing store which does not close on the first day of the week. They had on their backs signs reading "This store keeps open on Sunday." They stood intently gazing in at the windows of the store in such a manner as to expose their signs to passers by until a police officer took them in.—John White, late business manager of the "Call," and James P. Kerr, ex-cashier, have been arrested under a charge of embezzlement.—The population of Oakland will reach 50,000, according to news received from the census bureau.—Our local post-office, it is said, will shortly be lighted by electricity; an innovation that will startle the inhabitants of a city unused to government favors.

A cyclone struck the steamer Sea Wing on Lake Peppin, Minn., last Sunday. The boat became unmanageable, and it is reported that more than one hundred passengers were drowned.—Many persons were injured and much property destroyed by a cyclone near St. Paul on Sunday last.—Gen. John C. Fremont, the first presidential candidate of the Republican party, and California's first U. S. Senator, died in New York city July 13. He was 77 years of age.—The Rev. Oliver J. Booth, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Lincoln, Ill., has lost his pulpit by over indulgence in liquor. Booth is the man who in 1886 came near being shot by Gen. William Sooy Smith on account of intimacy with Smith's young wife.—Although John Lennon paid \$8000 for the privilege of running a saloon in Dracut, Mass., he has just been fined \$50 and costs for selling liquor.—The Rev. John Arney, a Methodist preacher at Sarnac, Mich., has challenged the neighborhood to a horserace. He has engaged a track and will drive his own horses. There will be no purse.—While Samuel Walker, of Avondale, Ala., was returning from church late on the evening of July 11 with Susan Williams, he was waylaid by the Rev. Daniel Martin and his head split open. Jealousy was the cause of the deed. Marshal Fitzgerald, in attempting to arrest the murderer; was fired upon and wounded. Martin made good his escape.—A big book trust has been formed in New York which will raise the price of what is now cheap literature.

Stanley, the explorer, was married July 12, but he is sick and confined to his bed.—Mrs. Frank Leslie is returning to America without the Marquis de Leuville, whom she promised to marry five years ago.—Failure of the English wheat crop will place the American product in high demand. Prices are already on the rise.—London postmen went on strike recently, and the government discharged 435 of them. The others resumed work, and the strike is over.—Theodore Tilton has been made master of an English lodge of Freemasons.—Three Baptist clergymen, one a naturalized American, have been imprisoned at Havana for holding meetings without a license.

THREE years ago the London Trades' Council issued a leaflet on "sweating" in religious circles, from which it appeared that while all the Freethought printing offices paid the Union wages, many of the biggest Christian journals were printed at "sweating" offices where lower rates prevailed. Yet some of these Christian journals make very large profits. They gush about the working man, and what Christianity has done for him, but they pay him as little as possible for his work, leaving him to be properly paid by the "infidels."—London Freethinker.

THE DISCUSSION OF GOD.

It is a real pleasure to correspond with Otto Wettstein. He seems desirous of reaching the truth, of getting at the milk in the cocoanut, if it were possible, and discusses the matter of a God with a polish and easy temper that puts you at your ease. No carping in Otto, no seizing on the merely marginal skirmish line, the vice of all unskilled disputants, and the reason why so much time is lost, and disputation has got into such bad repute. We want a better method which will shoot at the center of the target and not waste time on mere side issues.

Our favorite method would be the form of a trial in court, where all irrelevant matter was ruled out, all redundant testimony refused, and every point, once settled, admitted and entered on the record as proved up. Then we might hope to reach some wise and definite conclusion.

Even with friend Wettstein we feel that we have failed to make our God well understood, or he has failed to understand us as we meant he should.

We are indeed mice in the cathedral, both of us. It has stood a million of years, and we have lived to observe not as many seconds. We must speak modestly of its great secrets, its recesses, its shadows, its purposes and contents, because there is so much we have not explored. But of the two mice, the one who has seen God walking there is the best witness. The affirmative is easier to attain than the negative. It requires less knowledge. Two witnesses who can say, "I have seen God walking here, or have seen that God has been here," are better than a hundred who have not seen, unless they can say, "We know the whole cathedral and know that there is no God in it." A very small, short-lived mouse might have seen the God of the temple, but it would be a grand mouse indeed who could say, "I have been all over it for a thousand years and have seen no God, and there is none."

It is the story of the Irishman over again, who, when two witnesses saw him steal a loaf of bread, wanted to offset them by twenty who had not seen him do it. The judge ruled them out.

Otto seems to think I must show the form of my God, and whether he, she, or it. Suppose I reply that I don't know. Indeed I have not seen God at all. I don't affirm any such thing. I only say I have seen traces, footprints, evidence of a superior presence, work done, things left behind, or taken away, that no power in nature or not intelligent and having a purpose could accomplish.

"In what form," asks Otto Wettstein, "of what sex? Was it a person?" I do not know whether he, she, or it; or a person, except as knowledge and conscious existence makes personality. And in man it is not the material arm, or heart, or head that is the person; it is the conscious self. There is no person when that is gone.

"In what form is it?" says my friend Otto. I do not know. I have not found out; I am trying to discover. There are so many subtle forces in the universe that I know and yet cannot understand, that I have reason to suspect more that even evade a mere knowledge of their existence. Some of them may be intelligent.

It might be a diffusible essence like heat, light, or electricity, aroma, or something finer than them all, a spirit. All that is to come.

Were I on a journey in a desolate region, with many desirable things, among the rest some bank notes, and in the night my goods were all broken up and scattered, but nothing eaten or taken but the notes, I should infer that some high intelligence had done it. But could I name the form or sex? Impossible!

But what do I see in this world that so surely indicates this higher intelligence? Many things. But I rest my case on this one alone—this man, this human race. It exists in at least five parts of this globe; in each part widely different from each other; and yet all one species, readily recognizing that fact, marrying, breeding together, speaking, inventing, looking to God, hoping for a future, and expecting reward or punishment from a God.

If not planned by a superior intelligence it is the most stupendous miracle ever thought of. If friend Otto can instruct me how that could be, by any mere process of evolution, I am his

pupil. And I infer that God is just, wise, and good because these creatures are endowed with these qualities.

Then he infers that God also must have had a creator. Not at all. There is no creator. Time, space, matter, motion, the properties of matter, and God are all eternal. Only beings that end ever begin. The body of man is eliminated from nature. The spirit of man emanates from God. Man is God and nature, combined, to work results reachable in no other way. As a grand building is impossible without man, so is man without God.

Is this God a comfort? To me an unspeakable and ever-present comfort and joy, more than all mankind, an ever-present companion. I am never alone, never misunderstood. God knows all just as it is.

H. L. KNIGHT.

THE CLERGY IN POLITICS.

The clergy just at present seemed possessed with a desire to enter into politics. The reformed Presbyterian ministers are circulating petitions to Congress asking that God shall be formally recognized in the Constitution as the only supreme ruler, and refuse to vote until their request is granted. The Methodists and Presbyterians demand that religion shall be made a part of the public school education. They are illogical enough to insist that the schools must be protected against the clerical influence of the Roman Catholics, and yet protest against the complete secularization of the schools. The Catholic denounces our schools as "godless" and for this he is denounced by the Presbyterians and Methodists, who nevertheless confess that they are "godless" by insisting that religion must be taught in them, and protesting against their present secularization.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of the New York Presbyterians; Dr. Elmendorf, of the Dutch Reformed, and Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of the Episcopalians, with the assistance of Bishop Potter, are trying to persuade their congregations that changing the present municipal government of New York is a "profound religious duty." These ministers are busily at work trying to organize a clerical party in municipal politics. The republican leaders, Collector Erhardt and ex-Senator Tom Platt, and a leading light of the democracy, ex-Mayor Smith Ely, all belong to Dr. Parkhurst's church. Of course, the only effect of this attempt to bring the clergy and the churches into politics will be to burden the church with a needless and worthless quarrel, for intelligent Americans are no more disposed to take their politics from their pulpit than Catholic Daniel O'Connell was inclined to take his politics from Rome.

There is at least one minister in New York that has not lost his head or his heart to this clerical party in politics, viz. the Rev. Dr. R. F. DaCosta, of the Episcopal church.

Dr. DaCosta evidently agreed with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, when asked once to join a moral reform association, replied that it took about all his time and attention to reform himself; that when a man had reformed himself he was sure of one thing that he never could be sure of in a moral reform association, viz., there was one scoundrel less in the world. Dr. DaCosta pointed out that the first difficulty in the way of municipal reform was that of finding genuine political reformers, since the list of prospective reforms included the "bankrupt who has become rich through bankruptcy, the merchant who has thrived by swindling the customs, the real estate and railroad wrecker, the Stock and Produce Exchange gambler tossing up for chances of people's bread, the politician who spends his thousands in demoralizing the franchise, and the bloated philanthropist who pays his dues to charity organizations out of rents of dens of infamy and vice, the leprous debaucher, the adulterous millionaire, and the pious bookseller who pirates the works of unprotected authors and publishers."

Reformers of this kind full of virtuous zeal against official offenders, will join this clerical crusade organized by preachers who never dare to rebuke the gross sins of their gilt-edged communicants, and who could profitably employ all their energies in reforming themselves. This is very plain, blunt speech on the part of Dr. DaCosta, but it is instinct with truth. He defines the present crusade as the "attack of the unscrupulous wealthy

against an unscrupulous class that want to be wealthy."—Portland Oregonian.

In 1881 a Methodist Mission was opened in New York city, which has since developed into the International Medical Missionary Society, a Christian institution, which sends medical missionaries to India, China, and Africa. The society has published a tract called "Our Suffering Sisters," detailing the barbarous treatment of women in Burmah and Siam when giving birth to children. In the account there is an exact parallel for every feature in the Markland letter which was objected to in the trial of Moses Harman, and the account is much stronger and in more minute detail. A peculiar thing about the society and its circulation of this tract is that one of its officers is the wife of wobble-jawed Killaen Van Rensselaer, treasurer of Anthony Comstock's Society for the Suppression of Vice; and it suggests the query whether the Comstock law is to be enforced against heretics by a penalty of five years' imprisonment, when their charity begins at home, while the mails are free for Christians who express similar ideas in similar language, but confine their efforts to work among the heathen abroad.—The Truth Seeker.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER is quoted as saying that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that the "mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

DONATIONS.

The publishers of FREETHOUGHT acknowledge with gratitude the following donations from stockholders, subscribers, and friends:

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BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

REPORT FOR JUNE.

During the month twenty-one membership certificates were issued, making a total enrollment of 1064 members. The new members are, from Texas, 8; Minnesota, 5; Michigan, 2; New York, 2; Kansas, 2; Missouri, 1; Ohio, 1. F. H. RAU, Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from May report	\$10 70
Thomas Wilber, Michigan	50
W. A. Aisenman, Michigan	25
Dr. F. Robertson, Ohio	1 00
For constitutions	20
	<hr/>
	12 65
Mailing constitutions, etc	2 85
	<hr/>
Balance	9 80
Hannibal, Mo.	A. R. AYRES, Treas.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Prairie City	July 25	Plaza	Aug. 14
Baker City	July 26, 27	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
Union	July 28	Spokane Falls	Aug. 17
New Bridge	July 30, 31, Aug. 1	Davenport	Aug. 18, 19
Summerville	Aug. 2, 3, 4	Colville	Aug. 21, 22, 23
Heppner	Aug. 4, 5, 6	Buckley	Aug. 29
Dayton	Aug. 10, 11	Puyallup	Sept. 5, 6, 7
Rosalia	Aug. 13		

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

III.

WAS HE JUNIUS?

Chief Justice Mansfield was "that Scotchman" whom Junius hoped in his next and last letter to be able to "pull to the ground."

The knowledge of Junius's intention to write no more had got to the king, and believing that the actor, David Garrick, was the medium of communication, Junius, on the twenty-seventh of November, inclosed another letter to Woodfall addressed to the Duke of Grafton, and in the accompanying private note said:

D. G. has literally forced me to break my resolution of writing no more.

The letter of Junius to Lord Mansfield did not appear till January 21, 1772, and it was his last, with an appended appeal to Lord Camden.

The private letters of Junius to Woodfall and John Wilkes, were first published in 1812. To Wilkes, September 18, 1771, he says:

I willingly accept of as much of your friendship as you can impart to a man you will assuredly never know. . . . I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate.

And again, on the sixth of November:

No man writes under so many disadvantages as I do. I cannot consult the learned, I cannot directly ask the opinion of my acquaintance, and in the newspapers I am never assisted.

In a private letter of Junius to Lord Chatham, dated January 14, 1772, and inclosing a proof-sheet of the letter to Lord Mansfield, Junius says:

Retired and unknown, I live in the shade, and have only a speculative ambition.

And in the dedication of Woodfall's authorized edition of the letters, the author says:

I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

The secretiveness of Junius is repeated in the life of Paine, and the promise never to disclose the secret of Junius was fulfilled by Paine.

On the twenty-first of January, 1872, exactly one hundred years after the date and publication of the last letter of Junius, the discovery that he was Thomas Paine was first made public in the city of Washington, and the first printed copy of the book containing the proof was exhibited to an audience of forty people. The book, which had been stereotyped several weeks, opens with these words:

One hundred years ago Junius wrote as follows. . . . Washington, D. C., January 21, 1872.

The writer of this article, who made the announcement, did not hear of the discovery before January 2, 1872, when Joel Moody, Esq., of Kansas, was introduced to him as about to publish a book entitled, "Junius Unmasked; or Thomas Paine the Author of the Letters of Junius and the Declaration of Independence." Mr. Moody did not wish to be known for a while and I voluntarily became god father to the bantling.

One most remarkable characteristic of Junius was his refusal to receive any pay for his work. When Woodfall issued a complete edition of the letters, with a "Dedication to the English Nation," and a preface, both prepared by the unknown author, he tendered to Junius one-half the profits of the book. To this Junius replied as follows:

What you say about the profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, be assured that I am above all pecuniary views, and no other person, I think, has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate, independence. Without it no man can be happy, nor even honest.

This extraordinary characteristic is strikingly paralleled in Paine. He was never without "a solid, however moderate, independence," and he never received any profit from his literary work. In his "Plea for the Excisemen," published in the same year that Junius completed his work, he says:

Poverty, in defiance of principle, begets a degree of meanness that will stoop to almost anything.

This parallels with the sentiment expressed in the private letter to Woodfall, that without a moderate independence "no man can be happy, nor even honest."

And in regard to working for profit, "Casca," in *The Crisis* of May 15, 1775, says:

These lines, inspired by Churchill's laurel'd shade,
I write, unknown, unpatronized, unpaid.

And here, by the way, comes in a parallel in Paine's "Crisis" No. II., addressed "to Lord Howe," and beginning with this couplet:

What's in the name of lord, that I should fear
To bring my grievance to the public ear?

CHURCHILL.

But now mark what Paine himself says about writing for profit:—
In a great affair, where the happiness of man is at stake, I love to work for nothing.—(1802).

I take neither copyright nor profit from anything I publish.—(1807).

His biographer, Gilbert Vale, says there is no other known example of a poor man refusing to receive the profits of his works. Is there an example even of a rich man? Not one writer in a thousand would act thus. But here are two contemporary examples. Multiply one thousand by one thousand and you have a million to one that Paine was Junius.

Another most prominent characteristic of Junius was hatred of the Scotch. For this no parallel was found at first in any of Paine's writings. The expression "Scotch and foreign mercenaries," in the draft of the Declaration of Independence, which so offended two gentlemen of that country that it had to be stricken out, was doubtless penned by Paine, for Jefferson had no antipathy to the Scotch. But that kind of evidence was scarcely admissible without other support.

It was not long, however, before a passage was found in Paine's "Prospects on the Rubicon," which showed his strong animosity toward that people. Speaking of the policy of embracing the Scotch in the reign of George III., he said it was justly reprobated, and added:

The brilliant pen of Junius was drawn forth, but in vain. It enraptured without convincing, and though in the plenitude of its rage it might be said to give elegance to bitterness, yet the policy survived the blast.

This was sufficient proof that Paine, like Junius, hated the Scotch; but then the somewhat embarrassing question arose if Paine was Junius, could he have thus alluded to that writer? There was but faint praise of Junius in the passage, but why should he have mentioned him at all?

In 1881 I discovered that the publication containing this reference to the Scotch and to Junius, was anonymous. When Paine became famous as the author of "Rights of Man," the critics detected his authorship of "Prospects on the War," published in 1787, and it was republished in 1793, entitled "Prospects on the Rubicon," and accredited to Thomas Paine.

CHRONICLES OF SIMON CHRISTIANUS.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENTITLED OBLIVION.

Simon grows Weary, and is Swallowed up by the River.

1. And Simon wandered about many years seeking the city, even the city of Sanctification, and could not find it, for though he did often see it by means of his glasses, yet did it vanish as he approached.
2. And he sought the city with great pains, and suffered many tribulations, and waded and wallowed through very much filth, and slime, and mud, and had many contests with hobgoblins and ogres, and came off wearily.
3. And the hair of his head departed from its allegiance, and his eyes revolted, and his ears grew rebellious, and his feet were of two opinions, and his knees were at enmity and battered each other, and his shadow shook in the sun.
4. And his chariot wheels were worn off, and he drave heavily.
5. And the hand of Time was heavily upon him, and led him towards the bleak river, even the river Oblivion.
6. Sad and weary and with dread forebodings, he drew near the desolate shore, for he knew that time whose prisoner he was.

would shortly give him into the hands of the chilly monster which haunted the river, even Death.

7. And Simon drew near to the river, and stood on its brink.

8. And several of the guides were by him, saying, Fear not, for thou wilt find the bridge.

9. And they gave him great abundance of glasses that he might see the bridge, and he looked, and thought he saw it, and put forth his foot.

10. And as he put out his foot, the monster seized upon him, and there was no bridge, nor any such thing, and he plunged into the river.

11. And the leaden waves thereof received him and swallowed him up, and he was seen no more.

12. And the sullen waters pursued their course, and stayed for none.

THE END.

GUILTY OF "HERESY."

The Rev. Henry Frank, of Jamestown, N. Y., has been pronounced a heretic, and expelled from relationship with the Western New York Association of Congregational churches. The association met in the little town of Ellington the last week in June, and unloosed its pent-up vengeance to the extent that when Mr. Frank appeared in response to an invitation to show cause why he should not be expelled he found that he had already been tried and convicted without a hearing, and, figuratively speaking, thrown out beyond the limits of Christian fellowship into the domain of a worldly world. Generally, when a man is on trial for an offense against the statutes, or ecclesiastical laws, he is aware of the situation and given an opportunity to brace up for the ordeal. But this is where the trial of the Rev. Henry Frank by the Western New York Congregational Association was different from the ordinary affair. There were no harrowing scenes, such as keeping the accused in suspense, no wearisome delays, no tedious examinations of obdurate witnesses, no excruciating conflicts of prosecution and defense.

The judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney were all one, the evidence was all in before the court opened, and the verdict rendered before the accused had time to recover from his astonishment. Nothing in the history of ecclesiastical procedure can be found to compare with it for the unrelenting speed with which every movement was executed.

Briefly, the facts are as follows: A few days previous to the meeting, Mr. Frank received notice from the association committee to appear and show cause why the association should not formally withdraw fellowship from him. The committee appointed at the last meeting to investigate the alleged heresy of Mr. Frank had prepared a series of resolutions charging him with a "lack of faith in a personal God, the deity of Jesus Christ, and the inspiration of the Bible; with holding up to derision doctrines and views dear to the hearts of the Evangelical Christians;" and also recommending that all fellowship and ecclesiastical connection with him be severed, and that the resolutions be published in all the denominational papers. No evidence was produced to substantiate the charges, no form of a trial was permitted, and when Mr. Frank, who had responded to the invitation to be present and defend himself, had recovered from his astonishment at the summary proceedings, he arose and protested against such arbitrary, star chamber action, contrary to all precedent, fairness, and justice. In substance, he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: I am so amazed and horrified at the summary and peremptory procedure which you are here instituting that I can hardly express myself. Are you aware of the madness of your action? I was advised to come here and defend myself; but I am not given the decent opportunity of a trial—not so much as the semblance of one—and still you accuse the Jews, who at least procured a mock trial for Jesus. I came here simply to ask for a postponement of the case, not suffering myself to believe you could be so inhuman as to insist upon my undertaking my defense at this juncture when you know you have given me but a week's notice of this proposed action though you had resolved upon it six months ago. If you proceed at once in the

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

The Rev. E. B. Burroughs, who succeeds the Rev. Henry Frank as pastor of Jamestown, was acting as moderator, and when Mr. Frank had concluded his remarks Mr. Burroughs vacated the chair, and began a denunciation of Mr. Frank, whom he referred to as "that person." He then read extracts from Mr. Frank's public utterances, giving his own interpretation. Mr. Frank arose and strongly protested against this kind of procedure and abuse, claiming that he was not on trial, and yet he was being publicly accused without a just opportunity to defend himself. He asked for a postponement of the consideration of the case, and upon a motion to that effect being seconded, he again spoke as follows:

"You have brought me here without an opportunity to get counsel to defend me, utterly defenseless, even without my published sermons or sufficient matter to contradict the insinuations to which you have just listened. You have voted me, out of the extreme generosity of your heart, just ten minutes in which to explain myself. You do not ask me to defend myself, for you have already, through your committee, pronounced judgment upon me. You do not know the man you are dealing with, if you think I will so degrade the cause I present as even to attempt a defense under these dishonorable and disgraceful conditions. How can I defend the object and purpose of my life work in ten minutes, especially when it is to no purpose for I am already prejudged.

"But you have heard from the gentleman, Mr. Burroughs (I will not insult him as he did me by referring to him as 'that person'), that my course is notorious and scandalous. But if so, gentlemen, what do you fear in the issues of a fair trial? If my course is beyond any defense, why do you fear to allow me the opportunity of a defense? Let me remind you the same charge was once made against Horace Bushnell, the great heretic of Hartford, who was said by Congregational ministers to be scandalizing the church, but they gave him a fair trial, and when they heard his defense they were only too glad to honor themselves by his continued association. Do you not all remember how Henry Ward Beecher but a few years ago was everywhere charged among bigoted Congregationalists as notoriously overturning the foundations of Christian belief, but when they heard him before the association, even the most conservative changed their opinion? Look at Lyman Abbott, the most radical preacher in the Congregational church to-day, there were some who actually frothed at the mouth, because of his audacious and scandalous antagonism to certain well established doctrines of the faith. But when he appeared before the council and explained himself how glad they were to receive and honor him, and exonerate

him from all prejudicial rumors. Are you afraid that something like this possibly might come to pass in my case? It is very evident you are. You are afraid to give me a trial, and you will write yourselves down as inquisitors worthy of the age of Jeffreys. This action of yours will rebound upon you and belittle your influence and disgrace your cause. Col. Robert Ingersoll with all his eloquence could not in a century so prejudicially affect the popular cause of Christianity as this outrageous, unwarranted, unscriptural, and tyrannous procedure of yours. If that Jesus whom you pretend to worship were here to-day he would pronounce upon you all the judgments which he did on the scribes and pharisees of old. But I pity your ignorance, and I forgive your barbarity. You know not what you do. Let me only say as I leave you, I still have faith in the paramount power of love, and I believe the day will yet dawn whose resplendent rays of justice will pierce the murky mists of earth's darkness, and so mingle the fair and the foul, the true and the false, the just and the unjust, in the one white ray of purity and love, as to teach us all how to be brothers and walk in that heavenly light in the fellowship of freedom, and by the dictates of truth. Forgiving you because of your ignorance, I bid you all farewell."

Mr. Frank then withdrew from the meeting and the motion to postpone consideration was rejected. Then the resolutions severing relationship with Mr. Frank were passed.

SINGLE TAX.

Lately I have been much interested in the various discussions on taxation. The economical question underlies the whole reform movement. Once move a government on a basis of just and equal taxation, and such will be a government as far just and justifiable as any government can be. Personally I do not feel as if I should be governed at all, but the surrounding of Christians and heathens, Theists of all kinds, in which I am placed, seems to make some kind of government necessary.

Nobody can expect that the politicians and other gentry, who do us the favor of governing us, should perform their arduous duties without being well and richly compensated for their labor.

Taxation therefore is necessary, but it behooves us to find a means by which it should be equally and equitably divided on all the burden-bearers.

Henry George, in his Single Tax scheme, tried to get rid of all inequality by taxing nothing but land. It has been shown over and again that this would never equalize the burden, because it would not do away with speculation, and yet according to my views the Single Tax idea is correct. If we must pay taxes, it is only fair that all should pay equally for the privilege of being bulldozed. It is not moral that I should do all the paying and receive all the bulldozing, while my neighbor, who is better able to do the first than I am, should escape this, and at the same time perform all the bulldozing.

In all communities where taxation has been brought down to a fine point, it has always been a maxim to tax those goods the most which nobody can spare. Flour and salt were heavily taxed because the poorest needed them. Those that could not raise enough money to pay their bread tax, well, they might simply starve. Anybody who cannot pay for the privilege of being governed has no business living, is the principle underlying the governmental idea.

Now if we bring H. George's humanitarian scheme—whether he stole it or not does not make any difference—in conjunction with the European idea that tax on the common necessities of life grinds the pennies the best out of the poor, we come soon to the conclusion that if we can find an article indispensable to everybody and we put our single tax on that one article, we solve the question.

Nobody denies that all the land which does not belong by paper title to individuals is owned by the government. Well, since nobody has a paper title to the air, nobody can logically deny that it belongs to the government, and since everybody has lungs and must breathe, the enforcement of the single tax on air would be the solution of the question.

To avoid the tendency of some wretches to let their sacred taxes run in arrears, we could simply make them payable one

year in advance. Nobody has a right to breathe the government air without paying for the same, and if he could not possibly pay—well, he might choke. It would be a congenial and pleasant occupation for our gentle police force to choke the wind out of delinquent tax-payers' throats, and from a legal point of view as just as the selling of a poor man's home for taxes. It would give delightful items in the daily papers how Captain This or Policeman That had been speedy and dextrous in his legal choking duties. Then the air would be inexhaustible in its tax-bearing qualities, because it could never be taxed out of existence, and always equally needed if ever so heavily taxed. Free scope would be offered to all industries; free land, free trade, free money, free love—everything free except the small item of air. Think of the wear and tear it would save to senatorial and congressional brains in their struggling with economical questions. If a deficit in the governmental strong box occurred they could remedy the same by simply adding another per cent on the taxable staple.

And since nobody can raise a corner on air, the great and crowning glory of this scheme is that everybody would either have to pay his legal share or choke.

DE LESPINASSE.

Orange City, Iowa.

THE COST OF THE U. S. SENATE.

We have made a study of the incidental expenses of the United States Senate. It shows some curious and suggestive results. There is this difference between the incidental expenses of the Senate and of a man whom we are trying by this means to size up. The man presumably spends his own money—the Senate, we know, spends other people's.

The Senate, fat, lazy, luxurious, has surrounded itself with an army of flunkies. There are eighty-four Senators and four salaried employees for each Senator. Even the great House of Representatives, with four times as many members as the Senate, has not so many servitors. Such a place for clerks, assistant clerks, and messengers, and pages, and laborers, and other attendants, as the Senate, probably exists in no other place on this continent. To begin with, the Senate has a secretary. The secretary has a chief clerk, a principal clerk, a principal executive clerk, a financial clerk, a minute and journal clerk, an enrollment clerk, an assistant financial clerk, and no end of ordinary clerks, undisguised by titles, under his direction.

Fifty Senate committees have clerks to attend to their routine matters and to do the bidding of the chairman. A number of these committees have assistant clerks, and ten of them have messengers. "Messenger," the reader should know, is the term which in the Senate stands for waiter, servant, attendant, mixer of drinks, purveyor of personal comfort, etc. The number of these messengers rapidly increases year on year. Some of these committees which have clerks and messengers do not have any business. They do not meet once a year. No legislation comes before them demanding attention, yet they occupy gorgeous rooms and are served like princes of the blood at the seaside.

There is a serjeant-at-arms who has deputies and assistants to the number of a dozen. They are the keepers of doors, the guardians of dignity. Besides these, there are thirty who appear on the rolls as simple "messengers," probably the men who watch like hawks at all the apertures of the sacred chamber to see that no profane eye gets within a measured ten feet of the walls of the Senate during the majestic secret sessions. There is a postmaster, and he has no fewer than seven assistants. Eight men to handle the mail for eighty!

But this is not all. There are a half-dozen riding pages, to carry notes from the Senate chamber to the residences of its members, and other places. One of the curiosities of Washington society is a Senate riding page, mounted on a Senate horse from the Senate Stables, going about the city leaving a bagful of social communications for madam, the Senator's wife.

A list of all the Senate's employees would fill three or four of these columns. There are superintendents of document rooms and their numerous assistants, chief folders, and many helpers, chief engineers and a staff of assistants, and no end of laborers,

carpenters, and machinists. Then each Senator has a clerk all to himself—a faithful servant who attends to his affairs, public or private, for \$135 of government money per month. Perhaps it would not be fair to go over this list of employees and pick out by name the sons of Senators, the sons-in-law, the nephews, the cousins, and other relatives who are provided for on this pay roll, but one-third of all the employees of the Senate are relatives of the grave and reverend fathers who sit within the chamber.

Notwithstanding its dislike of newspapers, the Senate evidently believes the pen is mightier than the sword. In one day, not long since, there was purchased for its use 84,400 pens, at a cost of \$226.88. This was 200 pens for each Senator and employee, but in a month or two the stock of pens had run so low that another order had to be sent to the stationers. The Senate is a famous customer of stationery, and whatever it uses must be of the best. Such items as these may be found in the Senate books: "Twenty dozen papeteries; \$169.45;" "ten dozen papeteries, \$81.26." Even in its inkstands the Senate is somewhat luxurious, as is shown by one of the many orders of a similar nature, this one reading: "Eight and eleven-twelfth inkstands, \$119.64."

The Senate is a place in which many cards are used. One of the Senate employees testifies: "The wives and daughters of the Senators send to us the orders for their calling cards, and we give the order to the engraver and pay for it out of the Senate funds, charging the cost of the cards to the stationery account of the Senators. A few years ago we had printed at one order 3000 cards for the family of a certain Senator, with five engraved plates."

In the stationer's account, we find many such entries as this: "10 doz. card cases, \$165.45." Nice pocket-books are also affected by the millionaire club, as such entries as the following would indicate: "5 doz. pocketbooks, \$108.75." Pocket knives are likewise popular and expensive, per such entries as: "19½ doz. pocket knives, \$336.06;" "17½ doz. pocket knives, \$268.11;" and "14½ doz. Wostenholm penknives, \$548.49." The Senate appears to be an industrious user of shears, for we notice many such entries as these on the account books: "8 doz. pairs of shears, \$61.20;" "9½ doz. pairs of scissors, \$58.31;" and "50 cases scissors, \$158.64." Or do the shears and scissors, like the cards and card cases, find their way to the homes of senators?

Here are some entries in the account which will explain themselves.

8½ doz. corkscrews.....	\$20 65
2 doz. apollinaris.....	3 00
1 box lemons.....	6 65
1 case apollinaris.....	11 50
50 pounds granulated sugar.....	3 75
100 2-grain quinine pills.....	75
100 3-grain quinine pills.....	1 00

The books show that during the months of July and August, 1888, when Congress was in session, the lemons, sugar and apollinaris used by the Senate cost the government of the United States \$482.42. The ice used the same months cost \$990. It thus appears that it costs money to keep the Senate cool.

An interesting item is the following: Isaac Bissett, for 5 pounds Copenhagen snuff, for use in Senate chamber, \$5.50.

In a month the Senate uses about four hundred dozen towels, the washing of which costs the government \$200.

Here are some more entries which explain themselves:

Three doz. French soap, \$950; sponges, \$110; 6 gallons bay rum, \$16.50; 3 gallons cologne, \$21; 6 bottles hair oil, \$2.40; 6 bottles hair tonic, \$14.40.

Of such items there are scores.

When the Senate buys thermometers it buys none but the best, as the books show: "Aug. 10—1 thermometer, \$15; 3 thermometers, \$15; 2 thermometers, \$6."

When the Senate has a funeral to attend, it goes in style. For the funeral of General Sherman, ten pairs of silk gloves were purchased at \$2 a pair, and nine sashes at \$7 each.

When the Senate buys furniture, either for the chamber or for the luxurious committee rooms, it makes money fly. Here are a few items in that line, taken from hundreds: Wilton carpet for committee on public lands, \$370; three pairs lace curtains for committee on manufactures (a committee that has not had a

meeting for three years), \$97.50; Turcoman cushion, same committee, \$40; walnut lounge, committee on enrolled bills, \$70; antique oak desk, committee on centennial, \$60; walnut desk, committee on labor, \$65; one Japanese screen, committee on agriculture, \$35; four chairs, committee on agriculture, \$40; twenty-one yards carpet, committee on interstate commerce, \$187.

Evidently the committee on agriculture intends to have something nice for the horny-handed son of toil to sit on when he comes before the committee to tell why he has to burn his corn for fuel out on the prairies, or why he cannot lift the mortgage off his place down in New England.

To wind and clean the Senate clocks costs the government about five hundred dollars a year. Even street-car tickets are purchased at the government expense for the use of the Senate. During the last year the Senate has bought a score of type-writers, at a cost of nearly \$3000.

It will be noticed that the Senate has a way of making the government pay for nearly everything which a Senator needs or uses. The government must even help him re-elect himself, and defray the expenses incurred by him in cultivating popularity among his constituents. During the five months preceding the last presidential election, Senators sent out, at the expense of the government, nine millions of their speeches. The government printed the speeches at bare cost, in the first place, and then it had to pay men at a dollar a thousand to fold them, buy the envelopes or other wrappers, and finally carry the many tons of stuff through the mails free of charge. During these five months the government purchased for use in sending out the more or less valuable speeches of more or less famous statesmen, no fewer than eight million envelopes, at a cost of about sixteen thousand dollars, and to prepare this enormous mass of stuff for the mails, seven barrels of paste and four barrels of flour for use in making paste were purchased.

Ten or twenty years hence, probably, the incidental expenses of the Senate will show items of house rent for each of the members of that august body, horses, carriages, and grocery bills. The tendency is now in that direction—Weekly Star.

HE COMETH NOT.

The Catholic Apostolic church is one of the religious organizations in this city which has remained obscure, and its regular service, which was held last evening in "an upper chamber" at 741 Natoma street, says the Chronicle of July 9, was one of those in contrast with the worship supposed to ascend from rich chancel and frescoed naves. Five men of righteous mein, twelve silent ladies of all ages, and three or four children who supposed that everything was all right, were gathered in a neatly furnished little parlor of an up-stairs flat on the side street, and the boards of an extension table combined with chairs were used as benches. Four tallow candles on the family organ, just beyond the folding doors, gave an attractive suggestion of religious symbolism, and when the young lady touched the keys and a few fervent voices rose, a familiar hymn filled the room with its melody.

H. W. Wood, the evangelist, who is the resident leader of the little organization, rose behind a little stand in one corner, and talked for three-quarters of an hour without eloquence or learning, but mentioning incidentally at times some of the beliefs peculiar to the church. Redemption became the preacher's theme for a few moments and a very practical observation followed.

"Then the serpent came," said he. "He tempted the woman first because she was the weakest, and came while the man was away, which was very contemptible. The serpent does the same thing to-day. Many a weak woman gets into trouble because she is tempted when her husband is away."

This church was organized in 1835, when twelve apostles were believed to have been "restored," with powers equal to the original twelve. Only one, Apostle Woodhouse, of London, survives. The church expects Christ very soon, but fixes no date.

THE Freethought Publishing Company keeps in stock an assortment of Otto Wettstein's justly famous watches. Those desiring anything in this line are invited to call and inspect the goods.

Minister and Maiden.

We understand, says the Cottonwood Register, and it is alleged upon what we deem good authority, that recently, at a protracted Methodist meeting at Ono, wherein Rev. Shibrow, presiding elder of the conference, residence Chico, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dillard, pastor of Ono district, were preaching to the multitude, and endeavoring to have the sinners accept the faith that they might seek the forgiveness and blessings of the meek and lowly Nazarene, the elder requested that all who desired to be saved "arise and come forward." Several parties did so, among the number a comely maiden of the not far distant "Western Antipodes," who had been affected by the eloquence and earnestness of the minister's speech. The good Mr. Shibrow was so zealous in behalf of the young seeker of religion that he put his arms around her and whispered words of consolation and religion; in fact, so earnest was he in his goodness that he did not discover the male cousin of the young lady, who came up in the rear, and in a stern, not-to-be-misunderstood voice, said: "This is a h—l of a way," and taking his cousin from the house of worship, marched her home. It is said that the consternation reigned, much to the chagrin and indignation of the elder, and that many left the place in disgust. It is not necessary to state that there is at least one who will not again seek religion at the hands of Mr. Shibrow, who, for aught we know, may have been sincere, but there are others in attendance who thought he was rather familiar on that particular occasion, when naught but propriety should have been indulged in.

Shouldn't Wait.

Little Johnny (to his father)—I told ma what you said to our Sunday-school class to-day about knowing everything in the next world after we are dead.

Pa (uneasily)—What did she say?

Johnny—She said she wished you would try and know a little of this world while you are alive.

'Tis Often Thus.

"Onward and Upward" will be the maxim of the new paper, said the editor, proudly. And it proved a happy maxim, too. For three short months the paper went onward, and then it went upward.

The Hardy Lover.

She jilted him. The doctors said
He'd never survive the shock;
Yet next day he got out of bed
And put the ring in hock.

A ST. PETERSBURG doctor is stopped late at night by a policeman, who asks why he is out so late. "To attend Mr. Popoff, who was taken suddenly ill." "Did he have a permit to be taken suddenly ill?" "No." "Then you will have to go to prison."

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In Spite of the Funny Man.

Theater hats aren't always high,
In spite of the funny man;
And hayseed chaps are sometimes fly,
In spite of the funny man.
Her father's dog's not always wild;
Sometimes you find a well-bred child;
And mothers-in-law are sometimes mild,
In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink,
In spite of the funny man.
And the dude occasionally thinks a think,
In spite of the funny man.
Chicago feet aren't huge at all;
The plumber's bill is sometimes small,
And messenger boys don't always crawl,
In spite of the funny man.

The poets don't have to live on air,
In spite of the funny man.
Those front-row men sometimes have hair,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a brand-new joke is sprung;
Sometimes the ballet girl is young;
And sometimes wives are not all tongue,
In spite of the funny man.

Society girls at balls wear clothes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a man pays what he owes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes the type-writer's plain in face;
Sometimes the church deacon's not at the race;
In fact this world's quite a decent place,
In spite of the funny man.

A Discouraged Enumerator.

A dusty, weary, and foot-sore census-taker rang the door-bell of a house on Fortieth street late yesterday afternoon.

"I am tired. I am not used to walking," he said to the man who opened the door. "I am taking the census of this part of the city, and will have to trouble you for a chair to sit in while I ask you the questions. Thank you. Your name, please?"

"Sforvinstivos Brutkiewicz."

"What?"

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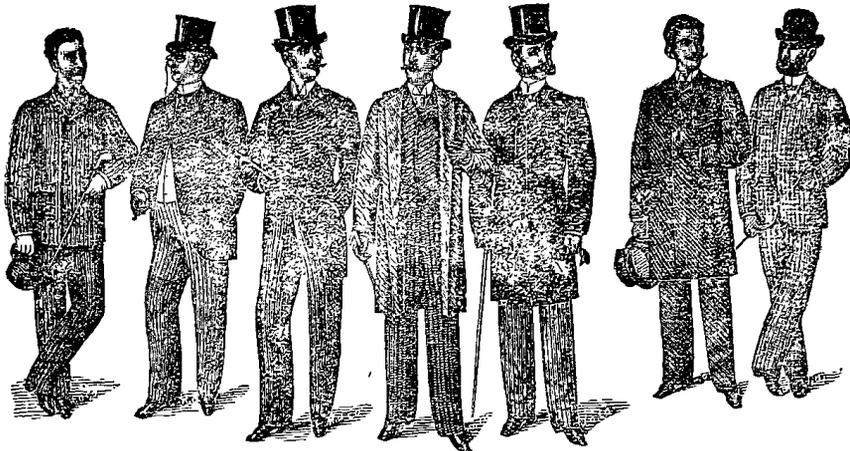
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - - JULY 26, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Sunday morning, July 6, with Wagner's gentle steed to bear me on, I set forth from Rye Hollow on my pilgrimage to Mitchell. It was a wild and lonely scene that presented itself to my view. I went for miles without seeing a house or any other sign of a human being, except the traveled road. I was to keep the "traveled road," but it grew so faint at times that I could scarcely judge which was the right way, and it was the easiest thing in the world to be lost amidst these endless hills. I might drift for miles over the billowy landscape and find no home or man from which information might proceed. I lost my bearing at one time and knew I was wrong, and how to get right was the question, with neither a guide-post nor an angel to point the way. Fortunately, in the far distance, I beheld a wandering cow-boy. I shouted at the top of my voice for directions to Mitchell. He pointed in an exactly opposite direction to what I was pursuing; I was to "go through a gate and keep alongside the fence." I obeyed the instructions, and pushing on came to Fophana's Ranch, and here I received precise directions as to the course, and thereafter I went on my way rejoicing, as happy as Bunyan's pilgrim when he saw the "Delectable Mountains." It was a bright and beautiful day, and the solitary ride was entrancing. Over the sky was a splendid retinue of clouds which kept the sun from being too oppressive. Scenes of loveliness mingled with scenes of wild and desolate grandeur. Occasionally I passed smiling harvest fields and homes with green trees about them, while along the horizon the mountains towered in every variety of form. I am five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Gradually I leave the broad table lands and plunge into a winding canyon. Just about noon, all at once, I see Mitchell, its houses huddled together at the foot of Rocky Butte. It seemed like a "Deserted Village." Not a single inhabitant was visible as I passed over the brook by the grist-mill. Was there anybody here, I wondered, and would there be any lecture in this far away corner of the world, where it seems as if humanity might have stranded ages ago. I could almost imagine myself in one of the primeval epochs. However, on I wended, and the hotel ap-

peared in view with two or three individuals reclining on its ample porch. I wondered who they were, and they wondered, likewise, who I was, for they were not expecting the "preacher" on horseback, or by this route. As I came nearer doubt vanished, for the genial face of A. J. Shrum, pioneer Liberal of this country, was before me. I was happy, for I was no longer "a stranger in a strange land," but among my "own folks." I descended from the saddle, although with no very great agility, for the morning's ride of more than twenty miles had not ameliorated the stiffness of my limbs. It did not take long, however, to recover my ability to walk. I had been expected the night before and there was some disappointment. Things, however, were soon under way for a lecture in the afternoon and evening. Shrum is a worker, and puts vim into Freethought wherever he is, and it is bound to go. He came from nearly thirty miles off, with all his family, to be at the lecture. He has one of the best ranches in the country, which he won right out of the heart of nature by his energy. He has brought civilization to the wilderness, and keeps up with the times although he is more than a hundred miles from the whistle of the locomotive. No shadow of superstition has ever been upon his broad acres, and his cattle and sheep have survived the hard winter because he knows how to take charge of them and does not trust in providence. So everything went off smoothly and brightly at Mitchell, and I found here a splendid element of Liberalism. Although far away among the hills, it has the life of progress, and nowhere have I enjoyed a more appreciative audience. They come from a circle of fifty miles and don't consider that anything of a journey to hear a Freethought lecture. It gives one boundless faith in humanity to have such a gathering as this on the frontier. Mrs. Shrum was present, and Miss Gertrude Shrum, who did the singing for us, and Wade and Da Shrum, the boys. Mr. Shrum used to be music teacher in the Willamette Valley, years ago, and I guess many remember him unto this day, for they used to have fine times making music from Scio round, and the soul of melody is not dead yet, and the voices of our friends cheer the campaign. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith were also in our ranks. Mrs. Smith is sister of Mrs. Shrum. These are daughters of Mrs. Wells, a Liberal who came fifty miles last year to attend the lectures at Fossil, and whose husband, now dead, was one of the foremost advocates of Freethought in the Willamette Valley. In the sunset of life the heart of the morning glows within her. Our bright ally, Eugene Loony, was with us side by side for work, with shoulder to the wheel. Mrs. Volney Shrum and the baby were there too; J. S. Hays, formerly of Coos county; Placodore Bravo, from the "Castles in Spain;" Fred Loony, James Oaks, Henry Stephenson, Charles Carroll, R. E. Misenor, Woods and Chamberlain, with others, made up as good a company of Freethinkers as heart could desire, and the meetings both afternoon and evening were splendidly successful. The hotel was crowded, but mine landlord, Mr. O. S. Boardman, gave hearty

welcome to man and steed, for he is a Liberal. Mitchell is named after Senator Mitchell, and is getting to be quite a center of business for this country. I found it a lively point after I once got acquainted. There is an excellent school here and the people are up with the times.

I experienced the same difficulty here as at Wagner. The mail contract was let so low that no stage could run on the line from Mitchell to Prineville, and the mail had to be carried on horseback. I think Wanamaker had better quit praying and do a little watching. Uncle Sam is not so poor that he need play the Shylock in letting the mails. In a country like this contracts ought to be let to resident competitors who know what the works, what it can be done for, and who has an interest in doing it well. For the mere purpose of screwing a little money out of the contracts, outside parties, who have no regard for the convenience of the public, have bid so low that it is impossible for the mails to be properly carried, and there is confusion and uncertainty. No one knows whether he can make a point or not by the usual stage lines. It is like getting to heaven. Fortunately my good genius was with me, and although the alfalfa was ready to be cut and he could scarcely spare the time, A. J. Shrum, with his splendid team, drove me from Mitchell to Prineville, a distance of fifty-five miles, in one day. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. I had a delightful trip, far preferable to a journey by stage. We followed along Bridge Creek. In open view was Black Butte, a towering mass of desolate precipitous rock, flung there by some volcanic force. To the left, among the folding hills, was White Butte, with smooth and glistening sides, to the very top, like a pyramid, as if some master hand had chiseled its glowing pinnacle. As these drop out of sight, upon the far horizon mighty mountains appear in blue radiance. Then we plunge into the extensive forest, striking a vast spur of the Blue Range, which we slowly climb. The pine trees shoot up one and two hundred feet. Delicious green glades appear. Occasionally vast views open through the spreading canopy. The gorgeous sunlight amidst the dancing leaves is like burnished silver. Then we descend to where the Ochoco glitters. We pass the placer mines, where they are still hunting for gold, though the cabins have a somewhat abandoned look. A couple of brawny miners invite us to dinner, and the invitation would be gladly accepted but for the welfare of the horses, who need a good dinner likewise. So we go on to Thompson's, where a square meal is waiting for us, and the horses eat their grain. Refreshed, they start off on the afternoon journey of twenty-five miles, to Prineville. Following the Canyon of the Ochoco, when the sun is about half an hour high we reach the broad valley where Prineville, three thousand feet above the sea, lifts its front in the splendor of the evening. A lovely view is before us. The valley reaches to Grizzly Butte, over which Mt. Jefferson, in a lustre of clouds, shows its magnificent brow. To the left, in a mass of billowing gold and crimson, beyond the encircling "rim rock," edged with fire the Three Sisters appear, adding majesty to the beautiful picture of the valley and bluffs.

It is golden twilight when we enter Prineville, a city of about a thousand inhabitants, the county-seat of Crook county. A large territory, about one hundred and fifty miles across, makes this its business point, and it has a pretty vigorous trade. I guess, for its size, it sells more goods than any other place in Oregon. It is also about the farthest of any town from the railroad, The Dalles, the nearest point, being a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. It is two day's travel by stage, and through the

roughest country on the continent. But it is a good place when you get there. The climate is fine, the scenery varied and attractive, and the soil productive. The crops are in a promising condition—wheat forty bushels to the acre in some places. A great many cattle, horses, and sheep were destroyed during the past winter, but still enough are left to stock the country well. Taking the taxable property of the country it would average \$1,900 to each voter. On the whole it is a pretty wealthy district and has stood the hard times as cheerfully as any portion of the country.

The lectures were advertised to begin on Tuesday evening; but there were so many in town from distant places, who expected to leave on Tuesday, that it was thought best to have the lecture on Monday, the night of my arrival. The lectures were given at the court-house, and, although the notice was short, the house was nearly full. The attendance has increased from evening to evening. It is evident that there is a large Liberal element in this community. The Rev. Mr. Grant, Baptist clergyman of this place, was ready for a debate, and an opportunity was given him on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. There was a manifest interest in the proceedings on both sides. My opponent was gentlemanly and conducted the debate in a fair manner, although he did not stick to the question. He left the argument, and gave a sermon. In fact he rarely touched the point at issue, which was, "Is the Bible a Divine Revelation?" He admitted that he could not demonstrate the existence of God, and that the whole thing was after all a matter of faith. This enabled me to contrast Freethought with orthodoxy, and show that reason is superior to faith, and that human morality, which means universal brotherhood, is better than a "divine morality" which sanctions war, slavery, polygamy, and the murder of little children.

I have not had better audiences anywhere than in Prineville. In fact, I think I must place it in the front rank, so generous and so cheering has been the response.

C. Rogers, one of the old settlers of the coast, is a vigorous worker here. He keeps the Truth Seeker and FREETHOUGHT a-going. It was a pleasure to meet him and his family, and to partake of his hospitality.

A. L. Allen, formerly of Coos county, with whom I traveled on the Coquille, was here, from fifty miles away, with his wife. That is the kind of Freethinker to make things move. I am repaid for all my toilsome journeys to grasp the hand of a comrade like this.

Knox Huston, county surveyor, was chosen chairman of the meeting. He is a leading citizen, and a Liberal who is not afraid to stand by the colors. As an entertaining companion, with reminiscences of the frontier, he can't be beat.

Representative-elect Thos. J. Stevenson was present with his wife and children, from Mitchell. He is worthy of the honor the people have conferred upon him, both for his Liberal views and his business ability and success.

Thanks are due to Sheriff Booth and his deputy, Ed. Slayton, for kind attentions, and the Liberal spirit in which they were given.

S. R. Slayton, county commissioner, an old resident, is a cordial supporter of the movement.

I. F. Moore, attorney, is also of Coos county, and many friends in that section will remember him and be glad to know that he stands in the front rank. Among the pleasantest memories of this place is the hospitable entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

The festive board never was more attractive with beauty and intelligence.

B. F. Nichols has always been on the frontier. The locomotive has tried to keep up with him, but couldn't. He is an independent thinker. He doesn't agree with me altogether, but he is far from the orthodox side. He has the habit of using his brains.

Comrade A. W. Powers and wife, and children, are at all the lectures, and the work of to-day is mingled with the promise of the future in the faces of happy childhood.

W. H. Rowan is on the roll of Freethought, and a better soldier will not lift the standard.

Ed. N. White, county treasurer, is also a "comrade true," and his "round table" will long be remembered for the wit, romance, music of guitar, sparkling story, and hours of mirth that soften labor and, with merry companionship, prepare for work.

J. A. Douthit, of the Ochoco Review, is a Liberal-minded editor, with ideas of his own but ready to give a fair field to all sides. His reports of the lectures and debate were fearless and impartial.

I. L. Lucky, whose brothers, of Eugene City, are on the Liberal roll, keeps the family name on the banner here. I guess all who have the Lucky blood are born to be Freethinkers.

I am "chumming" with P. B. Davis and I am well taken care of, whatever may be the blows of fate. Davis is a Liberal of the broadest kind. He takes in Spiritualism in a wise sort of fashion, which don't diminish his interest in the progress of this world. He is a striking exponent of Western life. He left home in Iowa when fourteen years of age and has made his own way by hard work and self-reliance; and that kind of a career doesn't make much for the orthodox faith. With all the ups and downs of this present campaign, I must confess that with a chum like Davis I can stand anything and keep off ill fortune with a cheerful spirit. Davis will feed, clothe, and give you half his bed to sleep on if necessary, and in the present case I have had to depend on his generosity.

I have just heard that my baggage, wherein are all my worldly goods, is now stranded at Hay Creek, twenty-five miles off—the stage en route breaking down at that point. It seems as if I were destined to live and dress "on faith" for the rest of my trip. I should like to hire a praying machine in order to express my sentiments. I have a journey of one hundred and twenty miles on horseback before me because of the lack of stage accommodations, and this because the mail contracts are let to speculative bidders. This is the hardest luck I have struck yet. If I could get somebody to knock me into the "middle of next week" I should escape a great deal of weariness.

I give my closing lecture to-night, Sunday, July 13, making seven lectures in all at this point.

I have the pleasure to report that A. C. Palmer, postmaster, and C. M. Crane are on the Freethought roll. Also C. D. Hardesty, of Parlina, who came sixty-five miles to attend the lectures. This is a "specimen brick" of the Liberals of Crook county.

Henry Hahn, president of the bank, is among our generous supporters, Liberal in all things, and it was a pleasure to meet him. J. H. Templeton, J. A. Campbell—who couldn't come, but was on hand in spirit and pocket—J. N. Blair, P. B. Howard, I. Sichel, D. F. Stewart, W. H. Fuller, John Van Houten; all have helped in cordial manner to make the days bright with good-fellowship, so that the sunshine far exceeds the shadow, and

my memories of Prineville are among the most delightful of my far wandering pilgrimage. It is proposed that I return here a year from next September, when there will be a bigger campaign than ever and the colors will fly for a hundred miles about. We can make rainbows as well as the "deity." S. P. PUTNAM.

MEDIUM REID'S CASE.

The Sacramento "Daily Record-Union," in a forcible article condemning the trial and conviction of Medium Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich., criticises very severely the action of the judge in refusing to allow Reid to demonstrate his ability to read sealed letters without opening them. The "Record-Union" says:

"Suppose a priest had been before the court on the charge of defrauding, in accepting alms for the church, in payment for services at the altar in offer of prayers for mitigation of the pains of purgatory visited upon the souls of the dead. Should not the court with just as much of reason hold the claim that such prayers are efficacious is fraudulent, because of the supernatural idea? Has there ever been given any proof, acceptable in a court of justice, that such results follow as are claimed for the offering of such prayers? Yet if the priest offered to introduce testimony to convince the jury of the genuineness of his claim, would it not be his right to do so?"

That is the point always maintained by FREETHOUGHT—that Reid had as good a right to humbug people as had priests. It is not a question whether or not Reid could get communications from the spirit world, or whether a priest's prayers can mitigate the pains of any alleged purgatory. The question is whether both do not stand on exactly equal ground, and whether one has not the same rights as the other before the law.

But there is a different statement of Reid's case which puts him in a more unfavorable light. According to a paper called "Christna," whose editor, Mr. Vincent, first called the attention of the postal authorities to Medium Reid, the latter gave nothing, either genuine or fraudulent, for the money which he received. Mr. Vincent states, whether truthfully or not we are unable to say, that Reid's mediumship was not on trial. He was charged with receiving money under agreement to return to the sender thereof some kind of a communication, instead of which he pocketed the money and returned nothing. Even if this is true, the parallel with the priest still holds good, for the person paying for masses has no way of knowing whether the masses paid for are said as agreed or not.

The whole proceeding is too contemptible to occupy the attention of a court of justice. Supposing Reid advertised himself as a spirit postmaster. Nobody who did not believe in spirit communication would patronize him. All Spiritualists are intelligent enough to know that some mediums are fraudulent, and that they run the risk of being swindled in sending money to strange ones. And if they are swindled they have no one to censure but themselves. They can console themselves with the thought fools and their money have been speedily sundered for several thousand years, and that all valuable experience costs something. The person who buys a lottery ticket, stakes money on a horserace or a prize-fight, consults a fortune-teller or a medium, or bets on some other man's game, knows that the chances of getting a satisfactory return for the outlay are very slim. Lotteries are mostly swindles, races are "thrown," fights are "faked," fortune-tellers are crafty, mediums are imaginative to say the least, and professional sharpers have a "sure thing" when dealing with the uninitiated. All people of intelligence know this, and they deserve little sympathy if, in attempting to get something for nothing, they are disappointed. The loser in such cases is

for the time being as culpable as the winner, since he must know that if he wins he will get more than he pays for. Nearly all mediums testify that they are consulted mainly for purposes of gain. The sitter expects to have a valuable mine located, or to receive some "pointer" whereby he may get the advantage of somebody else, or to learn how stocks are going, or what number of the Louisiana lottery will "draw." It is not a legitimate method of doing business, and those who get left, and nearly everybody does, should take the consequences without asking others to share them or to redress their grievances.

It is to be observed that in these games of chance the priests have the advantage, since, as in life insurance, the player must die to win.

"FREETHOUGHT" AS A LIAR.

The appended communication to the Kaweah "Commonwealth" will be seen to refer to matters discussed to some extent in these columns:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 3, 1890.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO NATIONALIST CLUB, }
106 McALLISTER STREET.

To the Officers and Members of Kaweah Colony:

DEAR COMRADES: I am especially instructed by a unanimous vote at a fully attended meeting of this club, held this evening, to notify you of the following facts:

First, That three weeks ago charges were made that affected the financial integrity of Thos. G. Ashton, our financial secretary, and against Burnette G. Haskell, charging him with usurpation of power, and of having made false statements to the club.

Second, Two committees were appointed by us, one of them upon finance, and the other to deal with the charges generally.

Third, Said committees reported to-night. The finance committee found that the charges against Mr. Ashton were entirely without foundation and it appears, instead, that the club is really indebted to him for cash advanced.

Fourth, The committee reported that the charges against Mr. Haskell were entirely unfounded, and that no foundation ever existed on which they could be based.

Fifth, The reports of the committees were adopted and approved unanimously.

Sixth, Mr. Otto Sinz who made the charges was then expelled by unanimous vote and escorted to the door by vote of the club. The corresponding secretary was instructed to notify these facts to you.

Seventh, A committee of three was appointed to visit the editor of FREETHOUGHT, which had published in its issue of the 28th of June a false and scandalous and libelous article concerning Mr. Haskell and demand its retraction.

Eighth, I am further instructed by the club to inform you that Mr. Haskell was never accused by anybody of any financial irregularities; that no committee ever reported that he was short in his accounts, and that the whole paragraph in FREETHOUGHT is a malicious Lie.

Ninth, The matter of fact is, that the club owes Mr. Haskell nearly \$700 instead of he owing it a cent.

Tenth, It appearing that enemies of Nationalists have sent to Kaweah Colony marked copies of the published libel, the club earnestly requests that this reply thereto be given the widest publicity.

The club has the fullest confidence in and the warmest friendship possible toward Mr. Haskell.

This letter is official by order of the club.

MATE A. HILDEBRAND,

Cor. Sec. San Francisco National Club, 609 Polk street.

We do not care to prolong this painful subject, but as the foregoing letter, or a similar one, has been published in other papers it is right that the matter should be fully understood. Here is the paragraph complained of, the various statements in which we have numbered for more convenient reference:

(1) It is feared that the Nationalist club of San Francisco will hold no

more receptions. (2) At a business meeting last week a committee appointed to examine the books of the club reported (3) a shortage in the accounts of the financial secretary and (4) charged Mr. Haskell with embezzlement. (5) The organization is deeply in debt, (6) the president, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, contemplates resigning, and scandalous revelations are foreshadowed. (7) The business meeting broke up in a violent row.

(1) The club has held no reception to our knowledge since the above occurrence.

(2) Otto Sinz, who made the charges, was a member of the Finance Committee, and as such examined the books.

(3) Mr. Sinz charged the financial secretary with embezzlement.

(4) He charged Mr. Haskell with making false entries and misappropriating funds.

(5) "Deeply in debt" is a relative term; but the organization owes Mr. Haskell about \$700 and Mr. Ashton about \$30, and has small assets. We are also informed that it owes the proprietor of Metropolitan Temple for the use of the hall.

(6) The president, Mrs. Ballou told our informant that she was ready to resign. She has attended no meetings of the club between the time the statement was made and the time of this writing.

(7) Whether or not "the meeting broke up in a violent row" must remain a question of veracity between those who think it did and those who think it did not.

If the paragraph in FREETHOUGHT is a "lie" it is a lie that fits the facts remarkably well. We deny *in toto* the charge of malice. FREETHOUGHT has not said that Mr. Ashton embezzled or that Mr. Haskell misappropriated the funds of the club; but reported as a matter of news in which many readers are interested, the facts as furnished. That charges were made, and that the paragraph was justified by occurrences, is shown by the arrest of Mr. Sinz. The matter now being in the hands of the court, further discussion would be premature.

SUNDAY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The resolution of the World's Fair Committee to keep the exhibition open on Sunday is a step gained for Liberalism and Freethought. And not only for these, but for science and progress. As might be expected, therefore, the clergy are already up in arms against the innovation. Indeed, before the question of opening on Sunday had been raised, they took time by the forelock and several months ago registered their protest against it. Again last Sunday, in Chicago, the ministers held a meeting in Farwell Hall, and by a rising vote adopted resolutions that the legislature about to meet in special session be earnestly requested to see to it that the Exposition be closed on the first day of the week. The resolutions declare that "the injury to city, state, and nation of an open European Sabbath cannot be estimated, and that the American institution of a quiet Sabbath must not be trampled in the dust." Proceeding, these religionists announce that the example set by the United States at Philadelphia in 1876 and Paris in 1889 should be continued, and they "deem it just to the working people of the world, and especially to those of our nation, that this most precious boon of a rest day be saved for them."

The example of Philadelphia, that is, the Centennial exposition, is not one to be followed, as the puritanical Sunday there enforced excited the astonishment and ridicule of half the foreign nations. And the action of our exhibitors at Paris, who insisted upon having their meagre exhibits covered on Sunday

while those of other nationalities were left open to the inspection of visitors, added all that was necessary to make America's part in that exposition appear wholly contemptible. Neither American enterprise nor American liberty was fairly represented in Paris in 1889.

The declaration that Sunday must be saved for the working people expresses exactly what the framers of the resolutions in question did not mean. Sunday can be saved for workers only by devoting it to that recreation and liberty which the Sabbatarians deny. To shut them out of the exposition on Sunday will not be giving them the day, but robbing them of it. Of course it is to the ministers', especially the Chicago ministers', advantage to have the doors to everything shut except those leading into the churches. They want to get the people and the visitors where they can preach to them; and bracing up for the occasion, they will be prepared, during the fair, to astonish not only the natives but such foreigners as may be unfortunate enough to stroll into their various sanctuaries. The course of the Fair Committee threatens them with disappointment, but it is to be hoped that the members of the committee will stand by their resolution, so that the Liberals of the country may be able to point to one step which their principles have taken in advance since 1876.

FREETHOUGHT notes "with regret" that the recent Sixteenth Annual Commencement exercises of the San Jose High School were opened with prayer. What a "red rag" prayer is to the average Materialist, or in fact the expression of anything indicative of the spiritual nature of man! It may not be wise to offer prayer to a personal God, as a subject would supplicatingly appeal to a king upon his throne; but an expression of out-reaching aspiration for something higher and better than one's imperfect self—for an inflowing of a prompting to a truer and purer life—we cannot understand what there is in this kind of prayer that even a "Freethinker" should "regret."—Golden Gate.

It is not the prayer, especially, that FREETHOUGHT objects to, though prayers are little else than superstitious incantations. What we protest against is the introduction of prayers and other religious ceremonies in the public schools. The clergyman in his pulpit, the devotee anywhere, and Brother Owen in his sanctuary, may pray or "aspire" to their heart's content, but that is not what schools are for.

THE Secular Pilgrim finds occasionally a clergyman who will take up the cudgels for the Bible. The Ochoco, Or., "Review" of July 12, reports: "On Monday evening S. P. Putnam, of San Francisco, began a series of lectures here that has been continued throughout the week, with the exception of Wednesday and Thursday evenings, which were devoted to a joint discussion between Mr. Putnam and the Rev. J. H. Grant, on the subject, 'Is the Bible a Divine Revelation from God?' Mr. Grant taking the affirmative and Mr. Putnam the negative. The subject was ably handled by both gentlemen. Mr. Putnam is a forcible, logical reasoner, courteous to all opponents and liberal to a fault to those who may differ with him in matters of opinion, and his lectures are listened to with the utmost attention by the large audiences that attend each evening."

THE English press seems to be no fairer toward Bradlaugh than American papers are toward the reformers here. In his "Parliamentary Jottings," July 6, Mr. Bradlaugh says: "The London papers deem it necessary to so suppress all that I do and say in the House of Commons, that I must, in justice to myself, ask my friends to circulate these jottings as widely as possible. My work in the House is made rather difficult by the fact that

on the one hand there is, by the Socialists, the grossest misrepresentation of what I really do, and on the other, scarcely any report of my questions or speeches appears in any of the Liberal papers."

FATHER LAMBERT, the priest who gained notoriety by his "Notes on Ingersoll," may now believe that there is something in religious freedom. According to Dr. McGlynn, Lambert was censured by his superior, and upon appeal to the propaganda the sentence of the archbishop was approved, new indignities were heaped upon him, and he wishes he had never appealed to the tribunal. With Burtzell, McGlynn, and Lambert tugging at their bonds, it looks as if even priests were at last learning that the ecclesiastical collar is not compatible with American citizenship.

DR. MCGLYNN, the eliminated priest, will lecture in San Francisco. The doctor still announces himself a Catholic, though not a papist, but he should know that Catholicism without the pope is like the Harrison administration without Wanamaker. News comes from Rome that Dr. McGlynn will not be received back into the church. However, as the church does not want him, and as he does not want the church, this arrangement is doubtless satisfactory to all parties.

THE following contributions to the Freethought Society have been left at this office: Frank Butler, \$1; W. H. Eastman, \$1; C. E. Spofford, 50 cents; Mrs. Hakius, \$1; John Beaumont, \$1; A friend, 50 cents; Joseph Larsen, \$1; Mr. Sullivan, 50 cents; F. Luce, 50 cents. There are still a few dollars due the treasurer, which members are cordially invited to contribute at their convenience. Funds will be received and acknowledged at this office.

WE publish this week the first part of Dr. Jerome A. Anderson's "Scientific Evidence of the Existence of the Soul," and bespeak for it a careful and candid perusal. Dr. Anderson is eminent in his profession, a superior scholar, and admittedly scientific in his knowledge of material things. It is doubtful if any more thorough statement than his has ever been made on the affirmative side of the proposition with which he deals.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND has assured an Associated Press reporter that the Catholic church does not contemplate a union of church and state, and doubtless he is correct. What the church desires is to make the state the servant of the church. It wants to control the schools of the country and to have the state pay the expense. It is not a union where there is supremacy on one side and subserviency on the other.

BELL has gone lecturing in the upper country, and his address until further notice will be 100 South First street, Portland, Or. The Liberals of the northwest should cultivate Bell. He will give them what they want in the line of Freethought lectures, and they will find him a genial companion, full of new thoughts that will set them to cogitating on various subjects.

THE farce of taking the census on this coast is to be repeated; that is, Superintendent Porter has ordered a new count. In what respect it will be more trustworthy than the previous one we are not informed, but perhaps Mr. Porter knows. Certainly the count should be honest or it has no value.

DR. HARCOURT, of the Howard street Methodist church, has announced himself a believer in the substitution of cremation

for the present form of burial. The Catholic church will soon remain the last enemy of this civilized method of disposing of dead bodies.

WILL our city readers help FREETHOUGHT by sending us the names of Liberals in business in San Francisco who might desire to place their advertisements in this paper? There are doubtless many such.

OBSERVATIONS.

The original Pacific Nationalist Club is holding regular meetings at 909½ Market street, and last Sunday evening the ex-Rev. J. E. Higgins lectured on "Poverty: Its Cause and Cure." This is the club of which Mr. C. F. Burgman, the philosophical tailor, was formerly president. Last Monday I saw Mr. Burgman and asked him if he had attended the meeting and learned how poverty could be caused and cured. He said, "No: I have resigned the presidency of the club. For the past ten years," he continued, reminiscently, "I have devoted much of my time to the solution of that great problem. I have investigated Anarchism, Socialism, Communism, Nationalism, and other isms."

"Did you find in any of these isms a specific calculated, when judiciously applied, to produce the desired result?" I asked, speaking with unusual grammatical accuracy.

"Yes," said Mr. Burgman, "I have struck one ism that contains more promise than I can see in all the rest."

"And that is—"

"Tailorism. It is the only ism that ever contributed a nickel toward abolishing my poverty, and I am going to devote myself assiduously to developing it. If I succeed I shall then have contributed my individual share toward the general result."

In which allegory many who believe that theories will save the world may obtain a hint that practice sometimes serves as a temporary bridge over present difficulties.

BIBLE STORY.

And it came to pass as the Son of Man journeyed from the water front to the Barbary coast, he came nigh unto the house of Matthew the publican.

And being athirst he entered, and smote his stomach against the bar.

And having been served he saith unto the keeper, whose name was Matthew, Now will I cast dice with thee, that he who throweth the highest number may win; and it shall be doubles or quits, as is said amongst the sinners.

So Matthew brought dice, of the number of five, and when he had cast them thrice, behold he had five sixes.

And Matthew smiled, secretly saying unto himself, Verily the throw cannot be exceeded.

Then the Son of Man took the dice and having cast them once, lo, there were six sixes upward upon the bar.

And Matthew the publican was astonished; likewise was he wroth, and he swore an oath, saying, Get thee hence, for I will have none of thy damned miracles. And he sought to lay hands on him; but the Son of Man took counsel with himself and departed hastily, and being filled with the spirit he went on his way rejoicing.

And his fame spread abroad throughout the coast, and from that day no publican durst serve him until he had first pocketed the dinero.

N. F. Ravlin, ex-reverend, who has been lecturing for some time at San Hosay, and whose addresses have been frequently forwarded to this office by Mr. L. R. Titus, is now speaking for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, in San Francisco. I heard him last Sunday evening for the first time. Mr. Ravlin is an older man than I had judged him to be, having a gray moustache and a bald spot on the back of his head. He is also rubicund, yet eloquent. He has a nervous and impatient way of stepping about the platform, as though he thought his audience ought to know beforehand what he is about to tell them. I have heard the word querulous somewhere, and without stopping to look up its exact definition I should say that it

describes Mr. Ravlin's manner at the opening of the discourse. That, however, soon passes off, and as the perspiration gathers upon his brow he gets more flexible, and makes good speed. He was talking about harmony among Spiritualists, and union between them and Freethinkers. He remarked at the outset that there was nothing in common between Spiritualists and Materialists except opposition to ecclesiastical aggression. He could see signs of a growing tendency toward union of church and state, to resist which it would be necessary for Spiritualists and Freethinkers to unite; but beyond their common interest in the welfare of humanity their ways diverged and their philosophies led them asunder. But Mr. Ravlin also noted divergence between Spiritualists. There were partisans of the many phases of mediumship. Some Spiritualists cared more for the phenomena than for the philosophy, which tendency he deprecated. Spiritualists should spend less money on mediums and more on the expounders of Spiritual truth. Phenomena were on the gross material plane, while the philosophy expanded the soul and promoted spiritual development. Mr. Ravlin closed with a lofty peroration relative to the future state, the vividness of which was added to, I thought, by the lady soloist who at once seated herself at the piano, and turning a beaming face upon the audience, sang "Castles in the Air" in a melodious tone of voice.

After the song the hundred people present arose and bowed their heads while Pastor Ravlin stretched out his hands over them and pronounced the benediction, in which he expressed a desire that the love of truth, the grace of the higher life, and the fellowship and communion of the angel world might be and abide with them for an extended length of time.

Mr. Ravlin speaks again next Sunday night, and those who enjoy good strong Spiritual doctrine, instruction in righteousness, and a benediction as cordial as any to be found on the coast, can get them all for ten cents.

The "Evening Post" has moved into the old "Chronicle" building at the corner of Kearny and Bush streets. It has also adopted the "Chronicle's" old bulletin board, which formerly bore the legend, "The Chronicle has the Largest Circulation." The painter had only to obliterate "The Chronicle" and insert "The Evening Post." It now reads, "The Evening Post has the Largest Circulation." There is reason to believe that both papers employ the same liar.

Accounts of the trouble in the Nationalist camp are further confused by Miss Hildebrand's statement that Otto Sinz was escorted to the door by a vote of the club. Mr. Sinz avers, and stands by his word with Teutonic persistency, that it was the sergeant-at-arms who attended him at the time of his involuntary exit. The conflicting statements serve to show the unreliability of human testimony.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The army and navy will take part in the celebration of California's Admission Day, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Holmes, the famous novelist, is studying phases of San Francisco life in order to get material for a new story.—There will be a three weeks' camp-meeting of Spiritualists at Fruitvale station, East Oakland. It opened July 21.—The German order called Sons of Hermann held a grand Jubilee last Sunday and Monday in honor of Hermann, who, 2000 years ago, is credited with liberating the Teutons. The celebration was a great success, several thousand people being in attendance.—Joseph F. Valentine, leader of the striking ironmolders of this city, has been elected first vice-president of the Ironmolders' Union of North America.—The Prohibitionists of San Joaquin county held a convention in Stockton last Saturday and nominated a full county ticket.—I. N. Choynski, of this city, publisher of the weekly paper called "Public Opinion," was last week convicted of attempted extortion. He is at large under \$5000 bail. Mr. Choynski evidently does not understand the business so well as some other publishers who have grown rich by the blackmail method.—Mayor Pond has issued an address to the citizens of San Francisco asking for contributions to the expense of representing the city and state at the World's Fair.—Seven girls have been ejected from the

Young Women's Christian Home in this city for the offenses of eating in their rooms and absenting themselves from worship.

A man named Bauer, at Woodhaven, N. Y., has sued his priest, the Rev. Father Steffens, for appropriating his wife. Mrs. Bauer lives with the priest, who will not let her husband see her.—The World's Fair Committee has voted to keep the exposition at Chicago open on Sundays.—Eugene Schuyler, the American consul-general at Cairo, Egypt, died on the 18th inst.—The Rev. Geo. Lewis, a local preacher at Jamaica, N. Y., was thrashed last week on account of his marked attentions to a sixteen-year-old girl.—Big frauds have been unearthed in the census enumeration of Minneapolis, Minn. The populations of some precincts were doubled by stuffing the reports with fictitious names.

War has broken out between Guatemala and San Salvador, two states of Central America. The Guatemalans suffered the first defeat.—Bismarck differs with Emperor William on the subject of Socialism. The emperor, he says, decided to try to induce the Socialists to maintain a peaceful attitude by means of concessions, but he (Bismarck) believed in fighting them as blackmailers. The sooner they were defied the better. The time would come when Socialism would be found to be a military question, and in place of the present mild state of siege there would be a universal state of war.—Many people in Ireland are threatened with starvation on account of potato blight.—Continuous rains have discouraged English farmers. In spite of the Archbishop of Canterbury's prayers, bad weather still prevails, fields are flooded, and crops are rotting.—Sailors in the English navy have petitioned for a Methodist instead of a Church of England chaplain.—Italians are leaving their native land in great numbers. During the year 1889 nearly 175,000 Italian laborers sought homes in other countries. Of these 88,000 emigrated to the Argentine Republic, 36,000 to Brazil, and 40,000 to the United States, the remainder going chiefly to England.—Colonel Olcott has resigned the presidency of the London Theosophical Society and Mme. Blavatsky will succeed him in that office. Olcott will continue to preside over the Indian section of the society.

LITERARY NOTES.

The July-August "New Ideal" is a double number containing all the speeches and proceedings of the Free Religious Association Convention.

We have received the speeches of the Hon. John H. Mitchell and of the Hon. Francis G. Newlands on "Silver." Both favor unlimited coinage of that metal.

Lucifer Publishing Company, Valley Falls, Kansas, issue in pamphlet form Moses Harman's camp-meeting talks under the title of "Digging for Bedrock." 10 cents.

The proceedings of the late Convention of the Woman's National Liberal Union are now published in a large pamphlet, sold by Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage, Fayetteville, N. Y., at 50 cents per copy.

Dr. G. H. Stockham, of the Wilson Cancer Hospital advertised in FREETHOUGHT, issues a ten-cent pamphlet entitled "Cancer: Its Cause and Treatment," which, like all the doctor's writings, is full of instruction on the subject of which it treats.

Benjamin R. Tucker, who translated Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," has just published Felix Pyat's "Rag Picker of Paris." Mr. Tucker never fails to send FREETHOUGHT printed notices of his various publications, which we have faithfully reproduced, but he quite forgets to mail us the book under review.

"Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means," by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel, is a prize essay on the subject of cooking. It will prove of worth to many housekeepers. Price, 40 cents; sold by the Public Health Association, P.O. drawer 289, Rochester, N. Y.

To the second edition of the pamphlet, "Robert Burns: Was He a Christian?" by Saladin, is added the same author's prize poem written for the competition in connection with the Dumfries Burns' Statue movement. Saladin makes it appear that

Burns was in no sense a Christian. The poem will be deeply appreciated by Scotchmen.

"Fact and Theory Papers," Nos. I. and III., are at hand from N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place, New York. The former deals with "The Suppression of Consumption," and is by G. W. Hambleton, M. D.; the second with "Protoplasm and Life," by Charles F. Cox, M. A. The books are handsomely printed, and bound in limp cloth, at 40 cents each.

We have received from the News Company another lot of Lillian Leland's "Journey Around the World," making nearly a half thousand in all. Leaving out S. P. Putnam's "Religious Experience," the first edition of which is now exhausted with the exception of one hundred and twenty-five copies, Miss Leland's is the best selling book ever handled by the Freethought Publishing Company.

The address delivered by Marie Lesquoy Farrington before the Nationalist Club is published in a pamphlet, "Our Prison System, and the Need of a Free Bureau of Justice." The talented author believes that young convicts should be kept apart from old and hardened criminals, and that the proceeds of prison labor should be paid to those who perform it. The pamphlet will be forwarded upon receipt of 10 cents.

Everything that Samuel Putnam writes is exceedingly interesting and readable, and in his easy and flowing style he places pleasantly and chattily before us a feast of thought and an evoker of thought. His last work, "My Religious Experience," has been nicely printed and bound by the Freethought Publishing Company, 838 Howard street, San Francisco, Cal., and is sent by mail upon receipt of the price, twenty-five cents.—Hastings Plaindealer.

The "Freethinkers' Magazine" for July contains as a frontispiece a good likeness of Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, whose reminiscences of slavery days are now running through the same publication. The rest of the contents are interesting as always. Mr. Green has missed it, we believe, by discontinuing the monthly contents card whereby each publication of his magazine was formerly preceded. Such a card, mailed to editors of Freethought papers, was almost sure of publication and aroused seasonable interest in the forthcoming number.

The autobiography of Gen. M. M. Trumbull, who writes over the signature of "Wheelbarrow," is the most interesting portion of a collection of "Articles and Discussions on the Labor Question" just published by the Open Court of Chicago. This is presumably because General Trumbull has a clearer understanding of himself than of the great economic questions upon which he writes. He is one of the "unlabeled" labor reformers. Neither Socialist, Anarchist, nor trades-unionist, but a free lance, he is first of all a most interesting writer, and his book is well worth a dollar, which is the publishers' price.

DONATIONS.

These additional donations have been received since the last acknowledgement. Nothing could be more gratifying than the "pocketfelt" interest evinced by these voluntary contributions to the work of FREETHOUGHT:

L Z Coman	\$1.00	John Mewhinney	1.00
F Shodl	1.00	M Lueders	1.60
J A Jurgenson	80	W Jordan	1.60
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A Reflex Reform.

Jeness Miller Magazine: If the reflex achievement of the divided skirt shall be to do away with the ungraceful and vulgar habit of crossing the legs, we shall have scored an unexpected triumph.

THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

This paper is an attempt to present in as compact and brief a form as possible a *resumé* of facts and deductions therefrom, to be found in Du Prel's "Philosophy of the Mystic." In this work, marked throughout by evidences of profound thought and painstaking, intelligent investigation, the writer takes up the problem as to whether or not man has a higher ego, or soul, from the standpoint of pure reason, based upon biological, physiological, psychic, and scientific facts alone. There is no appeal to any religious emotionalism, nor demand that anything be accepted upon "faith" of any kind whatever. Such a work is extremely opportune, appearing, as it does, at a time when the old formulas of thought have lost their cohesive power; when the scientific world finds itself blocked by mental "no thoroughfares," and religion, so-called, confronted by problems for which it seeks in vain for a solution.

Without being definitely so arranged by the writer, the evidence of a higher ego, or soul, in man seems to naturally group itself in psychic, physiological, biological, and scientific divisions; each of necessity merging into all the others, but still, perhaps, possessing enough distinctive matter to enable a reviewer to best follow the argument along these separate lines, and which will be the method of treatment adopted in this paper.

Beginning, then, with the

PSYCHIC ARGUMENT,

we find a higher ego directly pointed at by the fact of self-consciousness. While consciousness of some degree accompanies every step of evolutionary development, in man alone it first reaches the condition of self-consciousness, or consciousness of consciousness. Man analyzes and examines his own consciousness. Now, analysis necessitates two factors—an analyzer, and a thing analyzed. Therefore, self-consciousness implies most conclusively that man has become at least dual in his nature; that something has been added above and beyond the physical consciousness which knows no "I," common to the kingdoms below him. One constituent of his being calmly steps aside and critically examines other constituents. Is the body capable of this? Can "molecular motion," the materialistic source of thought and consciousness, isolate itself, and observe the mechanical details to which it owes its own existence? Such a process is inconceivable. Only a higher ego, independent of the physical organism for any psychic or spiritual functions, satisfies the conditions of the problems of self-consciousness and self-analysis.

Further consideration shows us, also, that self-consciousness does not exhaust its peculiar and proper object, which is self. If consciousness were the product of the chemico-vital processes going on within the body, it ought, as the mere expression of this, to express it fully. It would be a simple question in mathematics—a case of two and two making four. Instead of this, our ordinary consciousness finds itself occupying a body of which it knows next to nothing. Our ordinary consciousness, take notice. That there is a higher consciousness, or ego, and that this ego is intelligently conscious of every process going on within the body, is abundantly proven by recent experiments in hypnotism. This state, in which the ordinary consciousness is suspended to a greater or lesser degree and an inner permitted to function, shows that a very illiterate, ignorant person will display a familiarity with the anatomy and physiology of his or her organism, and a recognition of diseased conditions, together with a knowledge of the remedies necessary to their alleviation or cure, far exceeding that of the most learned and experienced physician. That this information and knowledge proceeds from an inner source, and is not due to thought transference or suggestion on the part of the physician, is proven by unsuspected physical conditions thus described having been verified by *post mortem*. This strange phenomenon can only be accounted for by admitting to man a higher consciousness than that which functions on the ordinary or waking plane, and which consciousness can only exist as the functions of a higher ego.

All future progress implies facts which we do not now know, and these facts of necessity lie as largely in psychic as in material

directions. Therefore, there is nothing improbable in the fact of a higher ego having until now eluded the grasp of scientific inquiry. Nor is there anything strange in the difficulty which this new truth finds in obtaining scientific recognition. That to which we are accustomed is "common sense," and all intellectual progress really consists in thought overcoming this common sense or tendency to mental inertia. Moreover, there is absolutely nothing impossible in nature, excepting self-evident absurdities, such as a "crooked-straight" line, for example. The hostility of science towards anything which exceeds its own crystallized formulas is one reason why so many discoveries, notably medical, are made by "unscientific" men.

Again, organism and consciousness are parallel. It is not probable that man will evolve any absolutely new psychical organ which will relate him to new phenomena of facts of nature. But this is not necessary, since those he has are capable of almost infinite expansion along lines they now subtend. And that no new physiological organs are in process of evolution points plainly to the inference that future development must be in psychic or mental directions. This will certainly be the case unless we refuse to predicate any further advance as possible to the human ego—a conclusion to which the egotism of self-satisfaction is very prone. If one wears blue "specs," all nature assumes a blue hue. Materialism has looked at the universe so long through material lenses that it has become spiritually color blind. And just here, suggested by the last thought, it would be well for Materialists who think sight mere molecular motion to explain how it is that those born blind see in somnambulism and dreams.

Materialism confounds the condition of thinking with the cause of thought; it mistakes the physical brain, which is the battery by means of which the operator beyond transmits thought messages to this physical plane, for the creator of that which it merely transmits. It is exactly the same as if a countryman were to insist that the instrument which ticks off his message was the source of the intelligence displayed. The scientific electrician would no doubt smile in a superior manner, yet the next instant himself fall into the very same error if he were called upon to receive a message over the line of which the brain is merely a storage battery, and the nerves and muscles the transmitting and recording instruments.

Self-consciousness, then, together with reflective thought, constructive imagination, volition, even to the extent of deliberately abandoning the body by suicide, all prove a higher ego, and, as a necessary corollary, reincarnation, or the repeated occupation of successive bodies by this ego. The

PHYSIOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

may be fittingly prefaced by the words of Aristotle. "It is decisive of the question whether the soul exists if among the activities and emotional states of our being, there are to be found such as do not belong to our bodies."

Physiology only shows the parallelism of psychic and organic conditions; not which is cause nor which is effect; nor that both are not effects. The physiology of modern science, also, has deliberately ignored at least one-third of our existence, or that portion we spend in sleep. Now, if there is a physiology of waking life, there is also one of dreaming life, and it is towards this domain, heretofore practically abandoned to charlatans and fortune tellers, that Du Prel directs his chief inquiries.

As a basic parallel, we have to bear in mind that the projection of images during sleep is exactly equivalent to perception in the waking state, both placing objectively something we perceive subjectively. A tree, for example, is not seen actually where it is, nor is its size nor color, nor any of its attributes perceived externally. The perception is entirely internal; the location and definition of the object externally is an after operation belonging to experience and judgment. A blind man, suddenly restored to sight, as has been done by operation, is at first utterly unable to estimate the distance, perspective, and other qualities of objects, except as the result of painfully-acquired experience, in which perception plays no further part than to furnish the primary data. Therefore there is, *ipso facto*, nothing in dreams which excludes their phenomena from the domain of actual perception. As continuously occurs in waking life, these perceptions may be wrongly interpreted, but they are none the less true

perceptions, and have their psychology and physiology; our ignorance of which is no warrant for their non-existence. Neither is there anything to warrant us in the assumption that these dream perceptions may not have extension in subjective space, just as we know the objects of our waking perception to be extended in objective space.

Of course, this applies to the true dream, in which the "I" is consciously functioning on the dream plane. The senselessness of most remembered dreams is due to a mixing of the waking and dreaming states, when objective stimuli are partly dramatized on the subjective plane, and *vice versa*. We have to remember that in dreams all stimuli are dramatized; thus resembling somewhat a play where the actors are limited to pantomime for the expression of their ideas. And the cause of the dramatization not being perceived, the judgment necessarily rests on false premises. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the waking state is partly objective and partly subjective. Dream is the same. Only between the two states the threshold of consciousness is greatly displaced. In the waking condition the consciousness is engrossed by the stronger stimuli of physical life, and the subjective threshold recedes accordingly. In dream the objective threshold recedes, and the consciousness responds to an entirely different class of stimuli, of a subjective nature. It is not claimed that these minor stimuli are not present in the waking condition. They are; but are crowded out of the attention, or displaced by the stronger. It is the same as when a feeble chord in music is so lost in louder and higher pitched ones, that we are unaware it is being sounded. It is only as objective stimuli fade or are suppressed that we can become conscious of the subjective. In both states it is of course the same consciousness, but responding to different stimuli.

If, then, the physiology of dreams carries perception and consciousness to the dream plane, the importance of studying this and its allied unconscious—so-called—conditions cannot be overestimated. For once we show that ordinary dream and the higher dream states, such as somnambulism and trance, are merely gradations of the same consciousness, responding to new stimuli, we not only establish the fact of another consciousness than the waking, but we also prove that this consciousness is very greatly superior to the waking in knowledge and functions, or power. In other words, we prove a higher ego, or soul. In demonstration of this connection, if we pass but a single step above the ordinary dream, and admit significant dreams as possible—and who does not?—we are in contact with a consciousness which is capable of forewarning or prophecy; powers far surpassing its waking capacities. Again, sleep-walking is but the dreamer acting out the dramatization of his own dreams, as this reviewer, who was in youth a somnambulist, can personally testify. Many, if not all, the phases of natural somnambulism are so plainly identical with those of induced somnambulism, or the hypnotic states, that we are enabled to connect these conditions beyond any doubt. And in the hypnotic, or induced somnambulism, whether self-induced or by the will of another, we forge the last and strongest link which binds the waking consciousness to one almost infinitely higher than itself in function and power, which is yet truly its own self, only functioning above and beyond the limitations of its material envelope.

In examining the further evidences of this higher consciousness, or ego—for the one implies the other—we note that in all these states, viz., dream, somnambulism, trance, etc., the memory is very greatly increased. This is also the case in fever and many forms of madness; all of which have one common factor—the suppression of the ordinary sense consciousness. Especially in somnambulism, which is simply an inner awakening that permits of responses to finer stimuli, the memory is marvelously quickened. It is similarly increased in the exalted sensitiveness accompanying fever and madness. Indeed, it is highly probable that the delirium of fever and that of many forms of madness is entirely due to the disturbance caused by the mixing up of the dramatization of these finer stimuli, which in normal conditions fall below the waking threshold of consciousness, with the ordinary waking content, which they thus partly displace, to the confusion of the judgment.

Another common denominator, to use a mathematical term,

of these fractional functions in whose whole or sum lies the proof of the higher ego, is, as has been pointed out, the use of new concepts of time and space. For if, as we have shown, perception can turn to entirely new fields of consciousness, there is no reason for assuming that the physical laws of time and space hold on these planes. On the contrary, and of this the proof is abundant and always at hand, it is a well-known and admitted physiological fact that dreams which on the waking plane would require years of time for their enactment, find on the dream plane that even a moment is sufficient for the dreaming consciousness to appreciate them in their most minute details. Thus De Quincy had one dream which apparently extended over some sixty years, but which actually occupied scarcely as many moments. Uxhill, also, on three successive nights not only saw his whole life pass in review, but appreciated its moral bearing.

Now the fact that the relation of the thinking ego to time conceptions is changed in dream, is one whose importance cannot be overestimated. The exact speed at which objective stimuli are transmitted from the periphery to the brain centers is well known. In like manner, the time required by the consciousness to record visual perceptions is also subject to accurate measurement, as has been pointed out by Helmholtz and Fechner. Now, since it is the same "I" which perceives both in the waking state and in dreams, and since perception in the former can only proceed at a definite, measurable rate of speed, then if we find this same "I" recording perceptions at a rate a million times greater than that of which its physical organ, or brain, is capable, it follows that it can not be using this physical organ, and is therefore not limited to the latter for its manifestations of consciousness. This alone proves that we possess a higher consciousness, and therefore a higher ego, beyond all cavil or dispute.

Again, changing our point of view slightly, a careful examination must convince any one that thought comes into the consciousness ready made; that is, that we do not consciously create it, but receive it as though transmitted to us from some source outside or beyond us. From a perception of this poets have always claimed to be inspired by a "muse." This reception of completed thought shows plainly that the physical brain is only an organ to relate thought to the physical plane, and not to create it in any sense of the word. The whole of nature's so-called creative processes is simply unconscious thought. That is, unconscious to us. Could we attune our consciousness to that of nature, we would know what is going on in the mind of an ant, as also in the mind of a flower or stone. And that the higher ego is so attuned, in a degree at least, is proven by the fact that in deep hypnotic states it knows nature's thoughts or processes going on within its own physical organism, and can and does recognize and prescribe for diseased conditions therein. This is just in accordance with what must be predicated of an ego which, being independent of the body for all except one class of purely material functions, and which, passing from body to body by means of reincarnation, must accumulate a sum of consciousness which cannot of necessity find full and complete expression in any one body, as a small engine is insufficient to afford full expression for the energy of a series of boilers. To turn on the full force would in both instances be to destroy the vehicle which affords it expression.

Of the nature of dreams are the cases of partial drowning, where the whole life of the individual passes in review to its most minute detail during the brief interval in which the higher consciousness is permitted to function through the suppression of the lower by the physical asphyxiation and psychic exaltation which accompanies the act. In the same category are the well-authenticated facts of the entire suppression of pain during the burning of both witches and martyrs. Through the tremendous arousing of all the faculties upon such occasions, the consciousness is transferred to the higher ego, and the body burns without giving this higher ego any concern; it knowing that its existence is not dependent upon the body in any degree.

Again, if the threshold of consciousness is displaced to any marked extent, the new stimuli relate it to such unfamiliar phenomena that it often seems even to itself to be another consciousness; to belong to some other person. This has been well shown

by the recent experiments of Binet and Janet, in France. This non-recognition of the functions and powers of a higher ego accounts for most, if not all, the cases of "spirit guides" and "controls," in mediums and hypnotics. For the ordinary mediumistic or trance "control" or "guide" is only a case of hypnosis, where a dramatization of the higher or dreaming consciousness takes on the part of such guide, or adviser, or prevaricator, according as the medium or hypnotic rises to a higher or lower plane of his or her own consciousness. And because the physical consciousness of the higher ego is limited largely to its own internal conditions, the attempts of hypnotics or of "spirit" guides to prescribe for any but themselves is strongly discouraged by those who have most thoroughly investigated the subject.

It may be objected, in this relation, that this manifestation of the powers of the higher ego is morbid because it is connected with morbid conditions. But this does not follow.

As well hold the light which passes through a lens to be abnormal and not really light because the process of polishing and shaping the lens which permits of its being focussed is unusual, and the capacity to focus light not a property of the stone in its natural condition.

The somnambulistic self-prescribing of the higher ego can also be shown to be directly connected with natural processes. Idiosyncrasies are plainly of this nature, and are unconscious medical prescribing, just a step below the hypnotic. Ordinary hunger and thirst, too, are of the nature of mild diseases, in which food is a prescribing, for if we deepen them to the extent of partial starvation the hallucinations which occur are only the dramatization of the physical wants, exactly as takes place in the dramatization of dreams, and the self-prescribing of hypnotics through their "guides."

If we remember that none of these psychic faculties are necessary to physical existence, but are evidently an ever-increasing after-product, we at once see that they are prophetic of powers yet to come to the human ego. Just as we can trace the prophecy of future sight and hearing in the first faint gropings of the amoeba, so are these so-called psychic faculties, now held unworthy the notice of science, prophetic of new senses, before the perception of which the veil of Isis shall be widely withdrawn and we shall penetrate to the innermost heart of nature, instead of as now skimming over her shallowest superficies.

To be Concluded.

SECULAR GOVERNMENT.

I.

The claim put forward for the Christianization of the government of the United States, both state and national, is that Christianity is part of the common law, and where that is in force, it is part of the law of the land. Hence, that by adopting the common law, we have adopted Christianity as part of our law, and are a Christian nation.

The ministers who make this claim have failed to inform themselves of the facts.

There was a common law of England, founded upon custom, and enforced by the decisions of the village moot, the shire moot, and the folk moot, which was the highest law court of the nation. The folk moot was called the Witanegemot, or council of the wise men. When the kings were converted to Christianity, the bishops procured their recognition as of a rank equal to that of a thane or lord, and by grants of land exercised a species of lordship over their tenants, and were entitled to sit in these courts on an equality with the lay lords. They assisted in the trial of civil cases in these courts. As they had embodied in the Anglo-Saxon codes provisions protecting the priests, bishops, and the church the village moot, the shire moot, and the folk moot took jurisdiction of spiritual as well as of civil cases. This continued until William the Conqueror separated the civil and spiritual courts. Even then, the priesthood had a large control of the secular courts, and called upon them to enforce their decrees of excommunication and other penalties.

Its abbots, bishops, and archbishops had procured by gifts from the king, or by wills from the pious, or relinquishments of

land from impoverished land-owners, large grants of land tilled by tenants who recognized the prelates as over-lords who possessed the same rights as the thanes or lay-lords exercised over their tenants. This ownership of land and over-lordship grew to such an extent, that when the kings called upon the barons for an army to put down rebellion or repel invasion, the prelates led their tenantry into the field in battle array as the lay barons did. Upon their estates there were no lay courts, except those absolutely under their control.

After the separation of the secular and lay courts, the king assumed to be the fountain of justice—the highest law court of the nation. He appointed a chief justiciar, always a prelate, who acted upon petitions to the king, and supervised the administration of justice. In his absence, the queen often exercised the judicial functions of the king, and was superior to the justiciar. As the crown asserted absolute power over the barons, the power of the church grew apace, until the pope claimed to be absolute in power over the king, with power to absolve any of his subjects from allegiance to him, and to outlaw the king. This continued until the time of Henry the Eighth, when he defied the pope, and declared himself the head of the church and solely authorized to declare the true faith of Christianity. He defined orthodoxy and heresy. Implicit belief in the king supplanted implicit belief in the pope. He was the head of the church as well as head of the nation. But under Henry, under Edward, under Mary and Elizabeth, outward conformity alone was required.

Under church influence, a body of ecclesiastical law grew up, which governed the morals, the habits, the domestic and social relations, and the beliefs of the people. The lay courts enforced the orders and decrees of the ecclesiastical courts. The Court of the Star Chamber was an ecclesiastical court, and compelled those brought before it to furnish the evidence to convict themselves, by what was called the ex officio oath, or by confessions procured by torture. It created new crimes. When this court was abolished, the Court of the King's Bench claimed its broad power to define crimes, and to extend its jurisdiction.

The church establishment of England was, in fact, created by ordinances of the kings, or by statute law.

If we go back to primitive custom for the common law of England, it takes us to the sixth century, when England was purely pagan. Then the equality of the freemen was the basis of society. Individual freedom and individual responsibility for wrongs committed upon another were the leading features of the primitive customs. It is true each individual belonged to some *maegth*, or kindred, and the kindred were responsible for the payment of the fines assessed upon him. The common law doctrine that no one shall use his own property or physical power to the injury of another, has its foundation in the Anglo-Saxon customs. This was equally true in regard to religion. When in the sixth century, the pagan king Ethelbert wooed and won the Christian princess Bertha, he pledged freedom of religious belief to her and her followers. After his conversion to Christianity, the pope urged him to force his people to accept Christianity, but he refused to do so. He recognized the right of every free-born Englishman to believe in Christ and the Christian God, or not, as he pleased. For this grand exhibition of intellectual freedom, we are indebted to the Germanic tribes who conquered England, and transferred to it bodily the customs, the laws, the principles of government, and the religion of that part of Germany inhabited by the Angles and the Saxons.

Under those primitive customs, the folk moot elected and deposed the king. The people owned the folk lands, and not the crown. When his term of kingship ended, the share of the public domain which he had the use of as a king, reverted to the people again. The crown was not hereditary.

According to primitive custom, the powers of the king came through the consent of the people. No state church was established until the priesthood came into power in the sixth century. It was not fully established until Henry the Eighth usurped absolute power in religious matters.

In the settlement of this country the people did not bring with them the state establishment of England and its body of laws. The colonists organized local governments, and in most of the

colonies refused to accept the established church of England. There was a constant struggle against royalty and royal governors. They—the colonists—claimed the rights of free-born Englishmen. In New England, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, North Carolina, and New York, the supremacy of the king of England in church matters was not recognized, and when the royal yoke was thrown off, the despotic claims of the church went with it. It is true that in some of the colonies there had been religious persecution.

So, too, the theory in England of a state religion was not always carried out in practice. Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's counsellor, held that no man should set up a worship in opposition to that of the nation; but that there was no need for prying into the actual beliefs of those who conformed to the religious laws of the realm; and he boldly asserted the right of every Englishman to perfect liberty of religious opinion. Elizabeth indorsed this. At the same time the Calvinistic Presbyterians demanded that all spiritual authority, and the supervision of the morals, should lie wholly in the hands of the presbyters. All toleration of practice or belief was to end. They were strong enough in 1648, to pass an ordinance against the protest of Vane and Cromwell, for the suppression of blasphemies and heresies, punishing with death all who denied the trinity, the deity of Christ, the authority of the scriptures, the resurrection of the body, or the future day of judgment.

W. S. BUSH.

The Assembly of Progress.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A correspondent, "who gives the name," as the mediums say, of C. B. Reynolds, has expressed his disapproval and doubts regarding the Assembly of Progress recently organized in this city. If this writer is the same person who came to Los Angeles and encountered a concatenation of circumstances resulting from a busted boom, which led him to shake off the dust of Southern California and proclaim to the world the general meanness of people residing in this section, we can readily account for the milk in the cocoanut; or, to drop the symbolical and use plain English, the animus which fills his soul and stirs his brain. If this is the same gentleman, I feel to say: Thanks, awfully! for his private opinion publicly expressed.

Now, in regard to the Assembly of Progress: It has come to fill "a long felt want," and must in the very nature of things succeed; for it is a universal law, everywhere in action, that what does such an important thing cannot fail. This fact, that what does fills such a want must find general, prompt, and ready acceptance, is also recognized and defended in philosophical Anarchy; and such being the case, failure is impossible, and all predictions to that end are false, erroneous, baseless, and unreliable. The Assembly of Progress has come to stay, despite the opinion of Mr. R. and the depressing effect that came over us when we read in the associated press dispatches that the Presbyterians who met to revise their creed, were strongly opposed to secret societies. This was a damper that quenched the heat of enthusiasm almost as much as Reynolds's letter, but the movement went on, and will so continue, for fate has thus decreed.

But levity aside. There is a cohesive power in secret societies not found elsewhere; and in thorough, practical organization is a power that produces results. It is time that more thorough and extended organization existed among that class of people who have bid good-bye to the Gods, risen out of the fog of superstition and stepped to the front in all reform movements. The foes of freedom are organized in churches, which, though divided by denominations, are ever ready to unite for a common purpose that shall result in the increase of religious power and influence; and when we see the unorganized forces of Liberalism in no shape to meet the encroachments of religious tyranny and persecution, it seems high time that unity of numbers and action should be realized. All results spring from small causes, and no society was ever born with ten thousand members. Size results from growth, and everything must have a starting-point.

This society was created for the personal benefit and aggrandizement of no person or clique, and its founders never entered into the movement with that mercenary spirit which Mr. Reynolds sees in a mind distorted by disappointments two years old. That perfection in all plans and details has been attained no one claims, but a start has been made, and

made in the right direction; and now, if those who realize the benefit resulting from a union of forces; who see the need of organization to cope with the enemy successfully, will give this movement their attention and their aid, we will see something done. In united counsel is much wisdom, and suggestions for improvement are always in order; therefore if imperfections are discernible their remedy is among the possibilities. Let us all kick, but kick in the right direction; kick to advance improvements and not to retard them. Investigate the plans and purposes of this society, and suggest desirable changes and additions, but don't seek to retard its growth and progress without presenting something better. Yours for liberty, science, and progress,

C. SILVERANCE.
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Services of Mrs. Slenker.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As a matter of course O. S. Barrett has read all of Elmina's books, otherwise he would never be so illiberal and bigoted, not to mention being narrow-minded enough, to condemn her contributions on hearsay evidence. I am willing to aver that she is read with avidity in the columns of the Freethinkers' Magazine, Truth Seeker, etc. See her letters of "Eminent Women" in the Truth Seeker. Her "Darwin" letters with her Children's Corner in the Investigator made the brightest spot on its pages. To speak so flippantly of a woman who has spent a long and useful life in the interests of scientific Liberalism savors of a close relationship to Madam Grundy. We should be pre-eminently respectable—or nothing. I have held a correspondence with Aunt Elmina for four years and have never seen an improper thought or word. On the contrary she urges purity of life and right living to secure the highest happiness, purity for fathers and sons as well as for mothers and daughters, maintaining that children should have the advantage of being born right, with as much care bestowed upon their pre-natal existence as farmers and sportsmen give their live stock. People who are too modest for this sort of teaching should at once enter a convent and take the veil, a white one. When Elmina can count Eugene and George E. Macdonald, Ed. W. Chamberlain, H. L. Green, and the Drs. Foote and Parkhurst as her friends, she will come out unharmed from the unjust criticism of Mr. Barrett, especially when her female friends are legion.

To pass on to his strictures on J. D. Shaw, I will say that of all editors I consider the Pulpit editor one of the fairest and most gentlemanly toward opponents, and at the same time one of the most vigorous workers in the Liberal camp. One would think from Mr. Barrett's view that we were looking backward to 1864 or '65 instead of living in the year 1890. The words "secession" and "rebel" were dropped from my vocabulary when the boys came home from the army. They are now obsolete and I hope I shall never be guilty of using them again. Let us try to be magnanimous whether we succeed or not. To write to an editor like George E. Macdonald and mention the fact [?] that he doesn't want to "dictate," and then proceed to tell him what's what and who's who, is ludicrous if not logical. I should be morally certain of getting into George's "Observations," which would be equivalent to getting into "perrint." Parenthetically I would ask why not have the "Observations" brought out in a book? It would save dyspeptics the trouble and expense of pepsin. With good will toward all, I am yours for the truth and nothing but the truth,

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Clearwater, Neb.

"I WILL make you fishers of men" is a queer title for the frontispiece of the "Young Women's Christian Association's Almanac."—The Freethinker.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Prairie City	July 25	Rosalia	Aug. 13
Baker City	July 26, 27	Plaza	Aug. 14
Union	July 28	Oakdale	Aug. 15, 16
New Bridge	July 30, 31, Aug. 1	Davenport	Aug. 17, 18, 19
Summerville	Aug. 2, 3, 4	Colville	Aug. 22, 23, 24
Heppner	Aug. 4, 5, 6	Buckley	Aug. 29
Dayton	Aug. 10, 11	Puyallup	Sept. 5, 6, 7

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In Memoriam.

"The true grandeur of Humanity is in moral elevation sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man."

Died at his residence in Monroe township, Iowa, June 16, 1890, Wareham G. Clark, aged 77 years and five months. The funeral, which occurred on the 18th inst., was largely attended by sympathizing friends and neighbors who came from far and near to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed. His remains were laid to rest near the old homestead under the trees he had planted and cared for during his life. The services were conducted by G. W. Stamm, who delivered a brief address commemorative of the life and character of the deceased.

W. G. Clark, one of the earliest settlers of Monroe county, was born in Middle Haddam, Conn., January 16, 1813, where he enjoyed the usual advantages for an education afforded by the common schools until he was sixteen years of age, when he left home to seek his fortune.

Arriving in New York, he obtained employment as clerk in a dry-goods store and continued until he had accumulated enough to go into business for himself. He followed the dry-goods business until 1840, when, his health becoming impaired, he decided to give up mercantile life, and in company with his nephew, John Clark, came to Iowa when the territory now embraced in Monroe and Wapello counties was still in the possession of the Indians. He remained in Van Buren county from 1841 till 1843, when the Indian title having been extinguished, he removed to Kishkekosh county—now Monroe—and settled about two miles northwest of the present city of Albia, at Clark's Point. In 1855 he disposed of his farm at "The Point" with the view of going to Texas; but owing to the illness of one of his children he abandoned his purpose and purchased his present homestead.

In 1846 Mr. Clark was elected a member of the State Convention for the framing of a State Constitution, to represent the counties of Monroe and Appanoose, and took an active part in the work of the convention. He has occupied several offices of trust in the county.

He devoted all his time thereafter to farming and horticulture, producing the finest fruit in largest variety of any one in southern Iowa. Mr. Clark was married in 1843 to Miss Jane L. Rankin of Davis county and reared a family of twelve children, eleven boys and one girl, all of whom are now living. He visited the Pacific coast twice for his health, once in 1886 and again in 1887, spending the winter in San Diego, accompanied by his wife and son, James F. Clark and family. He was a man of extensive information, bright intellect, sound judgment, and a profound thinker. His sympathies were broad, and his views enlightened by a conscientious regard for the truth. As an old friend of his remarked recently "he was one of those rare men who could always give a reason for his belief or action." Once having determined that anything was right he advocated and practiced it regardless of public opinion or popular clamor. He was a vigorous hater of sham and pretense in all its forms, and took no pains to conceal his contempt for religious or political intolerance. Although reared in the strictest school of orthodox theo-

gy, he early in life abandoned it, taking reason and conscience for his guide, exemplifying to the world that beliefs and creeds were but adjuncts, and not at all necessary towards building up a spotless character, or living a noble, blameless life. As a father, husband, and friend, he proved himself kind, affectionate, and loyal. As a citizen, enterprising and useful, as a neighbor, accommodating and generous. He has left a record that can never fade, an influence that will always be felt, an example of truth and courage, helpful to those who are left behind.

It was a fitting and appropriate thing that this man should pass away quietly and peacefully in the full enjoyment of his faculties and surrounded by those who loved and knew him best. Death held no arrow of fear or remorse in his quiver for him, but like unto a peaceful slumber the summons came, and he passed to his reward.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man!"

G. W. STAMM.

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Master Sharpshins—The letter O, sir.

Schoolmaster—How is that?

Master Sharpshins—Because it is a circle which divides the gl-o-be into equal parts, sir. —Jester.

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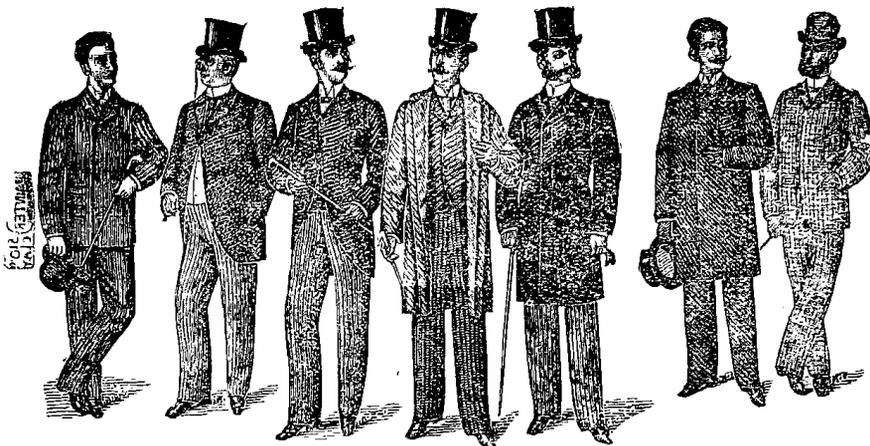
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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I leave Prineville on Monday, July 14. My baggage, which finally came on Sunday night, I was obliged to divide up and send part by express, via. The Dalles, to Baker City, and pack the rest as best I could upon the horse who was to take me a hundred miles across country to Wagner's. I did not like the prospect, but was obliged to make the best of it, for there was no other way to meet my appointment. At half past eleven I set forth with a day's journey of forty miles before me. Two or three miles out of town I passed by Slayton's ranch, where the green trees presented an alluring aspect. I had been advised to stop here for dinner, and I was sure of a most hearty welcome. But an hour's delay would prevent my reaching the night's destination, so I passed on in the sun and dust. At about two o'clock I found a place for lunch, beside the road, and took a half hour's rest with the horse. I passed Thompson's at about five o'clock, and if ever the "solitary horseman" wanted to stop for a night's lodging, I was the man. But I had fifteen miles still before me. I could not have had a more beautiful journey so far as the scenery was concerned. The soft sunlight of the decreasing day was falling amid the broad arches of the forest. The Ochoco was singing merrily along. At six o'clock I passed the mines. It was ten miles before I would reach another house, and the mighty hill lay before me. I must climb and descend this before I could arrive at the happy valley where weary limbs could repose. They do have enormous hills in Oregon. When it seemed as if I were at the very top still the vistas stretched before, and on I must go another winding way to the next summit. When at last the towering point was reached and I could look down upon the other side, over the Bridge Creek country, the sun was just on the verge of the glowing horizon. I was miles away from any habitation and only for a moment could I gaze upon the entrancing view. I must keep on or night would overtake me. It was nearly nine o'clock when, through the black trunks of the trees, I saw friend Hayes's house and the green fields. The little children greeted me as I rode up to the door. The cows were coming from the woods. I was once more

among men. Good-bye to the solitude and hail to the fireside. Mr. and Mrs. James Hayes are from Coos county, where the Coquille flows along and the boom is now awakening, from Myrtle Point to Marshfield. Our friends have a cozy place among the trees, delightful in summer, away from the dust and heat, and I could not find a more agreeable shelter along the route. I had a good night's sleep, and the entertainment was given with generous hospitality. I would have enjoyed a day's visit in this mountain home, but when the morning light appeared I must forward go. It was only fifteen miles to Mitchell, and I anticipated an easy ride. I did not know what cumulative misfortunes the day was to bring forth. At half past eleven I was within four miles of Mitchell, and within an hour or so I should have a good dinner at Boardman's. The prospect was cheering. I hurried on. I did not know the trap laid for the unwary traveler. I had not been instructed to look out for the turning off place to The Dalles and I unfortunately drifted into it. I went down the creek; and many a man before me has made the same mistake, and it is hoped that hereafter the powers that be will put a guide-board at this unfortunate point. Only those thoroughly acquainted with the country would know the right road. At about the time I thought to strike Mitchell a broad, desolate scene opened as I left the canyon. I felt that I was in a strange land not at all like what Shrum and I had passed through the week before. Blazing red hills stretched along a gray expanse of plain. I shall call that place, hereafter, hades. I did not think I was really off the track until I came to the toll house. I then asked the way. Mitchell was ten miles off. The hot, mid-day sun was pouring down. The ghastly plain seemed to laugh at my despair, and the red hills grew more lurid. Twelve miles off the road, hungry and tired, sweltering in the glaring sunshine, I was tempted to dismount and take a good half day's rest. But it would not do. I must get to Rye Hollow that night. So I turned my horse and pursued my weary way to Mitchell. How I hated those blazing red hills and that bare plain. I believe it was the nearest to hell I ever got in my life. I should not have been surprised if I had met the devil himself. I reach the canyon and turn off at Meyers's and climb the hills to the right. I was somewhat repaid for this roundabout trip by a most magnificent view of White Butte. I could see almost the whole of its splendid and massive form rising right before me like an enormous wave. It glittered against the dark blue background of wooded hills like smooth marble. To the right Black Butte flung its contrasting brow athwart the intense splendor of the sky. There could not be a grander picture than this—so wild and strangely beautiful. It was sublime, desolate, lovely. It was like a painting on the infinite canvass of the past, wherein the history of centuries was limned in superb and delicate portraitures. Near by, along the bare brown rocks shivered as if by some mighty stroke, a thousand flowers of richest hue, blue and gold, adorn the scene. Over eighty varieties of flowers have

been discovered here, mingling their radiance with the melancholy grandeur of the fire-blasted precipices.

At two o'clock I arrive at Mitchell. The cheery welcome of Landlord Boardman was enough to offset many a disappointment. I eat a good dinner and rest for two hours. At half past four I set off for Straub's, twenty miles away. I expected to make it about dark. I reach Foppiano's ranch just at sunset. It is five miles to Straub's. I miss the road once or twice traversing the plain, but find it again, and reach "the brook," one of my landmarks, in safety, three miles and a half from Straub's. My next landmark was a wire fence and a pair of bars. If I hit this I could find my way in the dark. Alas! in the deepening twilight I take the wrong turn, and after a while it is impossible to retrace my course. I am lost without the slightest idea as to the direction I should take. I could simply keep on and trust to luck. I may find a house and I may not. Houses are far apart in this country, and when one cannot see more than a couple of rods ahead they are about as hard to discover as a needle in a haystack. Finally I strike a fence. I conclude to stick to that fence. It is the only company I have, save the horse. I turn to the left and after going about half a mile I find a gate. Through the gate I come into an immense pasture, but not a house is to be seen. I travel on, it seems to me an unconscionable length of time, but still no house. The dark mountains loom in front, and it appeared as if I was plunging right into their bosom. I turn back toward the open plain. I discover the next morning that if I had gone fifty rods further on I should have come to Lee Smith's, and then I should have had no further trouble. But daylight is one thing and midnight is another in an unknown land. I re-pass the gate and follow the fence in the opposite direction. Peering through the gloom I would imagine that a rancher's cabin was just over the fence, but further examination would prove that it was only a piece of black earth or rock or tree-stump. It looked as if I must camp out with only a saddle for my pillow, and the sky for my roof, and not a blanket to roll up in; and nights are cold on this plateau five thousand feet above the sea. However, the good star prevails. After careful scrutiny I discover a gate. Through this I venture and find a little cabin. I knock. All is silence. I halloo, but nobody responds. I try the door. It is unlocked—a fashion in this country. I light a match and discover a kerosene lamp whose cheerful rays soon illuminate the apartment. It is neatly furnished and the pictures on the wall indicate a woman's taste. I could not ask for better lodgings and I instantly accepted them. I unsaddled the horse and tied him where he could eat grass, and turned in and slept till daylight. I had traveled over fifty miles this day, got lost twice, and was camping in an unknown locality. I did not know but the owner of the cabin might return at any time and arrest me for burglary, for I had entered his house and taken possession of his best bed. However, I had a clean conscience. Use gives ownership, and I must sleep here or else upon the "cold, cold ground."

I am up before sunrise and soon find my way. I strike for Lee Smith's and he gives directions to Straub's, two miles off. I arrive in time for breakfast. I have a good appetite and a royal entertainment. I am made happy by the announcement that Emil Straub and Wilson, a comrade from Foppiano's, are going over to the Wagners' and so there is no more danger of losing the way. I shall be landed safe and sound this time. The distance is nearly twenty miles, and the roughest road of all, down the canyon to the John Day river. We descend about three

thousand feet. It would seem as if nobody could live in this canyon, and yet half way, in a little green nook, where potatoes, onions, and cabbages flourish, miles from any other dwelling, live two women. It seems a desolate place for woman to keep up the struggle of existence—far from "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and all those civilized affairs which are so dear to the female heart. But woman has her "freaks," and this is one of them, apparently, trying to make a home in this remote and prison-like canyon, where man is almost as infrequent as an angel. At one o'clock, fording the John Day and climbing the bare hills beyond, we reach Wagner's, and I never was so "clean gone" in my life. I tumble to bed at once, and am soon sound asleep. I couldn't find a better haven than the Wagners'. They let me rest to my heart's content, and I avail myself of the blessed privilege of doing nothing but to eat and sleep. By the next morning I am somewhat refreshed, and able for further locomotion. I don't have to be at Monument until Friday, and so Thursday I visit at Haystack. We go down into the valley to Mrs. Hayden's, the "little mother," as she is called, who takes good care of the boys and girls, and here, with genial entertainment and bright repose, the day passes. Near by is the ranch of the Gates', who were with us part of the time. In the evening we return to Grass Valley, or "Fiddler's Flat," as it is called, for there are eight fiddlers, I believe, in this neighborhood. They do not all play at once, or there might be an earthquake. Max Ramsby is already at hand with his team. He is to take me over to Monument Friday, and there couldn't be a more splendid exhibition of goodwill, for the road to Monument, from Haystack, is about the most blood curdling, up-and-down, perpendicular, torturous, "hold-on" and "let-go" ride that I ever took. I could look down upon the horses as if they were disappearing over a precipice, and then they would hang over me, and I seemed to be tumbling into "the dark backward and abysm of time." Somebody likened this journey to traveling over an immense concourse of bologna sausages. The simile was so apt that the name stuck, and to this day the hills and creeks are called the "Bolonas." We left Wagner's early in the morning. No place do I leave with brighter memories than the home of these loyal pioneers and the picturesque and delightful Haystack valley. We climb the steep hills, and grand and lovely views extend for miles away. We reach Long Springs about noon, where Joe Putnam and I a year ago took our pilgrims' lunch, and Max Ramsby and I do the same this year's journey. The shrubbery affords a gentle shade, the water is cool and clear, and Miss Lavina had generously provided all that we could eat—and that was not a little, for our appetites had grown almost as huge as the Bologna hills, which furnished the table for our ample meal. Round about spreads in rugged variety the most wonderful fossil country in the world. Here once roamed the three-toed horse, and his remains are found unto this day. The elephant also has left his mark. Here also geologists declare was the olive-tree land and the mellow tropical clime. Then came fire and water with tremendous upheavals in wild and wondrous confusion. It seems as if nature in some mad freak had piled ruin upon ruin in order to stop if possible the march of time and make chaos come again.

Descending into the valley of the North fork of the John Day river, at three o'clock we arrive at Putnam's. Putnam at present is living in the mountains, but his ranch was prepared for the lecture and the dance of the evening. The only way to get people out in this country is by the magic of the violin. They

don't go to church, and they are not much interested in Freethought, but they like a good time. Joseph Putnam and Henry Buristow are about the only ones to bear the brunt of the battle, and maintain Freethought as a principle. There is no village at Monument, only scattered ranches, and those who attend the lectures must come for miles. Considering all things, the busy season, etc., the attendance was fair. Ed. Allen was present from Long Creek; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith and Fred Hunt and others from Haystack; Mrs. Almira Sweek, Will Sweek, and Miss Williams from Hamilton; Miss Rice from Prairie, etc. After the lecture they danced until morning. They sleep out of doors here, and I found my couch beneath the whispering trees, and while the merry feet went round I floated off in dreams. However, I had to get up at sunrise and off to Hamilton with the Sweeks. It was quite coolish, although the thermometer runs up to a hundred in the daytime. A big overcoat was serviceable, and the blankets. We were glad when the sun poured his rays upon us, the journey being half way done. It is an immense hill we have to climb to get to the Sweeks. They dwell almost in the clouds, and can look over all creation, I should think. It is a delightful place in summer, and the views are superb. The vast and rugged scenery glitters in a blue radiance. Immediately on my arrival I take breakfast and seek the familiar couch and sleep until after noon. In the cool of the evening we all go down to Hamilton. Here I find E. J. Allen, of Long Creek, Chas. G. Caspary, of Haystack, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Platter, of Fox, and Charlie Sweek and wife and the little baby, two months old. Not a very great many gather together at Hamilton. A horserace is going on when I arrive. I have to wait until that is over before beginning the lecture. However, the attendance is very good, and I cannot complain of the reception of my discourse. I think it was pretty nearly as well appreciated as the horserace. But to get ahead of a horserace in this country is more than the Secular Pilgrim can do. The Sweeks keep things in a progressive condition at this post: Harvey, Martin, Will, Lawrence, Mrs. Almira Sweek, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweek. There are some others who are good allies, and so the evening was passed in a very pleasant manner.

A long ride is before me "over the hills and far away." I must be at Fox next Sunday at eleven o'clock. It is thought better to make the night journey and sleep late in the morning than to get up early and go. Besides, we had to take home the little baby, a two-months old Freethinker, who had come into this world to have his own way. It was after ten o'clock before we were all fairly packed into the wagon. It was quite dark, but the combined energies of Sweek and Platter kept the horses in the right road. About midnight we bade good-bye to the baby and the father and mother, and then plunged into the forest and began to climb the long hill. The horses seemed to know the way through the black shadows. Once, however, we lost the track, and the way the wagon went rattling over the stones was something like a small earthquake. We stopped and Platter got out to reconnoitre. A fierce dog-bark fell upon our ears, and from out a neighboring bush, where evidently somebody was "camping," came a sepulchral voice, saying, "The road is up this way." We followed the "Providential guide" and were soon again upon the highway. We could almost see the faint streaks of dawn as we came to Platter's ranch, and the watch dog gave greeting. In five minutes I was in bed and asleep, and did not wake until the sun was high in heaven. Then we went to "meeting." The school-house was full when we arrived. A

minister was there, flanked by his deacons. I gave a lecture upon "The Bible and Modern Thought." The minister, a young man, evidently took it all in, but he had nothing to say. I lectured again in the afternoon and on Monday afternoon, and the Fox valley campaign was a success. There are only a small number here to stand by the colors, but they are staunch and true. There are Mr. and Mrs. J. Born, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Smith and their families, which make quite a bright audience in themselves, with Mr. and Mrs. Platter, R. A. Short, of Mt. Vernon, Schoolmaster Cobb, Wm. Shank, Wilson, etc. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wainscott and family could not be with us, but all the same came the message of greeting and generous gift.

So this beautiful valley, shining in the sun, with harvests on its bosom, a hundred miles from the whistle of the locomotive, gleams with promise. No church has been erected here, and there are four school-houses. I hope the school-houses will thus keep ahead in the march of time. There are some good placer and quartz mines about here on the hills. There is plenty of timber. There is not a better locality in the state of Oregon.

On Tuesday morning Mr. and Mrs. Platter put up a lot of good things in a box, and we start off for Frakes, where we expect to "hold up" the stage and take our dusty course to John Day, twenty-five miles off. We find some beautiful big trees and a lovely shade, and here we unload, build the fire, make the coffee, and refresh ourselves with a good square meal. R. G. Frakes, who keeps bachelor hall at the "corner," here joined our festive circle. He has just been on the sick list, but he seems to be all well now, and enjoys living on his ranch alone, which is one of the best in the country. He is a Liberal, too, and I have a cordial invitation to his fireside. He is Mrs. Carsener's father, of Haystack, and the Carseners are famous Liberals, as the notes of my pilgrimage will testify.

At half-past two the "buckboard," alias the stage, comes along. Thank fortune, I am the only passenger, and get to John Day without much inconvenience. I have traveled about five hundred miles since I left the railroad nearly a month ago, via lumber wagon, buckboard, saddle, and various other vehicles. I have enjoyed the trip as another man enjoyed the toboggan ride. "Did you like it?" "It was glorious," was the answer; "I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars." "Want to try it again?" "By thunder, no, not for a thousand dollars," was the refrain.

Max Ramsby says that now in order to complete my Oregonian experiences I must ride a bucking horse, provided I could get a soft place upon which to land. I should then know all about it if I didn't break my neck.

I must thank Wagner's faithful animal, Daisy, or "The Yaller Gal," as she is called, for her untiring service to the lost and wandering Pilgrim. If she had deserted me in my troubles I should have been nowhere. She carried me over one hundred and fifty miles. She deserves more than a mundane reward. I sincerely hope she will "hoof it" over the streets of the New Jerusalem. I hope she will have plenty of oats in a golden crib, more substantial than the notes of a golden harp.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE HARMAN PETITIONS.

Those having in hand petitions for the pardon of Moses Harman are requested to forward them at once to E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington avenue, New York, N. Y., instead of returning

them to this office. We have had the pleasure of sending several hundred signatures to the above address.

A LATTER DAY PROPHECY.

It is learned in advance by means of the telegraph that the August "Arena," a monthly magazine published in the East—and usually a very good magazine—contains an article of twenty pages by Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan on "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe." In this article Professor Buchanan predicts terrific disasters to this continent. He says that everything financial and political is in a bad way, and that an unexampled crash is coming. These changes will take place: The Republican party will be hurled from power by the Democrats, who will replace them but give no better satisfaction. The Democratic administration will follow the Republican into desuetude, and a labor party will reign. This, however, will not be any better. Discontent is to be followed, in 1909, just nineteen years hence, by a war of seven years' duration, between capital and labor, intermingled with a religious element. At this time the church shall be shattered, Christianity rejected, and the Bible discarded. "The twentieth century," he says, "will witness the expiring struggles of biblical Christianity, and the twenty-first the existence of a religion in which all that was good in the past will survive." That is quite cheering.

There will, also, according to Dr. Buchanan, be tremendous changes in the face of the country. Large regions of the United States are to become barren; the Mississippi will be a scourge like the Yang-tse-Kiang in China; cyclones will devastate communities; the seasons shall so mingle one with another that crops will be destroyed; the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to New Jersey will be swept away; the Pacific coast will yet see great earthquakes and tidal waves, presumably the ones predicted by Mrs. Woodworth, and general convulsions will knock things endways.

These are certainly dire forebodings, and we shall wait impatiently until the mails bring the "Arena" to the coast, so that we may find out the data upon which Professor Buchanan bases these dire prognostications. We used to know the professor in New York, where he conducted an eclectic medical college on Livingstone place. He is a Spiritualist and a psychometrist; a very learned man, but with a tendency, after Tennyson, to dip into the future. When it is remembered that thousands of years ago men like Professor Buchanan predicted disasters similar to his, and that though their predictions had the added authority of "inspiration," they have nevertheless failed to materialize, people are not likely to let these forebodings trouble them to any great extent. Prophecies pass in this day for what they are worth, which is not much.

PROGRESS DEPENDS ON ACTIVITY.

In order that a Freethought paper or the Freethought cause may be supported it is necessary that all interested in it should put their shoulder to the wheel and do something to forward the movement. We should all remember that Freethought is evolution, not revolution. The world would perhaps be better off if all religious belief were extinguished within the next twenty-four hours, but it would not remain so, for the reason that in the present state of ignorance other superstitions would at once spring up to replace those which had been discarded. Freethought comes with education, and the educational process is a slow one. And yet by this slow process greater good may ultimately be

done than could be accomplished by any sudden revolution that should destroy all religion at once. When people are educated out of falsehood they will not return to it.

It is because the educational method of attaining truth is slow that the progress of Freethought is slow, and we should never be discouraged if we do not from one day to another perceive any apparent growth. We cannot always see the shadow move, but it moves nevertheless.

Freethought labors under the disadvantage of being a true system, and of following the course of nature. It cannot enlist the emotional or the sentimental, or arouse wild enthusiasm. It promises no rewards to be paid on a specified date, nor threatens anyone with punishment for rejecting it. It locates no paradise a century hence, offers no nostrum, nor holds out delusive inducements for those who accept its teachings. Freethought alone will not abolish crime, misery, or poverty; yet without free thought no progress toward abolishing these has ever been made or, in the nature of things, can be made. There are, however, people so blind that, while admitting the good that has come through Freethought in the past, they are yet unable to recognize its necessity for future progress. Through Freethought the practice of medicine has changed from a hotch-potch of charms and incantations to a system of scientific practice, thus promoting health; education has passed from the hands of the priests to those of scientists; history has taken the place of tradition; chemistry supplants alchemy; astronomy displaces astrology; reason supplants faith; liberty destroys slavery, and instead of leaving everything to the ghosts men are trying to work out their own salvation.

These advantages have come in opposition to religion and by the exercise of mental freedom; and the same freedom must bring all future benefits. For as one discovery of science but reveals still greater discoveries beyond, so one step in advance only opens up yet higher achievements still ahead. There is but one method of reaching these, and that method is Freethought. Bearing these facts in mind, that the battle is a long one, that though advancement from day to day is slow it is nevertheless sure, there should be an ever-increasing activity among Freethinkers. No day should pass without all its opportunities for work being improved. One reader added to the list of a Freethought paper is a step, two is a longer one. We hope that the friends of this paper realize that fact, and that they are letting no opportunity pass to add to its effectiveness by increasing its circulation. They should not through indifference permit the wheels of progress to be either turned backward or blocked.

LAST year in one week eighty-four human beings died in San Francisco. In the corresponding week this year, the deathrate reached one hundred and twenty-eight. In another week of 1889, ninety deaths occurred; in the corresponding week of 1890, one hundred and fifty passed to the silent majority. The same discrepancy has been maintained thus far throughout the year. When asked to give reasons for this augmented mortality, physicians complain about bad sewerage and a lack of health inspectors. No doubt these unsanitary conditions have much to do with increasing the number of deaths, yet the sewerage is as good as it was a year ago, or better, and health inspectors are just as numerous and active. Some other reason must be given, and there is no need to go far to find it. These deaths occur chiefly among the poor, and they occur because the poverty of the poor denies them a sufficient quantity of wholesome food to sustain

life. Bad meat, bad milk, and such fruit as is too miserable to compete with the Eastern product are doing their work, and funerals are the result. Let our newspapers make it known that the city is overwhelmed with the unemployed and the impoverished, to whom a ten-cent meal of spoiled food in a cheap restaurant is a luxury, and a free lunch a godsend; that more energy is being expended to "boom" this section of the country than to develop its resources; and that the only prosperous class are those whose capital in either land or money enables them to cinch the less fortunate. Let the purveyors of information tell their readers that the railroads, the politicians, and the priests have the people of the city in their grip, and are bleeding them for all they are worth, and that the sensationalism mistaken for enterprise is paid for by money that ought to go to pay debts. Let us, in short, get down to facts as they are visible to all, because a wrong diagnosis is bound to lead to a wrong method of treatment. Sewers and health inspectors are of no benefit to a man whose hands have nothing to work at and whose stomach has nothing to digest.

A SUIT of fifty thousand dollars against the New York "Sun" by the Aryan Theosophical Society of that city, will tend to draw attention to the Theosophical movement, whether the society wins or not. The cause of the present suit is the publication of a long interview with Dr. Elliot Coues, of Washington, who, having been expelled from the society, retaliates by making serious charges against its members. If Dr. Coues and the "Sun" have lied about that respectable body of people known as Theosophists, we trust that they will be overtaken with condign punishment.

"THE Ragpicker of Paris," a novel by Felix Pyat, translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker, is as good a story as was ever condemned with good reason by the religious, especially the Catholic, press. Nine-tenths of the late novels that have gained a wide circulation are milk-and-watery compared to this. It drags the covering off a lot of political, religious, and social shams, and reveals them as they are. Nevertheless, it is pretty strong meat for people without a good mental digestion.

THE newspapers are filled with the fame of the Rev. W. Mitchell, pastor of the Broadway Presbyterian church at Fort Worth, Texas. The reverend gentleman has achieved this distinction by forging checks to the amount of two thousand five hundred dollars. He is in jail.

THE Personal Rights League of Chicago demands, among other things, that the "World's Fair shall be open in all its departments on Sunday at reduced rates"—a very good idea.

BAXTER & Co. advertise their portrait work in this week's FREETHOUGHT. In dealing with advertisers in FREETHOUGHT please tell them where you saw their advertisement.

THOSE who read Putnam's correspondence and Dr. Anderson's contribution in this week's issue will not miss the "Observations," which were left on the outside of the form.

A Young Emperor with the Big-head.

Emperor William of Germany: "We Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from Heaven, and are responsible to Heaven only for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and to govern on this principle."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The city of Wallace, Idaho, the chief mining city in the state, was destroyed by fire on the 27th. More than a thousand people are homeless. It was one of the most flourishing towns of the northwest.—John D. Fiske, a prominent man of bad reputation, was shot and killed at Fresno July 25 by an eccentric inventor named Stillman, for some real or fancied grievance. Fiske was one of those men to whom a violent death is a natural end.—Sealers in the north report a good season.—A drunken ruffian named Schmid assaulted a Holiness band of worshipers in Commercial street, San Francisco, last Sunday, and came out of the crusade with a broken jaw, which was set in the city hospital.—Last year there were in San Francisco 84 deaths during the week corresponding to that which ended Saturday, July 26. This year there were 128 deaths. All sorts of reasons are given for the increased mortality. Much of it is doubtless due to destitution.—Mrs. O. F. Shepard spoke before the Pacific Nationalist Club last Sunday on "The Curse of Charity." She said that the necessity for charity revealed an absence of justice.—The trial of Foundryman Kerr, who shot young Cogan, a striking molder, is in progress in police court No. 2. Ex-Judge J. G. Maguire is conducting the prosecution.—The weather was so hot lately in some parts of California that the mercury reached three figures.—Editor I. N. Choyinski, of "Public Opinion," convicted of attempted extortion, has got an extension of his time in order to introduce new evidence.

Dr. Burtzell, under censure of the pope, last Sunday bade farewell to his congregation in the church of the Epiphany, New York. Though a Protestant, like McGlynn, he still declares himself a Catholic.—The Rev. Robert Laird Collyer, one of the ablest and most widely-known Unitarian preachers in America, died at Salisbury, Md., July 27. He was stricken with paralysis two days previous to his death. Dr. Collyer began his ministerial career as an itinerant Methodist, but united with the Unitarian church in 1866. He was of English birth, emigrating to this country in 1851.—The amount of Mormon property confiscated by the U. S. government reaches \$700,000, but there is said to be from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 of money belonging to the Mormon church invested in San Francisco and other California cities.—The Rev. Mr. Arney, Methodist, of Saranac, Mich., recently challenged the community to race horses with him. Last Saturday the event came off and the parson won every heat.—A terrible cyclone struck Lawrence, Mass., on the morning of July 26. About one hundred houses were wrecked and several persons killed, mostly women and children. Property loss is estimated at \$116,000.—The great strike of cloakmakers in New York is ended, the employees winning concessions.

There is a rebellion in active operation in the Argentine Republic, S. A.—San Salvador, Central America, is reported to be getting the better of Guatemala in the war now waging.—Vienna nuns have just abducted the daughter of a stage singer, and violent religious animosities are thereby engendered.—Stanley, the explorer, is still very sick, but he contemplates coming to America in November.—Poor old Pope Leo XIII. is eighty-one years of age. He walks with a stoop, leans heavily on his cane, and subsists upon broth. There is no hope that ere his death he will confess himself the prince of humbugs, which he is.

AN APPEAL TO THE LIBERAL LECTURER.

DEAR FELLOW-WORKER: The American Secular Union and yourself are both working for the same cause—(1) the right to the expression of independent thought, unhampered by ecclesiastical tyranny; (2) the total separation of church and state. Each of these things is but a different expression of the same right, and the success of the one means the success of the other. The American Secular Union is, however, devoting its energies especially to the second of these things—total separation of church and state. Realizing, as it does, that law is the crystallized expression of the people's will (whether honestly or fraudulently obtained) and that the God-in-the-Constitution party, backed by local legislation, are to-day powerful enough to infuse into the law of the land their own sectarian and tyrannous ideas, the

SECULAR GOVERNMENT.

II.

American Secular Union would urge upon your consideration the need for solid organization among Liberals, and would ask you, as a public worker, to help the national society. We ought to be united into one undivided army. It should be as much of a discredit for Liberals to stand aloof in cliques, and not help fight under the standard of the national organization, as it would be among our opponents to set up an isolated church which should forswear allegiance to the sect to which it professes to belong. The ecclesiastical party gain on Liberals because church people pull together, while Liberals have been hitherto but a rope of sand, wherever public co-operation has been concerned.

As you are striving to bring about the same thing as we, will you not work with us and for us? Will you not speak a good word for the national organization to your audiences? Will you not do what you can to induce Liberals to enroll themselves in the national army of the American Secular Union, so that we may all make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together in defense of our freedom from church dictation?

We do not ask you to give up your independence as a lecturer to do this. We should be glad, indeed, if you could manage to collect money for us. But, if you feel that that would interfere with your own income, we will not ask you to do this. We only ask that you use the American Secular Union as a background for your lectures; that, when you shall have roused your hearers to a sense of their wrongs under the present unjust union of church and state, and shall have your hearers wrought up to an eager desire for action, you will point them to the American Secular Union as the national army in which they should enlist, if they would help destroy the evils which you are denouncing.

Why should you not co-operate with us in this work?

Such co-operation, if properly managed, would mean a gain both to the cause and to you individually. Think what a solid organization of the majority of Liberals in the country would mean.

First. It would mean co-operation in our attacks upon the enemy. When a wrong anywhere in the country is to be struck at, it would mean that the whole strength of the organization would go into the blows—instead of the matter being left, as now, to a helpless protest from a few Liberals in the immediate vicinity.

Second. It would mean a co-operation which would "carry the war into Africa." The Liberals outnumber the church party, ten to one; and it is only the superior organization of the latter which renders them so bold and aggressive in their onslaughts upon our religious liberties. With equal organization on our side, we could soon cause them to feel our influence for the right.

Third. It would mean that each lecturer in the country would have a regular series of appointments mapped out for him by the central organization (in addition to those which he might make independently) so that he could canvass any given section of country at the least possible expense to himself and to the local societies before whom he lectures. This would mean more dollars in his pocket at the end of the year, as well as a more systematic advertising of the cause: while, at the same time, it would bring him into contact with more people within a given area. Such a plan, of course, should not encroach upon the right of a lecturer to make his own independent engagements.

The tendency of the times is toward consolidation and co-operation where work of any magnitude is to be undertaken; and if Liberals are to hold their own against their opponents, they must be welded into a solid organization. To scatter their forces, after the wasteful methods of guerrilla warfare, is to weaken their effectiveness. Organization, and only organization, will to-day enable Liberalism to successfully resist the encroachments of the church upon the state.

The peril to our religious liberties presses fast upon us. Comrade, you who are out in the field, will you not do all in your power to rally your fellow-soldiers under the one standard of the American Secular Union, that we may march forward without hindrance to the victory which should be ours?

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.
F. C. MENDE, Treasurer,
IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec.

Philadelphia, July 12, 1890.

Under Cromwell, the church was stripped of power to interfere with faiths differing from its own. Quakers were protected, and Jews permitted to return to England.

Lord Mansfield held: "The common law of England, which is only common reason or usage, knows of no prosecution for mere opinions.

"Bare non-conformity is no sin by the common law; and all positive laws inflicting any pains and penalties for non-conformity to the established rites and modes, are repealed by the act of toleration."

In a later case it was argued that pew rent for a Jewish synagogue could not be collected, because there was no law which legalized the establishment of Jewish synagogues; that "the Toleration Act did not embrace Jewish synagogues of any description, and since the doctrines practiced there were in direct hostility to the Christian religion, such establishments were to be considered illegal." The court required authority to be produced to show that they were illegal, and as none could be produced, held them legal.

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the common law is but "municipal law," and of force in the United States only so far as it has been adopted by the states. At the Revolution it was adopted in various forms in each colony, by statute or by constitution. So far as it was adopted by the colonies, that court held: "Such colonies carry with them only so much of the English law as is applicable to their situation and the condition of an infant colony; such, for instance, as the general rules of inheritance and protection from personal injuries." (Wheaton et al. vs. Perin et al., 8 Peters, 659.)

Delaware adopted the common law, in its entirety, only as to property. South Carolina adopted it generally, but its constitutional court held in 1817 that the act adopting it, "as it has been practically construed, contained rather a privilege than a command to adopt the common law, except in its great and leading principles; and we have in effect adopted it where we thought it reasonable and just."

In another case the same court held: "We take our principles and derive our theory from the English common law. Let us regard it, but principally its reason."

In Maryland, the common law was adopted in 1776, "only so far as it could be made to fit and adjust itself to our local circumstances and peculiar institutions."

The same is true of Virginia and other colonies.

In New York, it was held in a chancery case that the ecclesiastical law of England is not a part of the common law of that country (England) and is no part of the common law thereof adopted in this state.

Kentucky derived its common law through Virginia. In a divorce case Judge Mills held: "When we adopted the common law of England, it was only so far as suited our local situation, and was compatible with the genius and spirit of our government. I would then select from it the most sound and liberal principles, and cast away not only all the maxims of ecclesiastical establishments, but doubt, and also reject, such parts as were tainted by canonical mixtures. In a word, I would say that the common law on this point [marriage] was corrupted by too long a subjection to spiritual usurpation, and that we did not adopt it into our code, and that it is not in this respect obligatory on this court."

Citations from the opinions of the courts of other states might be made to the same effect.

The convention which framed the Constitution of the United States was held when most of the colonies had adopted constitutions declaring equality of rights and religious freedom. Virginia adopted a declaration of rights June 12, 1776, which not only embraced absolute equality of rights, civil and political, but declared "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience." The Church of England, which had been the state church of the colony, was strong enough to elect a majority of the first assembly, but Jefferson and George Mason procured the passage of a law repeal-

ing all the disabling acts, legalizing all modes of worship, and releasing dissenters from parish rates and suspending their collection. In 1784 Washington and Henry advocated a law requiring all persons to contribute to the support of some minister, but it failed. In 1785 Jefferson and Madison, aided by the dissenters, passed the religious freedom act, which abolished church rates and abrogated all religious tests.

In 1787, when the national constitution was adopted, the leading states had guaranteed religious freedom in their constitutions and placed affirmation upon the same basis as oaths. In many cases the official and other oaths omitted the words, "So help me, God."

The Constitutional Convention was composed largely of the conservative element of the colony. Yet the body of the constitution is free from any recognition of God, places affirmation upon the same footing as an oath, and in the form of the official oath of the president omits the words, "So help me, God." Religious tests were prohibited. It protected the people against church-craft, as well as against king-craft. Yet some of these states demanded a bill of rights, and that demand was framed in the form of amendments, which forever prohibited a state church and protected every man in the freedom of thought, speech, and free publication of his thoughts.

W. S. BUSH.

DRINK AND HARD TIMES.

Many besides the Rev. Dr. R. A. Tufft believe that "the poverty and depression of the day are caused by drink," but I think that it would be easy to demonstrate that there would be more of both, if it were, in some miraculous way, made impossible ever to distil or imbibe another drop of alcoholic stimulant. For instance, the closing of all distilleries and breweries would throw thousands upon thousands out of work, who would be forced by their necessities to press for employment in a labor market already overstocked, to the consequent reduction of the wages of those who have always been temperate. Moreover, sober men, who can be relied upon to come up smiling at 7 A.M. on Monday every week in the year, obtain higher wages because there are so many who are liable to be conspicuously absent just at the time they are most needed, on account of too great devotion to things spirituous. Now if sobriety should become universal it is clear that those who are now getting paid something extra on account of it would lose that advantage if none were rendered unreliable by alcohol. Therefore we see that the first result of a sweeping and lasting Prohibitionist victory would inevitably be the increasing of competition in the labor market and the eventual reduction of the wages of those who were not addicted to intemperance previous to the change. Further, the disappearance of alcohol would simply increase the supply of sober men who would further depress the labor market by seeking employment instead of remaining idle, as they did while they were subjects of King Alcohol, and as there is already a surplus of sober labor, it does not require the services of a native of Connecticut to guess that the result of this increase of competition would be the reduction of wages. Now if there were a redundancy of work instead of workers, there would be some truth in the claim of the Rev. Tufft and his mistaken co-believers; but so long as sober men are compulsorily idle while willing and anxious to work, it is seen to be highly probable that the reverend gentleman has been no more careful in regard to finding out the truth about Prohibition than he was in ascertaining the probable or possible truth of theology.

How pertinent, then, is your comment that "a country big enough to feed and clothe the world ought to have a better excuse to offer for hard times than the intemperance of one per cent. of its inhabitants." Our country has got a better excuse than the intemperance of one per cent. of the people, and it is that poverty, so far as it is involuntary, is caused by the fact that something like one per cent. of the people own all the land, if we deduct those who are, through mortgages, merely nominal owners. If this one per cent. would take to liquor and relinquish their hold on the land, poverty would soon disappear, because then it would be possible for those who are now unable to find work to employ themselves on the ownerless land; and that there is enough of it now lying absolutely unused to abolish the pov-

erty of every willing worker is apparent to anyone who has no selfish interest in not seeing the truth. But as there is no probability that those who now hold land idle (by virtue of paper titles and the ignorance of those who really own it) will relinquish the advantage they have so long held, it behooves those who must live on the earth until their wings have developed sufficiently to enable them to pass to that Elysium of happiness and harps which theology promises, to devise or adopt some already devised method of regaining their right to the planet upon which they were born, and to which they have the same natural right as have those who have a legal right to demand the lion's share of all they produce as a condition precedent to allowing them to produce at all. Such an instrument we have already at hand in the single tax on land values. By this method we could stop the advance of the land speculator and force him to release his grasp on the vacant land he is holding for a rise. This releasing of natural opportunities would make it possible for all who want work to find it, and then could be enforced the biblical assertion that "he who will not work, neither shall he eat." Then if we are stopped by the pitiful tale of the able-bodied mendicant who claims to be hungry through inability to find employment, we shall know that his tale is a baseless fabrication and we can proceed calmly and with unharmed mind upon our way, leaving that athletic beggar to hang himself on that horn of his dilemma which requires him to go to work, or on that other hook which demands the intervention of a rope to be fully utilized. Such a consummation might possibly be unpleasant to the reverends, but that fact seems not to offer any valid reason for postponing that day upon which all will be industrious, save those who are physically exempt. Inaugurate the single tax; then let hunger do its perfect work in the elimination of beggars, theological or otherwise.

E. O. ROSCOE.

VIEWS OF A NATIONALIST.

Seeing some articles in FREETHOUGHT on Nationalism and the advancement of the human family in general, I thought, being a workingman, I would write a declaration of principles that I believe would be good for my kind.

I would have all those large buildings that are now erected for the purpose of grinding out superstition converted into lecturing halls where men of science and humanity would inform the people how to make an honest living and treat each other as human beings and brothers and sisters. I would stop all immigration of laboring people, from every country. If a man owned over five hundred acres of land at the time of his death I would have it go back to the public domain for the use of children yet to come. I would have protection for those industries where there is competition of cheap labor in Europe. I would have the government own all the railroads, telegraph lines, and water works. In fact, I believe in Nationalism. I also understand that Nationalism to be a success should be for the universal world. But you can never have "Looking Backward" until there is a foundation to start with, and then if the world sees it is a success it may adopt Nationalism.

By stopping the pope-ridden immigration that is now flooding our country, intelligence and free schools will outgrow superstition in our own country in a few years, and workingmen will begin to learn what honestly belongs to them, which is all they produce, except the necessary support of the unfortunate, which humanity demands should be a comfortable living. I believe licensing all kinds of business as nearly all cities do is a scheme to make the poor man pay the rich man's taxes. In regard to the liquor question, it must either be right or wrong to sell liquor. If right, the license should be no more than any other business. If it is wrong it should be stopped. Now the government receives a large revenue from the manufactories, the cities where Christians abound receive a large license, and the man who drinks the decoction they license to be sold is also fined for drinking it. So it is a money-making business all the way through. These high-license men appear hypocritical. Pretending to be moral, they claim that selling liquor is a crime. But it becomes a lawful business with their consent, if the consumers of liquor will pay their taxes for them.

1122 Wood st., Oakland.

FRANK M. COBURN.

THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

BY DR. JEROME A. ANDERSON.

II.

Taking up now the

BIOLOGICAL ARGUMENT,

We note that as physiology explains the conditions but not the cause of human existence, in like manner biology explains the conditions, but by no means the cause of life in general. A brief study at once convinces one of the general correspondence between man as an individual and nature as a whole. Both have a threshold of consciousness, which in both is constantly being displaced under the law of evolution. Neither exhausts its object, which is itself. Both must therefore have a higher consciousness which includes the lower. Each prophesies unlimited potentialities of future development.

And, truly, a biological process is only possible by means of a higher or transcendental consciousness in nature. If we take any division—the vertebrates, for example—we shall find the idea always precedes in time its evolution in matter. The intention of nature is plainly foreshadowed in the notochord which still persists in some of the lower vertebrates; and the prophecy of this insignificant notochord finds its realization in the magnificent elaboration of the vertebral column, with its cranial enlargement, muscular, nervous, arterial, lymphatic, digestive, and other accessory systems, which together constitute the body of the being declared to be “a little lower than the angels in heaven.” Yet science would have us believe that this wonderful result is due alone to the blind groping of natural forces under the impelling influence of unintelligent law! Nay, if there were no other proof of there being a higher consciousness in nature and in man it is shown beyond all doubt by the very facts upon which Materialistic science chiefly relies—those of evolution. No building was ever yet constructed whose model or design was not previously present in the consciousness of its architect, and no biological process ever took place which was not previously present in the mind of a higher intelligence.

Our feeble sense consciousness is a limitation of nature's processes; not an enlarging or divulging of them. There are more things than senses. We have no organs for perceiving magnetism, nor electricity. And the things we do perceive are converted into perception; as vibration into sound and color.

Since we find evolution continuously displacing the threshold of consciousness in nature, we have a perfect right to assume that the same process is taking place in man. And biology plainly shows that for the whole of organic nature, including man, there are two increasingly unequal divisions; that part which sense organs contact, and that portion which is transcendental to or beyond sensuous perception. For an oyster most of the world is transcendental; that man's consciousness is very much widened in area does not by any means imply that he is in contact with the whole. Step by step, the higher, world consciousness, or Over Soul, of Emerson, has evolved organs capable of relating the inner and potential consciousness to larger and larger areas of contact with external things. The design in each instance has preceded the construction of the thing designed. If the brain, for example, were developed by blind force alone, how could it have been adapted for future needs? Yet all the functions of the human mind, all its god-like faculties, were foreseen and provided for in anticipation by the first swelling which, at one extremity of an otherwise indistinguishable line of nerve substance, prophesied and promised the magnificent development of will, intellect, and reason, emotion and intuition, which manifest through the brain of a Spencer or a Shakspeare to-day. And the unbroken sequence of design and thought lie before our eyes all our lives, while we, poor fools, believe that fortuitous chance caused force to take this direction; that all this is the sum of the molecular and chemical action, of blindly working law.

“O where is the sea, the fishes cried,
As they swam its crystal clearness through;
We have heard of old of its ebbing tide,
And we long to bathe in its waters blue!”

This movable and moving threshold of the consciousness, then, appears in all nature. It can only be the result of two causes. Either an inner and a higher consciousness is shaping and transforming matter, with a definite and intelligent end in view, or it is the result of blindly-acting law, working, as we have said, under the despotic need of unintelligent force. And if we are compelled to admit an inner and a higher consciousness in any single effort of nature, the fortress is taken; for step by step we shall be forced to admit a higher consciousness in all; and the question as to whether man has a higher consciousness, or soul, is once more answered by the biological argument in the affirmative. And again we are driven to the conclusion that since this higher consciousness is not dependent in any way upon the matter, which it shapes to further its ends—as a potter might—for its continued existence, then it does not and indeed can not die upon the death or transformation of the latter. On the contrary, analogy points to the fact that, as a man wears out and casts aside as useless many tools or garments in the course of the labors of a life, so his higher ego must wear out and renew many bodies in the course of its infinite pilgrimage. Here once again the fact of and reason for reincarnation meets us squarely as the logical result of our biological investigation. And as the universe is the creation of its Higher Self, or the Creative Logos, of St. John, and which, though as spirit infinitely higher, still as the Absolute includes also its lower self, or matter, so man's lower personality is the creation of his higher ego, which includes without being limited in any manner by it, except perhaps as a mechanic might be limited by more or less perfect or imperfect tools.

Passing now to the

SCIENTIFIC ARGUMENT

We may consider ourselves as fairly within the territory of our greatest enemy. For science has always been the unrelenting opposer of new ideas, as the new ideas in their turn have always been the deadliest foes of the old. It was scientific authority, as expressed in a little body of men, who, having mastered the externals of existing thought, and thus filled the measure of their own capacity, railed when Harvey asserted that the blood circulated through the human body; when Stevenson foretold the speed and usefulness of steam vehicles; and so on through a long list of similar counts, and which to-day looks on with solemn discontent as the birds float through the air in direct violation of the laws of physics, dynamics, and gravitation. For the same force, applied in the same manner, and attached to the same proportion of weight, when put into a “scientific” machine refuses to fly. And yet no field is so full of proofs of the existence and functioning of a divine soul, as that found in the marvelous collection of facts, and deductions of design and intelligence therefrom, which is the result of scientific inquiry.

The heart of the dispute with science is as to whether mind, or spirit, is the effect of body, or body the effect of mind. At the very outset of this contention, science must admit that there are as many indications of the one as there are of the other. Then what is the plain and reasonable inference? Why, that both have a common cause. But science shies at this proposition, and refuses to accept anything as a cause which it can not weigh nor measure.

But the dualism of mind and body is only a special case of the dualism of matter and force. All force must of necessity have a material basis, and all matter must have force as well as consciousness as aspects. The sides of the triangle are equal.

That man has a higher consciousness or ego the physiological argument has already fully shown. Then it follows that the transmission of this subjective energy is demanded by the law of force conservation working in harmony with that of evolution. Thus we see that the higher ego is directly pointed out and connected with the lower by the two greatest generalizations of modern science—the conservation of force and the law of evolution. Either subjective energy, intellect, emotion, will, etc., are stored up in and transmitted under the law of force conservation by a higher ego, such as we have shown to exist, or this law as well as that of evolution is violated; for intelligence can only be conserved by intelligence, and its evolution thus lies necessarily along its own, or subjective lines. In other words, the cause must be

equal to the effect: and intelligence can only be the creation of and transmitted by intelligence. One sees at once how immense must be the waste of energy manifesting as intellect or intuition, if the process of its evolution has to be begun anew with each new babe born on earth, to be again cut short by death when perhaps at its very highest evolutionary activity, unless that energy is carried forward from personality to personality by means of the repeated reincarnation of the higher ego. And again we meet reincarnation as the very breath of life of the scientific generalizations of force conservation and evolution.

There is another point overlooked by science. For intelligence to supervene upon unintelligent matter, under the play of blind force, demands as great an effort of the imagination, aided by "faith," too, as the exploded theological theory of "creation out of nothing." In the face of this, science has ever sought to find the source of intelligence in some nook or by-way of matter; forgetting that matter only shows the evidence of the presence of intelligence, not its underlying source. The key to the confusion lies in the fact of unconscious thought. Thought and organization go on side by side unconsciously to us until our plane, or that of self-consciousness, is reached, when we suddenly become aware of both a thinking and a conscious principle within us. This does not imply that either or both were absent on the planes below us. Remember that thought, as we have pointed out, comes into our minds ready made. This must mean that when we think we simply become conscious of nature's thoughts on the plane of self-consciousness. Were our consciousness sufficiently evolved we could contact other and higher planes, both psychic and spiritual, as well as the lower ones through which we have come. Our higher ego is conscious on lower planes, as shown by self-prescribing, etc., and, in varying degree, on higher, as proven by clairvoyance and prophetic vision.

Thus we arrive by pure, logical deduction at the theosophic truth that matter in all its shapes and forms is the result of thought, and not the converse, as claimed by scientists. Matter is crystallized spirit; or thought expressed in material forms.

When man's consciousness is limited to the coarser stimuli transmitted by his physical senses, it can only function on the physical plane, and in this condition it is termed the lower ego, or personality. When these senses are suspended by sleep or death, his consciousness functions on an interior and higher plane, until again aroused, by awakening, in the one case, and by reincarnation in the other, to the old physical stimuli. This latter consciousness we term the higher, or the true ego, because it is not limited by its physical envelope, is untouched by the changes of state we term birth and death, and transmits its constantly increasing increment of wisdom and intelligence from body to body by means of its reincarnation. The threshold of consciousness is the dividing line between the higher and lower ego. As the physical senses and sensitiveness constitutes this threshold, each man has of necessity a differing one, both higher and lower, from all other men. Taken together, they represent the sum of the wisdom and knowledge his ego has acquired through its series of rebirths, or reincarnations. The lower alone is limited by the particular body it is inhabiting. The body, again, is the result of the law of cause and effect, running through the affinities which govern the selection of the new body, and which Theosophy terms "karma," or sequence, or the unvarying succession of cause and effect on all planes, physical, psychic, and intellectual.

If it be asked why man's personal consciousness has not yet reached the point where he is sensible of these finer forces, it is answered that the coarser the force, the quicker the evolution of the organ to express it. The finer, more spiritual forces have not yet had biological time to evolve organs, especially as it would seem that this evolution must largely consist in rendering more delicate and sensitive those man now possesses. By these the eye and ear are not so much referred to, as analogous organs for psychic and spiritual perception, which man now possesses—at least in a rudimentary condition.

Man's faculties are complete or they are incomplete. If complete, further investigation is in soul power; if incomplete, biological. And since a single Archæopteryx, in the Solenhofer slate, was deemed by science sufficient evidence to prove the

descent of birds from reptiles, surely the immense amount of available testimony, in the directions we have pointed out, ought to be sufficient to satisfy even a scientist that we have a higher ego, or soul, which functions quite independently of the body, and is therefore not subject to the bodily limitations of birth and death. In this higher ego is the real life, the true consciousness. The lower is but the bundle of sense organs through which we gather experience and wisdom on the material plane, to which we are at present limited. This higher ego represents all that we have become since we assumed control of our own destinies. Being spiritual in its essence, it is of course greatly limited in expression when incarnated in a gross material body, such as we now possess. But it is ever seeking to guide and control its lower self through the spiritual suggestions which we know as conscience.

From the

RELIGIOUS STANDPOINT

this inquiry into the nature and possibilities of a higher ego is amply justified. Blind faith alone fails; creeds are but idle paterings and empty sounds; man must know his destiny, or the incentive to upward exertion is largely paralyzed. Death cannot transport us where we are not now; it cannot act as a kind of moral filter, that in some miraculous way will remove the impurities of our lower nature, and fit us for habitation in some high or "heavenly" sphere. The chain of life is formed of continuous links. We have become what we are by an infinite series of past lives; we have to work out our future destiny by an infinite series of lives to come. Here, where we are struggling in the bonds of matter is our only "hell;" the biological process, our sole punishment, and "heaven" our release from it, either temporarily by death, or wholly, through our evolving beyond biological necessities. The warning voice of conscience is simply the voice of our higher ego, speaking as the result of actual experience and wisdom. And because the seat of conscience is of necessity in the higher ego, it therefore seems to us as though it came from some outside source, when it is in reality our true self vainly endeavoring to guide and control the coarse and unwieldy physical machine, to which it finds itself karmically attached, and with which it is therefore so closely inter-related that the one must ever react upon the other. Out of this action and reaction grows the real battle of life; the tide turning now this way and now that. Submission to the higher self is our only hope, yet so strong is the lower that it refuses to be controlled, too often to its utter destruction. The Bible account, or Book of Judgment, is only the memory of this higher ego, in which is stored up the record of every thought, word, or deed of each of the personalities it ever informed.

In summing up the evidence, then, we find physiology, biology, psychology, and philosophy all requiring a higher ego to satisfy their respective phenomena, and all their agreements and disagreements harmonized by this common factor. Yet all, while equally and emphatically testifying to the presence of this higher ego, or soul, still force upon us one inevitable deduction. We are the creators of ourselves; the arbiters of our own destinies. Still, as human life is the type of all, so in the childhood of our individualization as human beings, we were helped and guided by the perfected humanities of former earths. But the period of responsibility has long since arrived, and we are compelled by karma to take the reins of our own chariots, even though our driving be as disastrous as the would-be charioteer of the sun, in the ancient myth. And yet we are not entirely bereft of guidance and assistance, if in the pride of our self-assurance we do not spurn the offer. There are those who ever watch over humanity, and in the hour of our greatest need, aid is always proffered. He must be but a blind student of history who does not see something more than mere coincidence in the opportune interference with dangerous ethical tendencies, even within historical times. As instances, note that when the Jewish religion became a brutal, self-sacrificing formality, and the Roman, mere Phallicism, Christ appeared. When Greece departed from the pure and elevating philosophy of her older initiate philosophers, and became sodden with Materialism, the Alexandrian philosophers came to the rescue. When Brahminism became corrupt and formal, Buddha stood forth to stay the muddying torrent. When Catholicism offered a mere market place for the sale of indul-

gences, the mighty monk, Luther, arose. And last but not least, when the scientific Materialism of this nineteenth century utterly routed the already demoralized and disorganized army of sectarian "money-changers," occupying the temples of religion, thereby flooding the world with pessimism and despair, when anxious eyes strove in vain to penetrate the gloom which shrouded the grave, the source of all these timely helps stands forth in its own proper person, and Theosophy illumines the dark places of humanity's despair.

This, then, is the mission of this science, philosophy, and religion—to combat Materialistic science with its own weapons; to meet philosophy, astronomy, biology, geology, and all their congeners and collateral sciences upon the territory of their own facts; to prove that spirit, or intelligent consciousness, underlies and is the source of all their phenomena; and thus to restore to humanity that of which they have robbed it, the belief in a soul, and the promise of a future existence.

CALL ON GOD.

Plato says: "There are few men so obstinate in their Atheism whom a passing danger will not reduce to the acknowledgment of the divine power."

This may have been a fact in Plato's day, but the world moves, and myths and fables are outgrown. Witches, fairies, and gods are swept away by reason's light. To-day there are thousands and thousands who in the direst extremity would no more think of calling out the name of God than they would of Jupiter or Mumbo Jumbo. Every year adds to the number of the enfranchised. Every year puts some old myth away with the has-beens. Every year builds on broader and sounder foundations. We are learning day by day to become more and more self-dependent. To know the good we seek, we must earn. We do not pray for daily bread, but work for it. We do not pray for forgiveness of sin, but strive to overcome evil with good. We are learning that what is has come as an inheritance of the past, and is inevitable. We are learning the futility of punishing, and the beauties of kindness, mercy, and justice. We see that no God has ever cursed or saved; that all that is has developed from matter and could not be otherwise than as it is. The same powers or forces that cause the glories, the goods, and the beauties combine under other circumstances to form the base, the mean, and the vile. Once we realize there is no design, the call upon a designer is impossible. Ignorance creates gods; science destroys them.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Snowville, Va.

THE Freethought Publishing Company has published Samuel P. Putnam's "Religious Experience." It makes a neat little volume of 101 pages, and is interesting from beginning to end. In it the author pleads guilty to having been converted to the orthodox religion and to having preached it from the pulpit. His confession will be recognized as true by all who have experienced that species of hypnotism known as "conversion." It coincides materially with a narrative of my own, were I endowed with the magnificent power of expression of the Secular Pilgrim. Many of Mr. Putnam's admirers will no doubt be delighted to read the history of his emancipation from superstitious thralldom and the concise account of his reformation. Freethought is to be congratulated on having in its ranks so able a man, and one who is acquainted with all the tricks of the trade of theology. Send twenty-five cents for this interesting book to the publishers, 838 Howard street, San Francisco, Cal.—Lucifer.

I THINK even if the creeds, from the so-called "Apostles'" to the so-called "Athanasian," were swept into oblivion, and even if the human race should arrive at the conclusion that whether a bishop washes a cup or leaves it unwashed, is not a matter of the least consequence; it will get on very well. The causes which have led to the development of morality in mankind, which have guided or impelled us all the way from the savage to the civilized state, will not cease to operate because a number of ecclesiastical hypotheses turn out to be baseless. And, even if

the absurd notion that morality is more the child of speculation than of practical necessity and inherited instinct, had any foundation; if all the world is going to thief, murder, and otherwise misconduct itself as soon as it discovers that certain portions of ancient history are mythical, what is the relevance of such arguments to anyone who holds by the Agnostic principle?—Professor Huxley.

In Reply to Mr. Reynolds.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Will you kindly give me space in your esteemed paper on behalf of the founders of the Assembly of Progress, to correct the erroneous statements made by Mr. C. B. Reynolds, in regard to the Assembly of Progress, in your issue of July 12.

Had all your readers a copy of the constitution and laws of the Assembly of Progress, no reply to this unjust attack would be necessary from me; and from the statements made by Mr. Reynolds I am charitable enough to believe that he himself has never read a copy of the constitution and laws governing the Grand and Subordinate Assemblies of Progress, else he would not have written as he did. But, inasmuch as constitutions and circulars have not been so freely distributed as thought by Mr. Reynolds, few of your readers have had an opportunity to read the laws governing the Order, and have no means of knowing the objects, purpose, and business principles upon which it is based, and therefore may be misled by Mr. Reynolds's communication, unless his erroneous statements are corrected. Mr. Reynolds says:

"Seven hundred members at \$6 per year, \$4,200; but there is also membership fees, \$5 from males, \$3 from females, not less than \$3,000 more; over \$7,000 with the hope of \$10,000 for doing business of society the first year, \$20,000 the second year, and \$100,000 a year if ever the membership reaches ten thousand."

This statement is intended to lead the reader to believe that the officers of the Grand Assembly receive for their own use fifty cents per month from each member, and \$5 for each male and \$3 for each female member on initiation. But this is a mistake—all wrong, every word of it. The fifty cents per month paid by the members is what is known as the sick and funeral benefit fund, and is paid to sick members at the rate of \$5 per week, and, in case of death, is paid to the legal representatives of the deceased, and not one dollar of it is applied to the use or benefit of any of the officers of the Grand Assembly (see Constitution and Laws of the Assembly of Progress, pages 28, 29, and 30), and the initiation fee of \$5 for males and \$3 for females, referred to by Mr. Reynolds, is paid into the treasury of the respective Subordinate Assemblies, for their sole use and benefit, to pay their hall rents for their meetings, and such other expenses as may be incidental to the organization, and not one dollar of it, except the charter fee, is ever paid to the officers of the Grand Assembly.

This disposes of Mr. Reynolds's \$7,000 for the first year, \$10,000 for the second, and \$20,000 for the third year, "for doing business of society," as Mr. Reynolds was pleased to put it.

Mr. Reynolds makes a serious mistake in the amount to be paid by each member to the officers of the Grand Assembly for the running expenses of the organization. The amount to be paid by each member to defray the necessary expenses of the Grand Assembly is a per capita tax of \$1 per annum for each member, instead of \$6, as stated by Mr. Reynolds, making a difference of \$5 in \$6. Mistakes like this would prove fatal to the banking business. The fees charged by the Grand Assembly for charters and supplies for the formation of new assemblies is \$100. This amount is charged for the charter and supplies furnished by the Grand Assembly as provided by the constitution (see page 24), and to defray the expenses of organizing officers who may be either members of the Grand Assembly, or members of any of the respective Subordinate Assemblies, deputized for that purpose by the Grand Perfect. Surely Mr. Reynolds will not insist that an officer of the Assembly can travel, bear his own expenses, and spend his time for nothing in the organization of assemblies, any more than a lecturer can travel, bear his own expenses, and work for nothing.

After furnishing the charter supplies, paying for the transportation, and paying the organizing officer, there is less than five per cent of the \$100 charter fees received by the Grand Assembly, and the only source of revenue now provided by the constitution and laws of the Order to defray the expenses of the Grand Assembly are a per capita tax of fifty cents upon each member semi-annually, and what profit there may be in fur-

nishing needed supplies to the Subordinate Assemblies; and the amount of supplies needed by the Subordinate Assemblies, after the charter supplies have been furnished, would be so limited that at a ten per cent profit, which is the profit charged by the Grand Assembly, in all reasonable probability it would not amount to more than \$2 to each assembly per annum. And it is a matter of grave doubt with the officers of the Grand Assembly whether the sources of revenue provided by the laws of the Order will be sufficient to pay the actual cost of printing and binding books, formularies, circulars, and purchasing other supplies, correspondence, and the various incidental expenses attending the organization for the next two years; and at that time the officers of the Grand Assembly are chosen from among members of the various Subordinate Assemblies.

Thus it appears from the facts that the statements and insinuations made by Mr. Reynolds of "fat jobs," "the division of spoils," etc., by the managers, as Mr. Reynolds is disposed to call the originators of the Assembly of Progress, are without the slightest foundation, and I consider such an attack by a Liberal very unkind, in the inception of an organization founded in the interest of the cause of Freethought and liberty, and particularly so by one who, from his statements, has never read the constitution and laws governing the Order.

The business and beneficiary workings of the Order are based upon the same principles as those adopted by those old and standard societies, such as the I.O.O.F., A.O.U.W., Royal Arcanum, and Independent Order of Foresters, and the monthly mortality assessment upon death is fixed upon the same basis, not taken from theory but from the long and actual experience of those societies. And while our rate of death assessment is just about the same as those societies named (see table, Constitution and By-laws, page 17, and compare), our initiations are much less than in any of the orders named, and our sources of revenue much less than those of other orders, and yet I have heard of none of them wherein any of the managers grew rich out of the fat jobs and division of spoils.

But the facts are, the Assembly of Progress has been organized by men who are Liberals and have been members of other benevolent societies, and are therefore somewhat acquainted with the work, and in founding this organization they have been actuated by none but the best motives, with a view to form an organization that would become general, wherein Liberals could unite together and advance the cause of truth and freedom undisturbed by superstition and pledges of faith so common to the orthodox creed; and the Assembly of Progress is gaining and growing and will gain and grow in numbers, notwithstanding the opposition by the so-called religious world, and the jealousies, now and then, of a cold Liberal.

J. M. VOSS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Luce Takes a Drop.

FRIEND GEORGE MACDONALD: It is so seldom that the great Jehovah gets his work in on the Infidel when he has so many of his own family to wreak vengeance on, that a mismanagement on his part should be chronicled with the many thousand other mistakes and absurdities recorded in his holy nightmare. My brother-in-law, Mark Beal, and myself have had the sad experience of demonstrating to our entire satisfaction the fact of Newton's discovery by the breaking of our swinging stage, precipitating us a distance of thirty feet and landing us with such suddenness as to stop a clock in the adjoining house and sour the water in a passing milk wagon, as well as severely, though I hope not fatally, injuring our internal organs, together with making it very disagreeable for us to recline in a sitting posture for some weeks to come. Our want of mustard-seed faith in providence probably saved us from instant death; while with our abundance of faith in kind and consoling friends and skilled medical assistance, together with your fervent prayers, we hope within a few weeks to turn the other cheek or continue retaliating. However, in the mean time mail me Big and Little Casino [Truth Seeker and FREETHOUGHT] until I am able to call for them myself.

San Francisco.

FRED S. LUCE.

Nautically Put.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Harriet Beecher Stowe says: "The Christian world, just now, is like a ship that is tacking. It has lost the wind on one side and not quite got it on the other."

It is reasonable to suppose she refers to the old gospel ship. Do you

think her sails will ever fill again? I don't think they will. She has missed stays; we see her lying, sails flapping, dead in the wind. A moment later we see her trying to wear ship. We see her trying to back round and make her crooked theology agree with science. She never can. She is a doomed ship. She is fast drifting into the breakers and will soon be broken up.

Now just cast your weather eye to windward and see the good ship Infidel as she walks away from a lee shore. She is a good ship, well officered and has an able crew. All is harmony on board. Our skipper's name is Science; first and second officers, Truth and Justice. My name is Dennis. I'm the last man on deck in the second mate's watch. My watch is on deck now. When the officer of the deck deems the tack run out, his order is to stand by the braces. Every man on deck is at his post; not a sound will be heard until the officer of the deck breaks the silence with his "hard alee, let go and haul." Down goes the helm; the yards swing to their places; the ship goes about with a merry bound, and bows away on the other tack. She cocks her weather eye into the wind and seems to say, as with a sarcastic smile, "I am almost as fleet as the devil." Now this good ship, as she sails away with the torch of Reason in her maintop, is bound to drive superstition from the seas.

DENNIS.

The Farmer and Short Hours.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I see that Mr. J. C. Weybright is still in the field against me. I should have been willing to let the matter rest, but since Mr. Weybright calls upon me by innuendo to show that Mr. Ingersoll is wrong in regard to what he says on the labor question, I will inform him that if he was a farmer, and hired help, he would be forced to the dilemma that either he was uncivilized, or else Mr. Ingersoll was wrong. At present prices of produce and rates of wages, there is hardly a farmer in the United States who could afford to hire men working eight hours a day. Their labor could not possibly benefit the farmer as much as he would have to pay them. Yet are they on that account uncivilized? I doubt it. I have the highest regard for Mr. Ingersoll's opinions. I often admire his giant intellect, his powerful reason, and his social habits. But, as I said in my former article, "we can only form a correct judgment in regard to things with which we are familiar;" and since Mr. Ingersoll has not seen every phase of life his judgment must necessarily be wrong some times.

I have no doubt Mr. Weybright's ideas are to a great extent my own, but our dispositions are dissimilar. Mr. Weybright discontentedly looks at the flowers in other people's gardens, while I contentedly enjoy the flower I find by the wayside, and suck its golden sweets.

Since the world is not as we would like to have it, let us make the best of everything as we find it, and we will improve the world by doing so and be happier for it. But, for all things, let us deal in facts, face the music, and discard all sentimentalism.

ROBERT GUNTHER.
Eureka, Cal.

Putnam's Experience.

To the Editors of Freethought:

A perusal of the first pages of Putnam's Religious Experience reminded me of Anthony Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," and, like it, I consider Putnam's Experience a valuable addition to religious literature which should be read by every minister of the "gospel" of emotion, which its pages so clearly demonstrate the Christian religion to be. However, I am pleased to say that its final pages record entirely different conclusions to those arrived at by Richard Markham, the hero of Froude's "Nemesis."

Putnam lands on the crest of the tidal wave of scientific Freethought; Markham, in the trough of the sea of despond and faith. I trust its sale will be large, both on account of its matter and as a deserved encouragement to the talented and industrious author.

W. F. FREEMAN.
Stockton, Cal. 386 Ophir st.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Summerville.....	Aug. 2, 3, 4	Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16
Heppner.....	Aug. 4, 5, 6	Davenport.....	Aug. 17, 18, 19
Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11	Colville.....	Aug. 22, 23, 24
Rosalia.....	Aug. 13	Buckley.....	Aug. 29
Plaza.....	Aug. 14	Puyallup.....	Sept. 5, 6, 7

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year. The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

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Washington Secular Union.

Mr. C. B. Reynolds forwards the following list of contributions which he has received for the Secular defense fund:

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via C. C. Glenn, Montesano,	10.50
via Jas. Jarrell, Stella,	6.00
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B. F. Brown, Olympia,	5.00
F. A. Day, Costano, Ia.,	20.00
John Gronow, Seattle,	2.00
P. Jensen, Davenport,	1.00

Total received to date, July 31, 1890, \$73.50
If any have remitted not here acknowledged please write me at once.

C. B. REYNOLDS Sec.

2104 Sixth street, Seattle, Wash.

Another Pioneer Gone.

Died, July 6, 1890, the Rev. Abraham E. Garrison, aged 69 years, 11 months, and 20 days. He was born in Ohio July 17, 1810, moving to Indiana, where he was married to Margaret Miller, in 1829. Was converted and united with the M. E. church the same year, and licensed to preach in 1830. He came to Oregon in 1846. Arriving in Yamhill county in the winter, he settled on his donation land claim two miles west of Amity, where he died. He was a good man, respected by his neighbors, faithful to his God, and loyal to his church. As a preacher, he was above the average. He was the father of fourteen children, ten living, who, with thirty-three grandchildren, twenty-four great-grandchildren, mourn a loving father. His funeral was conducted by the writer, in the Baptist church at Amity July 7. The house was crowded with sorrowing friends, who furnished a great many nice flowers for the occasion, following the example he has set for many years, furnishing many flowers for such occasions. Bro. Garrison died as he had lived—in the faith of the gospel, the last words uttered by him being, "Come, come, Jesus, come soon."—J. H. in the Yamhill County Reporter.

[The Rev. Mr. Garrison was the father of one of the active Liberal ladies of McMinnville, Or., Mrs. Martha J. Olds, at whose request the above obituary notice is printed in FREETHOUGHT. We are informed that Mr. Garrison was greatly disturbed over the Liberal tendencies of his children, and died in great doubt as to the goodness of God being sufficient to save them.]

Where to Hang the Motto.

Minister—Here's a motto I want the eyes of my congregation to dwell upon until its words are engraved upon the tablets of the people's memory. Shall I hang it here in the center of the pulpit?

Minister's wife—Oh, no, hang it over yonder in the corner right side of the clock.

Same as Elsewhere.

Teacher—What regulates the supply of liquor in Maine?

Bright boy [who reads the newspapers]—The demand.

A Lesson from the Burro.

He stood by the fence of a mountain ranch
 A pitiful, sad-eyed burro;
 There wasn't an edible leaf or branch,
 And the alkali ground,
 For miles around
 Had never a sign of farrow.
 "Ah me!" he sighed, "I'm sad it's so,
 But life is an endless tussle;
 They've let me go in the storm and snow,
 For they know I am used to rustle.
 "I can go a day on a sardine can
 And two on a scrap of leather;
 I have lived a week on a Chinese fan,
 And it's even plain
 That I sometimes gain
 On only a change of weather.
 The lazy ones feed on hay, indeed!
 But I, who have nerve and muscle—
 They say: "He'll do; he will worry through;
 He's a wonderful brute to rustle."
 Oh, sorrowful burro, thin and sad,
 I feel to you like a brother.
 With the human race it's just as bad,
 For the tramp and shirk
 Must escape from work
 By the bountiful sweat of another.
 There are some that stand with glove in hand
 In the infinite toil and bustle;
 They sing and play, but they've lots of hay—
 They never have learned to rustle!

A Difference in Accent.

Saint Wanamaker, with a quickened con-
 science, rises to a question of privilege and ex-
 plains to his Sunday-school that he never did
 anything for himself; he was elevated to the
 postmaster-generalship by God. That is what a
 good many men have been saying lately. But
 with more emphasis.—Bierce.

Looking Up.

Clergyman—How is Brown coming on since
 he failed in business? Rather down-hearted, I
 suppose.
 Smith—No, I think not. The last time I
 saw him he was looking up and trying to be
 hopeful.
 "Ah, I'm glad to hear that!"
 "He was trying to drink from a jug."

Journalistic Enterprise.

Permit us to introduce to you miss Hattie
 McCall, of Pennsylvania, a young miss of 16
 summers, who will pick \$400 worth of huckle-
 berries this season and lift the mortgage on her
 father's farm. It's a little early to give this
 item, but we want to be ahead of all the other
 paragraphers, whether there are any huckleber-
 ries to pick or not.—Detroit Free Press.

Biblical Information.

Sunday-school Teacher—Who wrote the epis-
 tle to the Hebrews?
 Little Mabel—Paul, ma'am.
 Sunday-school Teacher—That is right. Now,
 wasn't he called Saul at one time?
 Little Mabel—Yes'm. That was his name
 before he was married.

Census Report.

A furious native American census enumerator
 (appointed, as alleged, through the influence of
 Governor Waterman) is said to have summed up
 his returns as follows: Totals in my district:
 80 Amsterdam Dutch; 63 other d—n Dutch; 44
 Irish; three white men.—Weekly Star.

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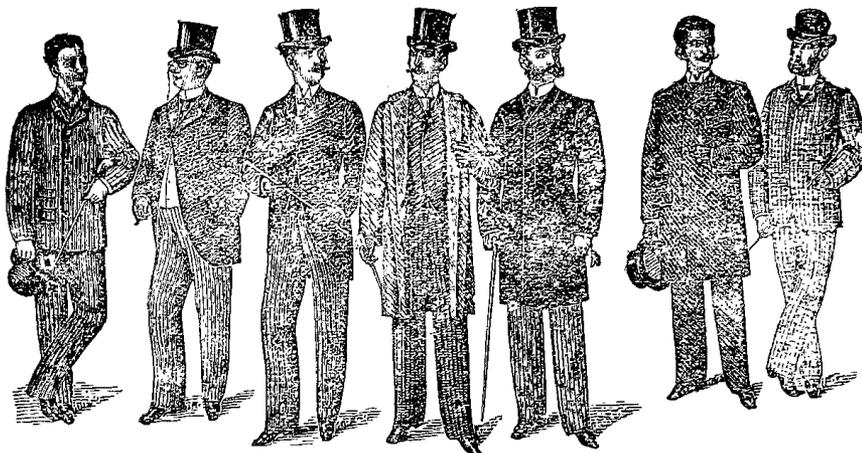
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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Things are cool and comfortable at Cobb's Hotel, John Day, when I arrive in the heat and dust from the long, mountainous journey. Mine landlord is always ready with a welcome for the Secular Pilgrim. After supper, A. Knight, the veteran of our cause in this community, and a knight indeed without fear and without reproach, found me upon the piazza in a restful mood, and we exchanged congratulations and surveyed the situation with the ardor of soldiers about the camp-fire. The flag was floating though many a weary march had been passed.

I slept well that night and the brilliant morning found me an almost new-made man. Not an ache or pain was left. Sitting at the breakfast table at a not very early hour, and glancing out of the window, the first two I saw were W. B. Davis and Major Magone. They had joined forces somewhere in the valley. With these there is no such word as fail. Major Magone denies that he is one hundred years old. I believe he is growing younger and will greet the next centennial of the republic. He owns a lake about twelve miles out, well-stocked with fish, with beautiful trees about it and a boat with the star spangled banner, and I wanted to visit this gay and festive retreat, but time would not allow. I presume that is the only place in the world where I could catch a fish.

John Day is quite a "corner" for business. All the stages pass by here and much trading is done. Here the immigrants and the miners do congregate, and the cowboy is seen.

Major Magone took me around the little city for a morning walk. In a cool, shadowy place yclept the Methodist parsonage, from which the parsons have disappeared, I found Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Ramsby. Mr. Ramsby's father is a Methodist minister, of gentle and Liberal spirit, who is not afraid to attend the Freethought meetings and shake hands with the Infidel. Him I have met in the land of Silverton. His brother, uncle to "Eph," is Maxwell Ramsby, the stalwart Liberal of Haystack. So the Methodist parsonage was the home of Freethought after all. Mrs. Ramsby is a lover of nature and depicts the scenes about here with an artist's brush. Down below, in the shining valley, are

the broad acres of Mr. B. C. Trowbridge, whose house is under the majestic trees. Towards this we saunter. We find Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge shelling peas, and we join in the "picnic." Then comes the delicious buttermilk, and a rest in the big, long room, with a look at the baby, which is about six months old. There was a temptation to stay until dinner, in this pleasant home, but a lot of work to be done in the afternoon prevented. The major wanted I should take a good look at the bull-calf, which he declared to be the handsomest he ever set eyes on since the landing of Columbus, and I think he is about right, and I hereby record the merits of that calf on the pages of FREETHOUGHT.

So the day quickly passed and evening came on and a fair attendance was at the lecture. It was the hottest day of the season, the thermometer running up to about 104. Generally it grows cool at sundown in this country, but this time the heat lasted until near midnight, and the unusual warmth prevented some from going to the lecture, for the hall was almost like an oven. However, with Ramsby and Davis and Knight as co-workers, the meeting was successfully carried on, and John Day town can be reckoned upon hereafter as a live point.

John Schmidt was present from Canyon City, and he is always ready to be in line, even if he has to walk. A few more such Liberals and Canyon City would also be a live point.

Geo. Nizely, surveyor, is still measuring the earth, but has not yet found the dimensions of the New Jerusalem.

Judge Maxey was present at the lectures. Also John Wolfinger, G. W. Dart, R. V. Bunn, J. J. Comegys, E. O. Comegys, J. Haptonstall, Chas. Timms, Edison Timms, J. D. Combs—deputy-sheriff—S. Elliott, John Shelley, Wm. Burns, etc., can be counted on.

Ramsby takes me home, and I sleep in the Methodist parsonage, but not the ghost of a clergyman haunts me, nor do I hear the whisper of a golden harp. I am well taken care of by my generous hosts, and early in the morning, after bidding good-bye to many friends, I am off for Prairie City. It is the white steeds of Davis that bear us through the glittering sunshine. The John Day valley opens upon the vision in the loveliness of summer's harvest. The Strawberry Butte, and lesser heights for miles away, wall in the green fields with sapphire splendors. The snow is on the Butte still. It has a cooling appearance, as if it would be a nice place for strawberries and cream in its lofty chamber, where winter lingers unwilling to abandon so picturesque a spot. Summer woos with wild and varied beauty, and likes to keep up a gentle flirtation with the frosty king and make him forget the thunders and the tempest. The sunshine is not quite so hot, looking at these brilliant crowns of snow that seem almost within your reach if you but cross the winding river and plunge into the dark brown forest.

Davis's calculations were just right, and we arrived at the hotel at twelve o'clock precisely with a first-class appetite for a first-class dinner, which J. W. Bates, the Liberal landlord, always

gives—etceteras likewise—and the traveler can refresh himself, and when the evening comes be ready for work.

Blinn is here, driving all the way from Baker City to be present at the lecture. He is ever a jovial comrade, and has a heart for any fate. Prairie City abounds with Liberals, although many of them are willing to let things drift, trusting in the "manifest destiny" of the American Republic. Things will be all right anyway, seems to be their motto as with multitudes. But there are some staunch Liberals who believe in work, in progress, and that man is his own providence and must make the civilization which he enjoys. I have a good time at Prairie. It has the sparkle of frontier life. I lecture in the evening on "The Religious Conspiracy." Among our allies at this post are M. Howell, Dr. Prudens, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Allie Thompson, Dardoff, Robert and Wm. Tureman, Gillette, Jack Dickson, John Lawrence, Sullens, Sam French, Harding, etc. It is a pleasure to meet these friends in this fair valley, with the bright mountain sentinels on guard for liberty. Orthodoxy doesn't flourish much here, for nature is too big, too grand, too wild and lovely for the dull creeds of the past. People here look ahead and don't believe in trusting in anything but their own grit.

On Friday morning I start for Baker. A long dusty ride is before me of nearly seventy miles. Up and down the mighty hills we go. Over the clouds of dust the green forests roll away. In the splendid evening, dashing down the long arcades of shining trees, we speed into Sumpter valley, with its broad and level fields glittering with gold and green. At Sumpter Valley Hotel Miss Davis, daughter of our good friend W. B. Davis, gives welcome and cheer to the traveler, as landlady of this half-way house. The next morning we pursue the journey. We pass through the "deserted village" of Auburn, a most melancholy place. Only a few Chinamen now work the mines, for a dollar or two a day, where once thousands thronged and gathered treasures.

The first friend I met at Baker was J. L. Baisley. He looks as if the world was using him well, which is not only for his advantage, but for the advantage of Liberalism, for Baisley is always ready to do his share for Freethought, and gives as well as takes of the good things of time and fortune. I can't write of North Powder or Union this week.

I am now at Geo. A. Thompson's ranch, Antelope valley. We are going up on the hills—children and all—with ice-cream, chicken, etc., and get all the heaven there is in this world from the tops of the mountains. Thompson says he is going to treat me after the fashion of the devil; he is going to take me up into a high place and show me the glory of the earth. All of which satanic proceeding will be forthcoming in the annals of the Pilgrim.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WANAMAKER VERSUS TOLSTOI.

When Comrade Tucker, editor of "Liberty," rebuked Mr. Moses Harman a short time ago for precipitating an "ill-timed and misplaced conflict," he probably did not know that he was himself precipitating something. But such is the fact. Comrade Tucker is the translator of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," a weird and unwholesome story—not unwholesome in the sense that it is indecent, but unwholesome in its doctrine, because unnatural. The text of the story is in the words attributed to Christ: "But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart;" and Tolstoi holds that this is equally true whether the woman be the wife of the offender or the wife of another man. Whether Tolstoi

is right or not is of no importance, and whether the words attributed to Christ are true or not is equally immaterial, since offenses committed only in the imagination cannot be of a sufficiently serious nature to excite alarm. But the conclusion reached by the author, that because marriage often leads to more or less trouble, therefore universal celibacy is right, is what we refer to as unwholesome; and Comrade Tucker himself confesses that the work is of a reactionary character.

The "Kreutzer Sonata," however, is to be suppressed. Postmaster-General John Wanamaker has issued an order prohibiting the work from being received at any postoffice in the United States for transportation through the mails. It does not transpire who made the complaint, but the book was submitted to the assistant attorney-general, Mr. Tyner, and he decided against its mailability.

It would be superfluous to say that the book under consideration is not obscene, or that it does not come under the provisions of the law against indecent literature. Condemnation by Wanamaker reveals nothing of the character of the prohibited book except, perhaps, that it is worth reading, and a work written with the best of motives and calculated to do good is as likely to be suppressed as one whose motives are obviously vicious and which is capable of doing great harm. The very book that Wanamaker draws his Sunday texts from would not be tolerated in any Christian family except for the superstitious veneration in which it is held. Ostensibly the so-called Comstock laws are for the suppression of obscene literature, but the way in which they are applied shows that such is not their object, but rather the suppression of literature that is obnoxious to Anthony Comstock.

Where this thing is to end nobody knows, although it is easy for anybody to guess. Our present administration went to work early, and already has three victims—Harman, Heywood, and Medium Reid, with Comrade Tucker in sight. If so much can be done in six months, where will four years of it land us? We should not be surprised in the least if the next assault were upon one of the Liberal papers, the "Truth Seeker," for instance, whose weekly cartoons must be a red rag to the orthodox bull. And if a successful drive is made at that paper, attacks upon others will follow until, in the language of Comstock, "the class of literature published by Freethinkers will be stamped out." Rather than have this occur it would be better that all laws regulating the "moral" character of mail matter should be repealed. Some literature is a nuisance, but the whole of it is not so great an evil as Comstockism.

MORE RUSSIAN METHODS PROPOSED.

That superfluous official, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, has recently addressed to Congress a message dealing with the question of a lottery in North Dakota, wherein he recommends that the United States mails be closed to all lottery companies. But Mr. Harrison goes further, and assuming without argument that the mails are "intended only to serve the purposes of legitimate trade and decent social intercourse," says:

"It may also be necessary to so regulate the carrying of letters by express companies as to prevent the use of these agencies to maintain communication between lottery companies and their agents or customers in other cities."

So this supervision is to be extended and an espionage exercised not only over mail matter, but express matter also; that is, the government spies may dip their hands into mail or merchandise intrusted to private carriers, and pass upon its morality; and

every office of the great express companies must have a United States inspector to examine all goods received for shipment. This would create new clerkships for such of President Harrison's relatives as are not already provided for at government expense, and the money now invested in lottery tickets would be used to pay their salaries. We confess that we do not see much difference between the two methods of disposing of the people's money, except this—that nobody is obliged to buy a lottery ticket, while to pay for useless clerkships the money is forcibly extorted from citizens in the form of taxes. These gentlemen like Mr. Harrison who live on government pay should be more retiring when the question of robbing the people is up for discussion. Having feathered their own nests at public expense, they might be good enough to let the citizen spend as he chooses such funds as the landlord and tax-collector have left in his possession.

Nothing can be said in favor of lotteries, either in North Dakota or in the city of Washington, where a plaque painted by Mr. Harrison's wife was recently disposed of at a church fair by the lottery method. Lotteries are too much like land speculation, stock gambling, and political office-seeking to be morally defensible. They should be suppressed by means of the boycott, not by a system of espionage that creates bribers on the one side and spies and bribe-takers on the other.

THE editor of the "Pacific Union," in rebuking a contemporary for some reflection on the church, says:

"The man who stands in the pulpit and by the hour draws out sickening twaddle to diamond-bedecked thieves and oppressors of the poor, is no more a representative of Christianity than was Satan when he stood upon 'an exceeding high mountain' and offered Jesus 'all the kingdoms of the world' if he would 'fall down and worship him.'"

If the "Pacific Union" intends by the above comparison to deny that the popular churches accurately represent Christianity, it is in error. Christianity is whatever its exponents make it. The religion known under that name seems to have started out as a sort of Salvation Army, grown into a papacy, got to be a state religion, Catholic in one age and place and Protestant in another, but always labeled Christianity. Its votaries have been ascetics or voluptuaries, virtuous or vile, princes and paupers, yet always labeled Christians. What the doctrine of Christ was, if he had any, nobody knows, and it is not important. We find Christianity to-day, as represented by Protestantism, a social and political force, conservative and mean and reactionary. As represented by Catholicism, it is a political machine working for its own aggrandizement and the augmentation of its own power. In every form Christianity has assumed it has opposed progress and civilization. Its great body of adherents have always been at the tail-end of the procession, and this non-progressive spirit has ever been and is to-day the one distinguishing feature of Christianity, which it is every reformer's province to resist.

MANY people in San Francisco will remember the recent visit to this coast of a woman from India called Pundita Ramabai, whose mission was to raise money to rescue the child widows of India from the state of ignorance to which they are condemned by oriental customs. She succeeded in raising money to the amount of \$80,000. How much progress she has made toward rescuing the widows is told by a Mr. Wilson, who has just returned from Bombay. He says:

"We found her in a two-story house of seven or eight rooms some distance from the center of Bombay. When we called she had only one pupil with her, a little widow of six years. She said that she had four

or five others, but they were away on a vacation. The Pundita said that it was extremely difficult to get the children, and she expected to have to buy them from their parents. It was three or four months since she had begun her work. As to her future, she talked about renting a larger house, though she had plenty of room then evidently. She did not talk quite as enthusiastically as she did when she was here. I do not know the condition of her fund."

Mr. Wilson adds that he does not think Ramabai has accomplished much or is likely to; and that the same is true of all our foreign missionaries. The natives said to him: "Why do you send missionaries here? We don't want them, and they do more harm than good." The conclusion to be made from Mr. Wilson's report is plain enough. This woman has simply drawn \$80,000 from American sympathy, and is doing nothing with it. The "pupil" found with her is doubtless her servant, as it is a well-known fact that missionaries in India rarely convert any more of the natives than they need to wait upon them.

WHEN the Freethought Society discontinued its meetings at Union Square Hall, Mrs. Johnson, the faith-healer, moved in. It is Mrs. Johnson's claim that she was at one time transported to heaven, returning to earth on a ray of light. She brought with her the ability to so imbue a quart bottle of water with virtue that it is worth a dollar, and, taken in faith, has power for the healing of nations. Dr. Dowie, the Australian fakir, denies Mrs. Johnson's pretensions and denounces her as an impostor and a Jezebel. The lady returns the compliment, and doubtless both get pretty near to the truth.

DR. HANNON, pastor of the Centenary Methodist church on Bush street, told his hearers recently that there was no use in improving the fire department because when God desired to rebuke the city he would burn it up anyway. Said he: "If ten righteous men were to be found here, San Francisco would be fire-proof." And we might add that if there were fools enough like the Rev. John Hannon it would not be safe to start a fire in a stove for fear of burning the town. We understand that Mr. Hannon is paid a good salary for preaching this sort of twaddle.

THE First Congregational church is to have a new two-thousand-pipe organ, the interior of the edifice will be renovated, ceilings frescoed, pews and pulpits upholstered luxuriously, and nothing that the decorator can do will be neglected, because the congregation is rich. Nevertheless it must cause the members of the church a feeling akin to sadness to remember that the man who built up the church, the Rev. Dr. Barrows, ran away a few weeks since under charges of immorality and has not returned with his promised vindication, though urgently requested to do so.

THE Young Men's Institute, which had its parade in San Francisco the first of the week, is to the Catholic church what the Young Men's Christian Association is to the Protestant, except that it is more military in its character. The procession last Monday was a St. Patrick's day parade in clean shirts. The motto of the organization is *Pro Deo, pro Patria*, which means for God and for country, though the existence of such an organization in America augurs worse for the country than for God, whatever God may have the bad pre-eminence to be.

THEY have two chaplains at the Folsom penitentiary in this state—one a Catholic, the other a Protestant—and the convicts can worship in either form they desire. To pay these two chaplains the state appropriates seventy-five dollars per month, of

which the priest receives forty dollars and the parson thirty-five. The difference of remuneration in favor of the former is supposed to be justified by the fact that he has a larger congregation.

We have received from Washington, D. C., a copy of "The Working Woman" marked "Important." The leading article in the paper sets forth that Mrs. J. W. Mackay, the Bonanza Queen, was the daughter of Jack Hungerford, who once worked as a barber at the Montgomery baths down town, and that Mrs. Mackay formerly descended to the performance of housework in her husband's service at Virginia City. None of which is of any importance at all.

HAVING examined the grounds upon which Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan bases his prediction, mentioned in last week's FREETHOUGHT, that devastation and ruin are to overtake this country, we find that he reasons from "sciences" that he has "esoterically cultivated." This is not so bad as it would be if there were a foundation for Professor Buchanan's apprehensions.

OUR friend and subscriber, the Hon. Max Pracht, has been reappointed collector of customs at Sitka, Alaska. The "Alaskan," published at Sitka, reports that there was an "indecent, malicious, and hypocritical fight against his confirmation," but affirms that the respectable people of the territory are heart and soul with Collector Pracht.

THE "Agitator," a journal of the Young Men's Christian Association at Augusta, Me., invites the Freethought Publishing Company to forward books for "notice of commendation" in its columns. We have sent the "Agitator" Putnam's "Religious Experience" as a starter.

PROF. W. S. BELL's lecture route is outlined on another page. He will follow in the tracks of the Secular Pilgrim with the exception of those made by the latter when he was lost in the dark between Mitchell and Straub's.

COLONEL INGERSOLL and family are spending the summer at Elberon, N. J., where the daughter, Mrs. Eva Ingersoll Brown, has a beautiful cottage by the sea.

To the shame of American jurisprudence, Ezra H. Heywood has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment at hard labor.

OBSERVATIONS.

Charles Watts, after laboring hard in the lecture field in this country, went to Europe a few weeks since for recreation; but the news comes that he has been speaking at London and Birmingham. Mr. Watts's vacation is something like Artemus Ward's intermission. "We will now have an intermission of fifteen minutes," remarked Mr. Ward, in the course of an address, "during which I will proceed with my lecture."

The title of Dr. Anderson's paper, "The Scientific Evidence of the Existence of the Soul," is not a misnomer, provided that the soul is what he thinks it is. The doctor's method is scientific; that is, he takes facts, classifies them under different heads, and from their concurrent testimony draws conclusions which he regards as warranted. I have before read somewhere the statement that man alone reaches the condition of self-consciousness and realizes that he has consciousness. A man, to illustrate, knows that he is a man, but it is difficult to believe that a dog ever stopped to reflect upon the fact that he is a dog. A man knows things, and can so far compound his thought as to know that he knows; while no brute, however sagacious, can be sup-

posed to contemplate his own wisdom. This is a good definition of the difference, in point of intelligence, between the man and the brute. The man's thought doubles on its own trail, returns to its starting-point, and contemplates that, which the dog's thought does not do. But this doesn't demonstrate a soul; it simply discovers a process.

Dr. Anderson desires that Materialists should explain how it is that those born blind see in somnambulism and dreams. No doubt the Materialists will be glad to accommodate Dr. Anderson when he convinces them that blind somnambulists and dreamers do actually see. Blind people have had objects described to them by those possessing sight, and it is quite natural that they should dream of seeing them. It is not scientific, as has been pointed out by Bacon, to suppose a cause any more wonderful than is necessary to produce the result.

I am not quite ready to admit any significance in the dreams of Messrs. de Quincy and Uxhill. No doubt De Quincy dreamed of the events of sixty years while sleeping but five minutes, but the same period can be traversed by the waking individual in less time. In the period of duration required to mention J. Robinson, the thought of a wide-awake thinker can revert to the earliest recorded event in history and proceed thence to that epoch in the future when this old hulk we tread shall be a wreck, a slag, or cinder, drifting through the sky without its crew of fools; and that feat cannot in the nature of things be exceeded in slumber. To crowd into a dream more time than actually elapses while the dream lasts is to repeat the miracle of making a three-year-old calf in a day. Time would still be time though the earth turned upon its axis twice a minute.

When Dr. Anderson says that no building was ever constructed that was not previously present in the consciousness of the architect, he states a general truth. Yet we are not warranted in concluding, hence, that man existed in some superior being's consciousness before he existed in material form. The first house was a cave, and the first man who lived in it was a good way below the popular conception of an angel. In fact, he was not much above the present dwellers in caves, which are brutes. The modern building results from an evolution from the cave to the hovel, from the hovel to the house. The Flood residence on Nob hill could not have existed in the mind of a troglodyte, and it did not exist in the consciousness of the architect who planned it until a similar structure had been carried into his mind by the physical sense of sight. If a superior mind had conceived the human race, it is reasonable to suppose that men would have been made but "little lower than the angels," as taught by the old theological doctrines, instead of beginning low down among the apes.

It strikes me that the believers in a "higher ego" are led off the track by mistaking intelligence for something else than what it is. In the first place, the mind is no "higher" than the body; and when it is defined as higher, nobody knows what the definition really means. Pressed for explanation, the Theosophist leads the inquirer farther and farther away from definite terms, and finally lands him in the track of a "ray from the absolute." As a distinguished orator has remarked, "It won't do." A ray from the absolute might answer for a skylight, but it is too unstable for the foundation even of a philosophy. What we want to do is to trace things downward for their source instead of upward. We may look elsewhere, if we wish, for our destiny, but everything about us that we know of has its root in the earth. If there is an ego separate from the personal one, it had the same source. I am ready to confess that there are two of me—one responsible, the other irresponsible; the one discreet, the other reckless; the one knowing what is the more politic, the other convinced of what is nearer right. The former has my indorsement, the latter my sympathy. There are two of me—one representing judgment, seeing how I should demean myself, recognizing the faults of me and rebuking them—that is what might be called the "higher ego." Again, there is my natural and visible self, the party that works reluctantly several days of the week under the spur of the "higher ego," but breaks away Sunday and goes to the baseball game. That is the lower ego, and I notice that it has to rustle to keep the higher ego from deserting it; in consideration of which service I like to give it as

good a time and make life as pleasant for it as I can while it is on earth. Besides, according to Dr. Anderson the higher ego is a stranger—some fellow whose shade hung around the vicinity where my parents lived before the war, waiting for my advent so that he might occupy me, as it were, and subsist on the labor of my lower ego. About this stranger, and his reputation for truth and veracity, I know nothing; he may have been George Washington, or he may have been the champion liar of Kennebec county. There is nothing in my character from which to determine his identity, as I am truthful or otherwise by turns. But I have not much to thank him for. He has not the kindness to inform me when an opinion I may hold is either right or wrong, so that I am often mistaken. He does not even take the trouble to advise me, as he might easily do, that my arguments against his previous existence are fallacious.

THE UNDERSIGNED

In account with the San Francisco Freethought Society,	
July 6. Received of Treasurer	\$12 50
Later. Frank Butler	1 00
“ W. H. Eastman	1 00
“ C. E. Spafford	50
“ Mrs. Hakius	1 00
“ John Beaumont	1 00
“ A friend	50
“ Jos Larsen	1 00
“ Mr. Sullivan	50
“ F. Luce	50
“ Mrs. Lindal	1 00
“ H. Aiken	1 00
“ J. Schroeder	50
“ E. S. Lemme	50
“ Miss M. Krauer	1 00
“ L. Diamant	1 00
Total receipts	\$24 50
July 26. Paid Prof. A. A. Saunders bal. rent of hall for May	\$5 00
Rent of hall for June	20 00
Rent of hall for July	5 00
Printed monthly cards	5 00
Notices sent out	1 00
Total expenditures	\$36 00
Total receipts	24 50
Due the undersigned	\$11 50

A correspondent of the "Examiner" inquires how James G. Blaine came to be called the "Plumed Knight," and the editor replies:

"From the speech of Robert G. Ingersoll in the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati in 1876. In placing his name before the convention, Ingersoll compared him to Henry of Navarre, whose white plume showed where was the front of the battle, and the comparison caught the popular fancy."

The "Examiner" is responsible for the "comparison," and the popular fancy yet remains to be caught by it. Colonel Ingersoll's language was as follows:

"Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor."

Henry of Navarre was not in it.

Mr. Frank M. Coburn, who in a letter to FREETHOUGHT last week declared himself in fact a Nationalist, proposes some measures which I do not indorse. For instance, he says he would have all the churches converted into lecture halls, but he does not explain how that can be done. The churches belong to the people who built them, and however desirable it might be to have them converted, there is no way of effecting that end. I would propose as a substitute the conversion of the members, which can be done by inducing them to read FREETHOUGHT.

Mr. Coburn would stop all immigration of laboring people. I would not. Foreigners do many kinds of work that I would not like to do. Some of them likewise surpass Americans in skill, and we can learn much of them. Besides, they might desire to live in America, and we should give to other human beings all the rights that we claim for ourselves.

"I would have protection for those industries where there is competition of cheap labor in Europe," says Mr. Coburn. By which he means, I presume, that at every port he would station a number of licensed pirates, called custom house officials, with authority to forcibly seize and levy upon the property of passengers. Thus Mr. Coburn would exclude the poor entirely, and not admit those possessing goods until he had reduced them as near as practicable to the estate of those excluded. This seems to me to be a violation of the requirements of common courtesy. It is our first duty to conduct ourselves like gentlemen toward those who have never injured or offended us.

Argues Mr. Coburn: "It must be either right or wrong to sell liquor. If right, the license should be no more than any other business. If it is wrong, it should be stopped," presumably by law. I have come to the conclusion that we should be cautious about resisting by force anything that is not imposed by force. Under Mr. Coburn's rule somebody might remark that if the business of the Freethought Publishing Company is right it should be licensed; if not right, it should be suppressed. Only those having a physical majority on their side can afford to take Mr. Coburn's numerous positions.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The striking ironmolders are doing their part to furnish the residents of San Francisco with a man for breakfast once a week or oftener. Last Saturday evening a striker named Siebert assaulted a non-union molder in a cable car and was shot through the body, dying a few hours later. On the same evening two non-union men were mobbed and beaten on Second street, but defended themselves with a revolver until they could reach a place of safety. Sunday evening James Corcoran, a union man, began shooting at two non-union men who were looking from a window on Howard street. He was wounded in the shoulder by an officer who arrested him. In the melee John Horan, a marine engineer, received a slight wound in his chest. Sunday evening another striker loaded a large shotgun with slugs and fired through the window of the Golden State and Miners' Foundry at the corner of Clementina and First streets, where eight non-union men were gathered. Some of the men were struck, but not fatally injured. The foundries are now guarded by the police.—A Portland, Or., firm has secured a contract to do all the casting for the Pacific Union Railroad Company for the next five years.—The new cruiser, the San Francisco, built at the Union Iron Works, this city, has been tried and makes good speed.—Oakland's population is set at 51,000, which is a few hundred over Los Angeles.—The English ownership of breweries in San Francisco arouses the opposition of German and American retailers, and last week they held a mass meeting to protest against the foreign monopoly.—There were 142 deaths in San Francisco last week against 86 for the corresponding week of 1889.—The Blythe will contest has been settled in favor of the daughter, Florence.—Mrs. Terry has been defeated by an adverse decision in her attempt to show that some of the late William Sharon's estate belongs to her. The great expense of appealing will probably prevent further action at law.—Kerr, the foundryman who shot Cogan, the striker, is held under \$50,000 bail for trial in the Superior court.

A blizzard devastated portions of Minnesota and South Dakota last Sunday. Near New Richland, Minn., the damage to crops and buildings is placed at \$100,000.—A bridge-jumper named McCaffrey was killed at Boston Aug. 3 by dropping 130 feet into the bay. He struck on his back and sank.—The Rev. W. H. Boone attempted to poison a family of ten persons in Gordon county, Ga., and succeeded in killing three by putting rat poison in the food. All the parties are colored.—Baseball games were stopped at Buffalo and Syracuse, N. Y., last Sunday by the police. The Sunday law is responsible for the outrage.—Failure of crops has forced Kansas farmers to petition the courts "that proceedings in the foreclosure of all real-estate mortgages now pending or that may be commenced within one year from date be delayed."—As many as twenty carloads of California fruit have arrived in Chicago in one day.—Kemmler, the murderer at Auburn, N. Y., who suffered death by electricity, was described as "ignorantly pious."

Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, has been interviewed concerning Bellamy's "Looking Backward." He pronounces the work complete as a story, but a fairy tale, and says its ideas are plagiarized from Carl Marx's "Capital." He added that Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" was a superior work.—Advices from Athens state that Christians in Turkish towns are being persecuted and tortured by the Mohammedans in order to extort money.—Mecca, the holy city of the Moslems, is scourged by cholera. Five hundred deaths from the disease were reported Aug. 3.—Salvador has been victorious in its fight with Guatemala.—Persecution of Jews has been revived in Russia. The government claims that the Jews are Nihilists, which is not to be wondered at if true.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Weekly Star" is publishing the lectures delivered by Dr. McGlynn in this city. The "Star" may be had at 429 Montgomery street for five cents per copy.

Mr. H. Wettstein, of Marengo, Ill., has sent us an extended review of Dr. Jerome A. Anderson's argument on "The Scientific Evidence of the Existence of the Soul." Mr. Wettstein appears to be unconvinced.

A picture of the Lick Observatory is the frontispiece in the Freethinkers' Magazine for August, and about a score of able writers contribute to the literary make-up of the number. Copies of the magazine are for sale at this office for 20 cents each.

Apparently the "Reconstructor," a Spiritualist paper published at Summerland in Santa Barbara county, does not favor Theosophy. The editor says: "The difference of a few hundred-subscribers will not purchase the columns of the 'Reconstructor,' to air the revived fads of oriental mysticism, thus aiding to stab to death the cause we profess to champion."

The Popular Science Monthly for August contains several valuable and interesting articles. Atkinson on the Tariff is as good as anything on that question. Henshaw's contribution on "Missions and Mission Indians in California" throws new and not very favorable light upon Jesuit practices; and "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Hell," by Frederik A. Fernald, is an important addition to religious literature.

"The Roman Catholic Church as Compared to the Great Republic" is an eight-page pamphlet by Col. H. L. Knight, one of the favorite speakers at the Freethought Society. In spite of its brevity, the pamphlet contains more meat than is found in many books of large size. Colonel Knight has been quite sick of late, and burdened with doctor's bills which we hope the sale of this little work will more than offset. It is ten cents per copy; ten copies for fifty cents. We are selling it for the benefit of Brother Knight.

"Natural Morality" is the title given by Mrs. Mary A. White to a catechism on ethical questions just published by the author. The work, which consists of 57 pages of well-printed matter, is intended to give plain and truthful definitions to natural rights and moral axioms, and to thus relieve moral science of the confusion which has heretofore resulted from making artificial obligations or duties to unknown deities paramount to the obligations which mankind owe to each other. In paper covers the work sells for 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. Address Mrs. Mary A. White, 1433 First street, San Diego, Cal.

THE LIBERAL CLASSICS.—The Freethought Publishing Company has for sale the publications of Mr. Peter Eckler, of New York, termed "The Liberal Classics." The books, which are well-named, are as follows: Volney's "Ruins of Empires; and the Law of Nature," with portrait and map of the Astrological Heavens of the Ancients. Pp. 248, paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.—"Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar," by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to which is added Olive Schreiner's "Search for Truth." Pp. 128, paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents.—"Superstition in All Ages; The Last Will and Testament of a Catholic Priest who Abjured all Religious Dogmas." By Jean Meslier. Pp. 339, paper 60 cents, cloth \$1.—"Voltaire's Ro-

mances." Pp. 480, paper \$1, cloth \$1.50. Profusely illustrated.—"History of Christianity." Pp. 864, cloth, reduced price, \$1.50. These books are all published in the most elegant style, and every Liberal should read them.

IN SEARCH OF A GOD.

Brother Knight, in his rejoinder, conveys the idea that he believes that some persons have, at some time, seen God and that their testimony is of more importance than the single denial of the Atheist. Yet he admits that he has never been so fortunate, but only infers a God from phenomena which no power in nature, not intelligent, could accomplish.

Now to the first point: Having discarded Bible proof, and basing his belief upon rational evidence and reason, let me ask him who are the witnesses who can say, "I have seen God walking here," who have seen God and who have evidences of a God which he, I, and all other "mice in the cathedral" haven't got? If he cannot name them, why then insist that the affirmations of those who falsely affirm to have seen God, and fail to produce evidence, are of more importance than the denial of those who refuse the testimony without proof. Does not the burden of proof devolve upon the former?

Supposing I should advertise that I had on exhibition in my establishment a mechanical donkey who could converse intelligently with anyone on any subject. Thousands, no doubt, would call daily to witness the wonderful automaton but see nothing of the kind, and insist that the nearest resemblance to such a machine was—the proprietor himself! But now one individual goes around the world boldly proclaiming aloud the existence of an intelligent mechanical donkey. Brother Knight believes the mystery, relates the anecdote of the Irishman who stole the bread, in confirmation, and asks everybody to believe in the donkey because the one witness who saw him, or said he saw him, is more reliable in evidence than the millions who didn't.

Brother Priestley has kindly and ably answered my opponent's "footprint" arguments, inferring from certain natural phenomena a designer. But I will add that in searching for final causes in explanation of phenomena we must include all phenomena. If, then, a God is a fact, a reality, as such he is a very important part of existence which philosophers in search of a final solution of all existing problems cannot and must not ignore. If, then, in explanation of the complex organism of man, a vastly more complex organism of a God is postulated, it must then be conceded that the mystery of existence is not only not solved, but infinitely augmented by the presentation of a far higher being which now also necessitates a logical explanation.

This being conceded impossible, the greater mystery—God—cannot be reasonably accepted as an explanation for the lesser mystery—man.

Now to the second point: "Like causes ever produce like effects." In five parts of this globe are evolved from the apes different races. All are composed of males and females, the same as all organisms, down to their crudest form; "all marry." This astounding circumstance baffles Brother Knight, and from it he infers in profound awe the existence of a God. Of course without a God they would not marry, continue old bachelors and maids, die celibates, and behold! soon the race would die out! And they all speak; another evidence of a God! Of course they all have vocal organs, and intermingling with each other, it might be supposed that in the course of ages the crude screeches of the monkeys would evolve into more articulate sounds, conveying ideas, etc., yet Brother Knight thinks this is impossible and postulates a great teacher for them who teaches the dumb how to speak!

They all invent. Again profoundly miraculous without a God, isn't it? Why should ape-men ever think of shaping a log into a boat which would lessen their chances of drowning, if there wasn't a God to tell them how? Why should these ignorant Hottentots kill bears, and wear their skins, if a God didn't tell them they would freeze to death without apparel? Why do all races seek to protect themselves from the heat, cold, and general inclemencies of the weather if no God tells them they must seek shelter from the heat in the shade, and shelter from the cold in

dug-outs, huts, or houses; and why should, in course of time, all races seek to increase their store of knowledge and degree of comfort if no God to guide them?

Profoundly mysterious indeed! Why should these identical things happen the five different races, on five different continents, if no God? Why?

As advised before, let our friend study the fascinating philosophy of evolution, and all will be explained.

"They all look to a God." (Not "to God," because this implies there is one, and this God, Brother Knight's God). Certainly; all being alike abjectly ignorant of the profound mysteries of nature, all invested with personal attributes the natural operations of nature which they could not otherwise explain. But the ideas concerning God of no two nations were alike, all had a different conception of their God, and Brother Knight will concede that all believed in false gods, or in gods which his superior intellect now emphatically repudiates. But, being false, will he kindly state how the superstitious notions of the ape-men concerning gods can prove the existence of his God? He believes all these crude notions to have been absurd; what logical sequence then is there between the grotesque notions these nations jointly entertained and Brother Knight's "only true God" which he worships? And if there can be no relationship between the two isolated circumstances, why will he persist to advance, as a proof of a God, something entirely foreign to a God, even if there is one?

"They all hope for a future." Certainly, as I said before, "like causes produce like effects." All nations being alike ignorant, and all individuals alike selfish; all alike placed in similar environments and conditions and all yearning to attain a higher state of bliss than attainable during life, they, in their egotism, postulated this imaginary future life. Cunning priests soon took the advantage of this tendency of man to believe in supernaturalism, and, for their individual gain, universally encouraged these absurd beliefs; and Brother Knight well knows that the several beliefs of all races about a future life, a heaven and hell, have been the sheerest nonsense. Why then bring it up as evidence to prove a God? Only facts will do.

He says: "Man is impossible without a God," but fails to tell what part of the work in the origin of man God performs. Physiology teaches man is conceived, evolved, born, and grows, precisely as the lower animals, and fails to show the mission of God in the work. Indeed Brother Knight knows well that conception and gestation is purely a physical and chemical process, both in animal and man, and God has nothing to do with it. We simply grow, the result of the eternal chemistry of nature.

Whatever can be traced to a cause, can be traced to nature—nothing to a God. Whatever can be understood, is nature—never God. Whatever we can see with eyes and strongest lenses, is nature—never God. Whatever is, is nature—never God.

"There is no creator." This concession annihilates the last conception of our friend's God. Both a creator and a creation are facts or both are fiction. Let him take his choice.

Rochelle, Ill.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE IN WASHINGTON.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISE AND INSTRUCTION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—This being vacation, no further action can be taken in regard to religious worship in public schools till they reopen. But I have in my possession a letter written by R. B. Bryan, state superintendent of public instruction, sent by him to one he supposed to be very desirous to continue the use of the Bible and the Lord's prayer in public schools, in which he writes: "The supreme courts of other states where the provisions of the Constitution and laws are similar to ours, have decided that religious exercises cannot be conducted in connection with school work even to the repeating of the Lord's prayer." When the schools reopen we may have to appeal to the courts so as to definitely settle the question throughout the state.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.—In regard to our state university I have already, in the leading daily papers, published protest of the Washington Secular Union against the resolution of the board of regents "that religious exercises at the university shall be con-

fined to reading the Bible and the repeating of the Lord's prayer." Such religious exercise is most gross violation of the plainest provisions of the state constitution. I am now preparing a personal letter to each of the regents, giving the law and the facts, and am sanguine that before the time arrives to reopen the university they will be induced to rescind that resolution. Should presentation of facts fail to induce them to comply with the law, we must be prepared to try the effects of a mandamus of the courts, and the forfeiture of the \$10,000 appropriation of the legislature. There is no shadow of doubt about the final result.

TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—It is admitted that under our state constitution and laws of the legislature, all exemption from taxation of church property is annulled, but the design of the church fanatics is to obtain delay. They insist on exemption of all church property of less value than \$5,000, ignoring the provisions of the constitution, claiming assessments must all be made this year, under the old law; in the hope that if thus the law is allowed to lie dormant, interest in the matter will decrease and the law become a dead letter. The Washington Secular Union will dispel such hopes by its vigilant and persistent demands for justice, and obedience to the law by church folks. Attorney-General Jones has so far failed to reply to my letter, but the "Post-Intelligencer," leading Republican paper of the state, gives this significant item, under date, July 26: "Governor Ferry has summoned Attorney-General Jones for consultation on important legal business for the state."

The Northern Pacific railroad will hardly pay taxes on its right of way, on the claim of the attorney-general that its exemption from taxation was annulled by the passage of our state constitution, while the exemption of church, private school, and hospital property is continued despite the constitution. The wilful neglect to assess all property equally, as the law provides, may result in serious difficulty in collecting taxes from any property owner who has courage to protest, for it is undeniable that the omission of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property from the tax lists creates greatly increased burdens, and does gross injustice to honest taxpayers.

ENFORCEMENT OF SUNDAY LAWS.—I have again visited the victims of Sunday laws, at Tacoma, who were arrested and fined \$25 and costs each, for selling clothing on Sunday. The cases are appealed to the superior court, and arrangements made that when the cases are called the Washington Secular Union will be represented by able counsel. C. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. W. S. U.

2104 Sixth street, Seattle, Wash.

P. S.—Members of the W. S. U. are respectfully reminded that one dollar, six months' dues in advance, July 29 to January 29, 1891, is now due. Please remit, accompanied with such contribution to the Defense fund as your interest in the work prompts. C. B. R.

ELDER L. T. NICHOLS, of Claremont, Minn., and W. F. Jamieson, of Des Moines, Iowa, are engaged to hold an eight-nights' debate, some time in September, at Kasson, Minn. Questions: 1. The Bible is wholly of human origin, abounds in contradictory, immoral, absurd, and inconsistent teachings. Jamieson affirms for four nights. 2. The teachings of the New Testament are all moral and elevating. The elder will affirm the next four nights. Mr. Jamieson wrote the resolutions, and the elder accepted them at once, avowing that he is not only willing but anxious to debate them, whereupon Jamieson challenged him to debate them wherever the people desire a debate and will arrange for it. Mr. Jamieson may be addressed at Des Moines, Iowa, until further notice.

THE Portland "Oregonian" contains this notice of a well-known Oregon Liberal: "S. B. Ives, who was a steamboat captain on the Columbia river between The Dalles and the upper Cascades in 1862 and 1863, is now in The Dalles. His recollections of early days are very vivid, and he has an inexhaustible fund of information of pioneer times. Mr. Ives navigated the Columbia river when the inland empire was little known, and relates some thrilling experiences of early days, when every employee, from captain to deckhand, kept his hand on his revolver, to be ready in any emergency for an attack from Indians."

THE CHICAGO SECULAR UNION.

For some months past two Freethought societies have existed in Chicago—the "American Secular Union of Chicago" and the "Chicago Secular Union." The two have united, the "American Secular Union" returning its charter and combining with the "Chicago Secular Union." Of this latter organization the honorable Judge C. B. Waite was elected president, John F. Geeting vice-president, Dr. Joseph H. Greer treasurer, and Mrs. M. A. Freeman secretary. The society considers itself fortunate in its selection of president. Judge Waite is a well-known Liberal, the author of the "History of Christianity," a work which has received the most favorable commendations from the press, both in this country and in Europe. Judge Waite was one of the speakers at the congress of the American Secular Union held in Chicago three years ago, and it added no little interest to his remarks that he was personally acquainted with many of the Liberals of the old world, his subject being "Freethought in Europe." He is an able jurist, and under General Grant's administration was appointed judge of Utah. Mrs. C. V. Waite, his gifted wife, is the editor and publisher of the "Chicago Law Times," and has recently brought out a pamphlet written by her husband entitled, "Conspiracy Against the Republic"—a consideration of the Blair amendment to the Constitution, a reptile that has been scotched—not killed.

Mr. Geeting, the vice-president, is a young lawyer actively interested in the secularization of the state. In the combination of the two societies the Nine Demands were adopted as a basis for work, the new society declaring itself an auxiliary to the national organization.

Dr. Greer, the popular treasurer, is peculiarly fitted for his office. If the society happens to be in arrears, the doctor is able and willing to supply the deficiency, qualities that render him valuable as a treasurer. The society trusts, however, that under its present management it will not be compelled to impose upon the doctor's good nature.

Mr. James Abbott, the retiring president of the American Secular Union of Chicago, remains with the society as an active worker, being a member of the board of directors. Mr. Abbott is a man of culture and ability, and has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the society.

Last evening, July 27, Judge Waite lectured before the Union on "Church and State." The night was warm, but quite an audience greeted the judge, many prominent citizens being present. The judge said:

The Constitution provides that Congress shall make no law prohibiting free speech, free press, the right of the people to meet in peaceable assembly, and it shall not infringe upon religious liberty. These provisions were in the form of amendments, and without them the Constitution would never have been adopted. These amendments were made to guard the rights of the states and of the people against the encroachments of the federal power. There were ten of these amendments, and they were part of the Constitution itself. The last five amendments, from the eleventh to the fifteenth, inclusive, have been made to meet the exigencies of the government. The powers of the state government are inherent in the peoples of the state. Certain limitations have been placed upon that power. But within these limitations the state is sovereign. It is just as dangerous for the federal government to encroach upon the rights of the state as it would be for the state to usurp the powers of the general government. Every amendment to the Constitution is a danger to our form of government. The Blair amendment, proposed in time of profound peace, is a plain encroachment upon the rights of the states. No such emergency exists as gave rise to the amendments following the war.

The Blair amendment is in direct and dangerous antagonism to the original Constitution, which gave Congress no power over the subject of religion or education. The resolution proposing this amendment provides that "each state in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and eighteen years, inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion."

If the principles of the Christian religion could be easily determined, the matter would be simplified. Jesus had far less to do in establishing that religion than Paul. Jesus denounced hypocrites. Paul denounced those who differed with him honestly in opinion, declaring in Galatians v, 12, "I would they were even cut off, who trouble you."

In a speech in a convention of the National Reform Association held in New York in February, 1873, the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D.D., said: "We want state and religion, and we are going to have it. It shall be

that so far as the affairs of the state require religion, it shall be revealed religion, the religion of Jesus Christ. The Atheist is a dangerous man. Tolerate Atheism, sir! There is nothing out of hell I would not tolerate as soon. Atheism and Christianity are contradictory terms. They are incompatible systems. They cannot dwell together on the same continent."

The spirit here exhibited is the same as that which left its footprints in the blue laws of several of the American colonies. It is inherited from the Inquisition, and turns for its justification or excuse to the teachings of those who founded the Christian religion. It is no answer to the Blair bill to say that no public money shall be expended in the teaching of the doctrines of any religious sect. It still remains that a combination of sects might declare what should be taught. Nor does it detract from its dangerous character that the author should say that "no state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

This is mere subterfuge. What more efficacious law respecting an establishment of religion could its votaries desire than an act requiring the principles or doctrines of that religion to be taught at the public expense?

The ecclesiastical power has lost its hold on the reason of man. This attempt to gain control of the Constitution is a desperate effort to bring the aid of the civil power to the support of a lost cause. The attempt should be met with a prompt and merited rebuke.

Let the Constitution remain what our forefathers intended it to be, the common heritage of a great, a generous, and a free people.

At the conclusion of Judge Waite's address, of which I have given only the merest outline, a vote of thanks was tendered.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 3, a discussion was held before the society on "Protection and Free Trade." Moses Hull, the redoubtable knight who met Samuel P. Putnam in debate on the Pacific slope, will lecture August 10. Mrs. M. A. FREEMAN, Secretary Chicago Secular Union.

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

IV.

WAS HE JUNIUS?

The only other allusion to Junius by Paine is in "Casca's" "Epistle to Lord Mansfield," May 13, 1775:

Should galling Junius make a new attack,
(Whose lashes still are flagrant on your back),
The libeller by some state blood-hound trace,
And make him feel the terrors of your place.

Lord Mansfield was "that Scotchman" whom Junius hoped to "pull to the ground;" and "Casca's" essays abound with severe reflections on the Scotch.

But if more positive proof is needed that Paine hated the Scotch, we have it in Grant Thorburn's "Reminiscences."

An old lady from Scotland wished an introduction [to Paine]. Said I, "Mr. Paine, this is Mrs. Bruce, from Scotland." "Scotland!" he repeated, "a country of bigots and fanatics."

Of the forty or more writers on whose behalf a claim has been made to the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," one after another has been set aside until the ablest critics have given up the discovery in despair. The claim for Sir Philip Francis alone has in recent years maintained any degree of stability. On the evidence of handwriting a very plausible case has been made out, sufficient to convince many that he wrote the disguised hand of Junius. Twisleton and Chabot's "Handwriting of Junius" (1871), I never examined until two years ago. But when I did, I soon found positive proof that Francis was not Junius. In a private letter to Woodfall, without date, but certainly written a day or two after November 10, 1769, Junius says:

I have been out of town these three weeks, and though I got your last could not conveniently answer it.

He then requests Woodfall to "reprint a letter in the London Evening Post of last night to the Duke of Grafton." That letter is dated November 10, and is signed "A. B." who was not Junius.

But on the fourth of November, 1769, Philip Francis wrote a letter at his desk in the war office, London, to his brother-in-law in Philadelphia. ("Handwriting of Junius:" Francis, No. 38).

Since my discovery of this alibi I have been happy to learn that not less than half a dozen others have been proved in Notes and Queries.

There are more than three hundred parallels of character,

conduct, opinion, style, sentiment, and language between Paine and Junius, and no fact incompatible with their identity has been found. No writer of the time came so near to the style of Junius as Paine, and as a penman he was certainly capable of writing the disguised hand of Junius. See how different he writes his name:

Mark, now, the variations of the letters T and P in the disguised hand of Junius:

Even the signature of Junius is not uniform, and his private mark "C." is much varied:

In Junius's "Dedication to the English Nation," he says:

You are roused at last to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius lives, you shall often be reminded of it.

Did he not fulfill that promise? Did he not come again as "Casca" in 1775, as "Common Sense" in 1776, and as Thomas Paine in 1791?

Who started the publication of *The Crisis* in London? Franklin had been insulted at court and was about to leave England forever. Already he had sent Paine to Philadelphia with letters of introduction. But he himself did not embark until three months after the first issue of *The Crisis*. I believe that Franklin was the only man who detected Junius. Hence in all his writings he never alludes to him. Paine and Franklin were bosom friends, and worked together even when far apart. Without their secret work American independence would not have been achieved. Is it, therefore, any exaggeration to say that Paine and Franklin made this nation?

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

For wronged America let pity cease,
Let all her sons be massacred in peace.

—CASCA'S "Epistle to Lord North," May 20, 1775.

The Newark Gazette of October 5, 1802, contained the following editorial paragraph:

It has long been supposed that Mr. Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence. This report was raised to further his election, and the philosopher has thought fit to countenance it. It was thought absolutely necessary to prove that he had done *at least one good act in his life*, and this was pitched upon. Mr. Jefferson was one of a committee of five, indeed, and after they had jointly drawn up the instrument it was given by Congress to a *certain person*, who, above all others, the Democrats would dislike to hear had corrected the writings of Mr. Jefferson, for *revision and amendment*, and it was *from this person it received the ELEGANT DRESS it now appears in*.

The italics and small capitals are the editor's own. Who was that "certain person" whose name the editor kindly suppressed, lest it should humiliate his political adversaries? Did Jefferson employ a "certain person" to correct his writings? And did Congress assign to that same person the task of revising and amending the draft of the Declaration reported by the committee of five? And did that "certain person" give to the instrument the "elegant dress it now appears in?"

The fact that the committee appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence assigned the task to Jefferson does not appear to have been publicly known in 1802. Jefferson himself had not so recorded it in his "notes written on the spot," nor in his letter to the *Journal de Paris* in 1787, giving a history of the transaction "with precision." That the draft reported by the committee was "generally attributed to Mr. Jefferson," is all that Chief Justice Marshall could say in 1804. But Jefferson himself never claimed that he wrote it until he was eighty years of age. Therefore the public must have been unenlightened as to the authorship of the instrument not only up to 1802, but for many years thereafter; and if Jefferson had died three years earlier than he did, the only evidence that he drew the Declaration of Independence would have been:

1. That the original draft is in his own handwriting.
2. That the task of drawing it was assigned to him by the committee; and
3. That (in his own equivocal words, as recorded in 1821) "It was accordingly done, and being improved by them, I reported it to the House."

Twenty-five days after the appearance of the above editorial paragraph in the Newark Gazette, Thomas Paine landed at Baltimore, having sailed from France in a national ship by order of President Jefferson. And Thomas Paine, as I shall undertake to prove, was that "certain person" referred to by the editor of the Newark Gazette.

The very first literary work of Paine after his arrival in 1802 was a series of seven anonymous letters in support of Jefferson's administration, published in the *National Intelligencer*, signed "Plain Sense," and afterward reprinted in a pamphlet with the following title:

Plain Sense; or Sketches of Political Frenzy and Federal Fraud and Folly. Washington City, 1803.

In Jefferson's works, vol. 1, is a *fac simile* of his own draft of the Declaration of Independence. It is in his own handwriting except four verbal amendments by Franklin and two by Adams. There are many other erasures and interlineations, all in Jefferson's handwriting being amendments made by Congress. The first paragraph of the original draft, as reported by the committee, is as follows:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a people to *advance from that subordination in which they have hitherto remained*, and to assume among the powers of the earth the equal and *independent* station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the *change*.

The italicized words were erased, and other language substituted therefor by Congress.

The second paragraph of the Declaration was amended still more, the original being as follows:

We hold these truths to be *sacred and undeniable*, that all men are created equal and *independent*, that from that *equal creation they derive all rights inherent and inalienable*, among which are *the preservation of life and liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness; etc.

The following paragraph in regard to the slave trade was entirely stricken out:

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another

hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of *infidel* powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom *he* also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another.

The italicized words are as underscored by Jefferson; two of them I reproduce in *fac simile*, together with a single word which he drew in capitals:

infidel
Christian
MEN

This paragraph of the Declaration "was struck out," says Jefferson, "in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, wished to continue it." And he adds that the northern people, who had been carriers of slaves to others, may have "felt a little tender under those censures." Why then did Jefferson put it in? Did he not know the state of feeling in regard to slavery before he made the draft? It is true that he, though a slaveholder, deplored the existence of the institution; but he was not so ardent an opponent of it as Thomas Paine.

Speaking of this paragraph in the original draft of the Declaration, Mr. Denslow, author of "Modern Thinkers," says, "The English language possesses no clause more elaborate in its rhetoric;" and he unhesitatingly assigns its composition to Thomas Paine.

To be Continued.

WHAT FREETHINKERS HAVE DONE FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

W. S. Beattie in the Brighton Register.

James Lick was one of the pioneers of California, and made millions of dollars in real estate at San Francisco. At his death he gave his fortune to the people by the way of bequests. To found the Lick Observatory he gave \$700,000, and large sums were given to scientific and benevolent institutions. Although Lick died fourteen years ago the execution of his will still goes tediously along, the trustees each receiving a thousand dollars a year for looking after the estate.

One fact of particular interest regarding James Lick is that he was an Atheist. Believing in no deity, hoping for no heavenly crown, and, like Benjamin Franklin, wishing for none, he died, leaving his wealth to his fellow-beings in a way calculated to do the most good. It is said "cleanliness is next to godliness," and if James Lick took any stock in this saying, he must have considered cleanliness next above godliness, for, while he left no money to be used in teaching religion, he bequeathed to the people of San Francisco and Sacramento elegant free bath-houses. Mr. Lick also gave a large sum to help commemorate the name of Thomas Paine.

Adolph Sutro, another millionaire, and proprietor of Sutro Heights, one of the famous resorts of the city, and which is to be given to the city at his death, is another Infidel; and it is probably much owing to the influence of these liberal-minded gentlemen that California is so free from religious laws. In this glorious state churches are taxed and there is legally no Sabbath day, Sunday being proclaimed a legal holiday. So the question of "Sunday-closing" is not argued here. There is perhaps as much freedom from petty legal restraints as in any state in the Union.

Speaking of James Lick reminds me of an anecdote I heard of him. On the 4th of July, 1876, while Mr. Lick lay on his deathbed at the Lick House, he was informed that the managers

of the Centennial procession had refused to carry a life-size painting of Thomas Paine. Now, while Mr. Lick was an Atheist and Mr. Paine was a believer in God, Mr. Lick loved the author-hero of the Revolution sufficiently to resent the insult to his memory. The procession was bound to pass by the Lick House, so Mr. Lick declared that if the managers of the procession would not carry this painting he would be cremated if they didn't walk under it, and he had it swung out across the street from the very room in which he lay, and they did walk under it; and only to-day I saw this same painting, which greets your eyes as you enter the office of FREETHOUGHT, the leading Liberal journal of the West.

Schools and Universities.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In renewing my subscription for FREETHOUGHT, please allow me to call attention to the article in your issue of the 5th ult., "A Liberal University," by S. B. Martin, of Brownsville, Oregon. Schools are what we need, and a "Liberal university, the property of the Liberals of this coast," is indeed a consummation most undevoutly to be wished. Yes. The school is a good idea. We need it. But let us not relax effort to secularize the district school. Let freethinkers everywhere take an interest in the schools which their children attend, and which they pay taxes to support. Let them learn from personal observation what is being taught to their children. Ask questions. Require religious teachings in any form to be explained. Demand proof. Show your children how to use their reason and common sense in finding out truth. There is nothing that religious teachers fear more than truth. It is the devil of theology, and honest inquiry is the unpardonable sin. You can make it so pleasant and sociable for a teacher who undertakes to pack these religious frauds into the innocent and undeveloped minds of your children, that little harm can be done them. Our children must of necessity be brought into contact, more or less, with vice and iniquity, and the frauds and rascalities of life; and their minds need to be fortified as best we can to detect, avoid, or overcome them. Show the children what a fraud religion is; what a curse it has been, and still is, to society. Tell them its falsity, its evils, its meannesses, its cruelties, its viciousness, and hypocrisy; encourage them to think for themselves, to reason, to investigate, and to accept truth and truth only. By such course the evil influences of Christian teachings may be counteracted, at least to a great extent.

F. S. MATTESON.

Aumsville, Or.

P.S.—"The Chronicles of Simon Christianus," is the "boss." It is way up. It removes the dilapidated linen from off the shrub. It should be published in book form.

[It is so published; price 25 cents.—ED.]

On the Trail.

Leaving Bandon I journeyed southward, down the coast, thirty miles by stage to Port Orford, one of the most interesting points on the coast. A high promontory projects out into the sea nearly a mile, making a fine deep-water cove on the south side, that is a splendid harbor from the gales that often sweep from the north and northwest with terrible effect. The government made, so I hear, an appropriation of \$14,000,000 several years ago to build a breakwater on the south side, perhaps a mile away from the promontory; then it would be one of the finest harbors in the world. The high point is covered with a fine growth of evergreen forest. It is near to Cape Blanco, which is farther west than any point in the United States, except Alaska. Why the appropriation has never been used, nobody seems to know, but all the people in this part of the country are looking to see a big town grow up at Port Orford whenever the government goes to work in earnest. There has been a small town here thirty to forty years, and a more beautiful location for a city I have never seen, but it is dead, dead, dead.

The ride all the way down from Bandon was through a timbered country, level as the sea, a most beautiful valley, or "bottom," as they call it. Here nearly all the timber is dead, from a fire that swept through it a few years ago. The dead trees stand like grim sentinels, black and stolid in their silence, while charred stumps give the landscape anything but an inviting appearance. Some parts seemed to be good soil, and others again looked worthless. Some fine farms and dairy ranches were

passed, but most of it is still a wild solitude of burnt up forests. They tell me the land is all taken up on the "bottoms," but in the mountains and bluffs are still fine government lands. A road is just completed for the first time from here down into California. Heretofore no wagon road led into this "neck of the woods" from anywhere, which probably is the reason why there is still good government land to be had in Curry county. Curry county joins California, being the southwest county in Oregon. It is a very rough and mountainous region, with much valuable timber, tan bark, mines of all kinds, plenty of deer, bear, elk, cougars, and speckled trout, but no railroad or wagon roads, except the one being finished this month, up and down the coast.

I find families living here, back in the hills miles from any wagon road, who have quite comfortable homes, orchards, etc., but their furniture, stoves, and wagons, where they have any, have all been "packed" in here over the trail on pack horses or mules. Their buildings are built of white cedar, split out of large trees and then planed down smooth, and make a number one house or barn. There is much cedar here, also Oregon pine, fir, hemlock, spruce, oak, etc. Blackberries, huckleberries, salmon berries, thimbleberries, raspberries, and gooseberries, currants, prunes; in fact, all kinds of fruits, both wild and tame, are very plenty. For the poor man who wants a home and is willing to hew it out in the thickets and jungles of the mountain slopes, far from railroads and cities, making his own trail for miles along the steep hill-sides, or up the long, deeply shaded canyons where the pure soft waters flow filled with speckled beauties; where his cattle and sheep can live the year round, and horses too; where bees do splendid, and ten acres of cultivated land is a big farm; where it will take him years of hard toil to thus get started, Curry county, Or., is just the place; but the "tenderfoot," the dapper bandbox man, or society woman, or those who do not like bear, deer, and elk as companions for their children, will find pioneering in Curry county "a hard road to travel." To get here come to Port Orford by steamer from San Francisco, or by wagon road, from San Francisco up the coast to Eureka, Crescent City, and Gold Beach; or via Roseburg and Coos county, Or.

I gave two lectures in Port Orford to good audiences, and stopped with Louis Knapp, who keeps a splendid hotel and is a regular nor'wester for energy, fun and frolic, his only fault being that he is a poor old froze-to-death bachelor whom no fair maiden has yet taken pity on.

Port Orford is the farthest point west yet reached in the United States by any of our Liberal lecturers; hence I claim the cake till some other *genus homo* makes a lecturing tour to Alaska. Perhaps a mile below Port Orford, as I was taking a stroll down the beach among the black, threatening rocks, watching the surf come thundering in, tossing its spray over the cliffs, driftwood, and myself, enjoying, as I always do, nature in her wildest moods—the grum deep bass music of the ocean as it thunders in on the rock-bound shore—I found three dead sea lions, some ten or twelve feet long, that the waves had thrown up on the land. They looked like whales, so swollen up by decomposition. They are really fearful looking monsters with carnivorous teeth two to three inches long, head broad and savage as a lion's, no legs but two large flippers or fins in front and a double one behind in place of a tail. By means of these flippers they crawl all over the rocks and islands. They fasten these flippers by means of a powerful suction, like the devil fish, and thus propel themselves along. When disturbed up on the rocks they let go their hold and tumble down into the water, sometimes falling many feet in their hurry to get away. At other times they make a stubborn fight for their lives, and in their pairing season the bulls are said to be very dangerous. They are hunted for their hides, which are said to be an inch thick; also for the oil they contain. They have no hair or fur, like the seal, but evidently belong to the same genera. Their heads and teeth are more like those of some ferocious land animal than a denizen of the sea. They are said to be very swift in the water and can catch the salmon and other fish upon which they live.

From Port Orford I staged it back to Denmark and joined in with the people there to help celebrate the glorious Fourth. The youth and beauty, as well as the gray-haired sires and dames, were all gathered in a neat, shaded dell where the usual patriotic effusions were indulged in. Here I met many of our staunch Liberal friends: W. Cope and family, J. M. Upton, Major Brown, Mr. Hawkins, and many others. A royal dinner was served, the Declaration read, beautiful music rendered, speeches made, etc. Your correspondent was called on to blow his

trumpet and made a short speech, when all retired to the hotel and the dance was indulged in "till dewy morn was ushered in." Dancing is the principal amusement in this far-away sunset land. Lectures, "divine service," everything, has to stand aside for the chance to "hug 'em tighter," as we promenaded around. And why not? Nature intended the sexes to enjoy life together and made the attraction almost irresistible, and the dance is but the safety-valve that keeps from more dangerous relations. I went home with Mr. Cope and wife and rested until Sunday evening, and had a most enjoyable time. Cope's people are very Liberal and radical, and I found piles of Truth Seekers and other Liberal literature, and thus I replenished "my famished soul." Sunday night I began a course of five lectures at Dairyville, in the school-house. I had full houses and good attention, and made hosts of friends. Professor Geering and family, from Philadelphia, Pa., reside here. Mr. Thrift has lived here thirty years, and has a splendid family, keeps a very fine store, post-office, dairy, ranch, etc. The Langlois brothers have large property interests here; also the three Nelsons, father and two sons, who own the hotel, a large wagon and blacksmith shop, and some fine farms near by. Mr. Basson and Mr. Thorhaven, from Denmark, have built up a fine home here, and are Liberal and cultured gentlemen. There are many others whose names I can not now remember.

Mr. Cope has a fine dairy of eighty cows. While there I was let into the mysteries of butter making—the regular gilded edge article. This climate is so cool, the grass green all the year round, with no snow or ice to speak of, no cyclones or blizzards, and no flies or mosquitoes to annoy the cattle, it is the dairyman's paradise. Only one trouble exists: market is so far off, except what the logging and lumbering camps take. The butter goes to San Francisco. It is first made into two-pound rolls, then wrapped in thin muslin and packed in layers in barrels or kegs; then covered with a pickle or brine, and headed up, and thus shipped to your city. But enough for one letter.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Dayton.....	Aug. 10, 11	Davenport.....	Aug. 17, 18, 19
Rosalia.....	Aug. 13	Colville.....	Aug. 22, 23, 24
Plaza.....	Aug. 14	Buckley.....	Aug. 29
Oakdale.....	Aug. 15, 16	Puyallup.....	Sept. 5, 6, 7

Enemies.

It is not all a loss to have enemies; it spurs one to a higher endeavor, it shows that there are two sides to all our word, and acts, it makes it plain to us when we have gone wrong. Then, too, we prize our friends all the more from the contrasts. The more decision of character we have, the more power we have, the more we are really worth to the world, the more we are apt to have enemies. Some will be jealous of us and think by pulling us down they can uplift themselves; others will depreciate our work, thinking so to make their own shine brighter; and still others can never bear to have any one honored and happy. They seem to exult in seeing vice, misery, and wrong triumph, but these are so few that we only find here and there one. The good man's friends are legion, and he can well afford to have now and then an enemy as a thorn in the flesh to urge him on to higher and still higher works of goodness and truth and right.—Elmina D. Slenker, editor of the Plaindealer.

The Old, Old Lie.

READING, PA., July 7—Detective William T. Lyon was acquitted two weeks ago of a charge of extorting \$10 from a woman to settle a case in court. At the trial he refused to kiss the Bible, merely affirming in this language:

"I hope that God will paralyze me if I took that \$10 gold piece."

When Lyon appeared on the streets to-day he was unable to talk even in a whisper. It is thought that his vocal organs are paralyzed.

Prayer-Cured Hams.

Weeks—A town out West has discovered a brand new wrinkle in the faith philosophy.

Simpson—Indeed!

Weeks—Yes, they're curing hams by prayer.—American Grocer.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year. The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the country.

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The Landlord's Prayer.

Lord, keep us rich and free from toil,
For we
Are honored holders of Thy soil,
Which democrats would fain despoil
With glee;
O Lord, our fathers got the land
For serving men whom Thy right hand
Had chosen to be great and grand
As kings.
Tho' ta'en by stealth, we're not to blame,
Thou knowest, O Lord! it is a shame
To say to us, of titled name,
Such things.
Lord, let us live in Wealth's content,
And peace;
Lord, we are by Thy mercy meant
To rule mankind, and make our rent
Increase;
The birds that haunt the moors and hills,
The fish that swim in streams and rills,
The beast that roam as Nature wills,
We own;
E'en, Lord, the minerals that lie
Beneath the earth's periphery
Belong to us—Thou knowest why
Alone.
Lord, on the ragged rabble frown,
For they
Are foes to us, Thy church, and crown;
Lord, bare Thine arm and grind them down
To clay!
O Lord! our God, we make their laws,
Which they reject with wild applause,
Be Thou a buckler to our cause
And caste;
They scorn our love, Thy Name and Word,
They reverence now nor squire nor lord,
Lord, them consume with fire and sword
At last!
Lord, they are poor and ignorant,
And worse,
Compared with us!—how different
In manner, garb, and lineage,
And purse!
Lord, never let them get or see
The power which lies in unity;
Keep us apart from them—for we
Are men!
Protect us from their greedy hands!
Protect us from their vile demands!
Protect us in our wealth and lands!
Amen! Amen!
—William Allan in Dundee, Scotland, People's
Journal.

Loyal to his Mother.

"Willie," said his father as he came home at night, "have you been a good boy?"
"Did you ask mamma?" said Willie, doubtfully.
"Don't you know?" inquired his father.
"Well, it's this way," explained Willie.
"Ma's ideas and mine differ as to what is being bad, and I don't want to go back on anything she might say."

An Optical Illusion.

"Observe, ladies," remarked the professor, "that optically in their impress upon the retina of the eye we actually see all things standing as it were upside down."
"Oh, sakes alive!" excitedly exclaimed the Boston girl clutching at her skirts.

The Three Sexes.

A noted evangelist not long ago announced at one of his meetings: "The services to-morrow will be for women only. Pastors of churches will be admitted, but no men." Was this an acknowledgment of the ancient tradition that there are three sexes—men, women, and ministers?—Congregationalist.

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Salvation Army Tactics.

The people of San Jose, says the "News," will remember a slight, girlish figure that appeared some months ago in the Salvation Army parades in this city. Her name was Carrie Hall, and she has had a peculiar experience, which she has told to a reporter in Oakland. About three years ago, when she was scarcely sixteen years of age, she left her home in the hope of entering the Salvation Army. She had lost her mother and wanted to go into the work of the army, and so, rather than enter the army in her home, which her father opposed, she went to Oakland. That is why she went to Oakland and began her work as a lieutenant.

She did not have a pleasant time in the army, and she tells a story of peculiar treatment that has placed her in a very unhappy position. She is a very slight little lady, with a pathetic, spiritless way about her that threw a peculiar shade of sadness over the story she told.

"I thought that the story might go in straight," she explained in a funny little apologetic way. "This is how it occurred. I was sent down to Pomona, and while I was there I met Fred Koenig and he wanted to marry me. I didn't want to get married and I told him so, but when I came up here I began to write to him. After a while I got tired of writing to him and stopped. In the meantime I met a young captain in San Francisco and we began to correspond. Suddenly I stopped getting his letters and he stopped getting mine, and we each thought that the other had thrown off, but we hadn't.

"I found that all our letters had been sent to Brigadier-General Fielding, and as he had never approved of it we had never received our letters. You see, General Fielding thought that a captain was too high for me, and as everything of that kind is in his hands he decided to break it off.

"About that time they found out that Koenig wanted to marry me, and as the army owed him \$200 or \$300 they thought that it would be a good scheme to get me to marry him and get him back into the work. You see, when any one joins the army they have to sell all that they have to give it to the army, so if Koenig married me the army would not have to pay him what they owed and the army would get a good bit besides. So they got down and prayed with me, and they got me to say yes. He said he would kill himself if I did not, and so we were married in Pomona."

Not Guilty.

"Who wrote the Psalms?" asked the superintendent, severely.

And then a little girl in the infant class began to cry. "It wasn't me, sir," she said.

A DIVINE preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

LAWYER—Do you swear positively that you know more than half this jury?

Witness—Yes, sir; and now that I have taken a good look at 'em, I'll swear that I know more than all of 'em put together.

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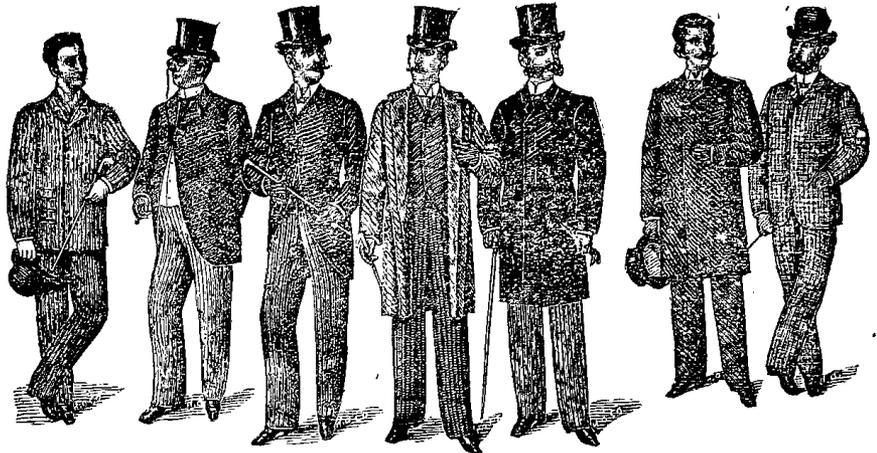
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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We all went to the picnic. It was a slow climb over the hills, winding through the canyon. It did not seem as if we ascended much, but in a little while we rode a thousand feet above the valley. It was a beautiful place, like a chamber in the midst of the vast forest, with a green waving carpet, speckled with flowers, and the wild strawberry as sweet as honey. The horses were unharnessed, and like Nebuchadnezzar went to grass and enjoyed a luxurious dinner, while we also spread the good things on the shining ground, and satisfied a healthful appetite. Overhead the trees boomed with long delightful harmonies, as if an ocean surged against the mountain. We consisted of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Thompson, Leslie and Otto, the children; but we were children all for the time being, exhilarated to "divine youth" by nature's primeval beauty. When the chicken and the ice-cream had grown "small by degrees and beautifully less" and appetite became a memory, we wandered through the glorious arches to where the big rocks loomed over the splendid valleys. From point to point magnificent views unfold. The Granite Hills, of almost solid rock, in snow-white splendor, with tremendous peaks, tower to the left. At the right, the Blue mountains in softer lustre appear. The crowning panorama is the Grand Round valley, resplendent in the sun, with harvest fields, groves, the glinting river along the winding shrubbery, the beautiful villages. Union amidst a mass of trees, La Grande in the faint distance, and on the remote edge of the valley Summer-ville, towards which Hunt's railroad is pointing straight from Union. Around and beyond the valley sweep the azure heights. If one had ears keen enough he might catch the music of a hundred machineries gathering the abundant products. Tourists are charmed with this valley as they come into it from the mountains. It has a delightful appearance, gemmed with homes, a picture of prosperity. Antelope valley, and, beyond that, North Powder and Baker City, might be seen. It was a paradise of which Oregon might well be proud, the wealth of man mingling with nature's beauty and grandeur.

At sunset we get back to the ranch in Antelope Valley, where

Thompson is cultivating about five hundred acres. The roses bloom about the house where a few years ago the sage-brush held sway. I enjoyed the picnic, the hills, the trees, the grand sceneries, and the Freethought companionship. At eight o'clock, I am ready for my onward journey. I came pretty near missing it, however. The "overland flyer," the evening train, does not stop at Telocasset—the station near Thompson's—Union being nine miles away. How to get to Baker was a perplexing question, a distance of about thirty miles. To see the train rush right by and then get "left" was tantalizing in the extreme. However, a "special providence" came to my rescue, namely, a special freight train, together with the fact that the "flyer" was two hours behind time. The freight train took me in somewhat after the same fashion that the whale took Jonah, and deposited me at North Powder, where I then mounted the "flyer." It was a happy transformation scene. Really, if anybody ever had a "miracle" performed in their favor, was I not that lucky individual? To have a freight train slide in before the express and transport me to that same express, is something that never happened to any of the ancient pilgrims. They never got to Jerusalem or Mecca in that way. They never had anything better than a miraculous donkey. How much better is a special freight train. That is the kind of providence in which I delight.

I must now go back a little in my story and tell of North Powder and Union. I was at North Powder for lectures Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, July 26 and 27. I presume if I had gone to this place a couple of years ago, I shouldn't have had a corporal's guard for hearers. But the fire has been burning on and the powder has been ignited, and now it flames. J. Newman is the worker here, formerly of the Methodist church and converted very much after the fashion of myself. It was a pretty solid conversion for the time being, but the skeleton of the church very soon came into conflict with the spirit of religion, and his religion became too broad for the ecclesiastical creeds, and the creeds went to smash. Like myself, he drifted into the Unitarian camp, where everything is so delightful, and only rose-colored views are presented to the religious imagination. By the distribution of Unitarian tracts he has greatly enlightened the people, and destroyed the gloom of orthodoxy. He has given several lectures which have produced a marked effect. He is still ready to progress and accept truth at any cost. The value of his work was attested by the good and attentive audiences at the lectures. I found an educated people.

Side by side with Newman labors N. S. Blank, for eighteen years a Methodist class leader, but his Methodist enthusiasm did not depart with his class-leadership. It blazes in the fields of Freethought. It was by his earnest efforts that the meetings at North Powder were such a success.

Jack Plummer keeps the colors flying also. He is not a sunshine soldier, but is ready for the wars if need be. However, the Christians here did not seem disposed to take our scalp, but

quietly listened, and did some thinking, I guess. There is quite a bunch of Mormons here, and, like Jacob, they know how to make a thing or two in the way of business. Bible and business are what the Mormons are expert in. If there is a chance to make money they generally see it. The Mormons are religious materialists and believe in a solid god and a solid earth.

The country about North Powder is excellent. There are fine farms, and a glance over the wide plains shows that everybody is busy. The harvests are good. North Powder is not a very large village, and probably will never be a city, but it will not lack prosperity and comfortable homes. I believe it always will be favorable to Freethought, now that this has found an opportunity to be presented, and the people have shown a generous appreciation.

Mr. and Mrs. White, of the hotel where the traveler is pleasantly entertained; Mr. and Mrs. Brobear, Mr. Beveridge, and others, are among our Liberal allies. James Gilkison is on the list of FREETHOUGHT. There are enough to keep the camp-fires a-going, and we shall pitch our tent here from time to time.

On Monday, July 28, I go from North Powder to Union—handsome as ever, with victory on its brow, for it has just come out of a big fight with La Grande on the county-seat question, and the court-house, where I give the lecture, still abides in this picturesque town, and I guess it will stay here for several decades. As I have never lectured at La Grande, but have lectured at Union and found many warm friends here, I can but rejoice at the fortune of war which puts Union ahead. Hunt's railroad is pointing straight for this place and it is certain now to be an important point.

Coming from the station I was met by Thompson and Jones with a team that went considerably faster than the mail coach, and so I took my station in it. I was driven to the home of A. K. Jones, and enjoyed the Liberal hospitality of himself and wife. After supper, in the cool shade of evening, I meet friends until the lecture hour.

Judge Brainard has moved into new quarters, and they are so neat looking that I was tempted to stay over a whole day and enjoy the serene atmosphere and discuss poetry and philosophy by the hour with my genial friend. At the last election he was about unanimously chosen treasurer of the county, both parties considering him the best man. He is worthy of the honor and always keeps his accounts straight. There is no vicarious credit.

The McComas Bros., whom I met in Chicago under the genial administration of Stevens, I met here on their old camping-ground. E. S. McComas is editor of the *Freewater Herald*. He makes a lively journal, and is not afraid to give a few hits at the "susceptibility to gullibility" in the American people.

I met Bert W. Huffman, who has been up in Idaho and Montana, and whose facile pen has been giving descriptions of the land he has visited. The Jones Bros. still make the *Oregon Scout* a foremost journal both for party and for principle, but it never sacrifices principle for party. When Senator Norval, of opposite politics, was attacked by some religious bigots for his Liberal opinions the *Scout* informed these members of its own party that if they had no better reason for voting against the senator than his Liberalism they might as well give up the campaign, for on such an issue he would be triumphantly elected.

Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Tarter are as interested as ever in the morning of the world's progress, while the evening of life prevails. This is the "eternal youth" of the free mind.

C. Vincent is also with the flag every time. As the Indians

couldn't kill him, so the orthodox shot is equally unavailable. He sticks to the solid earth, and takes no stock in the winged soul, but in the sole that is trampled under foot, which really furnishes the most genuine locomotion for the world's good. Better walk this globe than circle about an immensity of nothing.

Dr. Day, in the same line, industriously and skillfully keeps people from the New Jerusalem. He will not give them a pass to the "better land." Grand Round Valley is more attractive. "Is life worth living?" "That depends upon the liver," would be the doctor's sage advice.

B. Chancey and others give the hand-shake of the Liberal heart.

The Rev. Sam Driver, son and image of Rev. I. D. Driver, of Portland, was present at the lectures, and I was pleased to make his acquaintance. He even said amen to some of my utterances with fine Methodist fervor. I gave him a copy of "My Religious Experience." He may travel the same way. His head is not altogether after the orthodox fashion.

So the campaign went on, short but good. I wanted to stay longer, and shall the next time, for there is always a combination of good things at Union. "The Union forever!"

In the moonlight I go out nine miles, with G. A. Thompson and family, to their home under the hills. The next day the picnic, with whose description I began this article, joined its glad array to the line of march. In the evening I went on to Baker, via Special Providence. Wednesday morning I take Clark's stage for New Bridge, and of New Bridge and Eagle Valley I have many good things to write hereafter. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

IRELAND'S WORST ENEMY.

The fact that the rulers of church and state always work together as long as their co-operation is of advantage to either is illustrated by the present attitude of the pope toward Ireland. Whenever the English government has wanted an ally in its oppression of the Irish people it has found one at the Vatican and in nearly every diocese on the Emerald Isle. Judge J. G. Maguire, in his work on "Ireland and the Pope," has pointed out the truth of this, and it is confirmed by the present attitude of Pope Leo XIII. Reports from the seat of difficulty relate that papal interference on behalf of coercive government in Ireland is becoming a very grave problem for the Irish party. One Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, who has attacked the Irish leaders with a virulence unequalled by their bitterest political opponents, has been favored by the pope with a letter strongly commending his action, and an ecclesiastic known to be a sympathizer with the people has been summoned to Rome, as McGlynn was in this country, to defend himself before the college of cardinals.

There is and always has been an intrigue between the Tory government of England and the pope at Rome. The government knows that the pope can control the masses of the Irish people through their superstitions, and finds it cheaper to purchase the pope's influence than to govern the people wholly by force. The Tories are not Catholics. They are mainly supporters of the Established church, but, like all politicians, they are ready to enter into illicit relations with the scarlet woman. They impoverish their Irish subjects by taxation, and the pope robs them by extorting tribute and Peter's pence; and between the two thieves the Catholic Irish are kept in a perpetual state of pauperism. There has been no time within the memory of this writer when there was not a subscription paper open for the "poor of Ireland;" yet the same poor of Ireland have always

been wealthy enough to send the pope from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars per year in Peter's pence alone, and to support a priest or two for every one hundred inhabitants besides. In return for this the pope sends the Irish people an occasional benediction, which they naturally hold dear, since it has cost them about five thousand dollars a word; and he gives letters of encouragement and all the weight of his political influence to their oppressors. And after all this, the Catholic journals, like the "Monitor" of San Francisco, assure Irishmen of the "holy father's" deep love for them and of his earnest solicitude for their welfare. At the same time the pope never makes a protest against the imprisonment of some humble priest who advocates the rights of Ireland. They might all rot in jail before he would take their part; and if their violation of the laws against free speech does not land them in jail, he calls them to Rome for discipline.

Ireland never had greater enemies than the popes it has helped to enrich, and the human race never had a greater enemy than the church of which the popes have been the head.

OREGON SECULAR UNION CONGRESS.

By virtue of the authority vested in us as directors of the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the Second Annual Congress of said union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at New Arien Hall, corner of Second and Oak streets, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of October, 1890.

Persons from all parts of the world who are willing to guarantee civil and religious liberty to the people, secure the taxation of church property, favor the total separation of church and state, and oppose ecclesiastical legislation, are invited to attend and join the union, there being no fees or dues required of the members.

The members of the union will take notice that a motion will be made to change and amend article twelfth of the constitution so that it will be made to read as follows: "Amendments to this Constitution may be made at any annual congress of the union by a two-thirds vote of the qualified members present."

C. BEAL,
LEE LAUGHLIN,
J. K. SEARS.

HOW THE "KREUTZER SONATA" WAS EXCLUDED.

It appears that a Chicago post-office clerk was the first to discover that Tolstoi's new story was dangerous. The Chicago "Tribune" thus relates the circumstance:

John M. Hubbard, the assistant postmaster of Chicago, who sings in a church choir, was the first to discover the true inwardness of the "Kreutzer Sonata." One day about two weeks ago a representative of Sergel & Co., a publishing house, called on Mr. Hubbard and said he desired to send a new translation of Count Tolstoi's novel through the mails. The representative handed to Mr. Hubbard a book of 170 pages, with a yellow cover. Mr. Hubbard said he would glance through the book and give his opinion. That afternoon he adjusted his eye-glasses and got a focus on the yellow-covered novel. When he reached page thirty-three he placed the eye-glasses in the water-cooler. When he reached page forty-seven he tore into Colonel Sexton's room.

"Who is this Tolstoi?" he demanded.

"One of Hertz's people in the carriers' department," Colonel Sexton replied without looking up.

"Oh, no, he isn't," Mr. Hubbard roared. "He's some foreign fellow. He's written the awfulest book I ever read."

"Let me look at it," said Colonel Sexton, starting up.

"But I'm not half through myself."

"Oh, you can get another copy," said the postmaster, and he took the book.

That evening the postmaster read as far as page 44. The result was that he wrote to Postmaster-General John Wanamaker in Washington, appending a copy of the "Kreutzer Sonata," and asking the opinion of Mr. Wanamaker as to whether it was proper to ship Count Tolstoi's novel and the Northwestern Christian Advocate in the same canvas bag. Mr. Wanamaker's reply came in two days. It read: "Refuse to receive the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

And when the representative of Sergel & Co. called at the postoffice, Thursday, he was informed that the mails were closed to the "Kreutzer Sonata."

"This work," Colonel Sexton said, "is directed particularly against the institution of marriage, and it uses gross language to convey the author's ideas. It is not the most immoral book I know of, but particular attention was called to this, and I decided to leave the task of deciding whether it should go through the mails to the Washington authorities."

The result of the prohibition has been to increase the sale of the "Kreutzer Sonata" twenty fold. Just after Wanamaker's decision was made public a Kearny-street bookseller informed us that within the past two days he had sold twenty-five or thirty copies, though previously he had sold none.

The pretense is that the Comstock laws are for the suppression of obscene literature, but the suppression of Tolstoi's book shows that they are to be used for the suppression of anything our postal officials, in their wisdom born of idiocy, do not happen to approve. It is not charged that the book under discussion is obscene, because the book itself would refute that charge. There is not even any gross language in it. When Colonel Sexton, of Chicago, says it is directed against the institution of marriage he misunderstands the work. Marriage itself—that is, the sexual association of men and women—is attacked, but the marriage law or institution is not. Tolstoi takes the ground assumed by Cardinal Manning in his discussion with Ingersoll, that celibacy is the highest estate; and it is to be presumed that Cardinal Manning, besides advocating this doctrine, is criminal enough to practice it, along with such other members of the priesthood as are compelled by physical infirmities to do likewise. If Tolstoi may not recommend continence in the "Kreutzer Sonata," why should Cardinal Manning be permitted to do so in the "North American Review," the pope in an encyclical, or the priest in a sermon?

It is humiliating to an American citizen to say it, but Wanamaker has written himself an immortal ass. He appears to be under the delusion that when he was raised, by God, as he thinks was the case, from the Sunday-school to the post-office, he came at once into the same relation toward the whole people of the country that he had previously occupied toward the promising class of imbeciles to whom he taught Bible lessons in his Philadelphia church. Consequently he regards it as his duty to overlook their literature, and is happy to be so situated that he can use the law of the land to enforce his supervision. Wanamaker illustrates powerfully the pernicious effect of rewarding an incompetent man with an office of honor and responsibility for no other reason than that he can raise a large sum of money for one political party to use in defeating another.

It might be proper to suggest to post-office officials everywhere, and to Wanamaker especially, that they are appointed to forward the people's mail matter, not to detain or delay it; and that they have no more to do with the moral character of such matter than the conductor of a train has to do with the reputation of his passengers.

THE power of the Catholic Index Expurgatorius is shown in the fate of Lilian Leland's book, "A Woman's Journey Around the World." No work by a previously unknown author ever received a more cordial welcome from the press of the country. If editorial commendation could carry a literary venture through to success, this one would have had a tremendous sale. But it seems that the Catholic church has its agents in the headquarters of the News Company at New York. These agents discovered that Lilian Leland had satirized the holy pictures and relics at Rome, and her book was condemned. Not only were all the agencies throughout the country ordered to cease handling it, as soon as this discovery was made, but they were instructed to gather up and return all unsold copies; the result being that a large part of the edition was piled back upon the publisher's hands, and he had to pay express charges on the books returned. The thing was done quietly but effectively, and we know of no place where "A Woman's Journey Around the World" is for sale except at this office. We were lucky enough to get in an order in time to catch some fifty copies that were about being shipped East to the publisher. We take some pleasure in the thought that we have been instrumental in circulating four or five hundred copies of the book.

THE advocates of Sunday laws should brace up and know something. Mrs. J. C. Bateman, who flourishes the sesquipedalian title of "National Superintendent of the Sabbath Observance Department of the Women's Christian Temperance Union," said in a lecture here last Sunday evening that the Sunday newspaper was a Sabbath desecration in that it compelled editors, reporters, and printers to work on Sunday. Mrs. Bateman ought to inform herself that the work done by these Sunday workers is for the Monday morning edition, which a strictly enforced Sunday law would make impossible, as it would the reporting of her lecture and the sermons of the clergy.

CALIFORNIA is said to be flooded with petitions to Congress for the closing of the World's Fair at Chicago on Sunday, though the flood has not yet reached this office. We would like to know what Congress has to do with the matter. The World's Fair concerns every citizen as much as it does the select gentlemen who compose our national legislature; and these few select gentlemen have no more right to shut other citizens out of the fair on Sunday than the other citizens have to shut them out on Monday. Congressmen are public servants, not little two-legged gods on salary.

IT would be interesting to know whether President Harrison, when he wrote his anti-lottery message, was aware that a law prohibiting the advertising of lotteries would have the effect to imprison his son Russell, who runs a pro-lottery paper in one of the interior states. Also what his opinion is of "Mrs. President" Harrison, who raffles off plaques at church or charity fairs at a dollar a chance.

EXPLORER STANLEY, talking about missionary prospects in Africa, says that he foresees trouble between Protestant and Roman Catholic converts. In view of this possibility it might be well for the churches to recall their missionaries, and thus avoid introducing new elements of discord among the Africans, to whom Mohammedanism seems to be a quite satisfactory form of superstition.

E. A. LYTKEN, a member of the Young Men's Christian Asso-

ciation, has recently been drawing to himself the attention of the religious people of this city on account of his extreme piety, and by his evidence of distress over the lax Christianity prevalent in San Francisco. The news which comes from Brantford, Ontario, that he is a fraud and a swindler is not therefore at all surprising.

FROM the many replies to Dr. Anderson's lecture that have been sent to this office we have selected for publication the one which appears to cover the most ground in the fewest words. We are quite willing that Dr. Anderson's lecture should be discussed, but cannot give up the whole paper to it. The review found in another column is by a well-known Oakland physician.

THE Rev. J. W. Army, whose horserace at Saranac, Mich., last week excited the people of the two hemispheres, will be hauled over the coals by the coming conference. He will be compelled to abandon his fast horses or his ministerial charge. As between horses and the longer-eared specimens composing the conference, Mr. Army will be wise if he sticks to his horses.

THE St. Paul, Minn., Spiritual Alliance, which met recently, passed resolutions condemning the prosecution of Walter E. Reid, and recommending a National Medium's Association for mutual protection. It now looks as if the whole unorthodox community would have to combine for mutual protection unless Wanamaker and Comstock are repressed.

THE death of Cardinal Newman, the English theologian, which occurred last Monday, removes one of the most civilized men in the Catholic church. The great blot upon his memory is that he used his talents and his learning to help perpetuate despotism over the minds of his fellow-men.

THE czar of Russia, who is the head of the Greek church, demands that the pope shall address him as an equal, which the pope refuses to do. His Roman holiness is justified in his course. He is a greater humbug than the czar, and should insist upon his pre-eminence.

OBSERVATIONS.

The case of Nationalist Ashton against Nationalist Sinz has been tried in court and dismissed. The interested reader will remember that Mr. Otto Sinz, having examined the books kept by Mr. Ashton as financial secretary of the Central Nationalist Club, reported a shortage in the accounts, and thereupon accused Mr. Ashton with embezzlement, putting his charges on paper in a good legible hand. The unpleasantness was added to by a paragraph in FREETHOUGHT relating to the circumstance, and Mr. Ashton swore out a dreadful warrant, wherein it was set forth that Mr. Sinz had libeled the complainant. Then a large policeman, with heavy soles on his shoes, walked into Mr. Sinz's place of business and escorted Otto to the station house. But Mr. Sinz rallied his old friends and found a new one in Judge Lawler, who set him at liberty without bail. Then Mr. Sinz got a lawyer to attend to his case, and went back to his jeweler's bench. His attorney desired to move to have the case dismissed, but Otto wouldn't have it. His reputation for veracity was at stake, and he wanted it vindicated. The trial was had in installments of from thirty minutes to one hour each. It came up sometimes twice in one week, and then was shot over into the next one, and every time it got interesting the court adjourned. Messrs. Ashton and Haskell acted as witnesses for the prosecution—Mr. Ashton confident and aggressive, Mr. Haskell glib and complaisant. Mr. Haskell, throughout the trial, occupied the left ear of their attorney, Walter Gallagher, while Mr. Ashton filled the right ear with hints and advice. Mr. Sinz's attorney was Mr. Hutton, a gentleman who brings to the practice of law a high

intellectual forehead and a deep-sea voice. He asked questions bearing upon the case, to all of which Mr. Gallagher objected on the ground that they were "irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial." At this display of legal lore on the part of his attorney Mr. Ashton would fall back with his elbows resting on the rail of the prisoners' pen behind him, and gaze upon Mr. Gallagher with an expression of the greatest admiration. Nothing but the austerity of the court, apparently, restrained him from bursting into applause. Mr. Ashton told his story and said the books had been kept to the best of his ability, such discrepancies as were visible being due to inadvertence. Mr. Haskell testified to the same effect. Mr. Sinz, when placed on the stand, showed some errors in addition in favor of the financial secretary, and exhibited receipts signed by Mr. Ashton not entered in the records. Upon these and some other irregularities he had based his charges. Mr. P. Ross Martin, called by the defense, pointed out that there were entries against his name in the books of which he knew nothing. The transactions there recorded had never taken place. Mr. Albert Currlin's testimony was the same as that of Mr. Martin. Mr. Gore, treasurer of the society, said that he had handled none of the funds of the society, and had resigned his office because he had nothing to do. To the most of this testimony Mr. Gallagher objected on the ground that it was irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. The last witness for the prosecution on the last day of the trial, August the 6th, was Mr. Haskell, who related a conversation alleged to have taken place between himself and Mr. Sinz, in which was unearthed a deep conspiracy against Mr. Ashton. The witness also casually testified that Messrs. P. Ross Martin and Albert Currlin had told untruths while upon the witness stand. When Mr. Haskell's flow of language had ceased, Mr. Sinz was recalled and asked if the testimony of the preceding witness was true, and replied that, leaving out one obscure and immaterial point, it was totally false. Thereupon Mr. Hutton, addressing the court, said: "Your honor, Mr. Haskell's testimony is of an altogether unexpected nature, and if true would show malice on the part of the defendant. I desire, therefore, to have the case continued in order that I may introduce a large number of reputable citizens as witnesses who will testify, as to Mr. Haskell's reputation for truth and veracity, that he is not to be believed under oath."

The Court replied that it did not consider such testimony necessary, as the Court would be prepared to render a decision on the following day. Thursday morning the case was dismissed, Judge Lawler remarking that while the charge of libel had not been proved, it was evidently made in good faith. So Mr. Sinz again returned to the jeweler's bench; but the last time I saw him he had not recovered from his astonishment over the ability of some people to testify with unblushing countenance to that which is not. The trial was about the driest I ever listened to, and it emptied the courtroom of spectators every time it came up. But there was one ray of light. When Treasurer Gore had the stand the prosecuting attorney inquired if there was not a "faction" in the club opposed to Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Gore replied that there was but one kind of faction, which affected six hundred and eighty out of seven hundred, and that was dissatisfaction.

A case was tried in the police court the other day which the papers have not reported. It was the case of the People of the State of California against James Mehaffey, aged 9. The defendant, accompanied by his mother, sat in a chair with his feet dangling eight inches from the floor. The judge, the prosecuting attorney, all the police officers, and a hundred spectators gazed sternly upon the culprit as the clerk, ordering him to stand up, read the indictment in a terrible voice. "Statecaliforny, ci 'n count' Sanfancis," yelled the clerk, and then rattled on: "Personally 'peared before me this steenth day of August, 1890, Peleg Yohansen, who on oath makes complaint, and deposes and says that on the blankety-blank day of August, annie domino, 1890, in the cit 'n count Sanfancis, state of California, the crime of ROBBERY was committed, to wit, by James Mehaffey, who then and there did feloniously, and with force and arms make an assault upon Peleg Yohansen, and with violence to his person, and against his will, did then and there feloniously and violently

steal, take, and carry away by force from the person of the said Peleg Yohansen ONE POCKET KNIFE of the value of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, good and lawful money of the 'Nited States, and of the personal property of said Peleg Yohansen. All of which is contrary to form, force, and effect of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of the People of the State of California and their dignity."

When the clerk got through with what "this complainant" alleged, said, deposed, and prayed, little Jimmie Mehaffey, who had violated the peace and offended the dignity of all California, was broken in spirit and ready to ask the state to forgive him.

I did not stay to learn how the case terminated; but who ever heard of a two-bit offender going unwhipped of Justice?

I print this second letter from Mr. Frank M. Coburn all the more readily because he seems to have more light to throw on the labor question than I have:

I think your criticism of my letter in FREETHOUGHT on the 2d inst., when put on the scales of reason and self-preservation, will be of light weight. In regard to foreigners doing many kinds of work that you would not like to do, there are other people who would be glad of the opportunity to do it, as you can find out by going along the city front of your city any working day at seven o'clock in the morning. You will there see men who would do any kind of honest labor if they had the chance. In fact, this country is flooded with laboring men. If an employer of labor needs one man to work and two apply for the situation, being honest men, he knows they would rather work than steal or beg. He can tell one of them that he can not work without eating, so he will give him something to eat if he will go to work for him; put all the profit of the laborer's work in his own pocket, and tell the other man he has no use for him. Now if an employer needs two men and can find only one, does it not occur to you that the working man will have a better chance to make a trade with him? In regard to the intelligent foreigner that you learn from, if there is a surplus of skilled labor he is a more dangerous competitor, for he can take your place when the ignorant man could not. You are mistaken when you think I would not give all men an equal chance, but you are rushing things when you want one nation to supply labor for its own children and all the world besides. In regard to converting the churches into lecturing halls, it would be the best way to have the intelligent Christians honestly read the Bible; they would immediately be converted to Infidelity. Take the well-organized Roman Catholic church, free immigration, and parochial schools; how long would it be before they will outvote the unorganized Protestants, Jews, and Infidels? And as a majority rules in this country, when you have brought things to this beautiful condition, don't you think it will be time for men of your and my belief to take passage in the first boat for heathen lands? Not wishing to emigrate from my native country, I think it is time for Americans to take stringent measures to avert such a calamity.

FRANK M. COBURN.

I am not able to say how long it will be before the Roman Catholics will outvote the "unorganized Protestants, Jews, and Infidels." I am under the impression that they do so now in the larger cities. They certainly have grasped San Francisco firmly by the umbilical cord, and control many of its departments, but their rule has not as yet become quite as bad as was that of the puritans in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and contiguous localities. To be generous we might credit them with blunting the edge of puritan bigotry by opposing it with their own, and it is the foreign custom of a free Sunday that has thus far saved the country from the enforcement of Sunday laws. Catholicism has deviltry enough at its door, and inside of its doors, but it is not responsible for Comstock and Wanamaker, the American Sabbath Union, and Senator Blair.

A fairly stringent measure, which I regard as more equitable than exclusion, would be to demand that before proceeding to vote upon our affairs the immigrant should forswear allegiance to all foreign potentates, including the pope of Rome and the Jehovah of the Jews.

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson had me among his auditors again last Sunday evening, on which occasion he delivered his entertaining and anon thrilling discourse on "Post Mortem States." The lecture dealt with the condition of the human being subsequent to its demise, and was illustrated by a chart, which represented three differently colored circles one above another. The lower circle stood for the earth plane, where, in the expressive language of the Theosophical speaker, we are at present functioning. The next circle above covered the locality of disembodied souls, while the upper one embraced the realm of nirva-

na, where the spirit is reabsorbed into the absolute, as the doctor explained it. Some souls never get farther than the middle circle, or the Karma loga, if I understand the matter; while the souls of Materialists, if they may be said to have any, are in danger of perishing everlastingly on the earth plane.

After the lecture, the president, Dr. Griffiths, invited questions from those present. The first querist was a self-possessed gentleman, who, after paying a deserved compliment to the ability of the lecturer, announced himself very much interested in the facts set forth. He then went on to say that he would like to be told where Dr. Anderson acquired his extensive information about post mortem states.

Dr. Anderson, in reply, said that by taking the proper course of study the gentleman would know as much about it as he did. Dr. Griffiths added, as an appendix to Dr. Anderson's explanation, that Theosophy could have no affinity with Materialism, which he described as non-existent save in an illusion of the mind.

Other questions were asked by those seeking light, including a clergyman who took special interest in the views set forth, and who made several inquiries without satisfactory results. The next morning this clergyman called at the office of FREETHOUGHT and left some thoughts he had jotted down, and which I here append:

I am in distress of mind, and though I am a preacher, I know of no other paper in the city but FREETHOUGHT that will sympathize with me. Having a vacation, I came to the city to furbish up my mind by contact with the fine minds here. I was progressing favorably, until last night I received a severe backset at the Theo-sophist Society. I had an idea that I am about forty years old; it is probable I am as many million years old! I can no longer plead my youth in excuse for error or mis-doing! Theos pity me! I had a notion that this is the only experience I have had with the earth; but it is certain that I have been on the earth in many instances before. This may be the thousandth or ten thousandth time I have been reincarnated, refreshed. I ought to be pretty familiar with the flesh by this time, understanding it in its abyssms; but I am not, and I have no excuse! Sophos enlighten me!

What a different view this gives of life! I have begun to put it to use already. Pardon one illustration. At the breakfast table this morning at the hotel, a *seeming* baby cried out in pain. The "mother" pitied it and petted it. I laughed in superior wisdom. I knew it was some old fool who had come all the way from nirvana to enjoy the colic. He got no sympathy from me for his fraud and folly. But I must abandon this tempting field. When I go home I intend to preach a sermon on the subject that will be worth hearing.

In conclusion, I offer one suggestion. I started from nirvana, and the best I can do is to regain nirvana. Why I went to all this trouble, labor, and pain, of teething, etc., thousands of times to reach the state I started from, I do not know. May be when I regain nirvana I will be wiser and better than when I started; if so, I started from below, and am ascending, which is in direct contradiction to Theo-sophism. Thus my contact with *matter* is essential to my evolution and salvation. The basic idea of Theo-sophism is, therefore, a crude and ill-digested Materialism. Whatever state I attain here is reached by and through matter. If, on the other hand, the nirvana I reach is not superior to the one I left, I have taken an absurd amount of trouble for no purpose.

W. G. SWAN.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Dr. McGlynn has finished his successful course of lectures in San Francisco.—The California State Republican convention is in session at Sacramento.—A section of a big tree intended for the World's Fair at Chicago has reached this city from Tulare county. It is twenty feet in diameter. Larger sections would have been chosen if there had been any way to transport them. The exhibit occupies the whole of three flat cars.—There is no change in the aspect of the ironmolders' strike in San Francisco, and no new acts of violence are reported. The expense of the strike, borne by the molders' union, is about \$1600 per week, as there are 160 strikers who get \$10 each every Saturday night.—There were 136 deaths in San Francisco last week, 42 more than occurred during the corresponding week of 1889.—The total personal property assessment of this city this year is \$66,442,838, which is \$1,322,945 less than last year. The real estate assessment is \$234,672,468.—Walter Rideout, the non-union molder who was attacked by Striker Siebert and shot his assailant dead, was discharged from custody after the preliminary examination. This decision of the court was expected.—Frederika Peters, of 346 Fourth street, San Fran-

cisco, went to the insane asylum at Agnews last week, crazed by religion.

There was a general strike of trainmen on the New York Central railroad last week which threatened to produce a complete tie-up. The strike was ordered by the Knights of Labor, but the Brotherhood of Engineers refused to join it. On Sunday the locomotive firemen went out. Passenger trains are now running, though much freight is stalled. California fruit-dealers fear that the strike will seriously interfere with the delivery of fresh fruits, which are now much in demand in New York city.

—The electrical method of taking life as practiced upon Kemmler is not a pronounced success. The victim lived nearly five minutes, and it took repeated applications of the current to effect his demise.—Utah's population is 223,589, an increase of 80,226 in the past ten years.—John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet, author, and editor, died at Boston on Sunday last, from an overdose of chloral taken for insomnia. He was 46 years of age.—The people at Oklahoma, in the Indian Territory, are suffering from destitution, and will appeal to Congress and the whole country generally for relief.—The friends of Henry George are said to be working for his renomination for mayor of New York.—The Rev. Peter Saponari, a New York priest, was lately buncoed out of \$3000.—A dispatch from McCook, Neb., dated Aug. 6, says: "The Rev. Joel S. Kelsey, pastor of the Congregational church here, crossed the Kansas line suddenly at an early hour this morning. For some time he has been carrying on an amour with a prominent young lady here, but the couple succeeded in concealing their sin until they were finally trapped under circumstances which left no doubt of their criminal relations. To-day the girl broke down and confessed, and the preacher made good his escape. He leaves a wife and family and has been pastor of the church here for the past four years. Public excitement is very great and there is little doubt that he would have suffered bodily harm had he remained."

There was a great demonstration in Brussels last Sunday in favor of universal suffrage. Forty thousand people joined in a procession.—A monument has been raised at Munich to Stenographer Gabelsberger.—Cardinal Newman, a light of the Catholic church, died at Birmingham, England, Aug. 11.—Twenty-eight Catholic churches in Rome have been closed by the Italian government, and some of them are used as theatres and beer halls.

THE STORY OF THE DELUGE.

PROF. T. H. HUXLEY, IN THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

There are three ways of regarding any account of past occurrences, whether delivered to us orally or recorded in writing. The narrative may be exactly true, that is to say, the words taken in their natural sense and interpreted according to the rules of grammar may convey to the mind of the hearer or of the reader an idea precisely correspondent with one which would have remained in the mind of a witness. Or the narrative may be partly true and partly false. In the third class the fictitious element predominates. Here there are all imaginable gradations. At present, however, I am not concerned to dwell upon the importance of fictitious literature and the immensity of the work it has effected in the education of the human race. I propose to deal with the much more limited inquiry: Are there two other classes of consecutive narratives (as distinct from statements of individual facts), or only one? Is there any known historical work which is throughout exactly true, or is there not? In the case of the great majority of histories the answer is not doubtful; they are only partially true.

I am fairly at a loss to comprehend how any one, for a moment, can doubt that Christian theology must stand or fall with the historical trustworthiness of the Jewish scriptures. The very conception of the messiah, or Christ, is inextricably interwoven with Jewish history. The identification of Jesus of Nazareth with that messiah rests upon the interpretation of passages of the Hebrew scriptures which have no evidential value unless they possess the historical character assigned to them. If the covenant with Abraham was not made, if circumcision and sacrifices were not ordained by Jehovah, if the "ten words" were not written by God's hand on the stone tables, if Abraham is more or less a

mythical hero, such as Thesus, the story of the deluge a fiction, that of the fall a legend; that of the creation the dream of a seer; if all these definite and detailed narratives of apparently real events have no more value as history than have the stories of the regal period of Rome—what is to be said of the messianic doctrine, which is so much less clearly enunciated? And what about the authority of the writers of the books of the New Testament, who, on this theory, have not merely accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands?

The antagonism between natural knowledge and the pentateuch would be as great if the speculations of our time had never been heard of. It arises out of contradiction upon matters of fact. The books of ecclesiastical authority declare that certain events happened in a certain fashion; the books of scientific authority say they did not. As it seems that this unquestionable truth has not yet penetrated among many of those who speak and write on these subjects, it may be useful to give a full illustration of it. And for that purpose I propose to deal with the narrative of the Noachian deluge given in Genesis.

Notwithstanding diligent search I have been unable to discover that the universality of the deluge has any defender left, at least among those who have so far mastered the rudiments of natural knowledge as to be able to appreciate the weight of evidence against it.

Let us, provisionally, accept the theory of a partial deluge, and try to form a clear mental picture of the occurrence. Let us suppose that, for forty days and forty nights, such a vast quantity of water was poured upon the ground that the whole surface of Mesopotamia was covered by water to a depth certainly greater, probably much greater, than fifteen cubits, or twenty feet. The inundation prevails upon the earth for 150 days, and then the flood gradually decreases until, on the seventeenth day of the seventh month, the ark, which had previously floated on its surface, grounds upon the "mountains of Ararat." Then, as Dicstol has acutely pointed out, we are to imagine the further subsidence of the flood to take place so gradually that it was not until nearly two months and a half after this time (that is to say, on the first day of the tenth month) that the "tops of the mountains" became visible. Hence it follows that if the ark drew even as much as twenty feet of water the level of the inundation fell very slowly, at a rate of only a few inches a day, until the top of the mountain on which it rested became visible. This is an amount of movement which, if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore. But the Mesopotamian plain slopes gently from an elevation of 500 or 600 feet at its northern end to the sea at its southern end with hardly so much as a notable ridge to break its uniform flatness for 300 to 400 miles. These being the conditions of the case, the following inquiry naturally presents itself; not, be it observed, as a recondite problem, generated by modern speculation, but as a plain suggestion flowing out of that very ordinary and archaic piece of knowledge that water cannot be piled up in a heap like sand or that it seeks the lowest level. When after 150 days, "the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained," what prevented the mass of water, several, possibly very many fathoms deep, which covered, say, the present site of Bagdad, from sweeping seaward in a furious torrent and in a very few hours leaving not only the "tops of the mountains," but the whole plain, save any minor depressions, bare? How could its subsidence by any possibility be an affair of weeks and months? And if this difficulty is not enough let us try to imagine how a mass of water several, perhaps very many, fathoms deep could be accumulated on a flat surface of land rising well above the sea and separated from it by no sort of barrier.

Water cannot really be got to stand at, say, 4,000 feet above the sea level, over Palestine without covering the rest of the globe to the same height. Even if in the course of Noah's six hundredth year some prodigious convulsion had sunk the whole region inclosed within "the horizon of the geographical knowledge" of the Israelites by that much, and another had pushed it up again, just in time to catch the ark upon "the mountains of Ararat," matters are not much mended. I am afraid to think of what

would have become of a vessel so little seaworthy as the ark and of its very numerous passengers, under the peculiar obstacles to quiet flotation which such rapid movements of depression and upheaval would have generated.

That is, in my judgment, the necessary result of the application of criticism, based upon assured physical knowledge, to the story of the deluge. And it is satisfactory that the criticism which is based not upon literary and historical speculations, but on well-ascertained facts in the departments of history and literature, tends to exactly the same conclusion.

But the voice of archæological and historical criticism still has to be heard, and it gives forth no uncertain sound. The marvelous recovery of the records of an antiquity far superior to any that can be ascribed to the Pentateuch, which has been effected by the decipherers of cuneiform characters, has put us in possession of a series, once more, not of speculations, but of facts, which have a most remarkable bearing upon the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative of the flood. It is established that for centuries before the asserted migration of Terah from Ur of the Chaldees (which, according to the orthodox interpreters of the Pentateuch, took place after the year 2000 B. C.) Lower Mesopotamia was the seat of a civilization in which art and science and literature had attained a development formerly unsuspected, or, if there were faint reports of it, treated as fabulous. And it is also no matter of speculation, but a fact, that the libraries of these people contain versions of a long epic poem, one of the twelve books of which tells a story of a deluge which, in a number of its leading features, corresponds with the story attributed to Beresius, no less than with the story given in Genesis, with curious exactness.

Looking at the convergence of all these lines of evidence leads to the one conclusion that the story of the flood in Genesis is merely a Bowdlerized version of one of the oldest pieces of purely fictitious literature extant; that whether this is or is not its origin, the events asserted in it to have taken place assuredly never did take place; further, that, in point of fact, the story in the plain and logically necessary sense of its words, has long since been given up by orthodox and conservative commentators of the established church.

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v.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Another remarkable passage that was eliminated from the Declaration was as follows: *

At this very time, too, they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch and foreign mercenaries, to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together, but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness and to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them.

Aside from the eloquence and pathos of this passage, altogether beyond the capacity of Jefferson's pen, there is other evidence to prove that he did not compose it. In referring to it, he said:

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offense to some members. The words "Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries" excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country.

Now Jefferson never had any antipathy to the Scotch, but Paine had, and it was so irrepressible that when Grant Thorburn introduced him to a lady from Scotland, he impolitely said, "Scotland! a country of bigots and fanatics!"

But this is not all; Jefferson, as might be expected, in undertaking to quote Paine's draft of the Declaration, mistakes "auxiliaries" for "mercenaries" and interpolates the word "other." "Auxiliaries" is a word that Jefferson might have used, but it is not found in the Declaration. "Mercenaries" is a word that Paine would be quite likely to write, and it occurs twice in the instrument.

Furthermore, is not the argument of Mr. Denslow in "Modern Thinkers" irresistible, to wit:

Paine, as an Englishman, would look upon the Scotch mercenaries as not foreign, and therefore omitted the word "other." To Jefferson, as an American, auxiliaries coming from Scotland would be foreign, as well as those coming from Germany, or, indeed, England itself. Therefore he inserts the word "other."

And here by the way I find that the word "other" was actually interlined in the draft of the Declaration by Jefferson himself—not, however, in the clause that was stricken out, but in a prior one, where the words "foreign mercenaries" first occur. I quote the whole clause as adopted, with an amendment in brackets, but without the interpolated words "Scotch and other," which appear without erasure in Jefferson's draft:

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, destruction, and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy [scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages and totally] unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

When the subsequent passage containing the offensive words, "Scotch and foreign mercenaries" were stricken out by Congress, the interpolated words "Scotch and other" in this clause should have been erased. And in the engrossed copy they were omitted, but in Jefferson's draft they still remain, thus:

*Scotch and other
armies of foreign mercenaries*

Jefferson, as I have remarked, made no claim to the authorship of the Declaration until he was eighty years of age. If Paine drew it, and not only wished to be unknown but was willing to let another have the credit of the performance, Jefferson was nevertheless placed in an embarrassing position. How could he dare, even in notes written on the spot, much less in any public communication, while Paine was living, avow himself the author? Hence in his notes, written on the spot, he says:

A committee was appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The committee were John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, and myself. This was reported to the House on Friday, the twenty-eighth of June, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table.

Eleven years later, in 1787, he writes to the Journal de Paris, a history of the events, which concludes as follows:

On the twenty-eighth of June the Declaration of Independence was reported to the House and was laid on the table.

In 1809, in answer to a proposal to publish his writings, after mentioning many of them, he says:

I say nothing of numerous drafts of reports, resolutions, declarations, etc., drawn as a member of Congress, or of the legislature of Virginia, such as the Declaration of Independence, report of the money mint of the United States, the act of religious freedom, etc. These having become the acts of public bodies, there can be no personal claim to them.

This was nearly three months after the death of Paine, and yet Jefferson makes no personal claim.

Ten years later he repeats his first account of the transactions, but makes no acknowledgment of authorship.

Two years later, in 1821, he again repeats the history as before, but interpolates a clause as follows:

The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and being approved by them, I reported it to the House on Friday, the twenty-eighth of June.

Here is an indirect acknowledgment. Two years later, in August, 1823, at the age of eighty, he writes: "I consented—I drew it."

Again, in 1825, he says once that he wrote it and once that he drafted it. Paine had been dead sixteen years, and in the next year Jefferson died.

DR. JEROME ANDERSON'S LECTURE.

I wish to make some observations on Dr. Anderson's long and labored disquisition in FREETHOUGHT to prove the existence of a soul and a designer in nature. I have never read anything in the spiritual realm but what is dry, mystic, and incomprehensible.

The Theosophists and Spiritualists seem to use a dictionary peculiar to themselves, and their language is sometimes beautiful and their words many, but they do not make their ideas clear to the perception of the common gentile. I have never been able to make any sense out of such words as spirit, soul, ghosts, God, etc., and when I try to get at it the definition drifts round in a circle, ending about where it commenced, so that the definition of the word "nothing" would apply equally well to the whole of them.

Dr. Anderson discards science and sticks pretty closely to such a text, but it is rather inconsistent to try to prove the existence of soul by scientific evidence. There would be just as much reason for taking issue with truth as to take issue with science, for science is based on truth and nothing else. I know of nothing that science refuses to investigate, but it accepts nothing on mere hearsay evidence. The advantage of science is the explanation of those phenomena that sometimes fill the minds of the ignorant with alarm. If science cannot explain it, what will?

The spirit agency in things heretofore unaccounted for is now explained by science according to natural laws. The doctor does not confound soul with mind, as some do, but seems to agree with the Mormon idea in explaining the use of polygamy. They say (the Mormons) there are disembodied spirits or souls in the air awaiting a habitation, and they want to give as many accommodation as they can.

When a baby is born one of these souls takes possession of it. It would be supposed that when a soul had shaken off such a clog and fetter as the body it would be more free without such incumbrance, and would rather study to avoid getting into any more bodies. The way the soul is connected with the body he does not venture to explain. If it cannot now be explained how the birds fly it will be explained by natural laws if explained at all, and not by spirits. The explanation of the review of all the past life in a few moments when drowning, and the dreaming in a moment of time what would take hours to relate afterwards, is all given in the explanation of dreams based on the principle that the brain is the organ of the mind, and the mind divided into different faculties, there being a suspension of some of the faculties, whilst others are in a state of partial wakefulness. Of course, impressions are to be stereotyped on the brain before there can be any dreaming, and then like the page of print or

picture before you, you take it all in at a glance. A person never dreams about anything except something that had before in some way occupied his thoughts.

In the case of the poet's muse you will find that like the concentration of the rays of light by means of the lens, all the faculties of the mind are concentrated on poetry; and as the spaces outlying the focus of light are dark, so the rest of the poet's faculties are dull; the same in respect to great musicians, etc. A great poet once said he wrote poetry because he could not help it. It was natural for him to write poetry. As to the suppression of pain during the burning of martyrs, that statement will have to be taken with some grains of salt, but we are told by some naturalists that such animals as are slain and eaten by the carnivorous feel but little pain. They explain that by a merciful provision of nature, when the victims are suddenly pounced upon by the most ferocious brutes, they receive a shock that paralyzes them and makes them oblivious to pain; but one would hardly suppose that an allied soul or higher "ego" had anything to do in matter.

When we come to the second part of the doctor's lecture, we find it is the old design argument clothed in a little different dress. He takes for example the notochord, which is still found existing in the little lanceolet animal, and says here is a prophecy of a future developed vertebral column with its cranial enlargement, etc.; "yet science would have us believe that this wonderful result is due alone to the blind groping of natural forces under the impelling influence of unintelligible law." Science would have you believe nothing of the kind. You have taken the wrong measuring stick. Men have to plan everything they construct beforehand, but nature plans nothing. Now let me say right here, that when Abraham Lincoln ran for Congress on the Whig ticket against Peter Cartright on the Democratic ticket, the Democrats charged Lincoln with being an Infidel. Lincoln replied to it by a letter in a Springfield, Ill., paper at that time, and said that he was a "Necessitarian." I lived in the district at the time and read Lincoln's letter, but was too young to understand just what he meant then, but it is all plain to me now, and it is the conclusion to which most people would come were they to give the subject sufficient untrammelled thought and investigation. "Intelligence" is a useful term in its proper place, but it has no significance when applied to nature or God. Nature does nothing by intelligence, but all its works are done by necessity. There is no wisdom in nature's works, because she makes no failures. The doctor thinks that thought must in some way precede the thing accomplished. Somebody must know what is going to be done before it is done. This thinking is his own and not nature's. Because he thinks he supposes nature or something back of nature must think also. We make use of the words "designing," "planning," etc., correctly in our own affairs; so we have to use such terms to convey our ideas about the works of nature, for we have not in our limited language any other words to express ourselves. For example, I have heard people contend that animals had no mind, and shortly they would say "that animal thinks this" and "he thinks" that. The dictionary of nature wants revising. A few words want to be added and many want to be dropped out, such as measurement, size, magnitude, intelligence, unintelligent, time, good, evil, god, ghosts, etc.

Nature has to do with eternity and not time; with her a million years is as one day, and one day as a million years. With nature a thousand miles is no more than one mile. We have the idea of a big stone or big planet; with nature nothing is great or small. All these ideas are only comparative and relative with us. With nature nothing is good or bad, right nor wrong. Why undertake to explain why evil exists when there is no evil? All the evil there is we make ourselves, and the good too. If one man takes the life of another one it is not right, but when one dies a natural death it is neither right nor wrong. We must not measure nature's ways by man's ways. When you come to think of it correctly, you can explain no natural things by degrees of comparison. All of this design argument is a continual comparison between God and man, the very plan that is taken to confuse the mind by never getting to the truth. To say an "all-wise God" is a solecism unless there are more gods than one and some less wise than the others. If there be a God of nature and you compare him or her, as it may be, and you find he is incapable of making

any failure, it is impossible for him to be wise or ignorant. There can be no intelligence going before the notochord in its development towards a backbone and brain matter, unless there is a chance for the arrest of such development, wherein it might fail in its accomplishment and make an imperfect vertebra, or something unlike one. There is no thought or design in the case; the notochord will turn out a perfect vertebra with its brain because it is governed from the start by the laws of necessity, something more certain than blind design or thought. This is what Lincoln meant in that letter. In this way we have an explanation of the heretofore meaningless term instinct. Instinct is the connecting link between intelligence and necessity: it partakes of the nature of both. The birds build their varied kinds of nests, the best adapted to their condition by the laws of necessity. They do no planning, hence they are all perfect in their kind; and they can no more make a failure that a grain of corn put into the ground would fail to produce a stalk and its blades. But they are directed by intelligence in collecting the material and the place of building the nests.

By the laws of necessity the man who pitches himself out of a fourth story window would come in contact with the pavement below, but if his descent were arrested and he stopped midway in the air suspended by nothing it would be an example of an interference with necessity and a proper subject for explanation.

But, according to the doctor's ideas, the man's falling to the ground is subject to and dependent on the will of God, as in the case of the notochord or any other natural growth of anything. Science says the man would fall to the ground in spite of the will of all the gods in the universe or anywhere else. The doctor's explanation of the man's suspension in mid-air would be God's withdrawing his influence, and the case would be a natural result and not a case of any wonderment. On the other hand, science would say there was wonderment enough about it to amount to a miracle, a suspension of the laws of nature. Design can be by man only, and it is nothing more than the imitation of the laws of nature. Well, what business have I to say so much about the laws of nature? As well talk about the laws of Congress and say there was no Congress. I answer, the laws of nature are the regulation of force, and force and matter are coeval. Matter cannot exist independent of force. Force or motion is subject to the unerring and eternal law of necessity. Congress cannot antedate eternity. The laws of Congress, like the men that make them, are finite and perishable; not so the laws of nature. The principles or laws that regulate the six mechanical powers are eternal, never having been created, nor can they ever be revoked. So no creator is necessary to create something already existing.

"Matter is crystallized spirit," says the doctor. Why not say "spirit is crystallized matter." Were I, in order not to appear dull, to say that I understood all the Theosophists say, I would make myself as culpable as the Irishman was who was sent out to grease the wagon. He said he understood the instructions given him, when a short time after he told his employer that he had "greased every part of the wagon except them spindles that that the whales turned round, and that he couldn't get at them."

O.

TAX ON AIR.

To the Editors of Freethought:

It is difficult to know whether the communication signed "De Lespinasse," and entitled "Single Tax," in your issue of July 19, is to be taken seriously or not. But since there are some indications that the writer thought he was writing a serious article, let us treat it as such, although such statements as "Henry George, in his single-tax scheme, tries to get rid of all inequality by taxing nothing but land" renders such treatment very difficult, since Henry George proposes nothing of the kind. Mr. De L. says further that "it has been shown over and over and over again that the single tax would never equalize the burden, because it would not do away with speculation." Will the gentleman state when, where, and by whom this has been shown, or, what will do as well, will he show it himself?

Mr. De L. thinks that the air would be a good object on which to levy taxation, for the reason that everybody has to use it. Is

land not quite as necessary as air? How much longer could one exist without the one than without the other element? And since our friend is in favor of the single tax on air, will he give some arrangement by which the air could be equitably taxed, and tell how that method is superior to the proposed single tax on land values (not on land, as the gentleman erroneously supposes)? Also, while he is about it, let him give his idea of the way by which such a tax would stop speculation, since he thinks that speculation must be stopped or the "burden can never be equalized."

Our friend says that he "has been much interested in the various discussions on taxation," which subject he believes "underlies the whole reform movement." If such is the case, let him add something valuable to the discussion of this weighty problem, or else send his communications to some of the alleged comic papers, by which procedure we shall be given the means of knowing that they are intended to increase the mirth, and not the knowledge, of those who are laboring to establish the best system of taxation, to the end that the constitutional declaration as to all being born with the same equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, may become something better than a sham and a delusion.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. O. ROSCOE.

POLICY OF ACTION ABOUT FREE PRESS AND MAILS.

At this critical epoch of systematic encroachment upon civic rights by a conspiracy between priests and judges, to which the bad taste and judgment of two victim editors affords a happy opportunity, it is regrettable that the partisans of liberty should fail to insist on the principle at stake in this judicial violation of constitutional law. For those attentive to the events of the past few years, no doubt can exist as to the deliberate malignity of persons high in office toward liberal ideas, whether classed as Infidel or Anarchist, which are equally represented by the victim editors. If it is morally certain that Wanamaker and his tools have been acting in concert with President Harrison, is it feasible to appeal to him against them, and in behalf of men who will make no concession of silence about what they justly regard as their personal rights and legally under control only of their subscribers?

They refuse "pardon" on the condition of renouncing their constitutional rights of press and speech. The practical question, then, for others who have need of the same freedom for wiser uses, and still more obnoxious to despotism than is what it calls obscene, is whether there is or not a reasonable hope of justice from the United States Supreme Court, in defense of the general principle under which the acts of Harman and Heywood are but particular cases.

What they have printed is irrelevant so long as it is not accused of being a special instigation to crime. Who are legally the critics of their sheets? Their subscribers—or an outsider, their enemy and the tool of other enemies, a postmaster, a magistrate, or what-not of arbitrary imposition? Can democrats sit passive before such autocratic usurpation?

Then the next thing after suppressing "Infidelity and Anarchism" will be the exclusive control of the polls by republican appointees. Some democratic leading men are lawyers, G. C.,* for instance. And Judge Tuley? How well it would become such men to plead before the Supreme Court against encroachment of their political enemies on civic rights! To petition for pardon is to acknowledge a fault, *i. e.*, a fault committed against some law, and is therefore to ignore the encroachment by judges or courts of legal and constitutional civic rights. To petition for pardon is to narrow down the question to the fate of a person, while letting the principle slide. And to whom must the petition be addressed? To those very persons in power who have either instigated the prosecution or deliberately consented to it, and who are known as champions of despotism, clerical and secular. Under these circumstances, and with victims ambitious of the honors of martyrdom, who will make no concessions; a petition, to succeed, would need signatures so numerous as to be a tidal wave of public opinion breaking at the polls. Now the

great mass of the people of the United States, even if made acquainted with the facts, would probably side against the victim editors. They would think jail was the best place for Infidels, and Anarchists infidel to majority rule. Should appeal to the Supreme Court fail, the effort will be useful at least in the propagation of Liberal ideas and may dissipate certain illusions that enslave.

EDGEWORTH.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

REPORT FOR JULY.

During the month forty-five membership certificates were issued, making the total membership eleven hundred and nine, (1,109). The new members are from Miss., Oregon, Kan., Texas, Col., Minn., Iowa, Neb., Mass., and Canada.

The generosity of Brother Franklin A. Day, of Constance, Iowa, deserves special mention. The propaganda work is one in which every member of the order should be interested, yet many of them have never contributed a cent to it.

F. H. RAU, Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from last month.....	\$ 9 80
Wm. Cughan, N. Y.....	50
Thos. Dugan, N. Y.....	1 00
Joseph Hidham, Tex.....	25
E. los Santos, Trinidad, W. Ind.....	1 00
A. B. Klise, Oregon.....	50
J. H. and F. L. Handy, Mass.....	5 00
Wm. C. Jacobs, S. Dakota.....	1 00
Franklin A. Day, Iowa.....	100 00
Sale of constitutions.....	20

\$119 25.

Mailing constitutions, etc.....	\$3 75
Printing 1000 membership certificate blanks.....	2 00
	\$5 75

Balance.....	\$113 50
Hannibal, Mo.....	A. R. AVRES, Treas.

"A MOST INTERESTING PAMPHLET."

In this pamphlet (*My Religious Experience*, by Samuel P. Putnam) Mr. Putnam gives us a detailed account of the very varied and typical experiences through which he has passed in his very diversified life. We say typical, for, as he relates them, they appear to us as the common experiences of well-defined classes of people, and it is fortunate that in this case they are related by a careful and intelligent writer. Mr. Putnam was the son of a clergyman, but the practical Atheism of his early life is only a reflection of the "religion" of large masses of nominally orthodox people. Even at Dartmouth College (founded as a theological school) "the legend was that the smartest of the graduates became lawyers, the next smartest doctors, and those who had the least ability became clergymen." This corresponds with the old English saying that a youth not clever enough for any other vocation must be provided for in the church. Young Putnam's college life, however, was brought to an abrupt close by the breaking out of the civil war, and this led to his "conversion," which forms the most striking incident in the work. He enlisted, and, he says, "I passed from dreams to realities. War seemed to me a glorious affair. . . . To be a soldier, to fight for liberty, to be in the tumult of some grand battle—this was the desire that drowned everything else." The dull routine of camp life followed, and he found it a dreary monotony. "War was seen to be only a barbaric affair, that never did and never could settle the great questions of human destiny." His "conversion" he relates thus: "I was in the valley of the Shenandoah. We had been marching and countermarching for days and weeks. . . . The rain fell in torrents. The roads were almost impassable. Gun and haversack weighed heavily. The days were toilsome, with nothing buthardtack and coffee at the end. At night we slept on the wet ground or stood guard. . . . It was continual depression, a tired body, and an almost inactive mind. The camp fever seems to be a combination of all the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' . . . This was the kind of fever to which I was becoming a victim. . . . Then came word that Stonewall Jackson was on our track. A forced march toward Washington was ne-

*Grover Cleveland?—ED.

cessary. The hospitals were broken up; everything was in confusion, and I was obliged to tramp along with the rest, although unfit to do so. It was a weary journey, and never was I so absolutely miserable as on that day. To travel twelve or fourteen hours on a stretch, with gun and knapsack, fever burning in the veins, tortured with thirst, feet sore, and eyes almost blinded with pain, is an experience as melancholy as one can imagine. In drowning, all the past scenes of one's life rise before the mind's eye, a vast and strange procession; so in that unutterable agony and despair my whole life's history was placed before me with astonishing distinctness, . . . mingled with the pictures the teachings I had received from father and mother; the milder aspects of religion; not the wrath of God or the fires of hell, but the love of Jesus. Vividly appeared the cross and the illustrious sufferer upon it. With overwhelming power sounded the appeal I had so often heard: 'Surrender to Jesus.' . . . Suddenly out of my weakness, my suffering, the pain, the weariness, and the despair, my heart cried out, 'I surrender!' There was no reserve. It was like taking the hand of a friend and going with him, not because I feared him, but because I loved him. An indescribable sweetness and delight at once took possession of my being. I was in a new world." Mr. Putnam's narrative will, we have no doubt, help many "converts" to understand themselves a little better than they have hitherto done. The rest of his experiences, down to his final conversion by Colonel Ingersoll, form a most interesting pamphlet.—Secular Thought.

G. A. P.—A Bad Gap in the Association of Progress Scheme.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In FREETHOUGHT of July 12, I called attention to the Los Angeles Assembly of Progress circulars. I wrote, "I have long been intensely anxious that the Liberals should have a mutual aid society for both sexes, that would make sure provision for dependent loved ones; in which no prayers or mummeries, religious or otherwise, would be allowed; founded and conducted on strictly business principles; affording insurance at actual cost; and paying fair salaries for needed work done, but no sinecures, fat jobs, or division of spoils among managers." I concluded with the declaration: "I do not doubt the good intent of the Los Angeles Assembly of Progress, but their scheme is not practical or reliable. I do hope, however, that it will result in great good by arousing attention, discussion, and intelligent action on the subject, that will eventually give us a safe, reliable, practical, Liberal mutual aid society."

In FREETHOUGHT of July 26, Mr. Cuttlefish Severance (has a kind of gland called the ink-bag, situated near the liver, from which, when pursued, it throws out a brownish-black liquor that darkens the water, enabling it to escape observation. See Webster's Dictionary: art. Cuttlefish.) the Grand Guide of the G. A. P., for some time past afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*, empties the ink-bag of his disordered liver and by mud-slinging endeavors to obscure the issue.

Mr. J. M. Voss, the Grand Prefect, is evidently sincere and honest, but in his letter in FREETHOUGHT of August 2, fails to prove that the scheme of the G. A. P. is grandly perfect.

By long and careful study and consultations with the best actuaries of the United States, I find actual cost of \$2,000 insurance on lives selected with ordinary care and precaution, between the ages of 12 and 35 is \$11 per year; from 35 to 45, \$17; from 45 to 60, \$30.

Each policy is issued for \$2,222, and the \$222, at death of member, paid into the reserve fund of the society, and the \$2,000 to heirs of the deceased. The death average would be ten to every thousand members each year. Every death secures \$222 to reserve fund, thus accumulating a fund proportionate with increase of membership that affords security, and guarantees permanence of the society.

Let us compare actual cost of insurance for \$2,000 with the safety and combined advantages of the old line, and the co-operative, with the cost—with no security—of the G. A. P.:

Age 35, actual cost per year	\$11;	Cost by G. A. P.,	\$28
" 45, " " " "	17;	" " " "	36
" 60, " " " "	30;	" " " "	48

This is on the basis of 2,000 members. See page 17 of Constitution of G. A. P.

Charters \$100 each (page 7). Articles furnished for the \$100 (see

page 24) any stationer could furnish for \$20 and make more than ordinary profit.

SICK BENEFITS.—Five dollars a week sick benefit to all members, rich or poor, is a delusion and an incentive to fraud, and is utterly impractical in a society with isolated members in every part of the civilized world (page 23).

The only safe and really helpful sick benefit would be the necessary amount to secure needed attendance and comforts for the sick one, and provision for the sick member's dependent loved ones during member's sickness and inability to attend to work or business. This can be secured by loan from Society's reserve fund, repayment secured by pledge of sick member's and two other member's policies.

The time has come when a mutual aid society of Liberals is possible; it has long been greatly needed. In a spirit of earnest desire to promote the greatest good to our cause, let the subject, not persons, be fully discussed, and a plan devised or selected that will commend itself to all Liberals, affording maximum of security at minimum of cost.

And the widow and the orphan, in their bereavement and dependence, and the Liberal when misfortune, reverses, or business failure leave the \$2,000 thus secured the one only provision for loved ones, will bless all who aid in the grand and noble work of organizing the Freethinkers' mutual aid society.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, of the Secular Union, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in this city last Monday night. Being a superb orator, he held the attention of his listeners during the entire evening. His address was noted for the fairness of his argument and the lack of abuse of the opposite party. Mr. Putnam added many to his already large list of friends in this city, who will welcome him whenever he may return. He left for Eagle valley, where he will remain three days, from which place he will go to Summerville. An intellectual treat is in store for the people of those localities, and it will pay all lovers of liberty, justice, and equal rights to go many miles to hear the convincing logic and matchless eloquence of this champion of all that is noble and pure and true.—The Scout, Union, Or.

THE masses of our countrymen are brave, and therefore generous; they are strong, and therefore confident; and they are honest, and therefore unsuspecting. Our peril lies in the ease with which they may be deluded and cajoled by those who would traffic with their interests. No occasion is more opportune than the celebration of the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of American independence to warn the American people of the present necessity on their part of a vigilant watchfulness of their rights, and a jealous exaction of honest and unselfish performance of public duty.—Grover Cleveland.

W. F. JAMIESON, after nearly one year's lecturing in Iowa, almost continuously, took steamer at McGregor and went up the glorious Mississippi into Minnesota. His first lecturing point is Princeton. Negotiations are also going on for a debate between him and Elder L. T. Nichols, at Kassoon, Minnesota. His address until further notice, will be Princeton, Minnesota.

THE Freethought Publishing Company has in press a second edition of Putnam's "Religious Experience," the first having been exhausted. The new edition will be larger and finer than the first, and will be ready for mailing at once.

"FAIR PLAY," of which E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman are the publishers, is to remove from Valley Falls, Kansas, to Sioux City, Iowa. The change is made on account of Mr. Walker's health, which is impaired by malaria.

FREETHOUGHT has received fifty cents from Camp L. Genius for the San Francisco Freethought Society, and one dollar from T. L. Grigsby.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Davenport	Aug. 17, 18, 19	Buckley	Aug. 29
Colville	Aug. 22, 23, 24	Puyallup	Sept. 5, 6, 7

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the the country.

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The Pious Parson at Santa Cruz.

I'm a very pious parson
And I just came down from Carson
To rusticate a bit and get the news,
At Pacific Grove I tented
On a piece of ground I rented,
And somehow drifted round to Santa Cruz.

Oh, te-he, but it was funny,
How I squandered godly money
On lemonade and other kindred booze;
And got a little smitten
With a dainty little kitten
Who was bathing in the surf at Santa Cruz.

We men of God are rushy
In heart and kind of gushy,
But of course that isn't strange and startling
news,
And every time she'd pass me
She'd have to stop and gas me
In her polka-dotted suit at Santa Cruz.

When I said the grace at table
I was seldom ever able
To tell the difference 'twixt the roast and
stews;
For my heart would keep a flipping
For a maiden who was dipping
Like a mermaid in the surf at Santa Cruz.

With the polka-dotted jacket
I had many a jolly racket—
Of her speckled hose I had some lovely views;
And memory fondly reaches
For the polka-dotted breeches
That glimmered in the surf at Santa Cruz.

Of course it's quite a pity
For my wife in Carson City,
That I her tender love should thus abuse.
And the same she'd stoutly buck on
If she knew that I was stuck on
The polka-dotted suit at Santa Cruz.

Interesting Facts.

There are about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants on the globe, says the St. Louis Republic. Of these 33,033,033 die every year. There are 3064 languages, and over 1000 religions professed by the people. The number of males and females is about equal, and their average life is about 33 years; one-fourth of the inhabitants die before they reach their fifteenth year. To 1000 persons only one reaches the age of 100 years; to every 100 only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to see the eightieth year; 33,033,033 dying every year makes a grand total of 91,824 per day, 3730 per hour, sixty a minute, or one every time the clock ticks. Married persons live longer than single ones, and the tall have a better chance for long life than those of short stature.

Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 1000 individuals born; the time when the greatest number of marriages take place is in June and December—about the time of the summer and winter solstices. Dark-haired persons have a better chance in the great struggle for existence than those of the opposite complexion, except in contagious diseases, where blondes are comparatively exempt. A person born in hot weather stands the heat a great deal better than one born in the cold months of winter. Of course the rule works vice versa. Those born in the spring are usually of more robust constitution than if born at any other time of the year. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths.

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838 Howard st., San Francisco, Cal.

He Found the Schoolmaster.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed a man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and said:

"Isn't your name Graham?"
 "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.
 "Didn't you use to teach school at Elmira?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "In 1863?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"
 "Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of fire-crackers under his desk and touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday."
 "And you basted him for it?"

"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain."

"He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last."

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half-turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster piled on to him and licked him until he cried, "Enough," and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on an o'er collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a miscue!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he got to be 150 years old. The old devil is all of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand up to him again. Here is thirty years of waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in five minutes."

ST. PETER—"Any credentials?" Newly arrived soul (confidentially)—"I spent my life getting up stories about Atheists struck dumb, profane men struck by lightning, etc., to be telegraphed by the press associations. Highly moral work, sir." St. Peter [confidentially]—"Come in, then. The place across the way claims a larger population than we have, and I can make you useful in the census department."

"I LIKE that girl's disposition," said Scadley as a maiden passed down to the beach in particularly abbreviated bathing robes.

"Know her?" asked Ratbone.

"No, but I can see she's disposed so far as can to give everybody a show."

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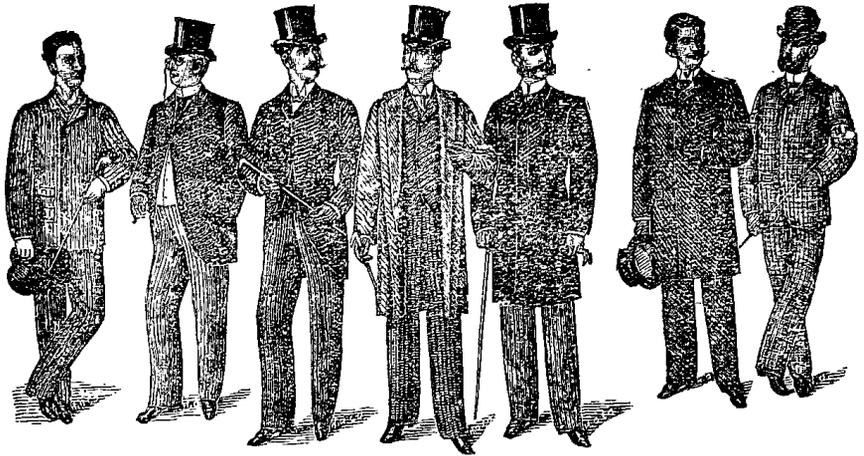
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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Arid lands stretch from Baker City on to Eagle Valley. Only a few houses are to be seen. At Keating, the first stopping-place, there is only one house, barn, and post-office. From this we rise fifteen hundred feet to Sparta, a somewhat dilapidated mining village, where I am hungry enough to eat almost any kind of a dinner. From these lofty ways there are magnificent prospects. Mountains are seen in every direction. Especially the Granite hills tower in multitudinous grandeur. They seem to fill the whole horizon at times with their massive brilliance.

It is a beautiful picture when from the far over-hanging bluff the green and fruitful valley appears. It seems away down hundreds of feet, and it is by a kind of winding staircase that we descend from the glaring upper regions of desert to the lower regions of verdant splendor. It is like coming into paradise. It is a surprise indeed suddenly from dusty travel, with nothing but brown and gray on every side rolling into tumultuous heights, to look upon this glittering vale, that it seems you might almost jump across, lying like a gem in the vast expanse, holding already in its bosom a population of four hundred, and capable of several times that number in its future growth. The sun was becoming golden as we reached the crest of the mighty hill and began to sweep downward in huge circles, almost like a bird in its flight. We crossed the sparkling Eagle creek, and a little way over came to the ranch and store of James F. Cleaver, and here was the home-like welcome of "Auld Lang Syne" and Liberal comradeship. Our friends, the Cleavers, wherever they go, lift the flag and it floats in the sunshine and the storm, and now for the first time it was waving over Eagle valley, where as yet not a church had reared its idle walls, although the land is flowing with milk and honey. The Cleavers were at Cracker Creek last year where I lectured, and now by the death of Mr. Holcomb, Mrs. Cleaver's father, they are removed to New Bridge. Mr. Holcomb was a Liberal and always maintained his principles and was on the roll of Freethought, and his memory is still for progress and for freedom. It did not take long to be rested after my long forty-mile ride, and when the moon began to shed its

lustre I was on my way to the school-house, where the first Freethought lecture in the valley was to be delivered. The campaign opened with all the promise that one could desire. The house was crowded. Some of those present were Christians, and the younger ones of this sect seemed to think that the meeting was for their own special benefit, and they kept up a kind of confab on the back seats, as if no others had any rights that they were bound to respect. But only half a dozen thus disturbed the meeting, and to the majority Freethought was evidently acceptable, and I could not ask for more generous listeners. On the following night the attendance was equally appreciative, and there was no opposition in the back seats. I guess by this time that civilization had exerted its benign influence. It was more through ignorance than ill-will that the disturbances occurred. I don't think it will happen again. The march of improvement is in the valley.

A much larger number would have been out the second evening if it had not been for the busy preparations for the harvest festival to be held on the first day of August. The women were cooking all day long, and were not in a mood to attend an extra service. The men generally were pretty busy gathering in the crops, and in view of so much going on, the number at the lecture was quite encouraging. About every seat was occupied.

They have inaugurated a good custom in this valley, of holding a harvest festival to which all the neighboring communities are invited, and there is a good time for everybody, old and young. This valley can indeed be proud of its productions. It beats any part of the state for hay and grain. All kinds of vegetables can be raised. The sweet-corn and potatoes are as luscious as one can desire. The peaches are delicious, and the blackberries make the heart glad, and the apples are red and sweet. There is honey also, and the bees fly over the alfalfa with rejoicing hum. A lovely Arcadian land is this, secluded in the wild and rugged scenes, and fortunate are they who have dropped upon its fertile and delightful breast. Toil here is pleasure, for it meets with ample reward. Here no earthquake rolls, nor cyclones ever sweep. The value of what the valley produced last year averages \$59 per acre, and I doubt if any other place can show a better record. No wonder, then, that the people come together for a glorious harvest festival with music and dance and streaming pennon where the waters flash in silvery bubbles and the arches of the grove make a beautiful roof, with soft sunshine falling upon the green earth. There are a thousand there now, men, women, and children. Mr. Crawford, of Union, opens the exercises of the day with an eloquent speech. The Eagle Valley band discourses sweet and inspiring music. Denham Wright, of Big Spring, and myself also join our voices in the celebration of labor's toil and triumph. Then the little children, in fours and twos, add to the beauty and melody of the occasion. Then comes the big dinner, and the valley pours forth its riches for the benefit of the many guests

There is enough and to spare. After dinner the sports are in order, the races—the fat man's race, won by Dr. Fuller; the little boy's race, the sack race, the wheelbarrow race, the egg race, etc. Then flashes the beautiful equestrianism of the fair ladies, gliding gracefully along the forest, bewitching the world, for the golden prize. Then follows the grand tournament. Six knights enter the list, and a gallant set of men they are, with flying colors. It was noble horsemanship indeed, and it made the blood thrill to see the knights dash along and with steady eye gather the red ring upon the spear. Not always, however, did fortune prevail, and the red ring fluttered away upon the dust. When the grand prize was won, the queen was crowned and the maids of honor joined the splendid circle, and the martial strains softened to melodious marches, and the gay festivities of the night outlasted the moon and greeted the morning sun. But I could not remain through all these joyous hours of night, for I must be up and away with the morning sun. This harvest festival will never be forgotten, nor the good friends I have met in this round of pleasure mingling with work.

I am sorry that our friend, Miss Etta Cleaver, whose joyous enthusiasm of youth sparkles with Freethought, is on a bed of sickness. She has not been well since last September and bears her sufferings bravely. She was able to go to the festival, by having a bed made in the hack, for she can sit up only for a few moments at a time. However, she has splendid courage, and I hope again to see her as healthy and as bright as a year ago. Prayers cannot do this, but the good genius of undaunted will is the angel that clears the way.

I was glad to meet with Henry Foster, of Pine valley, which is another fertile space, somewhat larger than Eagle valley, ten miles further on. Mr. Foster wanted that I should extend my pilgrimage to his home, but time did not permit. I was assured that there are many Freethinkers in Pine valley, and next year when I make my annual round I shall take delight in climbing the "golden stair" to this remote paradise, for these valleys are at an elevation of about three thousand feet. They are so snugly packed in the mountains that the storms which pile the snow-drifts three hundred feet high on the neighboring heights only give their gentlest gales, and the climate is superb.

Dr. H. J. Fuller and family, of Baker City, are to make Eagle valley their home. The doctor has bought a ranch and will mingle rural pleasures with professional cares.

J. W. Bennehoff, a sterling Freethinker of many years' standing, took me to his home on Thursday evening. He came here about twelve years ago and conquered the sage-brush, and now his broad acres greet the harvest sun with gold.

A. Swisher, is one of the old settlers, came here in 1868, and is on the roll of Freethought. It was in his grove by the limpid Eagle creek that the festival was held.

Captain Craig is one of the giant pioneers of this land and stands to the front always.

W. W. Kirby, Tom Connell, W. H. Tobin, Ben Longley, Geo. A. Clunie, C. H. Carnaham, Routledge, with many others, make the frontier line of Freethought, and now that the banner is up it will always greet the hills with advancing lustre. T. J. Landers came all the way from Bridgeport, a distance of about eighty miles, to attend the lecture and festival, and takes FREETHOUGHT into the bargain.

Saturday morning I climb the gray rampart to the outer world, and when a thousand feet above bid farewell to the entrancing picture and turn to the wide extending desert, with a

stretch of forty miles to Baker City. At five o'clock the long, thin column of smoke from Baisely's mine greets the eye against the dark-brown magnificence of Baker Mountains. At six o'clock we enter the city, now on its boom and destined to be quite a mining metropolis. A rich mineral as well as timbered country is about it. P. A. Conde, our Liberal friend, has been elected sheriff the last year, and J. L. Baisely is chief deputy sheriff. I did not lecture at Baker City, for luck was against me, but it will not always be so.

I get up at one o'clock Sunday morning to catch the train, but it is several hours late, and I don't get to La Grande until after seven o'clock. I meet J. W. Norval and N. C. McLeod of the good old Scotch Presbyterian clan, and am driven over to Summerville in time for a lecture Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. The splendor of Grand Round valley on that bright Sunday morning was something delightful to look upon. It is about thirty miles long and sixteen miles wide, and Union, La Grande, Elgin, Island City, and Summerville are gems upon its ample bosom. About it sweep the lovely Blue mountains. The harvest glory was radiant in every direction as we sped along.

There was a fine audience in the morning at Rhinehart's Hall. Among them was a preacher, Elder Jones, of Elgin. He was on the warpath. I gave my lecture on the "Demands of Liberalism." He said he would not make an issue on them, but he would stand by the grand old Bible. I offered him half the time of the evening. He said he could not be present, but flung down the gauntlet for a six-nights debate on some future occasion. I accepted the challenge, and preliminaries were entered into, but we came near making a stoppage of proceedings on the statement of the question. With clerical astuteness he wanted the question put as follows: "Resolved, That the Bible contains a divine revelation." I of course refused to debate so vague, indefinite, and absurd a proposition as that, for there would be no possible chance to pin him down. His "divine revelation" would dodge from every text that I might take. Like the Irishman's flea, the moment you put your finger on it it isn't there. The orthodox position affirms that the Bible is, not that it contains, a divine revelation; but my reverend friend wouldn't take that position. I offered to debate the question, "Is there a God?" or that "Christ and the Bible teach the best morality." He wouldn't debate these propositions. Finally, by means of a committee, the following was hit upon to our mutual satisfaction, and the articles of agreement were then and there signed: That there should be a debate of six nights, the first week in October, Elder Jones to open with a forty-minute speech, to be followed by alternate half-hour speeches by the disputants until the closing night, when the half-hour speeches will be ended by a résumé of argument by Elder Jones, to be confined to half an hour. The question is, "Resolved, That the Bible is of divine origin." The debate will be held at Summerville, and it is expected that the biggest crowd of the season will be in attendance. I think that Elder Jones is a man of considerable courage. He is evidently in earnest and believes that he will win the case. His friends affirm that he is well informed and capable, and a gentleman. There is prospect, therefore, of a pretty lively time, and Summerville will be a splendid place for the combat.

The hall was crowded at the evening lecture, and I can but congratulate our friends at this point upon the success of their efforts.

Senator J. W. Norval does not shrink from being an open

Liberal, and I guess it never cost him a vote, for he has the confidence of his party and high official position. He would not accept an office, however, if he had to give up one iota of his principles.

A. Meacham, an attorney, is willing to be counted. He believes in law that is justice. He is a genial companion, and Justus Wade and G. I. Wade are like "old Ben Wade," of Ohio—they have an opinion of their own, and say it.

I guess it won't do any hurt to say that Postmaster C. D. McDowell is one of the fairest and squarest Liberals on the coast, and the mail service doesn't suffer at his hands. It goes just as well six week days as on Sundays, and vice versa.

A. J. Patten, B. H. Hubers, John Kirchhoffer, S. L. McKenzie, N. C. McLoed, G. Waelthy, E. B. Morselock, Charles Holsgarth, George Ott, A. Holsgarth, Jap Bonnett—these all make a pretty good record for Freethought, and Summerville is about as Liberal and prosperous a place as my Secular pilgrimage has struck. It looks ahead. Hunt's railroad is coming here, and that means wealth and growth.

Devine, editor and proprietor of the *Annotator*, is an all-round Liberal and gives everybody a chance. He thinks a clergyman can behave just as well as anybody if he only has a fair opportunity.

Mrs. N. S. Waelthy contributed a beautiful bouquet for the occasion, while the Summerville Silver Cornet band furnished music, for which our thanks are due. It will thus be seen that the opening campaign was really a brilliant affair. In the "gorgeous and jeweled October," when the Grand Round tournament is on the boards, the story of Summerville will be repeated in a new and larger edition. Let the clans of Freethought gather.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHURCH.

Count Tolstoi is perhaps a fanatic on the sexual question, but he appears to have sized up the church with remarkable acuteness. Thomas Stevens, the famous foreign correspondent of the *New York "World,"* gives an account of an interview with the eccentric nobleman, in which is recorded Tolstoi's opinion that priests, ministers, and churches are to be held in no sort of esteem. The priests, he says, are a part and parcel of the governmental machinery for grinding the faces of the poor and living without work. To swing a censer and chant senseless masses is, in his opinion, stage acting; and the time wasted on this buffoonery, if devoted to planting and digging potatoes, would suffice to earn their bread, and then there would be no need of preying on the ignorant and superstitious.

Tolstoi goes a little too far when he says that a minister of the gospel who accepts a salary and lives off it is a robber. Impositor is a better word. The only difference between the minister and the footpad, says our author, is that whereas the latter knocks you down and rifles your pockets, the minister gets at the pockets of honest people by a more ingenious if less violent process. Furthermore, he goes on, both minister and footpad eat food they have never earned, and which, consequently, cannot possibly be theirs by right.

These views are as radical as any put forth by Infidels, but Tolstoi, we believe, professes to be a Christian, and, like the majority of religionists, his views are emotional rather than reasoned. He should have the charity to admit that if a clergyman honestly believes himself called to preach the gospel, and if a number of persons voluntarily agree to pay his salary, he is not

necessarily a robber when he accepts money for his services. He deceives himself and his people, but the deception is involuntary. The robbers, in a strictly legal sense, are the state-paid hypocrites whose salaries are drawn from the people by compulsory taxation, which is the kind of clergy that infest Russia and to whom Tolstoi doubtless had reference.

Taking Tolstoi's estimate of the church and clergy as a whole, it is a fairly accurate one. The church is a machine, an organization formed to give a physical body to the superstitions of mankind. Gladstone has said that the church furnishes the wings whereby the soul of man ascends to heaven, but his characterization is figurative and unreal. As a matter of fact it furnishes ignorance, bigotry, and fanaticism with the means to effectually oppose enlightenment, liberty, and progress.

EXPLODING MYTHS.

By order of the government of Switzerland, the story of William Tell shooting an apple from the head of his son is to be excluded hereafter from all school histories published by authority; "and it is officially proclaimed," says a dispatch from Geneva, "that the Tell stories are neither more nor less than fanciful legends of German origin."

Nearly everybody is acquainted with this particular myth, as it has been preserved in song and story, and versions of it are not confined to Switzerland, but appear in text-books used in America. Twenty-five years ago the present writer was required to read a poem from his Reader beginning thus:

"Come list to me, and you shall hear
A tale of what befell
A famous man of Switzerland:
His name was William Tell."

According to the legend, it was in the year 1307 (or, as some authorities have it, 1296) that Gessler, a minion of the emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a cap on a pole as a symbol of the imperial power, and ordered everybody to bow to it. Tell refused to salute the cap, and as a punishment was required to shoot the apple from his boy's head, as aforesaid.

It was nearly two hundred years later before any copy of the story appears in the annals of Switzerland. Two hundred and ninety years after the alleged occurrence, or in 1598, a writer on Swiss antiquities called it a fable, but subscribed to the current belief in it because the tale was popular. About the year 1750 a bolder skeptic said that the story was of Danish origin, and was condemned by the authorities to be burnt alive. Happily the offender was absent when the sentence was passed, but his book fell into the hands of the common hangman and suffered public cremation.

The evidences in favor of the legend may be enumerated. There is, says Edwin Clodd, the fountain on the supposed site of the tree in the market-place at Altdorf by which young Tell stood, or to which he was bound, as well as a colossal plaster statue of the hero himself in the same village. Furthermore, the veritable cross-bow itself is preserved in the arsenal at Zurich. There is also a "Tell chapel" restored and opened no later than June, 1882.

Nevertheless, the evidence that the story is a fable seems to be conclusive. A Danish writer of the twelfth century tells a similar narrative dated about 950. Norse legends have two or three different versions of it; it occurs in English story books; Persian lore of the twelfth century contains it; the Aryans were familiar with it; so were the Turks and the Mongolians; and a legend

of "the Samoyedes," who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen. The story was evidently fastened upon Tell as a proof of his skill with the crossbow, as the hatchet story is attached to Washington to attest his inability to lie. But the whole matter is dissolved by the solar mythologists, who "see in Tell the sun or cloud deity; in his bow the storm-cloud or the iris; and in his arrows the sun-rays or lightning darts."

The myth of Tell and his adventures is interesting, and important at present, because it is a type of more generally accepted myths that still receive the indorsement of many more powerful governments than that of Switzerland. We refer to the god myth and the messianic myth. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the work called the Old Testament will find there recounted the marvelous exploits of a character called Jehovah, whose performances are located farther back in antiquity and are therefore more remarkable, and also on a larger scale than those of Tell. They are likewise correspondingly unreasonable. In the New Testament a new hero called Christ, son of the foregoing, is introduced, of whom rather less startling adventures are recorded, but who is evidently of a similar mythological character. References to these two personages still occur in the textbooks used in our public schools; and not only that, but pupils are required to perform certain incantations called prayers, and to chant certain prophecies called hymns, wherein the names of these fabulous characters are frequently mentioned. Much abler and more exhaustive research than that employed in the Tell myth has been used to test the truthfulness of the accounts relating to these two legendary personages; the result being that the intelligence of the age rejects them as totally imaginary. No traces of their actual existence is to be discovered after the most patient and careful investigation. It is high time, therefore, that all governments maintaining a public school system should take a lesson from Switzerland, and exclude from all school-books published by authority the fanciful legends drawn from the biblical narratives of oriental origin.

AS TO SPIRITUALISM.

A great many of the subscribers to FREETHOUGHT, we learn, are Spiritualists, which is not surprising, as Spiritualists are intelligent people and know a good paper when they see it; but it speaks well for the liberality of our Spiritualistic friends that they are willing to patronize papers that do not advocate, and that even antagonize, what to them has almost the sacredness of a religious belief. We have to admit, however, that some Spiritualists take FREETHOUGHT under a sort of protest. They say, truthfully, that they are Freethinkers but not Materialists, and that Materialists are as much under obligation to respect their opinions as Spiritualists are to respect the opinions of their brother Liberals; and they are on the alert to detect and reprove whatever they may regard as a reflection upon the soundness of the spiritual philosophy. It is not a week since a good Spiritualist of this city called at the office to have his paper discontinued on account of its opposition to views which he holds. Yet we could not ascertain that anything more offensive to Spiritualism than the Theosophical lecture of Dr. Jerome Anderson had appeared in these columns; and though that lecture is as much opposed to Materialism as to the doctrines of Spiritualism, we have as yet to hear a complaint from any Materialist that his cherished belief has been treated with disrespect. Possibly some of our Spiritualist friends have still to learn how liberal Liberals can be, and

that there really exists in the world that virtue which Colonel Ingersoll describes as intellectual hospitality.

The attitude of FREETHOUGHT toward Spiritualism is one of suspended judgment. It neither affirms nor denies a future life, though it declines to accept as sufficient the arguments and facts adduced as evidence of such a state. The golden rule of Descartes is a good one—give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted. Taking this rule as a guide, doubting nothing for the mere sake of doubting, remaining open to conviction and hospitable toward everything that bears the semblance of truth—this seems to us the wiser course. Mr. George Chainey once remarked to the editors of this paper that FREETHOUGHT was out of the swim—that if it desired success and popularity it must become an exponent of Spiritualism or Theosophy, which in his mind appeared to be identical. To which it was only necessary to reply that if FREETHOUGHT were in quest of popularity it would change its name, though it would not in that case adopt Spiritualism, since there were other more popular and prosperous beliefs that it could as consistently advocate. Mr. Chainey is an exemplar of his own doctrine, while FREETHOUGHT endeavors to stick to the text of Descartes. Mr. Chainey has crossed and recrossed from one debatable land to another, and might now be back within the fold of the church if he had not burnt the bridge behind him.

Scores of differing beliefs regarding the ultimate destiny of man present themselves to every intelligent person for his acceptance. Among these modern Spiritualism appears the most reasonable, not to say the most scientific. It brings an array of facts, to reject which is to impugn the veracity or to impeach the intelligence of thousands of veracious and intelligent people. The only question to be settled is the question recently debated by Moses Hull and S. P. Putnam—"Do the phenomena of Spiritualism demonstrate a future life?" Honestly and candidly, we do not know what those phenomena demonstrate, further than that they prove the constantly receding character of the unexplained; that is, that in this direction, as in every other, each mystery removed only discovers fresh mysteries beyond. Those who overpass phenomena and affirm what lies behind them doubtless feel justified in doing so, but it is a step which others, for good reasons, are disinclined to take. The difference, however, on that point is not sufficient grounds for a quarrel among people who agree on nearly everything else.

PROHIBITED BOOKS.

"Kreutzer Sonata." 25 cents.

"Thou Shalt Not." 50 cents.

"Speaking of Ellen." 50 cents.

"In Stella's Shadow." 50 cents.

These books are all for sale in San Francisco. Why does not Bennett, the San Francisco agent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, see to it that they are suppressed? Let him try the experiment and see what our courts will do.

WANAMAKER has accused ex-Postoffice Inspector William T. Henderson of being an agent of the Louisiana Lottery Company. Mr. Henderson, in reply, declares that Wanamaker has slandered him and that he knows enough about the postmaster-general to drive him out of the president's cabinet. If Mr. Henderson is in possession of such facts, nothing should prevent him from disclosing them.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK's old lieutenant and chief "fugleman," as D. M. Bennett used to call him, one Joseph Britton, has distinguished himself by arresting Patrick Farrelly, manager of the American News Company, and two of his clerks, for circulating obscene literature. The matter complained of consists of five books, entitled "Thou Shalt Not," "Speaking of Ellen," "In Stella's Shadow," "An Actor's Wife," and "The Devil's Daughter." One thousand two hundred and forty-four of these books were seized. Mr. Farrelly is reported to have been astonished to learn that the works were objectionable, but he offered no resistance. He was dumb, like a sheep before its shearers, and when examined declared upon oath that he didn't know the things were loaded. In fact, he played the coward all the way through, and instead of defending his rights like a respectable citizen, submitted without protest. We have never had any particular regard for Mr. Farrelly. He is a bigoted Roman Catholic and has instituted a boycott against anti-Catholic literature; but his right to handle the inhibited books is as clear as the sun in the sky, and his arrest is an outrage just as much as though he had the courage to say so.

IN 1887 a convict in San Quentin made a deathbed confession that testimony which he had given in a murder case and upon which two men were imprisoned for life, was perjured, and that so far as he knew the men were innocent. The man who heard the confession is the Rev. W. H. Hill, then chaplain of the prison and now a resident of Berkeley. When interviewed by a reporter the other day the Rev. Mr. Hill admitted that he had heard the confession, but in reply to the question, "What did you do about it?" said: "Do! Why, I didn't do anything. I couldn't be supposed to interest myself in the affairs of all the prisoners in San Quentin." When asked if he did not even inform the governor about it he said he did not because he was not on good terms with Governor Waterman! Steps are now being taken to investigate the case of the two men convicted by the dead convict's testimony, and if it turns out that they are innocent the Rev. Mr. Hill may get what comfort he can out of the reflection that by needlessly prolonging their imprisonment he is *particeps criminis* with the perjurer.

"TO-DAY four thousand five hundred saloons are in our city, while the Directory shows but one hundred and seventeen churches, representing twenty-thousand Christians. Where are the remainder of the three hundred thousand inhabitants?" The foregoing statement and inquiry were made by the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry last Sunday in the course of an argument in favor of a Sunday law. His notion that is that by closing the saloons on Sunday the churches may be filled, but it is proper to inform him that in cities where the experiment has been tried no such result has followed. There is no sense in charging or insinuating that because a person is not at church he must of necessity be hanging about a liquor store. The majority of citizens frequent neither.

ONCE more the news comes that "the pope will soon issue a manifesto to Roman Catholics throughout the world, giving his intention of leaving Rome, together with his court and all his adherents." The reason given is that it is impossible for any earnest Christian, even now, to live in Rome, which is fast becoming the headquarters of Atheism and Freethought. But the pope's threat to leave the city, provided he has made such a threat, can be construed as nothing more than a bluff. He has too many interests there to voluntarily abandon them. Anywhere but in Rome the pope would be like a clown outside a circus.

THE editor of the "Agitator," a Young Men's Christian Association paper published at Augusta, Me., sent the Freethought Publishing Company an invitation to forward books for review. We sent a copy of Putnam's "Religious Experience," but the editor declines to notice it, although he professes a desire to enable his readers to know "what is being written" and to "form their own opinions as to whether the book is likely to meet their particular wants." We are inclined to think that "My Religious Experience" would meet the "particular wants" of a good many members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

SENATOR BLAIR has passed from the advocacy of a national Sunday law to the advocacy of a national prohibition enactment. The other day he introduced a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution to forever prohibit in the United States the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation, and sale of all alcoholic liquors used as beverages. The Committee on Labor and Education has reported favorably upon the resolution, but as this committee seems to be formed mainly of Senator Blair, the report has little significance. The country has grown weary of Blair.

THE San Francisco High License Association issue in pamphlet form an "Appeal for a High License Ordinance," backing up their arguments with figures showing the extent of the liquor evil in San Francisco. The disinterestedness of the members of this association is shown by the fact that one of its executive committeemen is a real estate agent, many of whose stores where liquor is now sold would be emptied of their tenants by a high license ordinance.

THE members of the Sabbath Union now holding their convention in San Francisco announce that California is to be the battlefield of the next fight for Sunday laws. California now has the proud pre-eminence of being the only state in the Union with a free Sunday, but the bigots seem determined that the distinction shall not be maintained. It is pleasing to note that the Sabbath Union of this city does not appear to be a very powerful body.

THE regents of the State University propose to remove the remains of James Lick from their present resting-place beneath the foundation of the great Lick telescope on Mt. Hamilton, and place them in a suitable mausoleum to be erected to receive them. The necessity for this step seems hardly apparent. The observatory is James Lick's most appropriate monument, and his remains could not have a fitter resting-place than beneath its towers.

IT is a stirring letter that Miss Ida C. Craddock gives the readers of FREETHOUGHT this week. Miss Craddock shows, what all reformers should realize, that the separation of church and state lies at the foundation of every liberty.

ANOTHER plea, this time voiced by Michael Davitt, comes from Ireland asking relief from poverty and destitution. Meanwhile the collection of Peter's pence from the Irish people goes merrily on.

WE must again remind subscribers in arrears that it is necessary for them to renew. It is positively impossible for us to send them FREETHOUGHT unless they pay their subscriptions.

THE Annual Convention of Canadian Secularists and Freethinkers will be held in Toronto on Saturday and Sunday, September 13 and 14.

A SEANCE.

A business errand took me to the office of the "Carrier Dove" last week, and Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the business manager and medium, took me into his parlor and gave me a sitting. The doctor's first act was to apologetically remove a cigar from my person, and to put it away in a safe place, not necessarily for future reference, but for my own good. He then seated me at a small table and gave me a strip of pink paper which he had marked off with eight lead-pencil lines. I was instructed to write thereon the names of several persons, living and dead. Dr. Schlesinger left the room while I did the writing, though that was unnecessary, as in cutting the strip of paper into ballots upon his return, he had ample opportunity to read the names, and I presume he does not deny that he saw them all. Sitting opposite to me at the little table he cut the strip up into ballots with his pocketknife, folded and tossed them to me, and I dropped them into a hat held between my knees. At his request I gave the ballots a good shaking up in the hat, and then passed them to him one at a time under the table. The doctor meanwhile held conversation with his spirit guide. As I passed him a ballot he inquired, "Is this spirit present?" and occasionally a sort of ticking noise under the table was accepted as an affirmative reply. In such cases the ballot was opened and read. If the person named was deceased, the spirit alleged to be present was accepted as that person; if living, then the spirit was explained to be one desirous of communicating with the said person.

Among the names was that of my mother, which Dr. Schlesinger detected and identified correctly without, apparently, reading it. He likewise discovered the name of a deceased person written on a ballot; also the place of the person's death and the name of the disease he had died of, all of which were written on the papers. His method was to take up the ballots, unopened, one after another until he came to the right one, which would be announced by the ticking noise under the table.

But some curious mistakes occurred. In writing the name of a deceased acquaintance, with the place of his death opposite, I inadvertently wrote "New York" instead of "Brooklyn." Yet the doctor's guide did not correct the error, but gave the location as New York.

In another instance I wrote the name of Charles L. Brown as a sort of test to see whether the doctor's information come from the spirits or from the ballots. The medium found Brown's ballot without difficulty and without reading it; recognized it as the name of a man, and informed me that the spirit of Brown was present with a message. Dr. Schlesinger delivered Brown's message orally, something to this effect: "George, my dear friend, God bless you! I am rejoiced to meet you here to-day and to give you this assurance that the dead still live and can do return to loved ones on earth."

I felt like telling Mr. Brown that he had the advantage of me, as, to the best of my recollection, I never knew a Charles L. Brown in my life, and had nobody in mind when I wrote the name.

The sitting appears to demonstrate (1) That Dr. Schlesinger can read a ballot without seeing, at the time, the side on which the name is written; (2) That he can in some cases tell whether the person bearing the name on the ballot is living or dead; (3) That he can guess with startling accuracy the relationship of the person to the sitter. I bear in mind, however, that he requested me to write my mother's maiden name in full, which I did, giving the middle name, "Chase," and that I wrote the middle name of no other person in the list of eight. I would not insinuate that this gave the medium anything in the nature of a clue, but in the absence of a spirit guide it might perhaps be utilized as a hint.

As a conclusion to the seance, Dr. Schlesinger passed into the trance state, being taken possession of by his guide, who, through the medium, shook my hand and greeted me with a cordial "How do you do, sir?" He then delivered an impressive address, saying that the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" must be answered in the affirmative. This was followed by a poem, which I listened to attentively enough to remark that the guide was a poor versifier, and then the doctor came out of

the trance, and inquired if I was convinced. I did not feel free to announce my complete conversion, and when he asked me to explain what I had seen I was unprepared to do so. I could only ward him off with the suggestion that I was not responsible for what had occurred, and that the explanation would be more reliable if it came from him. Thereupon, on the honor of a gentleman and a man old enough to be my father, Dr. Schlesinger assured me that everything I had received came from the angel world. As he could have no object in misleading me in so unimportant a particular I am ready to admit that he told me what he thought was the truth, though I am still without evidence. The interest that angel Charles L. Brown takes in me is deeply appreciated. The office of Dr. Schlesinger is at 23 Stockton street, San Francisco. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

California fruit is supplying the deficiency in the Eastern crop. It is believed that the East must also depend largely upon this state for its grapes the coming fall.—George Hyde, a pioneer of 1846, died at his residence on Geary street Aug. 16. Mr. Hyde was appointed alcalde by General Kearny in 1847.—There is a small strike among the coopers of San Francisco, the employees of R. Armstrong on Main street having walked out. The question of wages is not involved, but the union men object to common laborers doing their work.—The new cruiser, San Francisco, built at the Union Iron Works, is proving a remarkable swift craft, having exceeded the speed of 19 knots per hour.—A sail-boat was turned bottom upward by a squall on upper Crystal Springs lake, near San Mateo, last Sunday, and the four occupants were drowned. The lake is one of the principal tributaries to the Spring Valley Company's system which supplies San Francisco with water.—The Democratic State Convention is in session in San Jose this week.—The old steamer, Mary Garratt, was partially burned at the Stockton wharf on Sunday. Her owners estimate the damage at \$20,000.—Dr. Samuel Merritt, one of the wealthiest men in Oakland, died Aug. 17. He was 78 years of age, and a native of Maine. He came to the coast in 1849.—There were 131 deaths in San Francisco last week, 40 more than during the same period in 1889.—Census returns give California a population of about 1,200,000.—The Rev. J. P. Newman, General Grant's parson, was in San Francisco last week on his way home from Japan. He will go up the coast to Tacoma, Whatcom, and other places.—The Republicans of California will vote for Col. H. H. Markham for governor next fall. The Democrats and Prohibitionists will vote for somebody else. Colonel Markham is a native of New York state; he is 50 years old, served three years in the war, and one term in Congress.

The railroad strike in New York caused bloodshed last Sunday, when, in a row between the mob and the guards, fifteen Pinkerton men and five outsiders were wounded. It seems that the mob threw stones at the guards, who returned the fire with revolvers. The strike is still unsettled.—The Pacific Express Company lost \$90,000 by a train robbery on the Missouri Pacific Railroad on the morning of Aug. 17. A gang of highwaymen stopped the train and forced the express messenger to open the safe.—Henry George will reach New York the first of September, and on the second of the month the Single Tax organizations of the country will hold a national convention in Cooper Union. San Francisco will be represented by Judge J. G. Maguire.—Some sort of an anti-lottery bill has passed the national House of Representatives.—Completed census returns will probably show that the United States has a population of 64,000,000.—Same old story: "Baltimore, August 15.—Information has been received of the disgrace in India of a young Methodist missionary who was well known here. The missionary is the Rev. J. H. Shively, who graduated at Dickinson College. After his admission as a minister in the Maryland Conference at Emory Grove Camp, about two years ago, and his marriage to a young lady of Denton, in Caroline county, he went to India as a missionary. Bishop James Hoburn astounded the friends of Mr. Shively about a week ago by announcing that Mr. Shively was no longer connected with the South Indian Confer-

ence. It seems that the missionary fell in love with an Indian maiden and their conduct became so objectionable that it aroused the ire of the natives, who threatened personal harm to the missionary. Shively disappeared after resigning his mission."—The Rev. Andrew Colville, of New York, attempted suicide last week by shooting himself in the mouth. The shot did not kill him, and Mr. Colville thereupon repented and went to the hospital for treatment. The surgeons think he will not die.

The English Parliament adjourned last Monday.—Belgian workmen threaten to inaugurate a general strike Sept. 1, unless universal suffrage is accorded them by the government. The situation is regarded with some serious apprehension of bloodshed.—Superstitious Catholics of all nationalities are flocking to the shrine at Knock, Ireland, where the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared in proper person a few years ago. As many as 600,000 are said to have visited the place in one day. The Virgin is not exhibiting herself this season.—The distinguished author and critic, John Ruskin, is rapidly sinking. He is almost continuously delirious, and during these irresponsible moments has attempted suicide with a razor. The strictest watch is kept over him, despite which he has twice made this effort upon his life.

THE MERITS OF POLYTHEISM.

BY DR. G. A. DANZIGER.

I.

If I were asked whether I believe in one God my answer would neither be a strictly positive one nor a positively negative one. I would answer in about the following manner:

As a member of society, that is, of that society which morally drags me to church or to a picnic, to a social, to a party, or to any other stimulating exercise, to prolong pleasures and to shorten life—in the face of that society I should answer that I believe in one God. In the face of the commercial world my answer would take another phraseology. I should then say that we are too busy nowadays to ask for more than one God, since that one even is often greatly neglected, if not forgotten, and the idea of the one being kept alive only by proxy. But if the question should arise, whether it is more correct to believe in one or in more Gods, as far as our sympathies are concerned, I should say that Polytheism is better than Monotheism. An unbiased investigation and a true reasoning, taking human nature and its weakness into proper consideration, will show the merit of the former and the demerit of the latter, for the individual as well as for the masses. It would be folly to say that the heathen who worships many idols is equal or higher than the clergyman who officiates in a church in modern civilization. He is not meant by that at all, but I claim that the Greeks had a much finer conception of the qualities and the true consistency belonging to a supreme being, than the Christians of Mediæval ages or the Monotheistic philosopher of to-day. The Greeks did not worship idols. Their doctrine in theology was simply a plurality of gods. Homer knew Zeus and Apollo—and these are not idols. But we have to place them side by side and we have to compare the ideas of Deity of the ancient Greeks with those of modern times in order to find out whether they were humane believers in a supreme being, and whether they had any intelligence in their belief. We have also to let human nature speak, to find out and deduce a true theory for our argument.

It is an indisputable fact that we are the creators of God's virtues. Since no man has seen God and tested his virtues, all knowledge of these virtues are *a priori*, created, shaped, and formed by man. The greatness of God's virtues—his kindness or his cruelty, his justice or his injustice, his good-will or his ill-will—depends upon the frame of mind the "average" man is in, because to the average man there exists a God only to give him life and health, house and home, wife and children, wealth and influential greatness. As long as he has all that, he thinks God kind; but if he has never had it, or had and lost it, he experiences a reversal of those feelings and thinks God unjust, even cruel. Nine out of ten men may not express it just in those words, but it is nevertheless a fact that we think so—for such is human nature. We are grateful while we receive kindness, but we are woeful and despondent or in ill-humor when we receive

none. This is a truth that stands good for human nature in all ages and in all climes. If this is true for the man living in the age of steam and electricity, it is doubly true of those that lived three thousand years ago. The only difference between the ancient and modern man is, while the former had the courage to call everything by its right name, the latter is, in his expressions, more or less a hypocrite. He is a pagan while professing to believe in one God. At other times he hates God, the perpetrator of his misfortunes, while kneeling and praying to him in the church. This is human nature for Monotheism! The Greeks had a God of joy and happiness, and one of sorrow and misery. They had a God of war and peace, a God of victory and of defeat, and many others besides. And what of that? Does this tend to prove that their belief in a supreme existence was less humane, less logical, or less consistent, or does it show that there was more inconsistency in the actions of their Gods than in the actions of the one God?

Those men may be called inhuman and most cruel who demanded Iphegenia's death to appease the gods—the father may be called weak to do nothing for his daughter who pleaded: "Look on me! Give me one parting look, one kiss, that when I die I may remember thee," or of her heart-rending supplication:

"Have pity on me, father! Spare my life!
'Tis sweet to gaze upon the blessed light;
The grave is naught! The fool resigns his breath:
The sorriest life is better than the noblest death!"

But this does not reflect upon the system of the religion or upon the consistency of the gods. Some may remark here that it is a ridiculous idea to think, while one god is endeavoring to make one rich, one is eager to give joy and the other to burden with sorrow. Is that a consistency in a well-regulated system? Suppose there should be such a fight between the gods, would that confuse the mind of the individual? Will the individual hate the god of joy because the god of sorrow is against him? But if you find this inconsistency in one God, how then? If I have to praise and to condemn or to love and to hate, to pray and to curse one God—will that make one more humane and more intelligent? Is it logical to think and to believe that the one-God, who is omniscient, should not know that burglars carry off my silver in the dead of the night, that he should favor the wicked thief who is stealing my purse while I am going to church, in preference to me, his devoted believer?

"THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT."—Last Sunday evening Mr. Putnam delivered a lecture at the court-house on the above subject. The principal feature of the lecture was devoted to an argument in favor of taxing church property. Mr. Putnam held that exempting church property from taxation was an injustice, as it withdrew from taxation a large amount of wealth and forced non-believers to aid in maintaining church organizations inasmuch as it made their taxes greater. He also held that exempting church property from taxation was a step toward uniting church and state, a most dangerous thing in any form of government. Mr. Putnam handled his subject well, and produced much good argument in support of his theory. This is a question which is now agitating the minds of many people throughout the nation, and the justice of making church property subject to taxation is conceded by many of the able divines of the country.—Ochoco, Or., Review, July 19.

THE world has been civilized in spite of, not by, Christianity. The pews have always demanded a more civilized religion before the pulpit—ever reluctantly—supplied it. Professor Swing, the prosecuted, has ever preached to an overflowing house, while Professor Patten, his prosecutor, has talked to empty benches. Thus have the pews ever civilized religion, but religion never the pews. The people flocking to the most liberal speaker, our preachers themselves—for dollars and cents—have become more liberal.—OTTO WETTSTEIN.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Davenport.....Aug. 17, 18, 19 Buckley Aug. 29 30, 31
Colville Aug. 22, 23, 24 Puyallup..... Sept. 5, 6, 7

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

V.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Declaration of Independence is an epitome of Paine's "Common Sense," which Jefferson certainly did not consult at the time the draft was prepared, for he says:

Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it.

Of course not, if he had before him a complete draft prepared by Thomas Paine; all he had to do was to copy it in his own hand.

Furthermore, it is a question whether Jefferson had even read "Common Sense," for in speaking of Paine, he said:

His "Common Sense" was for a while believed to have been written by Dr. Franklin and published under the borrowed name of Paine, who had come over with him from England.

It is true that the authorship of "Common Sense" was attributed for a time, not only to Dr. Franklin, but to John Adams and others. But Jefferson ought to have known that it was published anonymously. Nor did Paine come over with Franklin; he preceded him six months.

Three years after the first publication of "Common Sense," Paine acknowledged himself before Congress as the writer of several letters published in the newspapers under the title of "Common Sense to the Public on Mr. Deane's Affairs." Paine was then secretary to the committee on foreign affairs, and on motion of a member of Congress was cited to appear and answer whether the articles were written by him. He replied that they were. A motion was then made to expel him from the office of secretary. It was lost. Paine then asked to be heard in his own defense. This was refused, whereupon, rather than remain under censure unheard, he resigned his office. This was in January, 1779; so that from this time he must have been publicly known as the writer "Common Sense," though it does not appear that he made any other public acknowledgment until 1791.

In the conclusion of Paine's "Common Sense," he says:

Should a manifesto be published and dispatched to foreign courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and the peaceful methods which we have ineffectually used for redress, declaring at the same time that not being able any longer to live happily or safely under the cruel disposition of the British Court, we had been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connection with her, and at the same time assuring all such courts of our peaceable disposition toward them, and of our desire of entering into trade with them, such a memorial, etc.

Now the Declaration of Independence answers completely to such a manifesto. Passing over the first two paragraphs, introductory to the bill of rights, we have a detailed statement of "the miseries we have endured;" then of "the peaceful methods we have ineffectually used for redress;" then of the reasons for "the necessity of breaking off all connection" with Great Britain. And lastly, in the formal Declaration of Independence is asserted the "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, and establish commerce" with other nations.

In spite of the mutilation which the Declaration of Independence underwent in Congress it stands forth as a masterpiece of rhetoric beyond the ability of Jefferson to produce. Hence, the most eloquent orator of our time is constrained to say:

Certain it is that Jefferson could not have written anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensive, so clear, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm.

And Mr. Denslow, after an elaborate argument on the question of the authorship of the instrument, says:

Enough! The Declaration of Independence must hereafter be construed as a fabric whose warp and woof were Thomas Paine's.

Jefferson's "Summary View," written in August, 1774, is the best specimen of his composition either before or after 1776; and there are a few passages in it that may be called eloquent. But in that as in the rest of his writings, he frequently violates the rules of rhetoric. The fact is, he was not a rhetorician, and flights of eloquence in his compositions are as rare as billows on a mill-pond. The eloquent and impressive passages of the Declaration are unmistakably in the style of Paine. William Cob-

bett, who died in 1835, became such an ardent admirer of Paine that in 1819 he dug up his bones and transported them to England, with the avowed intention of having a funeral there worthy of the remains to be reinterred. And this is what he said in his paper, Cobbett's Register, about the authorship of the Declaration:

Jefferson and some others have had the credit of being the authors of the Declaration of Independence of America. Either of them for aught I know, may have written it; but Paine was its author.

There is also evidence that the author of the Declaration wrote the "Letters of Junius." In the third paragraph of the first of those letters, is this sentence:

Let us enter into it with candor and decency. Respect is due to the station of ministers, etc.

In the first paragraph of the Declaration is this:

A decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes, etc.

"Decency" and "respect" were favorite words of both Junius and Paine. "The cause of America," said Paine, "made me an author." In the very first letter that can be attributed to the pen of Junius, dated April 28, 1767, and signed "Poplicola," the writer deplors the disposition to "foment discord between the mother country and her colonies." Indeed the cause of America is a frequent theme of Junius. In his famous letter to the king, December 19, 1769, is this passage:

Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but if you ever retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point on which they all agree: they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the hypocrisy of a bishop.

ARMY OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

By permission of the writer, we print the following from a member:

ORANGE CITY, IOWA, June 8, 1890.

MISS IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec. A. S. U.—*Dear Madam:* I read your last communication in FREETHOUGHT and your appeal for organization in it. You will never succeed in making an army of the different Liberals, for the simple reason that there is not a single one who has not his own views, and has but precious little consideration for anybody else's.

I would like to see how you could form an army out of Anarchists, Secularists, Terrorists, Socialists, Nationalists, Theists, Atheists, Agnostics, Materialists, Spiritualists, etc., every mother soul of whom considers his own ism as the particular point at issue, and make them toe a line and work in unison.

I myself hold Anarchistic views, and the effect of it is that even the idea of an army, its regiments and companies, is repulsive to me, which makes me a bad soldier for a commander, whose tactics rest on a wrong basis, according to my view, although my confidence in voluntary co-operation makes me put my shoulder to the wheel; and so it is with most every Liberal.

If you could draw up something like a creed, which every Liberal could indorse, your idea might succeed, but such is manifestly impossible. And even if you achieved the impossible, every single one of your soldiers would insist that his or her idea would pre-eminently be the only way to proceed to execution, and criticise and cavil at every order issued by headquarters.

Guerrilla warfare seems the best adapted to Liberal tactics, and if on some rare occasions Liberals seem to combine in offering a solid front towards the enemy, they always do so in order to shut the stable after the horse has broken loose, as in the late Harman case, and at the same time keep up a continual quarrel with each other on minor points.

Without a common basis on which all agree, there can be no permanent organization.

Inclosed find a couple more dollars to help the guerrilla along, and believe me

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) G. A. F. LESPINASSE, M. D.

The above hits the nail on the head. It explains, in a nutshell, just what the difficulty is in the way of the success of Free-thought. Liberals fail to unite in fighting the common enemy, not because they can't, but because they won't.

And yet we have a common creed. One and all, we resent ecclesiastical tyranny; one and all, we recognize the fact that freedom to promulgate our own special "ism" can never be perfectly secure, as long as any religious power can get its grip upon the throat of the state. And this common creed is nothing more

nor less than what the American Secular Union is contending for. Why should not the various classes to whom Dr. Lespinasse refers join us in this fight?

Spiritualists! Are you not, even now, planning a political move to avenge the unfairness with which Medium Reid has been treated by a United States court of justice? Were church and state wholly separate, think you that such an act of injustice would have been possible?

Materialists! You claim, and very properly, that if you see reason to deny utterly the existence of a God and of a future life, you shall have the right to proclaim your belief openly. And you, Agnostics, you also claim the right to at least question their existence, without fear of legal ostracism. But in my own state of Pennsylvania, any of you might, by implication of the Constitution, be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under the commonwealth. Not until the affairs of the state are administered on a purely secular basis, will such disabilities be removed in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

Atheists! Of how much worth is your testimony accounted in most of our courts of justice to-day? No matter how upright your lives, your avowed disbelief in God too frequently ranks you along with idiots and felons, and below women, in the eyes of the law. Have you no interest in securing a total separation of the state from church interference?

Theists! When the National Reformers shall have had their way, how long can you go on preaching up a deity who is the exponent of your own highest self? Do you not understand that they intend that every knee shall bend before their holy trinity, and before no other god? Do you not understand that such intention, supported by law, means persecution of you and your fellows? How mistaken, then, is your action in refusing to join the army of the American Secular Union, which is waging the only organized warfare against these would-be uniters of church and state!

Secularists! You whose philosophy teaches you to seek the best things, physically, mentally, and morally, of this world only, without concerning yourselves about the hereafter! How long, think you, will you escape the persecution of the other-world bigots, when the law backs them up in their demand that you shall lay up treasure for heaven only? The American Secular Union is your graft upon the old Liberal League; but how many of you are to-day loyally tending and watering the new growth, so that it may bring forth fruit for the healing for the nations?

Terrorists! You, who would carry out your schemes by means of physical force and dynamite! Who are the two enemies that you are fighting? Priestcraft and statecraft, are they not? And yet you turn your backs on the American Secular Unionists, who are doing all they can to weaken the alliance between these two!

Socialists and Nationalists! You who believe in co-operation and in a government most truly of the people, by the people and for the people! Do you think that ecclesiastics will ever step down and out from their exclusive leadership of the people, until the church is put on exactly the same level as are other private clubs? When God gets into the Constitution of the United States, and Christ is made king, and Wilbur F. Crafts succeeds in making it a penal offence to do an honest day's work on Sunday, will not your *regime* be rather a curse than a blessing to mankind? Will it not open the way to a tyranny worse even than the present dreadful one of competition in the business world? Shall we not then become a nation of religious hypocrites, our promotion depending upon the favor of the only rulers not dethronable by vote—the ecclesiastics? Believe me, the one peril to Socialism and Nationalism lies in the failure to separate church and state, at once and forever.

Anarchists! You who preach the gospel of individualism, and who believe in co-operation only when it is voluntary! Do you not see that every refusal of yours to help your fellows in separating church and state results only in tightening the cord around your own necks? Are you not to-day, because of the exemption of church property from taxation, supporting churches by compulsion? You are continually declaiming against having to pay taxes against your will. Help us to do away with the exemption of church property, and you at once lighten the burden of your

own taxation. Moreover, you must remember that the individualism which is your goal is not possible while the false standard of churchly authority is set up for the community to conform to. Ecclesiasticism in the state is your most deadly enemy—you know it well; and only when church and state shall be forever separated, will you, or any of us, be quite free to work out an individual development without persecution.

Dear friends, why should we not all unite? Surely, this is a creed upon which we can agree—the total separation of church and state!

There is, of course, a reason for the present lack of union among Freethinkers. It is due to the fact that the habit of free and independent thought on religious matters is one that is but slowly acquired, and only amid persecutions, or at least nagging and discouragements from our nearest and dearest. Our early years of Freethought are apt to be one continual fight with our neighbors for just a bit of room to breathe in peace. Nobody helps us; it is a struggle to the death. We are shot at on all occasions, from behind fences of pietism, rocks of prejudice, barriers of conventional propriety. Some day (if we don't perish in the fight) we reach our vantage-ground; and, from that lofty plateau of Freethought, we can now hurl down missiles on our attackers.

Yonder on this same plateau stands another struggling Freethinker. He, too, is defending himself against bigots. And, as we look about us, we see that every jutting crag is occupied by a fellow-being who, like ourselves, has fought his way single-handed to this high plateau of Freethought. But, dear me, why should we give aid to other Freethinkers? Each of us, you know, has all he can do to take care of his own little crag. What! relinquish that cherished stronghold, in order to protect anybody else's crag! Perish the thought!

Yonder, in the center of the plateau, rises a wide, very wide and lofty hill whose outlook commands all these jutting crags. Upon this elevation are gathered a little band of soldiers, known as American Secular Unionists. See! They are beckoning to you and to me to come up and join them. "We can overlook every crag," they shout. "We are strongly entrenched up here. If you will all join us, we can command every approach to the plateau of Freethought."

But most of us scorn this invitation. "I am protecting my own little crag of an *ism*," we one and all reply. And, by and by, when our own attackers, tired out, disappear for a moment, we point triumphantly to our free crag, and sing a pæan to the merits of guerrilla warfare.

Hark! what is that? The enemy's shouts in the rear! Up, up our foes come along the old road about which we had quite forgotten—it has been unused for so long—the road whose sign-board reads: "God in the state." Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? Do you see, through the mist, how many are pressing up the narrow defile? The National Reform people are there, and the Sunday Rest people, and the entire force of Roman Catholicism, with its music and waving banners; and here and there are sharpshooters who take fancy shots, as they go, at such trivial things as the Bland Dollar and Thanksgiving proclamations and the Sunday disembarking of immigrants upon our shores, and who rarely miss their mark; and behind these come an endless army of the people who carry a banner inscribed with the motto: "No morality possible in our schools without the Bible." These last will some day be our friends; but not now, not now! For this one battle, at least, they are our bitter enemies; we realize that all too well, as they press forward with vindictive shouts along that old road of "God in the state."

Whizz! There goes a bullet straight into the ranks of the church exemptionists yonder! And now a second! It is those American Secular Unionists from whom we have held aloof all along who are firing. See! There is commotion in the ranks of our enemies; some one is hit. Good! Give it to them hard, Secularists! You have the post of vantage; you can sweep the defile with your guns, and can hold our enemies at bay, while I run away to my individual crag, and knock down that solitary bigot who had just shown his head. There, sir! Down you shall go, head over heels; and for fear you get up again, I will

empty all my ammunition into you. Well, I've done my share in the fight, haven't I?

Why on earth are not those American Secular Unionists firing off their guns? What? "Run short of ammunition," eh? Dear me, they might have some of mine, if—if—if I hadn't wasted it all on that bigot down there. Well, now for a run to the last hope—the platform of the American Secular Union!

Why, what a splendid outlook you American Secular Union people have up here, to be sure! Oh, fool, fool that I was, not to have come up when you asked me! I could have protected my own crag and two or three others, had I been up here at the first. My intentions were excellent, I assure you. But it is now too late—too late—for the enemy are swarming all over the plateau, and the isolated defenders of the crags are being mowed down one after the other.

Liberals! The above is not a mere fancy; it is a true forecast of what will come to pass, if you persist in your present dislike of co-operation. You can be very certain of at least one thing; organization is the watchword of the day in all departments of business; and Liberalism will have to adapt itself to this new order of things, or else go to the wall. IDA C. CRADDOCK,
Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 11. Cor. Sec'y A. S. U.

THAT PRIZE MANUAL.

In answer to many inquiries concerning this book I am happy to report progress. The MSS. did not all come in as soon as desired, and some very important ones are delayed even yet. We want and intend to have the best we can get, and the delay of a few weeks is nothing, compared with the importance of the subject.

There was much delay in getting a committee. Our well-known Liberals all declined, for want of time, etc. Prof. Felix Adler, of the Ethical Culture Society, accepted from a profound sense of duty, and is now in the Adirondacks, loaded down with our MSS. He is a very busy, overworked gentleman. Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, has done nobly, and is very discriminating in his judgment. He has written more books than some of us have ever read. In undertaking to examine our MSS. he has greatly taxed his time and strength. Prof. Frances Emily White, of the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, a lady of great ability and learning, had unexpectedly to go to Europe to attend the great Medical convention in Berlin, but will return September 1, and will review what the other members of the committee have done; while Miss Craddock and myself have done a vast amount of "weeding"—she between the brick walls of notoriously hot Philadelphia, without a day's vacation, and I in my "cottage by the sea," where I came to work, not to rest.

We are doing the best we can and all we can, and must ask our friends to be patient and give us time to do our work well. We hope, but do not promise, to make the award at our congress, the latter part of October. R. B. WESTBROOK,
August 10, 1890. President American Secular Union.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

My next place for lectures was Marshfield, where I gave four lectures in Santa-cken's Hall to good audiences. Marshfield is the largest town in Coos county, and is improving fast, with its prospect of being the seaport end of a railroad from over the mountains. Three new towns or cities have been laid out and cleared of the timber, all within sight of Marshfield, and lots are selling rapidly. It looks now as if a continuous city will surround Coos Bay. If all the towns grow they will eventually become one. Much property is changing hands both in town and country. Many strangers are coming in, and this whole coast is evidently about to boom, boom, boom.

I like the country much, but it is very rough and yet in its primeval state. Small steamers are continually coming and going on the beautiful bay, and the five big mills send out an immense amount of lumber, by their ships, to your city, while two or three large steamers a week carry thousands of tons of coal to California and bring back freight and provisions for the folks to live on. Fruit grows here to perfection, also

vegetables, hay, etc., but fishing, lumbering, and coal mostly occupy the people, so they import very largely the very commodities that might be raised here, and will be in the near future. The land is mostly owned by rich corporations which bought it up years ago for its coal and lumber, consequently it is very thinly settled. I found that my old, staunch, Liberal friend, J. D. Garfield, had sold out his hardware store, and many of our old-time Liberal friends have gone—some have died, others have grown cold in the cause—but there are enough left to keep the colors flying. Antoine Worth, the "berry man" from over the bay, is still full of Liberal fire, and has raised money for two lectures, by Mattie P. Krekel and J. E. Remsburg, yet to be given this summer. My old friends, the Hillburns, have sold out but are still here; A. Cathcart has moved to Marshfield. He is a host for the cause. Mr. Hare is a new comer here, and a live radical too. I had the new Presbyterian sky-pilot, the Rev. Mr. Rideout, to hear me nearly every evening, but no collision occurred between us. From Marshfield I went to Newport, a coal mining town near by, where I gave four lectures, in the school house, to large audiences, especially the last night, when the large house was filled to repletion. I met here Wm. Campbell and David Campbell, who, with their wives, are true blue Freethinkers and ready for the belief of "one world at a time;" Mr. S. W. Jorgensen, the merchant, is also a Liberal; and many whose names I do not now remember. These people are splendid folks and our speakers should not pass Newport by, as heretofore, but make it a point to spread the gospel of Universal Mental Liberty.

From Newport to Empire City was a pleasant ride on the "Comet" as she cut the rippling waters of the shining bay. Here, at Empire, near the entrance from the sea into Coos bay, is the future "queen city" of the coast. A more lovely place to dwell, it would be hard to find; close to the sounding breakers, yet built by the placid waters of the Coos; hemmed in by the evergreen shores of an Oregon forest; never too warm, and never too cold.

I gave five lectures at Empire, in the court house, to good and attentive audiences. The folks here are Liberal in thought and liberal with their pocket-book, and bid the wandering itinerant a hearty welcome to their pleasant and cheery homes. S. Hazard and wife, H. Ploger, Mr. Stauff and family, Mrs. Camel and son and daughter, Mr. Briggs, and Mrs. Moore and family of bright, modest, winsome daughters, and many others that I have not time to mention, made my stay pleasant and homelike by their kindly good will, and presence at the meetings. There is no church here now; no priest to raise an alarm or to scare little children with pictures of old cloven-foot, or by singing "That awful judgment day," when the grave shall give up its dead, etc. A more quiet, pretty place I have seldom seen, although there is one of the largest mills in the state here, with nearly one hundred men to run it. With loggers, and fishermen, and sailors all around, for there are, nearly always, several vessels, steamers, etc., either loading or unloading at the wharves, rough and lusty men far from society's polishing influences, without god or devil, priest or church, there is no vice or crime to speak of. All seem happy and prosperous, and live for the good time now. I met here my true radical friend, Professor Dalrymple, who is teaching the "young idea how to shoot," and is one of the most successful teachers in the county, and yet the orthodox element is trying to put him out, crucify him, as of old, but he has a host of friends and keeps the flag above the cross. His voice is ever for Universal Mental Liberty. I feel that he will win the fight though the war may be long and fierce. Professor Brinegar, Stanley, Geering, Bouge, and several others of the county teachers, are for Freethought, and thus the leaven is working. Our free school system, if the church can only be made to keep its "holy hands" off, will develop a nation of free thinkers which will eventually break every bond that ignorance and the superstition that accompanies it may weave; will yet take off from the Christian joss-houses their tall steeples and make of them fuel to cook the food of the penniless and warm their cheerless homes; mould the big and useless bells into cannon whose sullen mouths shall yet speak death to priests, popes, kings, and monopolies that have terrorized ignorant humanity all too long, and turn the useless churches into co-operative homes and work-shops for the half starved toiling millions who have dug the coals for the usurpers of throne and pulpit, palace and wealth, to warm by while they themselves in rags and in cheerless hovels and garrets have shivered their poor lives away. Education will teach the weavers who throw the shuttle in the loom, how they themselves may wear the delicate fabrics they weave;

the delver in the earth that the golden nuggets and diamonds rare are for those who find them; the cunning artisan that the splendid palace he rears is for his wife and children and not for some lazy drone who neither toils nor spins; that the best this earth contains is for those who, with brave heart and honest soul and muscles of steel, produce the necessities and luxuries of life; that when the bell sheep—the autocrats and bosses—fall out among themselves and precipitate a war they may fight it out to their heart's content, but that the "common people" will arbitrate their difficulties and live in peace. This once attained, then farewell to church and state, to pomp and princes, crown and cross, gods and devils, heaven and hell, bibles and priests, doctors and drugs, millionaires and monopolies, paupers and thrones. These false conditions will have passed away forever, and will only be known by reading the history of all the past—the age of man's ignorance. Education alone can make us free, and when Freethought prevails the golden era of man's humanity to man will be ushered in.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

Heywood's Case and Conviction.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The conviction of E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., on the charge and indictment of mailing obscene matter, has been consummated; and once more he finds himself in the clutches of the law. Mr. Heywood is a man of marked ability and most unflinching courage, but possessed of mighty poor judgment. He seems determined to violate civil laws regardless of results, in an effort to maintain a natural right and sustain a principle; and in so doing he has been adversely criticised by men and women just as radical as himself, but all to no purpose. He has gone on defying civil laws and the general public sentiment, until he finds himself just where such a course was sure to land him. It is now a good time to pause and inquire what has been attained by his unpopular methods of reforming and educating the world. Has he accomplished anything notable or beneficial to mankind or society? Has the effort to introduce "plain words" attracted or repelled desired readers of his paper? I hold that his methods in this respect have been both useless and injurious, for such ways of presenting reform ideas as he has adopted, do not take with the public at large; and he repels those he tries to reach before he fairly gets a hearing. People have a natural delicacy about sex topics which will never be so thoroughly extirpated that "plain words" will find general use and acceptance.

Mr. Heywood's work of educating people out of dense ignorance on sexual matters is very commendable, for the world is filled with woes resulting from such ignorance; but the English language is extensive enough to convey any idea his mind may evolve for the good of humanity without resorting to words which the law prohibits the use of. I am not now dealing with the good or bad character of such a law, but simply recognize the truth that such a law is a fact and a reality on our statute books. What then? Why simply this: if the law is violated, conviction and imprisonment are among the probabilities, just the same as the law of theft, rape, or murder had been violated, the difference existing only in the degree of punishment which the state or nation imposes for violation.

Knowing this additional fact, I affirm that a man has mighty poor judgment who will violate a law and endanger his liberty, when, as before stated, the English language has words enough to convey in clear and concise manner all ideas the mind can evolve, without infringing the aforesaid law.

For years I have been an admirer of Heywood, because my admiration always goes out to a man of brains and mental ability, but his attempt to introduce words that invariably shock and repel common decency I never regarded with approval; and consider it a most lamentable mistake. In saying this I do not indorse the excessive sentence which has been imposed upon him, or look with favor on a law that crushes an honest and earnest reformer; but I do consider him both rash and foolish. If he or any person wants to use "plain words" and has a hobby in that respect, let them first work to get the law repealed which now exists, and then they can ventilate with safety and until the hobby has lost its charm. There is no use in trying to force a thing onto the public which the public don't want, and which the law forbids; and let us here consider the fact that Mr. Heywood has never presented an idea for public consideration in plain words, that was new, or before unknown. He had said the same things before and been understood in language objection-

able to the law; so what has been gained by losing liberty for a foolish and needless purpose? I can't see that anything has or will be.

Now, let us look for a moment at the character of his paper called the "Word." It is a paper that has barely lived ever since its inception, and has never become "popular," as that word is used, because it is interesting only to people who think, and thinkers are noted for their paucity the world over. Again, all thinkers don't delight in meditating on his thoughts and theories, and here we see another cause for unpopularity in the paper. Once more, his readers are few, "because the world don't want to be reformed," as an aged and observing man recently remarked to me; and papers which amuse, entertain, and run to news, wit, sentiment, and society affairs, will always have the preference among the masses.

Heywood's "Cupid Yokes," which sent him to jail for two years the other time, is such a dry dissertation on the relation of the sexes that an edition of five hundred copies would never have been sold had not the impression gone forth from his conviction that it contained something of a salacious character. When we consider these facts, and note that the general public is profoundly indifferent to the efforts of an earnest reformer or the fate of a foolish one, it must be conceded that the inducement to destroy one's self to benefit (?) the world is not extremely great. My sympathies are with both Heywood and Harman, for I think the imprisonment of each is an unjust and outrageous affair, for foolishness is not a crime to deserve such punishment; but both men can thank themselves and no one else for the loss of their liberty.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. SEVERANCE.

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C. B. REYNOLDS.

I heartily indorse the high opinion of my husband, as to the great merit of the able little work, "Natural Morality," by Mrs. Mary A. White, of San Diego, Cal. It is truly a priceless gem, and I am proud that it is a woman's work.

F. C. REYNOLDS.

OREGON SECULAR UNION CONGRESS.

By virtue of the authority vested in us as directors of the Oregon State Secular Union, we hereby call the Second Annual Congress of said union to meet in Portland, Oregon, at New Arien Hall, corner of Second and Oak streets, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of October, 1890.

Persons from all parts of the world who are willing to guarantee civil and religious liberty to the people, secure the taxation of church property, favor the total separation of church and state, and oppose ecclesiastical legislation, are invited to attend and join the union, there being no fees or dues required of the members.

The members of the union will take notice that a motion will be made to change and amend article twelfth of the constitution so that it will be made to read as follows: "Amendments to this Constitution may be made at any annual congress of the union by a two-thirds vote of the qualified members present."

C. BEAL,

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The Sermon!

"Good Robin," said the mother, "wilt go to church to-day?"

"Ay," promptly answered Robin, "I will not tell thee nay."

"Dost love to hear the preacher when he speaketh words of grace?"

"Ay," promptly answered Robin, "and to see his daughter's face."

Sure churches are the fairer to young men now-a-days,

That bonny maids are often there to join the songs of praise.

And many a mother owneth, with half-regretful sighs,

That her son goes to worship some lovely maiden's eyes.

Gay Christianity.

Still great strides toward a gayer Christianity have been made within my recollection, and most noticeable of all its signs has been the decay of that rigid Sabbatarianism which did its best to blot the sunshine out of every recurring seventh day. Only a few Sundays ago a minister in the land of the Covenanters was bold enough to advocate the playing of football on Sunday. The Saturday afternoon game, it seemed, left its devotees no energy for church-going next morning, and so the reverend gentleman proposed the transferring of the romps to the Sabbath afternoon, that they might not form an impediment to righteousness in the morning.

There have always been Protestants more Protestant than Luther, and Christians more Christian than Christ. Luther taught that the Sabbath was to be kept, not because Moses commanded it, but because nature teaches us the necessity of the seventh day's rest. He says: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, then I demand you to work on it, ride on it, dance on it, do anything that will reprove this encroachment on Christian spirit and liberty."

Puritan lack of charity and dread of cheerfulness often leads Anglo-Saxon visitors in France to misjudge the French mode of spending Sunday.—Max O'Rell.

A Practical Discussion on Hell.

On Walnut street, near Twentieth, in Philadelphia, live a young married couple who have two children—a boy and girl, aged respectively five and seven. The young mother has ideas of her own about raising children in the way they should go and does her best to inculcate right principles in them. The other day, hearing a noise in the kitchen, she went to the back stairs and listened. Imagine her horror at hearing her son using decidedly bad language to the cook. She said nothing, but waited until the young hopeful came up, when she asked:

"Where were you, my son?"

"Down in the kitchen talking to cook," was the ready reply.

"What were you talking about?" said the mother.

"Hell!" was the astounding answer.

"And what did you tell her about it?"

Looking up cheerily in his mother's face, the boy said promptly:

"Told her to go there."

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So Naughty.

The "Kreutzer Sonata," they say, is quite bad, Though plain 'tis to see that the book is the "sad,"

And they who can't get it are awfully mad— Whether humble their station or haughty. Yes, thousands are reading the novel to day, Neglecting alike their work and their play, But as yet there is no one to openly say What it is that makes "Kreutzer Sonata."

I made bold to ask of a dominie gray, Who swung in a hammock just over the way— And was reading (the "Kreutzer," I'll venture to say),

Of the contents I asked him what thought he; He blushed a bright crimson which softened to pink, And bent down his head as tho' trying to think, Then, said, as he gave me a real, knowing wink: "I don't think the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

Thus, you see, that although I'd write a critique Concerning the volume of which I here speak, Yet no one will give me the knowledge I seek— Though I candidly think they ought to. But as matters now stand I am free to confess That of Count Leo's story I couldn't know less, And so I must leave you, dear reader, to guess What is it that makes "Kreutzer Sonata."

This Gentleman Farmer.

Old Colonel Maynadier, of Anne Arundel county, Md., was a large slave owner. The colonel spent a good deal of his time away from home. One time upon his return he took a drive over his property, and on his way met a small colored boy.

"Whom do you belong to, boy?" the colonel asked.

"Why, sah, I—I—longs t—to Colonel Maynadier, sah."

"Who's he?" inquired the colonel to see what the chap would say.

"H—h—e's a farmer, sah."

"What sort of a farmer?"

"Ge-gentleman farmer, sah."

"Gentleman farmer!" repeated the colonel.

"What kind of farmer's a gentleman farmer?"

"W—well, sah," spoke up the colored boy,

"h—he's a farmer dat don't raise no 'bacco, sah, a—and has to buy his co'n sah!"

The colonel enjoyed the joke, it is said, and afterward told it upon himself with much amusement.

Seasoned to Taste.

Briggs—What has Robinson got on that pepper and salt suit for?

Griggs—I understand that he is going to be a missionary.

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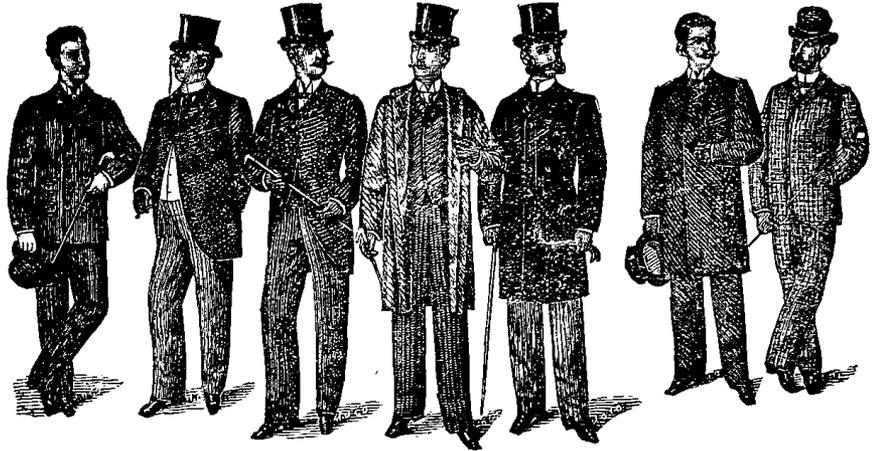
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RUSSIA: AN ODE.

[Written after reading the account of "Russian Prisons," in the Fortnightly Review for July, 1890.]

LONDON, Aug. 6.—O'Brien asked in the House of Commons last evening whether the government would prosecute the poet Swinburne for the poem in the Fortnightly Review, which he said was grossly calculated to incite the murder of the czar. O'Brien was proceeding to read the poem when the speaker called him to order, saying that Parliament could not control the poems of Swinburne.

I.

Out of hell a word comes hissing, dark as doom,
Fierce as fire, and foul as plague-polluted gloom;
Out of hell wherein the sinless damned endure
More than ever sin conceived of pains impure;
More than ever ground men's living souls to dust;
Worse than madness ever dreamed of murderous lust.
Since the world's wail first went up from lands and seas
Ears have heard not, tongues have told not things like these.
Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell
Down the deepest and the loathliest ways of hell,
Where beyond the brook of blood the rain was fire,
Where the scalps were masked with dung more deep than mire,
Saw not, where filth was foulest, and the night
Darkest, depths whose fiends could match the Muscovite.
Set beside this truth, his deadliest vision seems
Pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dreams.
Maidens dead beneath the claspings lash, and wives
Rent with deadlier pangs than death—for shame survives,
Naked, mad, starved, scourged, spurned, frozen, fallen, deflowered,
Souls and bodies as by fangs of beasts devoured,
Sounds that hell would hear not, sights no thoughts could shape,
Limbs that fed as flame the ravenous grasp of rape,
Filth of raging crime and shame that crime enjoys,
Age made one with youth in torture, girls with boys,
These, and worse, if aught be worse, than these things are,
Prove thee regent, Russia—praise thy mercy, Czar.

II.

Sons of man men born of women, may we dare

Say they sin who dare be slain and dare not spare?
They who take their lives in hand and smile on death,
Holding life as less than sleep's most fitful breath,
So their life perchance or death may serve and speed
Faith and hope, that die if dream become not deed?
Nought is death and nought is life and nought is fate
Save for souls that love has clothed with fire of hate.
These behold them, weigh them, prove them, find them nought,
Save by light of hope and fire of burning thought.
What though sun be less than storm where these aspire,
Dawn than lightning, song than thunder, light than fire?
Help is none in heaven: hope sees no gentier star.
Earth is hell, and hell bows down before the Czar.
All its monstrous, murderous, lecherous births acclaim
Him whose empire lives to match its fiery fame.
Nay, perchance at sight or sense of deeds here done,
Here where men may lift up eyes to greet the sun,
Hell recoils heart-stricken: horror worse than hell
Darkens earth and sickens heaven; life knows the spell,
Shudders, quails, and sinks—or, filled with fierier breath,
Rises red in arms devised of darkling death.
Pity mad with passion, anguish mad with shame,
Call aloud on justice by her darker name;
Love grows hate for love's sake; life takes death for guide.
Night hath none but one red star—Tyrannicide.

III.

'God or man, be swift; hope sickens with delay:
Smite and send him howling down his father's way!
Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell,
Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering, dwell!
These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—
These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—
These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—
These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—
These whose breath sheds poison worse than plague's thick
breath—

These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,
These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,
These, if God's hand smite not, how shall man's not smite?
So from hearts by horror withered as by fire
Surge the strains of unappeasable desire;
Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death;
Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath;
Down the way of Czars, awhile in vain deferred,
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.
How for shame shall men rebuke them? how may we
Blame, whose fathers died, and slew, to leave us free?
We, though all the world cry out upon them, know,
Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so:
Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite;
Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light.

The Days are plentiful in Freethought. There is also W. W. Day at Dayton, whose son is the Dr. Day, of Union, Or. So long as these Days are with us "the darkness disappears."

A. Roth has just returned from the Orient, and during his trip the golden wedding bells have rung. May good fortune follow all the rest of the way.

Our kindly and philosophic friend O. T. Clark hails the Secular Pilgrim with the blessing of both worlds at a time. If there are "spirits" in the air he thinks they are for time and not eternity, and they must "rustle" wings and all for humanity.

W. E. Cahill and A. P. Cahill always make it pleasant and lively, and my visit to the country with them, was one of the happiest events along the road. The next time I expect to go a-fishing, if the Chronicle is not again "under fire."

Geo. Orchard, Geo. Pangess, Alex. Duffy, T. W. Guernsey, L. F. Janes, Louis Young, H. P. L. Young, A. Havan, L. Wolfe, M. Hexter, Geo. B. Baker, J. A. Kellogg, W. H. Burrows, A. T. Pentler, O. B. Davis, F. M. Banes, I. C. Lewis, C. M. Grupe, W. H. Grupe, M. Lehzycki, Mr. South, and others are the generous friends at this point, and it is not to be wondered at that Dayton is among those places where we feel that the tide is with us and not against us, where orthodoxy must struggle to keep its own. The churches are somewhat numerous, but not the congregations. The usual "revival" goes on, but, as the Methodist minister puts it, "Why don't the business men attend divine service?" They don't, and in this is an indication of the way of the world. This is a magnificent country to visit at the present time. The harvests are immense, and Washington will be the banner state, I guess, for grain this year. Millions of dollars will pour into her prosperous bosom. To stand upon the swelling heights about Dayton and view the teeming hills and vales, gorgeous with color, mountains crowned to the very top with lustrous grain, gives an impression of wealth and glory unsurpassed. It is good to live and labor in a land like this. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE RELIGIOUS BOYCOTT.

The difficulty of putting a Liberal paper upon the market in fair competition with other papers has recently been illustrated by the efforts we have made to have FREETHOUGHT kept on sale at the newsstands in San Francisco. The experiment has shown that about two-thirds of the dealers are afraid of it. They offer the excuse, which is a good one, that their religious customers are likely to boycott a dealer who displays a Freethought paper in his window or keeps it in sight upon the counter. We had noticed that many of the San Francisco journals kept posters on the bulletin boards of newsstands, and about a month ago we adopted, or attempted to adopt, the same method. But it has not proved a decided success. The posters mysteriously disappear, and we have every reason to believe that the dealers themselves, in some cases, remove them as soon as the canvasser is out of sight. In other cases they are pulled down by passers-by. Our own bulletin board has not escaped, though fastened by an iron clamp to an iron rail, but has been torn from its fastenings and thrown into the street. It has served as a target for tobacco juice and worse. We credit the hoodlum with these offenses against the bulletin board, but there is no doubt that, being a Catholic, the hoodlum is inspired to the act by something more than mere natural cussedness. If he were a Freethinker, he certainly would not care about tearing down a Freethought sign-board.

Besides the timid newsdealer there is also the bigoted one who

would not handle an "Infidel" paper on any terms. It is noticed, though, that this class do not feel any compunctions about hanging their windows full of the crime-fostering, pink pictorial sheets, like the "Police Gazette" and its imitators, to be stared at by boys and girls, who thus get their first knowledge of crime and corruption. This polluted spawn of the printing-press seems to find a ready sale in San Francisco, and possibly if FREETHOUGHT were a totally villainous sheet, without a particle of decency, it could stand an equal chance to gain the favor of the Catholic populace, though it would lose all its present supporters.

For the class of newsdealers who think that to keep FREETHOUGHT on their counters would drive customers away we have not a word of reproach. Business is business, and we would ask no one to jeopardize his means of livelihood. But those too bigoted to sell it are just the ones who need it most. They ought not only to sell the paper but to read it and absorb its doctrines, and learn that there is such a thing as fair play.

However, if the newsdealers do not want to handle FREETHOUGHT, there is one way by which friends can obtain it. They can send their subscriptions direct to the office and receive the paper by mail. A year's subscription is \$2; six months, \$1; three months, 50 cents.

NEW EDITION.

The first edition of Putnam's "Religious Experience" ran out just about the time the papers were beginning to notice it, and we have issued a second larger and finer edition. The price remains 25 cents.

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH and Mr. H. M. Hyndman have recently held a one-night debate on the eight-hour question. Mr. Hyndman, who is a radical Socialist, while Mr. Bradlaugh is not, offered the following proposition:

"That the enactment by law of eight hours a day, or forty-eight hours a week, as the maximum amount of work for adults in all factories, mines, workshops, and businesses conducted for profit will prove a valuable palliative of our present industrial anarchy."

Mr. Bradlaugh supported this proposition:

"That it is desirable that all wage-earners should work the smallest number of hours per day consistent with the profitable conduct of the industries in which they are respectively engaged; that the limitation of eight hours a day as the period during which an industrial establishment may be carried on may be fatal to many large industries in this country; that the hours of labor in each industry should be severally settled by conciliatory conference between the employed and employers or their representatives."

In the debate Mr. Hyndman worked chiefly upon the sentiments of the audience, drawing strong and undoubtedly accurate pictures of the suffering that results to men, women, and children from excessive hours of labor. He evidently had a majority of his hearers with him. Mr. Bradlaugh expressed himself as strongly favoring shorter days provided the laborer could thereby sustain life, but he argued that if one chose to work more than eight hours in order by extra exertion to get something ahead, he should not be prohibited by law from doing so. The speaker was constantly interrupted, so that he was obliged to remind his opponents that he had worked for some of them more than eight hours per day, and that the burden of an attempt at decency should be upon them in his presence, even if they could not indulge in it in his absence. Mr. Hyndman seems to have had the argument and Mr. Bradlaugh the facts, but the disagreement of the debaters did not rise so much from a difference about the

object in view as about the way to attain it. It is evident that Mr. Bradlaugh believes himself to have sustained his position, since he reported the debate in full in the "National Reformer," and has printed it in pamphlet form: while Mr. Hyndman, who is connected with a paper called "Justice," publishes none of it.

IF Mr. Putnam is not more than pleased with the following notice of "My Religious Experience," by L. K. Washburn in the "Investigator," he will never be by any other. Mr. Washburn says: "Few persons have passed through so varied an experience of religion as has Mr. Putnam, and we venture to say that no one who has had an equal experience possesses the genius to make the perusal of it so entrancing as our gifted lecturer of California. To read this book is to live for six or seven hours in a world of rare thought, feeling, and sensibility. Mr. Putnam could not be uninteresting were he to try. He cannot be tame or prosy, dull or commonplace. If he touches language it glows from his touch. He can change the dictionary to a novel in a shorter time than any man living. Think of *Putnam's* 'Religious Experience!' And yet, after you have read this pulsing sketch of his life, you will understand better than you ever did before the nature of all religion; and you will do so because you have been made to realize an honest man's feelings when he had religion. But the closing part of the book is the grandest. His mind enthroned on the heights of human freedom, he looks back upon the religious road he has come, not with regret, not with sighs for what is past, but with joy for what he is, and for what he feels and sees from his higher position. His religious experience beside his Freethought experience pales and dims like a kerosene light beside the sun. There are many bright, brilliant sayings in this little paper volume, and, best of all, there is the heart of one of Liberalism's most earnest, most generous, most gifted of men."

WE have carefully read the platforms lately adopted by the political conventions of this state, neither of which contains any of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, nor touches with emphasis any of the questions of vital importance to Freethinkers. Religious exercises in public schools are not condemned, appropriations for religious institutions go unrebuked. There is not a word about the practical exemption of church buildings from taxation. A free Sunday is not indorsed, and neither party seems to have heard of the movement inaugurated at Washington by Wanamaker to restrict the freedom of the United States mails. One of the platforms recommends the Australian voting system, which is a good thing as voting systems go, and the eight-hour day for government employees; but as a general thing these declarations of principles concern themselves with laudation of one party and one party's measures and the condemnation of the other party and its measures. The pot calls the kettle black, and the kettle returns the compliment. There is one thing to be remembered, however, about political platforms which makes them scarcely worthy of criticism. They are never thought of after election.

WHENEVER the Prohibitionists meet to hold a convention they always adopt a platform of considerable length, and that platform invariably contains a Sunday-law and a woman-suffrage plank, the one to catch the religious vote and the other to get the support of progressive people. They ought to know that such a scheme will not work. A great many Freethinkers are woman suffragists, and some of them are Prohibitionists, but they are not going to stand on a platform containing a Sunday-law plank.

The Prohibitionists make a fatal mistake in burdening their cause with the Sabbatarian demands—and perhaps it is just as well that they do.

A LONDON paper says that Martha Nixis, a servant girl of Berlin, rendered insane by attending the meetings of the Salvation Army, became so thoroughly taken up with the story of Moses in the bulrushes that she wandered to the river and placed on the bank a child three months old that had been left in her care. She was arrested and placed in an asylum. Miss Nixis's case is not so unfortunate as that of some girl members of the Salvation Army, who, evidently thoroughly taken up with the story of the Virgin Mary, have left children at the doors of foundling asylums.

SIGNS and wonders are the order of the day. Last week a well-authenticated ghost story appeared in the "Chronicle," relating how a prominent citizen appeared to his friend three hours after his (the citizen's) death; and the "Examiner," not to be outdone, brings forward an equally well authenticated account of a dead child restored to life by its mother's prayers. Meanwhile the "silent majority" continues to increase its lead, and the dead who are buried are not visible to the general public. However, a bit of the supernatural is always relished in uneventful times.

MOSES HARMAN's paper, "Lucifer," appears but once in two weeks. Mr. Schwartz, the present editor, states that "circumstances—mostly financial"—will not permit its weekly publication; but he consoles himself with the thought that "the hearts, if not the purses" of many friends are with him. The substitution of sympathy for financial support has been the means of crippling many a promising enterprise. We speak from experience which we are at present acquiring.

READ the article on another page, entitled "An Alarming Situation," and witness how the Catholic church is digging into the public treasury. Last year, for the Indian branch of its schools alone, that church got \$356,967 of American money; and in four years it has grabbed nearly one million and a quarter! The little thievings of petty office-holders, about which so much noise is made, would not pay the interest on the Catholic steal.

WE have tried the experiment of sending out many sample copies of FREETHOUGHT and offering the paper two months for 20 cents. Quite a gratifying number have accepted the offer and subscribed for that length of time. If any subscriber of FREETHOUGHT would like to have the paper sent to acquaintances or possible subscribers at the above rate we shall take pleasure in filling orders. Two months to new subscribers for 20 cents.

IF what the Catholic "Monitor" says is true—and the fact that the "Monitor" says it is no indication either way—the distribution of Bibles among the Chinese is not productive of the results looked for by the Bible society. "The truth is," says the "Monitor," "that the Chinese take all the Bibles they can get, then quietly cut off the covers, and use the leaves for padding the soles of Chinese shoes, and for other more ignoble purposes."

THE ten women who applied at the county clerk's office in Oakland to be registered as voters deserve as much praise for their pluck as though they had succeeded in getting their names on the books. Of course they were rejected, and it is said that

when they departed some of them were in tears. It is thus that men clothed in a little brief authority cut such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.

ON August 3d, 1546, says the "National Reformer," Etienne Dolet, printer and bookseller, was burned for heresy, at Paris. To-day his honored statue, unveiled May 20, 1890, marks the spot where his martyrdom was suffered.

"And so the world goes round and round
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done."

It is surprising to learn from a correspondent of the "Weekly Star," a Single Tax paper, that in Portland, Or., the "Single Tax men are absorbed in boom and land." The old abolitionists did not neglect their cause through absorption in negro speculation. The more consistent among them, we understand, sold their slaves before they began the agitation.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE'S poem on Russia is not written in a measure to catch the popular ear, but his sentiment that the death of the tyrant is Russia's one star of hope will strike a responsive chord in the popular heart. Czar Alexander is the best living likeness of the orthodox deity.

"IN Darkest America!" is the way the English papers head an article on the imprisonment of Harman and Heywood. The hit is palpable, and all the more so because the forefathers of the imprisoned men left England in order to establish liberty on American soil.

UNTIL copies can be obtained under some new arrangement we shall be unable to supply further orders for Lilian Leland's "Around the World."

THE Truth Seeker Company announces that "The Free-thinkers' Pictorial Text-Book" is now ready for delivery. We shall have it, of course, and fill orders at \$2 each.

THE advertising of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" by the post-master-general has made a two-bit book worth half a dollar.

OBSERVATIONS.

I registered at the City Hall the other day as a voter in the city and county of San Francisco, though what in the name of common sense I want to vote for is more than I know. City and state affairs are going along as well as ever, to all appearances; every vacant stool in all our public buildings seems to have an intelligent Milesian to hold it down and draw his salary; the present officials come around to collect some sort of a tax or license as often as I have money enough to pay it, and I see no reason to expect that a new set of stool-occupiers and tax and license gatherers would do any better. There is a youth at the city hall who will take two dollars from me if I should ever desire to get married again or to keep a dog, which I don't. Either of a hundred other clerks will take a tithe of my possessions once a year if I continue to stay in this office. Others will gather from me an annual poll tax of two dollars and allow me to live. Others will see to it that I pay them a license for handling merchandise, and still others will reach out their hands occasionally for the cigar license. Why not let these present incumbents stay there until they either die or get enough and retire? Better, saith the bard, to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

I have often wondered what would happen if the president of the United States should seclude himself somewhere and be

heard of no more forever and his office remain vacant: if our national and state legislatures should adjourn sine die; if our customs officials, our internal revenue gatherers, our supreme and superior court judges should go away and become gentleman farmers; if our statute books should perish in the flames of our statehouses and city halls; if our chaplains should all go to Africa as missionaries to the heathen; if, in fact, the greater part of our governmental machinery should become rusty and refuse to move, and election day should never come around—I have often wondered whether the people would miss anything except the expense. What would happen if every voter stayed away from the polls for ten years? Let him that is without sense among us cast the first vote.

As might have been expected in the ordinary course of events, a child has been born to one of the unwedded angels in the Rev. Mr. Schweinfurth's Heaven at Rockford, Ill. But Mr. Schweinfurth is not disturbed. He bows to the will of heaven, and attributes the paternity of the youngster to the same Holy Ghost who might have figured as a co-respondent in the case of Joseph *vs.* Mary if it had been brought to the notice of one of our police courts. With the skepticism peculiar to this age, and from which even Christians are not free, the editor of a San Francisco religious paper scouts the divine-parentage hypothesis as absurd, and denounces Messiah Schweinfurth as an unholy impostor. Now it is on record that the Holy Ghost became a happy parent eighteen hundred and ninety years ago, and he is just as likely to have repeated the exploit now in Illinois as to have performed it then in Galilee, but the present offspring being a girl gives room for suspicion. To set all doubts at rest hereafter the Rev. Messiah Schweinfurth should follow the example of the early fathers—Origen, for instance—and permit himself to be rendered innocuous for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it. (Matt. xix, 12.)

It appears from reports in the daily papers that the young people who go to the First Congregational church in Oakland to pray stay to flirt; and so confirmed has the habit become that a special policeman is detailed to keep the young and respectable hoodlums of both sexes in order. The girls, the policeman says, are the worst. Not only do they whisper and pass billets to the young men, but they likewise chew gum during divine service. My sympathies are wholly with the quieter class of people disturbed by these proceedings. Nothing is more annoying to a church attendant than to be kept awake.

If we find upon investigation that the most enlightened persons neither attend church nor political conventions; that the tendency of civilization is toward indifference or disgust with both religion and politics; that the men best fitted for teachers are not in the pulpits, and that the ablest political economists are not office-holders; and if on the contrary we find the church and state supported by the most unenlightened and unprincipled classes; the most enthusiasm among the most abandoned; the pulpits filled by men who are fit for nothing else, and public offices crowded with the dishonest, the fanatical, and the incompetent—what conclusions are to be logically drawn from these facts? I draw nothing except attention to things as they are in our centers of population.

I have been paying some attention to the doctrines of the newer lights of political and social economy, and these are the lessons I learn:

The shortest way to settle the Woman Suffrage question is to let the women vote. Mischief may follow; but mischief follows from marriage sometimes, and we do not therefore argue that only men should marry.

The shortest way to settle the liquor question is to remove license and tax from the traffic. This would make liquor so cheap that drinkers could get all they want for little expense and would have something left for other purposes.

The shortest way to settle the marriage question is to abolish legal ties. Then if people unhappily mated continued to live

together in misery they would do so upon their own responsibility and would have no one to blame but themselves.

The shortest way to settle the religious question is to withdraw legal privileges from the churches. Tax these as other property is taxed, protect their meetings only as other meetings are protected, pay no state money to religious institutions.

The shortest way to abolish land monopoly is to give monopolists no title whereby they can hold in possession more land than they use.

The shortest way to settle the financial question is to make coinage and currency free, so that every man may coin his own metal and issue his own paper money, and put his credit in competition with the credit of others.

The shortest way to settle all other questions is by the same simple methods, the only objection to which is that their adoption is a long way off.

The editor of a San Francisco monthly paper of great typographical beauty, called "Egoism," has many original thoughts. The doctrine of Egoism is what has been more or less known heretofore as "enlightened self-interest." I quote one of its editorial paragraphs. Be it understood that the editor of "Egoism" repudiates as a superstition the idea of sentimental love between the sexes. He says:

If you don't "fall" in love with anybody but yourself, and love wisely enough to do it well, you have the advantage of the situation; for the object of your affection will never die or forsake you while you live, and when you die you will not miss it.

There is one other consideration which the editor has neglected to call attention to, namely, that the person who falls in love with himself or herself, as a general rule, is not troubled with rivals.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—No; the editor of FREETHOUGHT does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed by contributors. Furthermore, contributors are not legally responsible for what the editor says.

POET.—I have stopped writing in verse long enough to think. The subject of my thought is the remark of a writer whose poetry I declined with thanks. He says that he is not a damned idiot, although he does not, like myself, control the columns of a paper in which his doggerel can be printed.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The reports of crops from Oregon and California are cheering.—Fresno's population is 10,890.—The Adventist church of San Jose is divided into factions on account of personal quarrels between the leaders, who call each other liars, blackmailers, and confidence men.—The molders' strike is still on in San Francisco. The employers refuse to meet the strikers for purposes of arbitration.—Hon. Frank Page, who represented the Second District of California in Congress for ten years, died in this city Aug. 23. He was the first Californian representative to move for the restriction of Chinese immigration.—The other day Probate Judge W. R. Dunbar, of Golden Dale, Wash., assaulted and knocked down with a cane the Rev. C. F. Goode, pastor of the Christian church. Goode had been writing letters, which were published in a local paper, criticising Dunbar's judicial acts.—The Democratic convention at Jan Jose last week resulted in the nomination of E. B. Pond, San Francisco's present mayor, for governor of the state.—The Ranier mill, a sash and door plant near Seattle, was burnt last Sunday. The mill was the largest in the state of Washington, and valued at \$440,000.

The Rev. Dr. Burtzell, the late pastor of the church of the Epiphany, who was removed from his charge on account of his expressed sympathy with the excommunicated priest Dr. McGlynn, has been temporarily suspended from the exercise of his functions as a Roman Catholic priest in the diocese of New York. The decision of the Propaganda in his case was in effect that the doctor should be removed from his pastorate of the church of the Epiphany and make an apology or retraction for his action to the archbishop. He was allowed a certain time in which to do

this, with the warning that if he failed to give evidence of his penitence within the allotted time sentence of temporary suspension should be passed. That time has passed and the doctor is still silent.—A Volapuk convention, attended by about forty persons, was held in Boston last week in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall.—The strike on Eastern railroads remains unsettled. The Council of Railway Employees at Terre Haute declined to make the strike general.—The Mormons are invading Mexico and considerable colonies are being formed in the state of Chihuahua. The emigration is chiefly from New Mexico and Arizona.—The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science began Aug. 20 in the House of Representatives at Indianapolis, Ind. Over 200 members of the association were present.

There is a potato famine in Ireland, caused by rotting of the crop; and the eating of diseased potatoes has started the "famine fever" among the poor.—A "crisis" is reported at Hawaii, there being a revolt against King Kalakaua's administration, and a sentiment among educated natives in favor of a republic.—Prime Minister Crispi of Italy is displeased at the report of the U. S. consul at Palermo, who advises Americans to keep away from Sicily because of the danger from brigands to which tourists are exposed. Crispi claims that the Palermo consul has exaggerated the case.—The war in Central America has been ended by a treaty of peace between Guatemala and San Salvador.—A Japanese paper has been suspended and its two editors sentenced to four years' imprisonment for "menacing the peace of the country."—It is reported that Sir Edwin Arnold, author of the "Light of Asia," is infatuated with Japanese women, and is likely to marry one.—According to the recent census of Switzerland the republic contains 1,700,000 Protestants, 1,200,000 Catholics, 8300 Jews, and 10,700 adherents of no religion.

WORKING FOR THE PORTLAND CONVENTION.

Liberals of Oregon:

By the time this appeal is read you will probably receive a copy of our constitution and petition for the taxation of church property. If you do not, send to me for some and circulate them. Inform me who does the good work and I will report it in FREETHOUGHT. When done, send them all to me for final use.

Tell all you meet that the Second Annual Congress of the Oregon State Secular Union meets in Portland, at New Arien Hall, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of October next; that eminent speakers will be present from all parts of the world; that on Monday evening there will be a grand ball, and that all this comes in the middle of the great Exposition, when they can have reduced fare.

Also please write me if you will take cards of invitation and distribute them at the county and state fairs. We have the best hall north of San Francisco, and seven professors are tuning their harps for the happy occasion. Let us strike hands once more in Portland.
C. BEAL, Pres. O. S. S. Union.

Immortality, though hell be a fiction, implies possible eternal pain, wretchedness, horror. A compulsory immortality—a sentence to live not for a thousand or a few million years, not at our option, not only while such existence may be one of happiness, but for centillions of ages; eternally! though such existence might become monotonous, burdensome, painful, even one of horror and madness—would be indeed a "hell!" Think of such a fate even in "heaven." When it would come to the worst the blessed boon of death would be denied you; you might want to die, yearn to die, but the terrible fate to live, live, live forever, to never die, would stare you in the face! Could Calvin's literal hell be worse?—Wettstein.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Davenport.....	Aug. 17, 18, 19	Puyallup.....	Sept. 5, 6, 7
Colville.....	Aug. 22, 23, 24	Snohomish.....	Sept. 9, 10, 11
Buckley.....	Aug. 29 30, 31	Port Angeles.....	Sept. 13, 14, 15

THOMAS PAINE.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

VI.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

So in the draft of the Declaration, we have the following passage, of which only the first thirteen words were allowed to remain:

We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here; . . . that these were effected at the expense of our own blood and treasure unassisted by the wealth or strength of Great Britain; that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league and amity with them; but that submission to their parliament was no part of our Constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be credited.

The cause of America was the principal theme of "Casca," who was Thomas Paine. In his first letter, dated April 15, 1775, "Casca" says:

Have the Americans ever yet been (though if men they shortly will be) in arms? Have they yet had a prospect of any other terms than such as would make them slaves? . . . They are not destitute of arms already, and they will be supplied with more in spite of our vigilant fleet.

Four days after the date of this letter, or rather of The Crisis containing it, the massacre at Lexington occurred; and I infer that at that time he was either on the ocean, returning to England to procure arms, salt petre and other munitions of war, or had actually arrived in London.

In "Casca's" letter of May 6, 1775, he says, addressing Dr. Johnson:

I once more call America a nation, and a great nation. Too far distant from the mother country to receive from her either immediate or timely assistance on any sudden foreign attack, she must in such a case find succor within herself or perish.

In Paine's "Common Sense," we find the same sentiment elaborated; and in "Casca's" next paragraph the words "common sense" occur, as if foreshadowing his work in America.

If unwarrantable oppression may be resisted upon revolution principles, the tie between England and America is actually dissolved, our protection is withdrawn, our tyrannic sword unsheathed, and common sense proclaims aloud that obedience in America is no more.

"Casca," being in England at this time, had not yet heard of the battle of Lexington, and Paine in his "Common Sense" says:

No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself, before the fatal 19th of April, 1775.

But the subsequent letters of "Casca" all breathe the spirit of American independence. And I maintain that "Casca" was Junius come again pursuant to the promise made in his "Dedication," to wit: "The remedy will soon be in your power. If Junius lives you shall often be reminded of it." Some of the letters of "Casca," like some of Junius, were not signed, and among these I identify a letter "To the King," June 3, 1775. This was after the news of the massacre at Lexington had reached England, and the letter overflows with the characteristic rage of Junius. I quote the first paragraph:

Sir: Like that fell monster and infernal tyrant, Charles the First, you are determined to deluge the land with innocent blood. Fired with rage at the more than savage barbarity of your mercenary troops, your cursed instruments of slaughter in America, I can no longer keep within the bounds of decency. The breast of every true Englishman must be filled with indignation, and that respect which is due to a king will be lost in a noble zeal for the preservation of our country and fellow subjects.

Here the words "decency" and "respect," which in the first letter of Junius and in the Declaration of Independence are conjoined, are used in near succession. Here also is the expression "mercenary troops," by whom are meant Scotchmen, as appears from "Casca's" previous letter of April 15, where he says:

We shall find it, to our cost, in vain to send English soldiers (none but Scotch will do the business) against English breasts. . . . An English army will not, and a navy cannot destroy the liberties of America.

And in "Casca's Epistle to Lord Mansfield," May 13, 1775, are these lines:

Your clime you change, your sentiments retain;
In Scotchmen treason is an innate stain.

And again:

When harmless lives were lost and Rome was burn'd
Nero, in form, his grateful thanks returned,

Happy to have a cool, obedient Scot
Perform his bloody orders to a jot.

John Wesley's "Calm Address to our American Colonies" was sharply reviewed by "Casca" in several letters, the last of which is dated March 30, 1776. From this I quote the following:

Where is the man of reason and education (except the servile Wesley), who will expose himself to universal derision and contempt by denying this eternal truth: that governments are instituted not for the sake of the governors, but of the governed? Yet, Mr. Wesley in his "Calm Address" [p. 10.] is not ashamed to assert the contrary. He has the ignorance and impudence to tell us that our all—our lives, our liberties, and our property—are, without our consent, at the absolute disposal of king and Parliament. Neither Mansfield nor Johnson ever ventured so far.

In the second paragraph of the Declaration is repeated that "eternal truth" (called "sacred and undeniable" in the original draft), that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Much more evidence can be adduced to prove that Paine was the author of the Declaration of Independence, but is not this enough?

Did Jefferson, therefore, tell a lie after reaching the age of four-score, when he said, "I consented—I drew it?" Yes, but it was perhaps the whitest lie a statesman ever told. Paine had been dead fourteen years and everybody believed at last that Jefferson drew it. Nor would it have been wise or politic for him to disclose the real author at any time, especially after the publication of Paine's "Age of Reason." But knowing that Paine never wanted to claim the authorship, Jefferson could see no harm in avowing what everybody believed to be his own composition.

With the death of Paine was fulfilled the promise of Junius, who said: "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." But the secret of the Declaration of Independence could have died only with Jefferson, who survived Paine seventeen years. Could the "Sage of Monticello" have foreseen that critical science would at last reveal the real author, surely he would never have said, "I drew it."

AN ALARMING SITUATION.

In the Senate of the United States, July 24, there was the most important debate that has been conducted in Congress, not only during this particular Congress, but for years. And yet we fear that very few people in the United States will know of it or will see in it particular import. The debate arose on the Indian Appropriation bill, which had passed the House, and was now to be considered in the Senate, and the particular point in debate was the consideration of the two following items. We quote from the record:

THE PRESIDING OFFICER.—The reading of the bill will proceed.

The reading of the bill was resumed. The next amendment of the Committee on Appropriations, was, on page 60, to strike out the clause from line 19 to line 21, inclusive, as follows:

For support and education of sixty Indian pupils at St Joseph's Normal School at Rensselaer, Indiana, \$8,330.

MR. DAWES.—I ask unanimous consent that that amendment and the next one may be considered together, for the same reasons.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER.—The next amendment will be stated.

The next amendment was to strike out the clause from line 25, on page 60, to line 2, on page 61, inclusive, as follows:

For the education and support of one hundred Indian children at the Holy Family Indian School, at Blackfeet Agency, Montana, \$12,500.

MR. DAWES.—Mr. President, the committee recommend the striking out of those two appropriations, and I desire as briefly as possible, to state the reasons which have actuated the committee in this recommendation. They both stand on the same ground, if one should be stricken out both should, and if either remains both should remain.

These are schools under the management of the Catholics. There are new appropriations by the government for the maintenance of two new Catholic schools, and the one between them, the St. Boniface's Industrial School, is also one of the same kind. That the committee did not strike out, for the special reasons which I will state in a moment.

What influenced the committee to strike out these schools was simply this consideration: They desired not to go any further than the present condition of affairs in appropriating the government's money for the maintenance of schools of particular religious denominations. The present and existing state of things in that particular, if these schools are not added, will be precisely what it was last year.

Thus it seems that the government of the United States has already been appropriating public money for the support of schools of religious denominations, and that this question would not have been raised, had not the Catholics made a request for support of these additional schools of their own. The way the matter has stood, up to the present time, not including the appropriations contemplated in this bill, is thus set forth by Senator Dawes, the chairman of the committee.

The appropriations in this regard have run from the year 1886 as follows: For Catholic schools in 1886, \$118,343, as against \$109,916 for all others; in 1887, \$194,635 as against \$168,579 for all others; in 1888, \$221,169 for Catholic schools, and \$155,095 for all others; in 1889, \$347,672 for Catholic schools, as against \$183,000 for all others; in 1889-90, as I have said, \$356,967 for Catholic schools, as against, for all other denominations and all other schools, \$204,993.

That is the condition of things which the present administration found when it entered upon office. Hundreds of thousands of dollars given outright to religious denominations for the purpose of teaching their denominational views, virtually a union of church and state! The present administration desired to put a stop to this, keeping the church and the state separate, and letting the churches support their own schools, and teach their own doctrines, at their own expense, but says Mr. Dawes:

The present management was in favor of divorcing the government absolutely from them all, but it found it impossible to do that.

And has it come to this, that, through the Indian department, the different religious denominations of the country have already got such a hold upon the United States government that they cannot be shaken off? Is it possible that already there is such a union between the state and these churches, that it is impossible to divorce the government from them? That this is so, is proven not only by the statement of Mr. Dawes, but by the result of this discussion in the Senate. Although the effort was to strike out two items of appropriation to Roman Catholic schools, the result was that not only was neither of these stricken out, but both with two more were adopted. Strong opposition to the measure was made by Senator Reagan, of Texas, and Senator George, of Mississippi; but their noble effort availed nothing. The tide was too strong; the political power of the churches, and especially of the Catholic church, is too great.

The history of the thing is worth relating. It began in 1885, the first year of President Cleveland's administration, when the commissioner of Indian affairs made this statement:

The government should be liberal in making contracts with religious denominations to teach Indian children in schools established by those denominations. It should throw open the door and say to all denominations, "There should be no monopoly in good works. Enter all of you, and do whatever your hands find of good work to do, and in your efforts the government will give you encouragement out of its liberal purse." In other words, the government without partiality, should encourage all the churches to work in this broad field of philanthropic endeavor.

And according to the list given by Mr. Dawes, the first appropriation of public money that was given for this purpose was \$118,343 to Roman Catholics, with \$109,916 for all other denominations put together, and that it steadily increased until, by the appropriation for the fiscal year of 1889-90, the Roman Catholics were given \$356,967; and \$204,993 to all other denominations. That is, within four years the Roman Catholic church received \$1,238,786, while all the other denominations together received \$761,583. In other words, within four years the Roman Catholics were enabled to increase their appropriations \$238,424 above the amount with which they began, while all other denominations were enabled to increase theirs but \$95,087.

Is it difficult for any reader to see a direct connection between these facts and figures, and the frequent visits of Cardinal Gibbons to the White House during the presidential administration from March 4, 1885, to March 4, 1889? There is no room for reasonable doubt that the suggestion in the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs for 1885 was secured by the Roman Catholic church. This probability is made stronger by the fact that in the year 1885, the very year when this thing began, there was established in the city of Washington, a Catholic Bureau of Missions, of which Mr. Dawes says:

They have been on the ground here for the last five years, pushing Catholic schools upon the government as earnestly as was in their power, and largely to that influence is attributed this great increase, which has

come to be three-fifths of all the appropriations. They are active still.

No man can fail to see the direct connection, we repeat, between these facts and the above figures. It is true that because of their being accessories of the fact, and upon the principle that "the partaker is as bad as the thief," the Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians are inexcusably guilty of participating in this iniquity. But, from the facts, it seems certain that the scheme was originally a Roman Catholic one.

The Catholic Bureau of Missions applied to the present administration for aid in establishing three new schools. There were also applications on the part of the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, and the Methodists; but all such applications were refused. With the refusal the Protestant denominations contented themselves; but the Catholic Bureau, says Senator Dawes, "having failed to get a contract for these three schools from the government in addition, and aggravating the inequality that had already aroused public sentiment, they went to the House of Representatives, without any estimate or recommendation from the department, and obtained the insertion into the bill of these three schools."

When the bill reached the Senate, an amendment was there added to it voting an appropriation to get another school, making four in all that the Catholics had secured. As soon as the other denominations heard of this, they hurried up to Congress with a protest against the proposed appropriation: but there was no suggestion of any protest from them against having the appropriation of former years continued both to the Catholics and to themselves. It seems, therefore, that the protest came only because the Catholics had succeeded in obtaining additional money, when they themselves could secure nothing additional. Their protest, therefore, simply amounts to nothing. It has no force, whatever; and their protest never will have any force as long as they continue to receive money from the government in support of their own church schools. Let these protesting denominations absolutely refuse to take any more money from the government; let them return to the government the money which they have already, and unconstitutionally, taken, and then let them protest against the appropriation to Roman Catholic schools. This will give some force to their protest. This, however, is hardly to be expected; because, having been sharers with the Roman Catholics in the iniquity of the thing these five years, and now raising a protest only because the Catholics get more than they can get, it is so far contrary to the nature of church encroachments on governmental power, as to be beyond all expectation that these denominations could by any possible means, be led to take such a proper and honest course.

The condition of things exposed in this debate on the appropriation bill, is one of the most startling revelations that has ever been made on the subject of the union of church and state in this government. The fact that there is already formed such an alliance between the national government and the church power that it is considered impossible to break it, ought so to arouse every man who loves religion or the government that the supposed impossibility of breaking the alliance shall be annihilated, and the whole question be put upon its genuine constitutional basis, and the government have nothing at all to do with religion in the teaching of it, or in any other way.—American Sentinel.

PUTNAM'S "EXPERIENCE."

[The following notice of Putnam's "Religious Experience" is from the "Freethinkers' Magazine," and contains some "experience" not previously told.]

The author of this little book is pretty well known in this country as an eloquent and forcible Freethought lecturer, a writer of unquestioned ability, both of prose and poetry, and one of the editors of that popular Freethought journal of San Francisco, FREETHOUGHT. Mr. Putnam, we learn from this "Experience," started in life as a good, pious, Sunday-school boy, grew up and became an orthodox minister, then evolved into Unitarianism, preached in that broad and liberal denomination for a few years; but, after hearing Colonel Ingersoll lecture a few times, became a convert to Ingersoll's "Infidel" views and stepped out onto the broad platform of Freethought. After leaving the church, for a

few years, he found the Infidel Jordan a hard road to travel. We well remember giving him his first invitation to attend a Free-thought gathering. It was an invitation to the Congress of the National Liberal League held at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the fall, we think, of 1877. Mr. Putnam replied that he would be there if he could raise money to pay the expenses. He came, and reported that he worked his way on a freight train. From the Congress most of the leading Liberals who were there went direct to the Chautauqua Freethinkers' Convention, including Colonel Ingersoll and his admirable wife. Mr. Putnam was left behind on account of want of money to pay railroad fare. That was the not very encouraging beginning of his career as an apostle of Freethought.

The best quality that Mr. Putnam possesses is his pleasant and sociable disposition. He is one of the most companionable of men and makes himself agreeable to everyone he meets. He is now doing a grand, good work on the Pacific coast, as editor and lecturer. His editorial letters from the lecture field that appear every week in FREETHOUGHT read more like romance than cold facts. Those in the last numbers of that paper have been intensely interesting. To read of his long rides on horseback, over mountains and through dense forests, often getting lost and having to retrace his steps; his looking for some lonely cottage, and putting up in one sometimes, and sleeping in the best bed in the house when the occupants are all from home, as he actually did in one place—all this reads like fiction and reminds us of the early labors of the itinerant Methodist preachers on the frontier in the early days of our country.

Mr. Putnam has ability, earnestness, and perseverance, and if he will in the future continue to honestly and conscientiously devote himself to the cause of Humanity, as he now seems to be doing, his name will go down to posterity as one of the ablest and best friends of Freethought of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This "Religious Experience" of his is a very thrilling, interesting, and suggestive narrative, one that should be read by every Freethinker in America.

THE MERITS OF POLYTHEISM.

BY DR. G. A. DANZIGER.

II.

Is it intelligent to believe that God helps the brutal murderer and forsakes his pious victim? Think of the God who is only too often judge, executioner, and criminal at the same time! Ridiculous! Is it consistent to believe God to be a merciful father giving his blessings to many, and still to know that millions of the innocent children starve and perish in despair? Is it consistent with a humane God to be most gracious only to be then so much more cruel? Think of the one-God giving one a beautiful wife, a lovely child, a sweet home, an earthly paradise, a perfect happiness, and think of the gratitude we owe that one-God for giving us all this—and think for a moment of that God getting a fancy to let one's wife to pine away in the bloom of youth and beauty; one's darling boy to die in the cradle; one's home made desolate, paradise lost, happiness gone—think of it!—for religion tells us that one-God did it all. Think of it, and tell me what will be the feelings we shall entertain for that God. Will it be a grateful smile, a contented glance, a devotional prayer? Or will it be a frown, a sigh, a tear, a look of despair, or a curse! And who could and would blame us when in the extreme agony of our soul we should curse the willful creator and destroyer of our happiness? Oh, one may say that what he gave he also can take away at his own pleasure—then God is a creature of his own whims? What a blow to the sublimity of God's perfection!

Most people who are made wretched curse God, but such influence has religious training and habit, upon our expressions, even, that those people substitute another term for a curse. They say: "Surely there is no justice, there can be no God, if such a thing can happen to me," etc.

But this is not all. I will show you the real inconsistency of Monotheism, *i. e.*, the idea of one God, or the demerit of such an idea for the individual by a more striking example. There is war between two Christian nations. It is not supposed that one

of the two is utterly wicked. Both pray and worship in their temples and churches to the one God. Both ask in earnest prayer for victory and the enemy's defeat. They fight. Thousands of women become widows and children orphans. The battle is ended, and the victory is won. The conqueror thanks God for his help—and what, pray, does the conquered? The present emperor of Germany said to Napoleon III, in 1871: "God was merciful; he gave the victory to our arms," and Berlin and Germany shouted with joy. How do you think Empress Eugenie felt when the crown was torn from her head and her husband made prisoner? Now the one God, who was merciful to the Germans, was indeed monstrously cruel to the Frenchmen.

The loving wife tenderly embraces the victorious husband, the blushing bride greets her lover, friends shout with joy—why? Because God has spared the lives of those loved ones. What do you think does the widow with a child upon her bosom, and a broken heart in her breast? What does Juliet do when Romeo is torn from her side, from her heart, forever? What does an intelligent, energetic little boy think when he is told that God took away his father and left his mother to despair? The same God, who was gracious to the one and is praised and thanked, was at the same time most cruel to the other and is cursed and abhorred. Think of the inconsistency in the one God, as human nature takes it.

The Polytheistic idea has, therefore, an advantage over the Monotheistic idea. While the latter is not only inconsistent but even ridiculous, the former is consistent and simple. The Greeks gave each god a certain field, so to say, and when they thanked God they could do so without feeling secret regret. They loved the god of joy, and feared the god of sorrow; they worshipped the god of good, and hated the god of evil.

They had no Inquisition, no stake to roast people for the sake of Christ, and as for intelligence—well, which idea do you think is more ridiculous—to call the beautiful Apollo semi-god, or to call the meek Jew of Nazareth the son of God?

What we have of beauty, of philosophy, of logic—nay, of a pure conception of the sublime—is all taken from those Polytheists, the ancient Greeks, and they have even enriched us with an appreciation of the consistency and goodness of Polytheisms. I therefore maintain that Polytheism is not only superior, but more practical, and conducive to far greater bliss to the individual as well as for the masses, since it leaves the mind at ease, making man less revengeful and despondent. If it be true that history repeats itself, then the advent of an appreciation of Polytheism would redeem the world.

PAINE STILL SPEAKING.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have to-day been on Mt. Pleasant Park camping-grounds and have listened to—what! I hear you say, even before I have uttered the name; but I shall give it, for I believe the claim to be true, and I almost think you would believe it too, could you have been there and have listened with me.

The subject of the lecture was: "The Future of our Republic," by Thomas Paine through his medium, Mrs. Amelia Colby Luther; and one thing is certain—if Thomas Paine when in the earth life possessed such personal power, such magnetic control over those with whom he came in contact, I do not wonder he made his mark upon the world when backed by such a reasoning brain as he possessed. His utterances while here were never more fearless or more to the point. I have listened to able and powerful speakers, but I never listened to anything that began to be equal to Thomas Paine through his chosen medium.

The lecture was a repetition in part of what was given a week ago, and was repeated at the request of people outside the camp. The audience was a very large one, and could you have heard the portrayal of the church of Rome and its purposes, not forgetting the Protestants: could you have heard the assertion that the president should demand that the pope of Rome should rescind his encyclical letter to the Catholics in this country under penalty that they should all be disfranchised if he did not, that is, be disfranchised or refuse allegiance to the pope; and still fur-

ther, that the parochial schools should be abolished or all who sent their children to said schools should be disfranchised and the children thus educated should not be allowed to become citizens—could you have heard all this, together with the fearless and determined manner in which the words were uttered, you would at least say that Thomas Paine's opposition to church tyranny was well duplicated.

"The pope of Rome, one hand in the national and in all the state treasuries in the country, and seeking to plant the Vatican upon the ruin of our republic, and yet we are so blind that a large proportion of the teachers in our public schools are Catholics." And the Protestants were not forgotten, as is shown by the mothers being congratulated that their husbands had placed a man in the presidential chair who believed in the damnation of their babies if non-elect.

But I did not sit down, or rather, get up out of my bed, for I could not sleep, simply for the purpose of portraying that which cannot be portrayed, as all who listened will testify;—no, I had another object in view, to wit, to notice my friend, Mary A. White's, little book on "Natural Morality." It is full and running over with just such thought as will help to make our children so intelligent as to render them impervious to all church dogmas.

I have tried to select extracts, but it is so full of instructive ideas that are so closely allied, that I do not know what to select unless I select the whole; so I want to say to your readers: Send for it and scatter it by the dozens. I presume you have it on sale: if not I know you can get it. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Clinton, Iowa.

THE COMMONWEALTH PARTY.

On Thursday, August 7, says J. W. Sullivan in the Twentieth Century, room 24, Cooper Union, witnessed the formation of a new political party, among those present being Nationalists, Socialists, Christian Socialists, Knights of Labor, delegates in the Central Labor Union, and members of the old United States Labor party. Thaddeus B. Wakeman presided. The name taken was "the Commonwealth party." The platform adopted advocates the abolition of corporate monopolies and government control of monopolies in transportation and municipal works, etc. The land plank is as follows: "We demand, in furtherance of the same purpose, the abolition of the land monopolist, land grabber, land speculator, and vacant land holder; that the lands of the country be declared to be the common property of the whole people, to be held and used, whether for dwelling or cultivation, as may be for the benefit of all; that private holding or speculating in unused lands should be made impossible by law, and that such land should be open to occupation or cultivation by those who will make them useful; that the extent of the ownership of lands or of any property should be limited by law so that the vast landed estates and vast wealth of any kind in private control should cease to be a danger to the republic and the people." In other demands the platform was made wide enough to contemplate a union of the wealth producers, aggrieved in their almost every social relation with the wealth holding non-producers.

ANOTHER PROPHET.

Hardly had my hair laid down from the standing position it assumed from reading Professor Buchanan's prediction, when it rose again from the effects of another prophecy. It is now settled beyond a doubt that we are doomed; for the Bible sustains the last prophet of death and destruction, and his revealments come, as it were, direct from God himself. Confronted with this startling fact, it occurs to me that the time has arrived when sinners should pause to meditate on the responsibilities to God and make some preparations for the salvation of their souls, which will soon be without a material body. The prophet to whom allusion is made is Col. Blanton Duncan, whose name is a familiar one among ex-congressmen. He declares with confidence backed by scriptural authority that the end of the age is near at hand; that the present decade will witness the foretold great calamities which will go on to about 1906; and the final

greatest destruction, or general round-up of terrestrial affairs, will occur six and one-half years later on, with a complete termination in the fall of 1913 and the spring of 1914. He further asserts, declares, and proclaims that his knowledge of coming events is based on the signs and warnings as stated by Daniel, the ancient salamander, and as revealed in Revelations at the close of the sixteenth chapter, which declares that "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found," while hailstones weighing fifty-six pounds, Mr. Duncan says, will come down in profusion. Think of it! fifty-six-pound hailstones to fall upon mortal man with the velocity of a cannon-ball! Is there anything that could knock him out in one round any quicker, except it be one of Reynolds's combination Latin words found in the back part of the spelling-book? Well may we tremble at the fate which awaits us, for those who dodge the hailstones will be swallowed up by the earthquake, and not a living being will remain on the face of the earth. Here we are left without a ray of hope, which is worse than Professor Buchanan has done; but if we find Christ and lose our reason before the destruction occurs, it will be well with our souls. Meanwhile, as we calmly wait for the inevitable, let us unite in singing:

"And it was the loving father
Who his creatures thus did doom—
Doomed the innocent and guilty
To the silence of the tomb.
Thus he satisfied his vengeance—
Now and ever he's the same;
Round the throne the angels shouted,
'Hallelujah, praise his name.'"

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. SEVERANCE.

MISS CRADDOCK'S ADMIRABLE PLEA.

We read and re-read Miss Craddock's admirable plea for organization and co-operation among the various "isms" of free and independent thought. We recognize the truth of the various positions we severally occupy, the necessity of closer co-operation, and of the final statement that "Liberalism will have to adapt itself to this new order of things, or else go to the wall." Her picture is a military one. But we do not understand just how civilians are to adopt and execute her plans without a semi-military organization that is readily convertible into one of war or peace. And do the leaders of this desirable move intend to fight their battles on the old plane of selfish competition, or will they take some middle ground upon which the nation's workers may concentrate?

If the fight is to be purely intellectual, the masses cannot go far beyond a medium height. If it will require physical force to teach a healthy respect for right, we cannot remove too far from our base of supplies. If it is to be a political tumble, a counting of noses only, we must win the populace.

A convention composed of one or more representatives of the various isms to draft simple, and only necessary, rules to which all will give unreserved allegiance might be a good move, unless the organization of the American Secular Union is deemed sufficient for all purposes, in which case allegiance to the principles therein formulated should be declared by the various branches of Freethinkers and the co-operative work begun.

Where is that broad and lofty hill on the elevated plateau of Freethought, and how can we reach that vantage ground? I realize that there are many of us unable to move alone, as we will have to pass through the enemy's camp to get there. There are many, very many, among the enemy who would be our friends if they knew just what we could do and how it would benefit all concerned. If we ask the people to help correct the present industrial and social evils only to enter another competitive, selfish scramble for the cream of life, we shall ask in vain. The people must have good assurance that their efforts will promote their own welfare and happiness at the same time it does that of others.

Sanel, Cal.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

WHY mourn his loss at death? Let us mourn ours—the loss of a dear one, a friend, a good citizen. That which was his before he was born is his, now and forever—eterna! peace.—W.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the name, calling, and place of business of any subscriber to FREETHOUGHT at the rate of One Dollar a year.

The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the the country.

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A HAND-BOOK

OF

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By W. S. BELL.

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The Woes of an Editor.

Editor Kellogg, of the Big Bend Empire, is in hiding at present, says the Coulee City News, and his foreman is trying to fix matters up so he can come home again without the fear of being pulverized. In writing up a visit to a lady's house he described her elegant selection of house plants. He wrote in this way: "Mrs. B. has the prettiest plants in town." In making up the form the letter "l" dropped out of the word plants, and the mistake was not discovered until the paper was run off. The whole town was in an uproar, and when the offensive word was pointed out to her husband he armed himself with a horsewhip and revolver and went to the printing-office with blood in his eye. The editor saw him coming and jumped out of the window and started for the canyon on a run that would have shamed a scalded dog. Editors have their troubles the same as other people.

A Disobedient Patient.

Irate patron—You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor Quack—Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Irate patron—My son took your medicine for a year, and died an hour after the last dose.

Doctor Quack—My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

SOME ministers say

In a mild, begging way

They've no use for notes when they speak,

But don't you forget

There was never one yet

Who didn't want bank notes each week.

MINNIE—What are the people of your church going to do with that \$425 they made from the grab bag?

Mamie—We are thinking of using it to break up the sale of Louisiana lottery tickets here.

Preparing for the Future.

Mamma—My dear, what are you doing?

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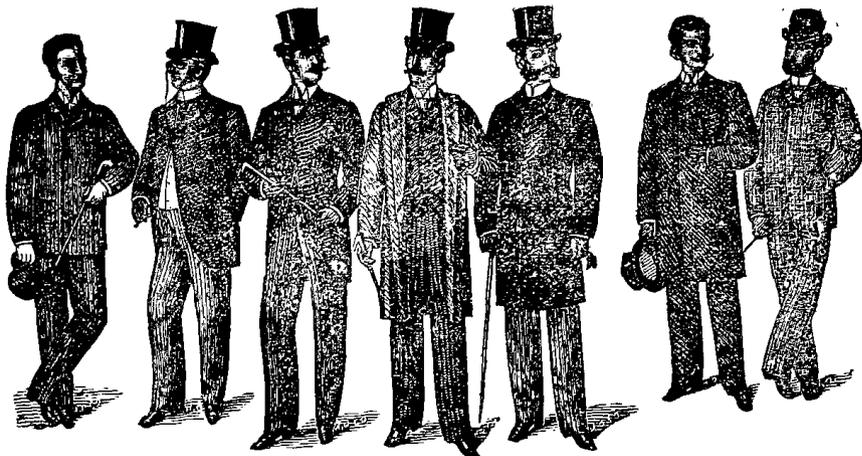
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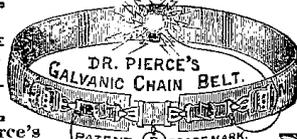
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Some time ago a Pittsburg detachment of the Salvation Army wandered down into Manchester, Alleghany, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. In front of the Hope fire-engine house they began a campaign of prayer and racket. They intended to convert the whole neighborhood. They reckoned the firemen among their worst foes. They feared the constant intimacy of the firemen with conflagrations had made them less fearful of the fires beyond than they otherwise would have been.

After a season of prayer and war dances the leader approached one of the firemen, saying: "Brother, come with us, we are on the road to heaven."

"How long have you been on the way?" stolidly inquired the fireman.

"Two years," replied the missionary.

"And you've only gotten as far as Pittsburg?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I guess I'll take the shorter route," said the fireman, as he took a chew of tobacco and wandered back to the house.

Prof. W. S. Bell's Lectures in Oregon.

Hamilton	Aug.	31
Fox	Sept.	1, 2
John Day	"	4
Prairie City	"	5
Baker City	"	6, 7
Union	"	8
New Bridge	"	10, 11
Summerville	"	12, 13
Heppner	"	15, 16
Dayton	"	20, 21
Rosalia	"	23
Plaza	"	24
Oakdale	"	26
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Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 6, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Rosalia and Oakesdale are shining in the midst of splendid harvest-fields; they are actually in the "lap of luxury." Nature has been prodigal; she has done her best, and the glittering treasures delight the eye. Forty bushels, and fifty bushels, and sixty bushels, and in one field sixty-six bushels to the acre are the average.

Rosalia is a pretty place of three hundred inhabitants, and is growing too. It is located in Pine Creek Valley, thirty-five miles south of Spokane Falls. It is on the Spokane & Palouse Railroad, which was built about three years ago. It is surrounded by one of the most fertile farming countries. Last year three hundred and eighty-five thousand bushels of wheat were shipped from this point, and it is expected that six hundred thousand bushels will be shipped this year, to say nothing of oats, barley, and potatoes, which are raised in large quantities. Yet five-eighths of the land tributary to Rosalia has never felt the touch of the plow. Apples, pears, prunes, and cherries grow here luxuriantly. So for the farmer, the business man, and the rustler generally Rosalia is about as good a place as he can strike. It is to be remarked that the word "rustler" takes the place on this coast of the word "hustler" down East. Why the initial letter has been changed is unknown. It might, perhaps, be the influence of climate. For instance, down East they say, "He is a daisy;" in this country they remark, "He is a bird"—the two phrases meaning the same thing, and giving the same description of character.

When I landed at Rosalia, Peter Proff was ready to receive me, and I found myself in good hands. His farm adjoins the town. He came from the fatherland—the banks of the Rhine, where the Romish church is all powerful. But in the free air of the West, in Wisconsin, Oregon, and Washington, the shadow of superstition has departed. All his family—wife and children, boys and girls—accept the bright inheritance of liberty. I found his home amid the green trees, and the brilliant harvest fields a delightful place of sojourn, with the books and papers and music, and the agreeable talk and companionship. Proff is a noble worker for Freethought.

Wm. Fisk was present. He is on hand every time. He is a "whole team" for the cause, for he has the enthusiasm of humanity.

J. L. Terry introduced me at the lectures. He believes in reform of all kinds and in good democratic fashion.

Sam Avery knows a good thing when he sees it, and is on the roll of Freethought. Also Robert Ehrich, D. B. Baldwin, G. W. Dorsey, C. D. Lack, and Mark Merritt join the company. A. Dorsey was absent, and I had not the pleasure of seeing him, but he is not idle. He landed six miles from Rosalia with \$17 in cash, a cart and two yokes of oxen, and a large family, twelve years ago. To-day he has 1200 acres of land, 200 head of stock, and is independent. That's the way they do things in this country.

I. E. Nessly, of "Rosalia Rustler," is a "rustler" indeed, and makes a lively paper for a lively town, and keeps things on the move. He has just got out a little pamphlet on Rosalia and the great Palouse county which is quite valuable.

Rosalia is on the advance, and I hope to meet its Liberals again.

Rev. Sherrod, U. P. minister, gave me a very cordial shake of the hand, said he was glad to hear that I was in favor of the good things that the church was doing, and that his church was about to build a parsonage, which was a "good thing," and he hoped I would subscribe liberally. I answered that I wanted to build a few more Freethought colleges before I built a parsonage; that I was not overweighted with money for general distribution, but that undoubtedly if I had remained in the Christian ministry, I should have been able to give him a liberal donation. He sadly replied that from his point of view there wasn't much chance of making money in the orthodox pulpit. He seemed to have an idea that the Liberal lecturers of the country were getting rich, and could afford to divide up with the churches. I hope he will have the parsonage, but if he depends on the Christians, I am afraid he won't get farther than the cellar.

On to Oakesdale, where our good patriarch, Thomas Secrest, holds the flag. He struck this country when scarcely a house was to be seen, and now his broad acres are beheld in every direction, and Oakesdale is a flourishing point. It has almost doubled in population the last year. The Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific cross here, and this gives it the advantage of competition. There is a rich country about, and it is expected that a million bushels of wheat will be shipped here this fall, besides other grains. Oakesdale has several churches and up to now has been quite an orthodox community, and revivals have been on the blaze almost all the time, and the ministers have had a picnic. But it is being discovered that these members of the "third sex" are not altogether heavenly in their aspirations, and they have disappeared. It is about time for reason to rule, and the first Freethought lectures given here were well attended. The audiences increased, and a large Liberal element undoubtedly exists. The shadows of orthodoxy will have to take their

flight. With good crops and general prosperity, there will be no room for the "devil" and the "anxious seat." People will be too happy and contented to waste any time upon the New Jerusalem. I think hereafter that Oakesdale will be one of the most favorable places for Liberal advancement. There are some splendid leaders here who understand the situation, and are equipped for the issue. Thomas Secrest has for years maintained the principles of Freethought, and he sees that the day is coming. He has a large family—ten children—and all have had freedom of choice and have not any of them joined the ranks of orthodoxy. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Secrest, and I found a cordial home where there was no monotony of thought, but the bright atmosphere of good will and intellectual attainment.

I suppose right here in Oakesdale can be found the origin of the glorious Bill of Rights now in the Constitution of Washington.

A year or two ago was started the discussion as to the right to hold religious exercises of any kind in the public schools—such as prayers and Bible reading. The Christians maintained their right to hold these exercises wherever they had the power, and that there was nothing in the Constitution or general law to prevent; and so the Liberals were apparently helpless, having no tribunal of judgment, and the will of the majority was to be enacted without constitutional safeguards. George Comegys was elected to the constitutional convention as the representative of Liberalism to see that the Constitution should be the palladium of liberty. The Bill of Rights was largely the result of his courageous labors, and a great advance has thus been made for constitutional freedom. The Bill of Rights has excluded chaplains from the legislature, the Bible and religious exercises from the schools, and, without any special enactment of the legislature, it seems to make imperative the taxation of church property. The fight begun at Oakesdale was carried on at Olympia and has resulted in a brilliant triumph. Comegys, of Oakesdale, has plenty of backbone, "clear grit," and logic besides, has grasped the situation and given to state secularization an immense advantage.

In the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCune, I found the earnest spirit of Freethought, and friends who do everything they can to make the path of the pioneer a pleasant one.

Dr. M. C. Baker introduced me at the lectures, a staunch Free-thinker who believes in common sense both for the "ills of the flesh" and theological unhealthfulness.

M. M. Walsh is a royal worker and leaves nothing undone for the success of the cause. It is a pleasure to greet such a warm-hearted comrade.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver I met years ago at Auburn, Ind., where Watts and I opened the campaign with three ministers in the front seat. It was a good time, I remember. Mrs. Weaver is the daughter of Thos. Secrest. The bright little children are for Freethought every time.

Dr. Mosier, Wm. Howard, G. N. Clark, Henry Warren, John Schleinlein, and Frank and R. L. Schleinlein, Geo. McWilliams, John Doneen, etc., are among the friends I met here who stand in the line. G. W. Swift is on the list of Freethought from Pe-koia, Wash.

I leave Oakesdale with bright anticipations of the future. Its school-house shines lofty above all the churches, and I guess it will ever do so. While the school-house is ahead Freethought is triumphant.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

WANAMAKERISM IN PHILADELPHIA.

A dispatch to the San Francisco "Examiner" from Philadelphia states that a half dozen street fakirs, who had been induced to accept several copies of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" as a possibly profitable commodity, found themselves in the dock at the City Hall August 30. They were charged with selling obscene literature on the street. There was a hearing of the case before Magistrate Smith. Counsel for the prisoners asked the police superintendent to point out some passages in the book which he considered improper. The witness picked up a copy of the book and turned to that part which denounced marriage as being un-Christian and unchaste. He read the passage slowly, and when he concluded it he said he considered it unfit for circulation. He then read other passages. Counsel asked if he had read Fielding, Pope, and Shakespeare. He replied that he had, and counsel inquired if he had not found more improper utterances in these works. The superintendent was not sure that he had. "Or in the Bible?" persisted the counsel. The superintendent became indignant, and hotly replied, "I will not answer that question."

The counsel asked for the discharge of the prisoners, holding that the book was not immoral. "What!" exclaimed the magistrate; "do you mean to say that the passages just read are not immoral?" "A perverted mind might so construe them," was the quiet rejoinder.

The court appeared confused, but held the prisoners in \$500 bail each, with the remark that every person caught selling the book on the street would be arrested.

The matter has therefore got into the police courts, and any politician with a pull strong enough to land him on the bench has it in his power to suppress the sale of any book he has not the brains to understand.

PLAIN WORDS TO OUR READERS.

We earnestly request subscribers to FREETHOUGHT to examine the date on the wrappers of their paper, and, if they find themselves in arrears, to renew at once. It is impossible for any paper to exist unless those who subscribe for it pay their subscriptions. A Liberal paper, more than any other, needs the active support of those who are interested in Liberal work. If they are so indifferent to the advocacy of their views that they will not spend a dollar on them, the publishing of Liberal papers might as well be suspended. There is not one of these papers in the country that is on a sound financial basis, or that would continue for a month for the money to be made from its publication. Liberal lecturers are not half supported. The foremost Free-thinker in America, an unsurpassed orator, has to depend upon his law practice for a livelihood. This is not because the editors of Liberal papers are not able men. Compare the editorials in the "Truth Seeker," the "Investigator," or the "Twentieth Century" with the editorials to be found in popular newspapers. They are superior not only in candor and truthfulness, but in ability and literary finish; and the same is true to a greater or less extent of all the Liberal journals. The Liberal lecturers, too, are able men compared with the orators who achieve success in other fields. The question which confronts us is whether there is a sufficient number of Free-thinkers in America to support a distinctively Liberal press. Judging from the experiments so far made, there would seem to be but one answer to the question, and that a negative one. It is not the

subscriptions, but the open-handed generosity of a few that has thus far kept FREETHOUGHT in existence, and the same is true of other papers of its class. But generosity cannot always be depended upon. Generous men die and leave their means to conservative relatives whose first act is to order the paper discontinued. Or circumstances change so that giving is no longer possible.

What is needed is that every man who desires to see FREETHOUGHT continued should not only determine to pay his own subscription promptly, but to introduce the paper everywhere possible, and to set apart a certain sum, large or small according to his means, to be devoted monthly or yearly to the expenses of the work. To hope that a Liberal paper will become popular in the face of religious bigotry is a foolish waste of the pleasures of anticipation. The great unthinking mass are absorbed either in superstition, in brutal "sports," or in the chase for the almighty dollar, and FREETHOUGHT cannot appeal to them without abandoning the purpose for which it was established. The capitalist or monopolist does not want FREETHOUGHT, for it will educate the workingman and make him discontented with his inferior advantages. The politician does not want it, for it will teach the voter that nothing good can be expected from current political methods. The priests and ministers certainly do not want it, for it exposes them as impostors. These are the influential classes, and from them we can expect only opposition of the strongest kind. There are, however, a great many men and women in the community who are not priests nor politicians, nor the dupes of either, and to them FREETHOUGHT looks for its support. The problem is, are they numerous enough, devoted enough, to justify our confidence, or are they not?

But sufficient has been said. Our readers understand the situation. Hundreds of them know that at present they are doing absolutely nothing to encourage Freethought; they do not even pay for the paper which they take from the office. If they feel at ease about the matter, they are right, since their own consciences must approve their course. Nevertheless, it is not calculated to insure them, or anyone else, the continued weekly receipt of this paper.

AN INFORMAL BUT IMPORTANT MEETING.

An informal meeting of the Directors of the Freethought Publishing Company was held at the office, 838 Howard street, Monday evening, September 1, there being present W. H. Eastman, F. L. Browne, Emil S. Lemme, and Geo. E. Macdonald. The meeting was called by the last named (Macdonald), who wished to propose his resignation as editor of the paper and secretary of the company. His reasons for this step were as follows: 1. His salary was some three months behind, he was in debt for living expenses, and it was necessary that by seeking other employment he should be able to earn his livelihood. 2. The paper depended mainly upon its subscription list for support, its character being such that few advertisements could be obtained; yet about one-half its subscribers were in arrears, several hundred dollar's worth of stock subscribed for was as yet unpaid; and it was evident to Mr. Macdonald that the stockholders were dissatisfied with his management and the subscribers with his editorial work. 3. He believed that some person who combined greater literary ability with a superior business

capacity should be appointed in his place in order that it might not be said that the Liberals of this coast had not sufficient devotion to their cause to support their only paper. He reported that if the subscribers to stock would pay up, those in arrears liquidate their indebtedness, and delinquents renew, the company could not only pay expenses but have a handsome balance left for larger work. He was in hopes that under other editorial and business direction this result might be reached. He would not press his resignation until provision could be made for filling the place which he had so incompetently occupied.

Mr. W. H. Eastman objected that the editorial work had been done as well as anybody could do it, and was generally above criticism, and that the place could not be filled by another; also that the business management was satisfactory. Such difficulties as Mr. Macdonald had met were incident to all reform work. Messrs. Lemme and Browne concurred, adding that in their opinion the editor and manager was overworked. The meeting was unanimous in thinking that upon the state of the case being laid before the readers of FREETHOUGHT those in arrears would at once renew, and affairs assume the brighter aspect which the dawn produces just after the darkest hour is past. Entertaining for the moment the hope thus inspired, Mr. Macdonald decided to withhold his resignation for a few weeks, and await the action of stockholders and subscribers.

The sums due to the company, if paid, would place business in a prosperous condition; and since its debtors are Liberals who profess an interest in its maintenance, nothing more than this announcement should be necessary.

THE "Monitor," a Roman Catholic paper published in San Francisco, says:

"A correspondent sends us a clipping from a notoriously anti-Catholic paper published in this city, in which it is stated that the Catholic church receives seventy per cent of all the funds appropriated for Indian schools. This may or may not be true, but the Catholic church does not claim one cent more than its agreement with the government calls for."

The "Monitor" has the figures before it and can cipher out its own percentages. The amount given by the government to the religious schools for Indians last year was \$561,960—a pretty sizeable steal—of which the Catholics got \$356,957, or between 60 and 70 per cent of the whole. The "Monitor" says "the Catholic church does not claim one cent more than its agreement calls for." Presumably the editor is not well enough acquainted with Catholic affairs to know that within the past few weeks the Catholics have applied to Congress for \$8,330 more than their agreement calls for, and that at last accounts they were likely to get it. But they have no right to a dollar, and the million and a quarter they now get from the public treasury is secured by the same methods used in pushing other corrupt jobs through congress.

A MARRIAGE ceremony such as only Spiritualists witness was performed in this city by Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the medium, on August 26, when Mr. Percy St. Clair Seymour, son of Prof. D. C. Seymour, and Miss Nina Adele Wilson, were made husband and wife. Through the clairvoyant sight of Mrs. Whitney the guests, who numbered twenty-five, were apprised that the spirits of the bride's father and brother and the grandmother of the

groom assisted, the father helping to give away the bride, while the brother placed wreaths upon the heads of the happy pair. Percy, a likely lad of twenty-one and nearly as altitudinous as his father, is a model of young manhood, while the bride is a tall and graceful beauty of nineteen. We congratulate all concerned, including the invisibles, who must have enjoyed everything but the supper, at which, we are informed, no spirits partook, the bride's health being drank in lemonade.

THE Truth Seeker Company's "Pictorial Text-Book" comes pretty near being the greatest thing of the age. It contains about two hundred full-page pictures and the same number of pages of reading matter, making nearly four hundred pages in all, on paper of the size of FREETHOUGHT. The picture of Watson Heston as a frontispiece does questionable justice to the handsome Missourian, but is fine looking, nevertheless. What adds doubly to the value of the illustrations is the text appearing opposite each and giving the picture fresh significance. The editor has drawn on something like two hundred authorities to justify the artist, and in so doing brings together a formidable collection of sentiment against the Christian church and its claim to being a divine and beneficent institution. The price of the book is two dollars, and it is worth five.

WE do not desire to fill orders for the "Kreutzer Sonata." The superior brute strength of the government is admitted without a contest. The appliances for destroying the freedom of the mails and the freedom of trade that are used in the East exist in San Francisco. There is a "Vice" Society here as vicious as that of Anthony Comstock, and its agent is doubtless just aching for something to suppress. Some of our courts, also, might like to make a virtuous record by following the example of Magistrate Smith of Philadelphia. The book is not one that will do much good, and the right to circulate it is not as valuable as the right to keep out of jail.

CHAPLAIN HILL, of San Quentin prison, knew several years ago that a man named Gibson, under life sentence for murder, was innocent of the crime; and when the Rev. Mr. Hill was asked why he did not divulge the facts, he replied that he was not on good terms with the governor, and did not want to communicate with him. Now correspondence which has passed between Hill and the governor's secretary shows that this excuse was untrue. The Rev. Mr. Hill has got himself before the public in a bad light.

THE doctors at St. Louis want Mrs. Wood worth locked up for carrying on a sensational revival. But why suppress her and allow a hundred thousand other preachers to be at large? Her doctrine is identical with theirs, the only difference being that she preaches it with greater power. It is not the woman but the superstition that needs attention.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH's picture of "Politics in Great Britain" in this issue of FREETHOUGHT can be relied upon as accurate. There is no doubt, however, that some other writer would give Mr. Bradlaugh a much more conspicuous place in British politics than he has thought proper to accord himself.

W. S. BELL writes us that he has just concluded a course of six lectures at Prineville, Oregon. A Secular Union was organized, with the following named gentlemen as officers: Knox Huston, president; A. C. Palmer, secretary; C. Rogers, treasurer.

JOHN E. REMSBURG, the Freethought lecturer and writer, will shortly be in San Francisco. He will speak in this city if arrangements can be made. Will those interested please communicate with the FREETHOUGHT office and say what they are willing to do toward making such arrangements?

ELDER L. T. NICHOLS and W. F. Jamieson are to have a debate of eight nights in Kasson, Minn., commencing Sept. 25, where Mr. Jamieson may be addressed until Oct. 1.

DR. I. D. DRIVER, of Oregon fame, is lecturing in San Francisco on "Infidelity." What he does not know about his subject would make a library.

THE "Truth Seeker" of August 23 contains a three-column editorial review of "Putnam's Religious Experience."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

San Francisco is gay with flags in honor of Labor and Admission days. Seven thousand laborers were in line in the parade on Monday. Admission day occurs on the 9th, but its celebration extends over several days.—San Francisco had two men for breakfast last Friday morning, one of whom, a saloon keeper named Chenoweth, shot the other, a wholesale liquor dealer named Carroll, and then killed himself. Carroll was a popular and respected citizen who had befriended Chenoweth for years.—A society has been formed in San Francisco to perpetuate and disseminate Hebrew literature, and to encourage the study of Jewish history.—The Rev. George M. Sanborn, who eloped from Eureka, Cal., with the wife of T. J. Ricks, is negotiating for a pulpit in Massachusetts. Ricks traced the couple to Cleveland, O., but upon his arrival there Sanborn and the woman went further East.—The cruiser Charleston has been ordered to Honolulu for some purpose not divulged by the Navy department. The report of an uprising against the king of the islands is now declared unfounded.—The new warship San Francisco, built by the Union Iron Works of this city, has proved herself, upon trial, to be the fastest of her class, making nearly twenty knots per hour.—Hundreds of Chinamen working in the vineyards of Fresno county struck last week for a raise of wages from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. The Chinaman board themselves. Their places are being filled by white men who get \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day and board, but do a third more work than the coolies.—In lieu of a new postoffice building in San Francisco the present ruin will be restored, sometime, at a cost of \$15,000.

Statistics show that about twenty-five farms in each county of Kansas are under mortgage.—Orators of the Workingmen's Tariff Reform League were pelted with decayed fruit by their audiences on the east side of New York last Saturday evening.—Mortality is on the increase in Minneapolis, Minn., where the death rate is now nearly equal to that of San Francisco.—Dr. McGlynn spoke in New York at the Anti-Poverty Society's picnic last week in Jones's Wood. Judge Maguire, of San Francisco, was with him. The doctor referred with gratitude to his kind reception in California.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and writer, celebrated his eighty-first birthday Aug. 29.

Stanley, the explorer, is rusticated in a secluded Swiss village. His health is poor.—The pope of Rome has just expended \$60,000 fixing up a place of residence, but finding it unhealthy will spend \$100,000 on another.—The emperor of Germany is accredited with remarkable courage because he remained on the deck of his yacht during a storm. The men who sailed the vessel at the time are not given any distinction, though it is to be presumed that their danger was at least equal to that of the emperor.—There is talk that Bismarck may assume the position of adviser to the kaiser.—A congress of Catholics has just been held in Berlin. The congress demands the re-establishment in Germany of all Catholic orders, including the Jesuits, and the restoration of the pope's temporal power, and also government aid for Catholic missions in German Africa.—

There is famine and starvation in Ireland, which, according to Michael Davitt, threatens to be worse. The contribution box is being passed in America.—The gas department of the Birmingham corporation has under consideration the "penny in the slot" scheme for the supply of gas in small tenements. The consumer simply drops a penny into the machine and gets twenty-five feet of gas. This is about half the cost of gas in San Francisco.

LITERATURE.

People interested in the temperance question, as nearly everybody is, should send a postage stamp to F. B. Perkins, 429 Montgomery street, and get a pamphlet on the subject.

"What Would Follow on the Effacement of Christianity?" is told by George Jacob Holyoake in a ten-cent pamphlet just issued in handsome form by H. L. Green, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary A. White's catechism on "Natural Morality," which has been so highly spoken of by all who have read it, including Colonel Ingersoll, is for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents.

The "Freethinkers' Magazine" for September is a good number. The frontispiece consists of a fine portrait of George Jacob Holyoake. Among the contents are "Coincidence," by Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine; "The sorrows of God," by George Jacob Holyoake; "Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman; a poem by Nellie Booth-Simmons; "The Orthodox Hell," by the editor, and other interesting matter. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents.

That controversy which occurred a while ago between the Rev. Dr. Henry Wace and Prof. T. H. Huxley, on the subject of "Agnosticism and Christianity," in which some of the Bible miracles are discussed, appears, as our readers will observe, among the numbers of the Humboldt Library. It is a book of 162 pages, and costs but 30 cents. Send to this office for it. (Postage stamps are always received as cash.)

The author of "How to Make Marriage a Success" has left copies of his book on sale at this office. He holds that a knowledge of the physiology of marriage is a prerequisite to happiness, and he therefore supplies the information which many lack. The work has not as yet achieved a prominence worthy the attention of Wanamaker, and until it does we will mail it for 80 cents, to any address. It is an octavo book in handsome cloth binding.

Dr. Andrew D. White takes up "The Fall of Man" in the next of his Warfare of Science papers, in the September Popular Science Monthly. The belief that man was a perfect being when he first appeared upon the earth, and that there were no sorrow, toil, nor death in the world till brought in by his misconduct, is found in both classical and Hebrew mythology. Dr. White shows how scientific evidence has gradually rolled up till its weight forces the irresistible conclusion that man has had no fall from a high estate, but that from low beginnings in the distant past he has been continuously rising. This is one of the strongest papers in the series.

The ancients, from Cleanthes up, believed that they could recognize dispositions from the looks. Lavater, who was a physician, a naturalist, and, above all, an enthusiast, first gave something of a rational form to physiognomy. Now Senator Paolo Mantegazza, the distinguished Italian scientist and philosopher, comes forward with a work entitled "Physiognomy and Expression," in which he proposes "to restore to anthropology and to psychology that which belongs to it by right, and to make known the positive documents which he possesses to-day on the human countenance and on expression." The treatise forms two double numbers of the Humboldt Library of Science, price 30 cents each.

We have received from the author a book entitled "Aryan Sun-Myths the Origin of Religions," by Sarah E. Titcomb, with an Introduction by Charles Morris. It is a work of 200 pages, and never, it seems to us, could more of research have entered into the composition of a book of the size. As the title indi-

cates, the author's aim is to show that all the forms, ceremonies, rites, and emblems of the Christian as well as other religions had their origin in archaic myths. Mrs. Titcomb has consulted more than one hundred standard authorities on the subject, all of whom support the view which she takes, and which is now generally accepted as the true one. The price of the book is \$1.25, and it may be ordered through this office.

Two books just received from John W. Lovell & Co., New York, are evidently Theosophical. One is the "Pathway of the Spirit," by J. H. Dewey, M. D., and is professedly Christian Theosophy. Dr. Dewey says that he has been "caught up in the spirit to behold with open prophetic vision the ultimate certainty of an emancipated and perfected humanity on earth, and to see that its immediate realization is a divine possibility and provision." Theosophical literature comes high, and this work, though not a large one, costs \$2.—The second work, entitled "One Life: One Law," is by a woman, Mrs. Myron Reed, who finds all necessary truth in the Bible. The ideas of evolution, for instance, she says were first started by John the Baptist when he said "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." But Mrs. Reed is altogether too unsophisticated. John had no reference to rocks, but to something else. The book is of value to mystics only and will probably cost them a dollar and fifty cents.

ELMINA'S VINDICATION.

I did not see Mr. Barrett's letter in FREETHOUGHT until last evening, and hence my delay in noticing it. He says Elmina is not popular in his locality. Neither was Jesus Christ popular in many localities: nor are ten thousand other Liberals and reformers popular in all localities.

But does he not speak extravagantly when he says her articles are a "damage to any paper that accepts" them? Is it not supposable that editors know their own business? If they believed an article would be a positive lasting injury to their paper would they print it? What seems an injury to-day may be a mine of gold to-morrow.

I've only one request to make of Mr. Barrett. Will he please quote one line from any printed article or private letter of mine that proves me to be of "easy principles"—that is, which tends to make men or women unkind or immoral? Few writings have had more editorial puffs and special words of commendation than have those of Elmina. Without real literary merit or striking originality, yet they are kindly, charitable, and uplifting, and their morality unquestionable.

For a time, it is true, I preached contraceptics as the least of two evils, unwelcome parentage or a slight risk to health by thwarting Nature. But when further study convinced me that it would be a license to the lust of unthinking, ignorant, or brutal husbands, I ceased to advocate it, teaching abstinence alone as the true road to a higher and better life.

Once convinced that we are in error we should never hesitate to own up and do better.

So if Barrett will point out an error in my life or writings I'll gladly try to reform it.

Meanwhile, as to the accusation of "easy principles," I send one out of five hundred or more testimonials received during the hounding of the Comstock crew because of the best work I ever tried to do for purity, progress, and reform.

OFFICE OF JUDGE OF U. S. SUPREME COURT, WESTERN }
DIST. OF VA. HARRISBURG, VA., JAN. 2, 1889. }

MRS. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER, *Madam*—I have just received your letter asking me to send you a few lines "that I believe in your purity and honesty of purpose." I know nothing [more] of your character for purity and honesty than was developed on your trial had before me some months ago at Abingdon, Va. Your neighbors from Snowville, Va., where you live, comprising many of the best people in the community, bore willing and ready testimony to your good character for purity, honesty, and chastity. No woman could have established a better character for these virtues than you did on that trial.

Respectfully,
JOHN PAUL, U. S. Dist. Judge.

E. M. SLENKER.

HAS God a brain? Then how can he be infinite? If he has no brain, how can he be God.—Wettstein.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

F. C. MENDE, TREASURER. IDA C. CRADDOCK, COR. SEC'Y.

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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the board of directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat, and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio river, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufactories. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy, and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of church and state in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the Nine Demands of Secularism, we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word "secular" is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

To discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic

Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Christian Temperance Union, indorsing the platforms and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many other, which might be mentioned, are imperilling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-a-wake little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1890. Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec'y.

WORKING STILL FOR THE CONVENTION.

Liberals of Oregon:

Shall we have the largest Secular Convention ever held in the United States? If you will all come and bring your friends it will be so. I will do my part here.

Then see that it is published in the papers in your county. Write a communication to one or more papers about it: any paper which is taken in Oregon. Give it out and have it announced at picnics, socials, balls, prayer-meetings, and other public gatherings in your reach. Post hand-bills which I send you, and give out to best advantage all cards and notices which you receive. Watch your fairs and distribute cards to all persons there and post bills that all can see. Write to me for them if you will do so, and then write me what you did.

The eminent speakers who will be here justify us in doing this work thoroughly. Obtain all the names you can to our petition to the legislature for the taxation of church property. Get names for membership to the Union. Tell them there will be no fees or dues charged: and as you do this work invite them to the convention. Tell them that it comes in the middle of the great fair and they will get reduced rates. We will have the best hall and best music north of San Francisco, the best speakers in the United States, and if we do not have the greatest meeting of the kind ever held it will be because we fail to attend.

C. BEAL, Pres. O. S. S. Union.

BILL NYE REVIEWS A RELIGIOUS WORK.

There has been recently placed in my hands for review a rectangular, liver colored brochure, issued for the summer trade, which is a resume of the public services of the Younger brothers who, as it will be remembered, were engaged for some years in soliciting donations of funds and goods for the use of persons in need, and who reside, when at home, mostly in Clay and Jackson counties, Mo.

The book is handsomely gotten up, though sold at twenty-five cents per volume, and breathes a spirit of kindness and humanity which should teach us all a valuable lesson. I have read the entire book carefully because I did not desire to judge it unfairly. My attention was especially called to it because I had heard so much of the devout spirit manifested especially by Coleman Younger, both before and since his incarceration.

It is only fair that the world should know the truth about both the Youngers and the Jameses, and that while they were at times unconventional and almost rude they were really at heart refined and devout. Coleman Younger, or Cole, as he was called by his publishers, who of course naturally feel most intimate with him, having no doubt often exchanged ideas with him as to methods of working that would be profitable without involving too much risk or brain fag, was the son of Henry Washington Younger, a native of Kentucky, who afterwards moved to Jackson county, Mo. Mr. Younger, Sr., never did much, aside from becoming the father of the Younger brothers, that would serve to pass his name down in history. Having successfully done

this he died suddenly by request of many citizens. The elder Younger, if such a term be proper, began to wield a lasting influence over his sons, however, before his death; for while Cole was at school he was quite rude, and sometimes fatally injured his playmates in thoughtless glee, and as a result of pure animal spirits which he carried almost constantly concealed about his person. As a result of this the teacher threatened to whip Coleman. The elder Younger then informed the little pallid tutor that if he did so he (the elder Younger) would whip the little pale teacher. Many boys with parents like that have grown up, gone into society and at last put on the beautiful tennis suits worn so extensively at Sing Sing. Later on, growing heated over a discussion with the teacher regarding the question whether "pollena" was or was not the correct orthography of the style of overskirt then being largely worn in Clay county, the Younger brothers inserted the tutor in the river, head first, through a hole in the ice, and left him there in a most compromising position.

The tutor was pulled out by spectators finally, and he said then to those about him that if the Younger boys didn't do "different" they would come to a bad end, possibly several of such.

Cole Younger has become such an earnest, consistent Christian since his incarceration in the penitentiary that his past ought not to be raked up here, except it be, perhaps, to show that he has had a great deal to overcome in trying to lead a Christian life in a penitentiary, where there are so many temptations to be frivolous and gay.

Some years ago there was a robbery on the Rock Island Road about fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs. Cole Younger and Jesse James planned to "throw" the east-bound train at this point. It was in the drowsy dawn of a beautiful summer Sabbath that these now kindly and gentle natures pried up the rails and let the flying engine plow into the cut and wreck the train. It was the sunrise of that Sabbath morning when poor Rafferty, the engineer, with ashy face and staring eyeballs turned toward the quiet sky, lay dead beneath his engine. He lies in an unknown grave to-day because he foolishly tried to reverse his engine and save his train; whereas if he had been engaged in wrecking it, people would have come for thousands of miles to see him and hear him tell how he found salvation and helped himself to it.

ON THE TRAIL.

To the Editors of Freethought:

As I was all ready to leave Empire after completing my course of lectures there, the remains of a Mr. Smith were brought in to be buried. He had died very suddenly of heart disease the day before while at work away from home. He dropped dead at his work. Mr. Smith was a very large man, weighing at one time 340 pounds, and about 320 when called by the grim sentinel that all must obey. There was no minister to be had, and I was called to the grave to officiate by saying something that would be a partial tribute to the departed husband and father. I merely called attention to the fact that it was only through death that life was possible; that we all had grown up from the ashes of the past, which were the remains of countless millions that had existed before us; that death was just as natural as birth and was no more to be mourned, except the sorrow of having our friends leave us. Death, viewed aright, was a blessing and a necessity. It freed us from the toil and struggle for an existence. It ended our toil, pain, hunger, and the suffering from dire disease. It released us from the toils of our enemies and all worry of life. It rent the veil that hangs over the mystic river and bade us view the glories of a supposed eternity. It either brought the sweet realization of the dreams of all the past, of a life of rest and harmony beyond the clouds, or ended in forgetfulness all the memories of mistakes and sorrows passed through in life's fitful fever. Death either ended all or transported us to higher and grander fields of thought and action, where the loves and affections would be renewed and enjoyed forever. Either way we view it, death was but a cog in the wheel of evolution, which, as it ran in its endless cycles, would carry us on to some other place in nature, where either consciously or unconsciously we would go on forever in "nature's wondrous plan." The grave should have no victory, death no sting, for it is only our

mother's call to bid life and friends a sad farewell. If man is the fruit of the tree of life, then, like all other fruits, he has within him the seed or germ that can be transplanted to other climes, to grow and blossom perhaps in higher spheres. We can only say we do not know—death is either a solid wall that stops all conscious life, or it is an open door that lets the wandering, troubled child from darkness into everlasting light. We had met here beside this open grave to pay the last tribute the living ever owe the dead. We were here as friends to do what others must soon do for us. We must say the last farewell and lovingly lay him back in his mother's bosom, from whence he came. The lifelong companion and sorrowing wife and these children must now take the final look and whisper the saddest words in our language, "good-bye." Yet he will still live in our memories, will ever be near our hearts, and our streaming tears may be assuaged by the sweet thought that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death so die. It would be no more strange that we all may live again than that we live now, and that ray of hope must illumine every heart—that sometime we shall all meet again. And thus we laid the kind old man away.

The next morning I took the steamer Montesano up the bay to Sumner, about twenty miles, at the head of Kitchen slough and situated in a handsome little valley. It is the headquarters for three logging camps of the Southern Oregon Mill Company, located at Empire. I gave four lectures at Sumner to good audiences of loggers and rafters and their families, and had the pleasure of being the sole occupant of the Sumner Hotel. Thus was I for once a bloated aristocrat with a large hotel at my command. It was nicely furnished, but the owner had lately sold it and gone away, and thus it was standing idle. I soon got leave from the logging boss to put up there, as there was no other place to stay. I got my meals at a private house, but slept and "done business" in the deserted parlors of ye Hotel de Sumner. I doubt if many tramp lecturers ever chartered and occupied a whole caravansary before. I feel that I am "getting on in the world," that I may yet own a railroad or belong to a syndicate or own an oil well or an oyster ranch. Oh, there is nothing like being born great, unless it is having greatness thrust on you. I rode in a dory with seven others, while one man did the pulling, not only at the oars, but the little brown jug, twelve miles to Marshfield; then staged it and steamed it forty miles to Randolph. Here I have just finished a course of lectures at Tennyson's Hall, where Putnam, Reynolds, and Mrs. Kregel have filled these giant woods and echoing hills with their Freethought oratory in days that are gone. The hall was well filled for three nights.

They came in boats from up and down the river, from the mills, logging-camps, and ranches, and God blessed us all by giving us an outpouring of his "divine afflatus," whatever that may mean, and ye correspondent rejoiced much thereat. Randolph is handscmely situated under a high, densely-wooded bluff, beside the Coquille river, six miles above Bandon. It is a sheltered nook, only three miles from the sea, and contains a brewery, store, hotel, school-house, fine hall, and a few homes. Last winter a slide of part of the bluff or mountain came down, carrying millions of tons of rock, sand, gravel, and forest trees into the river and taking two houses and homes with it, or rather, crushing them like an egg-shell, burying in a living tomb an old man and his young daughter. The rest of the families got away alive. An "inscrutable providence" does some devilish things with his helpless children. I stopped at the Randolph House with Mr. Tennyson, who knows how to keep hotel, if he should never write rhymes like his namesake. It is a home-like place. All the people seem to be Liberals here, and I made friends with landlord, wife, and two handsome daughters; also the son-in-law and wife; Mr. Franklin, Mr. Walser, Mr. Sanders; also the gentlemanly clerk in the postoffice and family, and many others. I found Prof. J. J. Stanley, the teacher, at the desk here, who helped make the lectures a success and my stay very pleasant. He is a rising young man from Kansas, a true Freethinker and full of the impulse for universal mental liberty. Thus is my three-months' campaign in Coos county ended. I have spoken from four to six times every week and now bid me away to visit towns in the Puget sound country. D. C. SEYMOUR.

POLITICS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

The old names Whig and Tory are still repeated in dictionaries, though it is hardly needful to point out that actual Whigs have to-day no existence, and the rare survivals of downright Toryism only serve to occasionally amuse. At the close of the seventeenth century, and in the first half of the eighteenth, Whigs and Tories were real enough. The Whig asserted, and in 1688 practiced the right of revolution. The Whig affirmed that the throne and crown were held in trust for the people, were in the free gift of the people, and that the people had the right to resume the sovereignty if dissatisfied with the sovereign. The Whig declared that Lords and Commons in convention together made a Parliament which might take away the sceptre from a reigning king, pass by his heir, and give the royal dignity to whom it would; and these declarations were made effective as against James II. and his son. The Tory asserted the divine right of kings, claimed that the kingdom, throne, crown, and sceptre passed by heirship, and that the people were, as to these things, voiceless, save to pledge their allegiance in turn to each heaven-sent monarch. The Tories stood by the Stuarts, kings by the grace of God, even though the law declared these Stuarts to be "pretenders." The Whigs upheld the house of Brunswick, a house made kingly by the "glorious revolution." The Tories hated and abused the non-English-speaking Guelphs. The Whigs expelled and proscribed the once-crowned Stuarts. After some seventy-five years the Tories came into power, and were well represented by Lord North, who declared that he had never voted for a popular measure. From 1760 until 1832 Toryism represented stubborn resistance to all measures which seemed likely to give political influence to the masses. During all this three-quarters of a century (except as to Ireland) the Whigs—though gradually ceasing to reaffirm the right of revolution—were mostly found on the side of liberty and progress. With the increase of manufacturing industry during the early part of the present century, a prosperous middle class had grown up, which in 1832 secured almost complete political recognition. A large mass of these, aided by reforming Whigs, made in the House of Commons a new party, which called itself "Liberal." The party of resistance preferred the word "Conservative" to the old name Tory. The preference was strengthened between 1860 and 1880 by the education of the party, consequent upon the compelled acceptance of Benjamin Disraeli as a leader. It has been further enforced by the knowledge that the borough franchise conceded by Mr. Disraeli in 1867 destroyed forever the remains of the pocket boroughs which had survived the *auto da fe* of 1832.

The great Corn Law struggle, powerfully conducted, as every one is well aware, by middle-class men, was preceded and accompanied by considerable agitation for political rights amongst the great mass of the people. Chartism frightened both Liberals and Conservatives; and yet the famous "six points of the charter" were so moderate that most of these points are to-day accepted by all Liberals, and indeed advocated by many Conservatives. In truth, a large part of the Chartist demands has been embodied in our statute book. The present popular Radical party is the outgrowth of the past forty years. Its success was assured by the Reform bill of 1867; it has had weapons placed in its hands by the Education act of 1870. With the multiplication of employments, a higher standard of comfort has been sought and, in many cases, attained by the working classes. Combinations of artisans being legalized, they have, whilst professing to abstain from party politics, gradually sought to utilize political power. The Liberal party in the House of Commons had, after the election of 1868, a few Radical members, of whom Mr. P. A. Taylor might have been taken as a fair and good type; but even in the Parliament of 1874, the advanced Radicals could have been counted on, the fingers. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who had been esteemed as a Radical in his municipal work, who had even been suspected of platonically favoring Republicanism, was, in the Parliament of 1880, regarded as a Radical leader, whose admission to the Cabinet was estimated as so much gained for the future of Radicalism. The 1874 Parliament had, however, given evidences of the birth of another party, neither Lib-

eral, Conservative, nor Radical, *i.e.*, the advanced Irish party. Daniel O'Connell's entry into the House of Commons had made possible the young Ireland party. The union of Tories and Liberals against Irish reform had made the men of 1848 rebels. Some hope had come to Ireland from Parliament in the disestablishment of the Irish church and the Land bill of 1871. The late Mr. Biggar, with a very few helpers in 1874, used the floor of Parliament as a battle ground, and some sixteen years ago a small Irish party gradually came to the front. Obstruction and publicity in London slowly superseded secret conspiracy in Ireland. In 1880, this party had grown, and had in Mr. Parnell a new parliamentary leader, and one whom the late Mr. W. E. Forster described in my hearing in the House of Commons, as "the uncrowned King of Ireland." The redistribution arrangements under the Reform bills of 1884-5 conceded to Ireland more representation, in proportion to population, than to any other part of the kingdom, and thus gave to this new Irish party 86 votes, that is, gave to it the power, in most Parliaments, of making or unmaking a ministry. Both great parties in 1885 bid for this Irish vote, and it looked for a little while as if the Conservatives had secured it. At the general election of 1885, all Irish influence was divided against the Liberal and Radical candidates. Fortunately for liberty, the Tories were willing to buy power with the vote, but were unwilling to pay Ireland the purchase-money of local government reform. Lord Carnarvon, who had been permitted to meet Mr. Parnell in secret talk, and Lord Randolph Churchill, who had gone further still, alike secretly and openly, were both thrown over by Lord Salisbury, true to the reputation of the oldest Cecil. Coercion, which had been almost continuously used through more than fourscore years, and which had almost always failed, was again threatened on the 26th of January, 1886: and on the following day Mr. Gladstone was called to office. He could not have evaded the Irish question, even if he had so desired. With a young man's courage and an old statesman's genius, he proposed to give to Irish disaffection the responsibility of self-government, wisely believing that remedy was better than penalty for the cure and prevention of discontent. This daring act of justice frightened many Liberals in the Commons, and angered the great peers who in the "other House" dreamed that they still were Whigs, with their aforetime family influence in national politics.

Thus a "Liberal Unionist party" led by Lord Hartington, heir to the influence if not to the traditions of the Cavendish family, sprang up in the Commons. To the surprise of many, a few who had been professed Radicals, who had declared for the unauthorized programme of 1885, and who were nearly all relatives of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, commenced to shout loudly that Mr. Gladstone was seeking to dismember the empire. The result, in the Parliament elected in the autumn of 1886, was the presence in the House of Commons of five parties—Conservatives, Liberal Unionists, Radical Unionists, Liberals, and Irish Nationalists. The first three parties declared themselves united on the platform of "doing no act, giving no vote, which might restore Mr. Gladstone to power." The Radical Unionism has since been very much dropped, and the Liberal division of the so-called Unionist party has swallowed in turn every principle which would have been embarrassing in a parliamentary division. The Liberal party is, however, not quite an individual unit. There is an unquiet Radical section which, except on Irish questions, is not always coincident with the official or front bench Liberal opposition. The leadership of this Radical contingent has been assumed by Mr. Labouchere, who openly declares it to be the duty of the Radical opposition to prevent, if possible, any Conservative legislation. Mr. Labouchere is nearly always supported by the Irish members, and often carries into the lobby with him the majority of those who sit above the gangway behind the front opposition bench. With considerable wealth, great journalistic influence, and a special talent for the utilization of diplomatic methods in parliamentary warfare, my colleague is a person to be reckoned with by all who wish to hold office when the election dice give the highest numbers to Mr. Gladstone. Included in the Radical party are the Labor members, of whom the senior, Mr. Thomas Burt, most deservedly stands first in the general esteem of the House. These Labor members are not

quite so numerous as they were in the short parliament of 1885. One of their present number, Mr. Broadhurst, was for a brief space, in 1886, a member of Mr. Gladstone's government as under-secretary of state for the home department.

It is certain that a very wide measure of local self-government for Ireland must be soon enacted, either by the Conservatives or the Liberals. Present methods of government in Ireland are in many respects so intolerable, and in some phases are so contemptible, that I have a personal regret that a cultured gentleman like the chief secretary for Ireland, can descend so low as to defend such methods without sign of conscious degradation. But any large measure of local self-government for Ireland will entirely change the character of, even it does not break up, the present Irish parliamentary party. Its best men will be most needed in governing Ireland. The larger the measure of reform, the greater will be the burden to leading Irishmen of their new responsibilities. It is not quite possible to accurately measure the effect of these on the future of parties in the House of Commons. Its full consequence will hardly be realized in the next general election. It is, however, clear that once Irish local government is enacted and the Irish land problem solved, a wise leader will have to regard the Irish vote as an uncertain factor in English politics.

There is one other party I ought perhaps to name, though it is more myth than reality, viz., the Tory democratic party. As a parliamentary party it is certainly not a large one. In the parliament of 1880-5, for four years, it had at its strongest four members; one representing philosophy, another diplomacy, a third legal subtlety and prudence, and the fourth sheer audacity. The last went up rocket-like, and fizzed for a brief space very high in the political firmament. The other three gathered official manna in the wilderness, and have forgotten, or tried to forget, that Lord Randolph Churchill had ever been their leader. His lordship has, during the present parliament, been supposed to dream of a possibly "national" party to be formed by the union of himself, and his own little handful, with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the equally select number of personal friends who would follow the right honorable member for West Birmingham. The "national" party, with its proposed two commanders-in-chief, never had any rank or file. The leaders disagreed even before their forces were enlisted; and the national party is not. Lord Randolph Churchill hovers obliquely in the rear of the Treasury bench, hungry for a welcome back, which is slow to be spoken; whilst opposite, in a lower corner seat, the right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain lets "I would" wait upon "I dare not," though he is unwelcomed where he now sits.

In a general election, men count as well as principles, and amongst the men of the time, Mr. Gladstone stands conspicuously by himself. None other near him, although the veteran statesman counts now more than fourscore years. As he is without peer, so in front of him there is absolutely none. The one who, when he falls, is to lift the hammer of Thor and weld together the snapped links of the Liberal party, has yet to be found. The tendency is to erase old party lines, to smother old party cries, to mark new barriers, and to gild new blazons. Democracy against aristocracy; right against privilege; labor against inheritance; these are the arrayed forces on the political tilting-grounds of to-morrow.—National Reformer.

THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION OF TEXAS.

Pursuant to a call previously made through the columns of the "Independent Pulpit," a meeting of Liberals was held in Waco, Texas, July 15 and 16, 1890, from the minutes of which we glean the following facts:

At 9 o'clock A.M. of the first day, J. D. Shaw, of Waco, called the delegates to order and stated the object of the meeting. T. V. Munson, of Denison, was then elected president, and J. L. Jackson, of Weatherford, secretary. An opportunity was next given for the delegates to hand in their names, and forty-seven were found to be present.

The question of organization being proposed, a general expression of opinion was called for, and quite a number responded in brief but interesting speeches, showing most conclusively that

the prevailing sentiment was in favor of immediate organization, and a committee of seven was appointed to report on the subject at the next session.

At 4:30 P.M. fourteen new delegates handed in their names, and the committee appointed in the forenoon made a partial report, favoring organization, proposing a name, and submitting certain objects to be attained.

After considerable discussion, the report was adopted and the committee re-instructed to complete its work by including a full and complete plan of organization.

At 8:30 P.M. the question, "Is Morality Progressive?" was made the subject for general discussion, and a number of speeches were made, from which it became manifest that the ethical spirit was the prevailing one, and that the moral elevation of the people was the chief object in view.

At 9 o'clock A.M. of the second day twelve new delegates handed in their names, and the committee to which had been referred the plan of organization reported that, for want of time, it had not been able to perfect a full report, and requested that a general discussion of the subject be had by the meeting. The request was agreed to and the committee discharged.

After a full and free discussion, involving several proposed plans, the following was adopted by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That we, Liberals of Texas, in convention assembled, do hereby organize ourselves into a society, to be known as the Liberal Association of Texas.

Resolved, That the objects of this association shall be as follows:

1. To encourage the study of man in all his relations.
2. To seek to realize the truth in life.
3. To aid in those movements that tend most to the improvement of the individual and of society, and to the utility and freedom of mankind.
4. To facilitate the association of those who have at heart and hold dear that absolute freedom of thought and expression which is the natural right of every rational being.

5. To inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture, and practical benevolence in which all liberal-minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improvement, social well-being, and consequent happiness of the human race.

Resolved, That we welcome into this association all persons who indorse these objects, regardless of their speculative opinions on religion, philosophy, or politics.

Resolved, That the officers of this association shall be a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, and these officers shall constitute an executive committee with full power to formulate methods to carry out the purposes for which we are organized.

Resolved, That the officers of this association hold their offices until their successors are chosen, which shall be at the regular annual meetings.

Resolved, That an annual fund, to defray the expenses of this organization, shall be raised by voluntary contributions, and that said fund shall be known as the Extension Fund, and it shall be expended by the executive committee in any manner they may deem proper.

After the adoption of these resolutions, which constitute the governing principles of the association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. D. Shaw, of Waco, president; J. L. Jackson, of Weatherford, secretary; T. V. Munson, of Denison, treasurer.

The afternoon session was principally devoted to a discussion of plans and methods for strengthening the movement, morally, socially, and financially. The condition and prospects of the "Independent Pulpit" were inquired into, and the status of our publishing business being fully explained, the following motion was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the executive committee be authorized and instructed to devote the funds of the association, so far as available, to strengthening our base in Waco.

After the adoption of the above resolution, subscriptions to the Extension Fund were increased to \$300.

The night session was devoted to speeches by several of the delegates, and there being no further business to transact, the association adjourned to such a time next year as may be designated by the executive committee.

Thus ended our first meeting, which was participated in by seventy-three delegates from twenty-nine different counties. The meeting was harmonious throughout, and every delegate seemed to be seriously impressed with the importance of the work in hand. It now remains for the Liberals to unite in pushing forward this humble beginning to a grand and glorious success.

Let everyone who can freely indorse the objects of the association become a member by sending his or her name, with that of your postoffice and county, to the secretary, J. L. Jackson, Weatherford, Texas; and while sending in your own name, ask your Liberal friends and acquaintances to do the same.—Independent pulpit.

THE "SCIENCE" OF IMMORTALITY.

BY H. WETTSTEIN.

I.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In passing to the "Scientific Argument" for the existence of the soul, Dr. Anderson, in his review of Du Prel's "Philosophy of the Mystic," considers soulism "as fairly within the territory of its greatest enemy." He deplores the reluctance of science in accepting new ideas, evidently forgetting that instead of the doctrine he champions being entitled to the distinction of modern origin it sprang from the brains of our "enlightened" anthropoid forefathers! And this primitive doctrine, with its congeneric adjunct Godism, he expects science to accept in this latter part of the nineteenth century, which, with all its boasted enlightenment, is an epoch that to future generations will be but the beginning of civilization, sending forth the first faint glimmering of the dawn dispelling the black midnight of man's mental darkness. The offspring of primeval man's first intellectual labor-pains the doctor asks science to accept! But although not aware of the enormity of his request, he must admit that his charge has received the fullest possible consideration. He must admit that, after they were "duly weighed and found wanting," the latter decision was not reached from any predilection to arrive at this result. He cannot deny that if any question be postulated—assuming that ideas begotten of savage brains can be dignified with that term—was ever fostered and "fathered" by science into a full-fledged belief, the doctrine whose final declension he now deplores, is the one. He must confess that with the present advancement of science, the "barbarism" of eternal life cannot longer be consistently sustained. Thousands of more reasonable postulates than this have been rejected, and if scientists now yield to the clamor of advanced thought in rejecting the palpable fallacy of immortality it is certainly not from over-inclination in that direction. Seeing therefore that the evidences against this pre-historically evolved doctrine are constantly accumulating, the doctor's reproaches against science for not coming to the rescue of this dying relic of barbaric ages appear decidedly unwarranted or uncalled for. He takes a too superficial view of the case, as will be seen from the following lamentation: "It is scientific authority which to-day looks on with solemn discontent as the birds float through the air in direct violation of the laws of physics, dynamics, and gravitation. For the same force applied in the same manner and attached to the same proportion of weight when put into a scientific machine, refuses to fly."

Was the doctor really sincere in charging scientists with "solemn discontent" at their inability to construct such a device? What a contracted view of nature, and what an exalted conception of the powers of man he must have. As though any unbiased scientist ever dreamt of arrogating to himself the creative potency of nature! Down upon such presumption and conceit! I say "unbiased," because certain theosophic "scientists" evidently fancy themselves almost on a par with nature in this respect. And the doctor talks as though an artificial device possessing the same proportionate weight and capacity of aerial propulsion as embodied in birds, had ever been constructed. Let him first show when and where a perfect imitation of a bird with all of nature's gifts for flying has been constructed by man before asserting that it would refuse to fly. Does he really fancy that there is a scientist of unwarped judgment and not blinded with vainglorious contemplation of man's "capacity for developing unlimited potentialities," who feels regret at his inability to rival nature in her works?

He continues: "And yet no field is so full of the existence and functioning of a divine soul as that found in the marvelous collection of facts and deductions of design and intelligence therefrom which is the result of scientific inquiry."

What is there marvelous in what it took inquisitive man thou-

sands of years to gather and collate? True, we are now confronted with the fruition of these thousands of years of diligent labor and research, and to superficial minds this is evidence of the existence of a divine soul and of a superiority of intelligence, but which consists of nothing but a capacity to concentrate these gathered facts and arrange them in their proper sequence that correct deductions may be drawn therefrom. And from the capacity of properly weighing facts—nay, weighing them at all, no matter how fallacious the inferences—the immortality of this artificially developed mind-principle is deduced. Volumes have been written, and could be written anew, in refutation of this unwarranted assumption of a "divine soul," unless it be the source of soul which eternally functions in the capacity of the primitive judgment of atoms, recognized by ancient philosophers as their loves and hates, but in which simple capacity to discriminate between congenial and uncongenial particles; or, more correctly speaking, of harmonious and inharmonious modes of motion, lies embodied the potency to generate worlds, as well as the highest forms of life and intelligence. But scientists have failed to discover evidence of a "divine" soul either in man or in nature. As Hugh O. Pentecost, in his lecture, "Why I am not an Agnostic," felicitously expresses himself: "They sweep the skies with their telescopes and declare they find no God, or space for a heaven. They search the human frame with the scalpel and announce that they find no soul," *i. e.*, substance from which "soul" could be evolved. But as by divine soul the doctor probably means a God of nature, or an intelligence governing nature, I ask: Do we not every day behold evidence of the absence of such governing power? Could the frightful calamities occur by which thousands of these "divinely guarded" beings have their lives crushed out of them by the evidently uncontrolled forces of nature, if there were a power to rule them? Would an omniscient designer devise delicate mechanisms, and, when perfected, ruthlessly destroy them, as human organisms are destroyed every day? Would people not regard such an "intelligence" either as a lunatic or as a crank, to express it mildly? Science can trace nature's handiwork in her undesigned formations, but no evidence whatever can she discern that they were deliberately planned.

And why, pray tell me, would an infinite planner keep himself hid like a guilty criminal? Not a shadow of reason can be given why he, or it, would remain concealed if he, or it, existed.

"Playing possum" with inquisitive man—what idiocy! And what idiots to consider a "divine" mind and overruling providence capable of such idiocy of not manifesting itself in times of greatest need.

While the doctor and "yours truly" both admit the existence of an infinite intelligence, our respective concepts of it differ in this respect, that while he invests it with personality and an intelligence superior to that of man, I regard it as of no higher order than the atomic judgment before alluded to, but which embodies the only true principle of immortality!

And from this truism the concept of man's immortality was intuitively evolved. Immortality is therefore a fact which materialists do not deny. That is, the true immortality. Ignorance, with intuition, has evolved a false one. Could anything different have been reasonably expected? Where was perfection ever attained with one bound? It would have been a miracle. So long as this planet will exist, so long will existing states and beliefs be improved upon.

Evolution should teach us a lesson of how to proceed in fathoming the mysteries of the universe. If we want to gain a comprehensive view of it we must descend to its source and gradually work our way up. This deistical dilly-dallying around the top accomplishes nothing. It is like an architect who commences, or would commence, his structure at the roof. If he ignores the foundations, little headway will he ever make. But this is the procedure of deists and soulists; they revel in the contemplation of their fancied superstructures, not caring whether they have any adequate foundations to rest upon. Instead of studying the fountain-head of their being, the source of their life and mind, *i. e.*, the nature of atoms, they dazzle their gaze by constantly looking up into the sky for a creator, which renders them stock-blind when attempting to turn their gaze into the dark recesses of nature's laboratory.

But why worship a "divine mind" that could plan or foresee a Johnstown cataclysm, and exerted not its power to prevent it? A person guilty of such atrocity would have been torn limb from limb by the infuriated populace. Any being capable of warding off such calamities, and allowing them to proceed, is a monster, and reflecting minds have no use for them. Neither has the world at large.

Priests have, though—for their own aggrandizement. But my object is not to show that beings which can precipitate such dreadful calamities are monsters, but that they do not exist. Reason protests against the assumption.

Marengo, Ill., Aug. 18, 1890.

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To the Editors of Freethought:

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A. N. SIRES.

Great Falls, Montana.

On the Skyhomish.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find \$1, for which you will send me your paper for six months.

All is well away up here on the Skyhomish river. Our population is one hundred and fifty—three ministers, one hundred Freethinkers, twenty Free Methodists, five Baptists, twenty-two Siwash (Indians), and one Congregationalist; and the Congregationalist has captured the whole crew. Good luck to FREETHOUGHT.

DON W. EVANS.

Sultan City, Wash.

A Letter With a Motto.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Please find inclosed check for \$5. Place \$1.25 to the credit of Brother Bell when he comes around again (for his Handbook of Freethought sent me by him some time since). The balance place to my credit as a donation for FREETHOUGHT. I wish it was five hundred, or, better, thousand; but times are hard and so forth; all of which you are aware of without any information from me.

My motto: Away with law, politics, and gospel as preached, promulgated, polluted, and prostituted. Yours for Universal Mental Liberty,

San Pasqual, Cal.

B. B. ROCKWOOD.

A Real Life History.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I have just finished reading "My Religious Experience," and am certain that I have found a man; one possessed of keen, logical reasoning and analytical research. I believe it to be a rare sequence for one having such a fund of poetical emotion to free himself from the meshes of orthodox superstition. "My Religious Experience" is a book that you do not wish to put down till you see "how the story turns out," for it is really as entertaining and full of beautiful pathos as a romance. The passage wherein he details army life brings it home to many hearts. Read it and you will find the real life history of an honest man.

Clearwater, Neb.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Christian "Arguments" on Exhibition in San Jose.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. F. C. Squire has on exhibition in this city some of the inventions of Christianity; such as the rack with which they pulled honest people to pieces; the guillotine, used for beheading people who were their superiors in all respects; the gibbet or iron basket, for hanging all those who did not agree with them; the pillory, the spiked roller, the wonderful St. Andrews cross—for which six thousand francs were paid by Professor Anson; the thumbscrews, the death wheel, and the stocks, together with many other curiosities; all of which should be seen by every lover of Christ in San Jose. An interesting lecture is given at short intervals, by Mrs. A. Squire, explaining everything on exhibition. Mr. Squire has pitched his tent on the corner of Market and San Fernando streets, opposite St. Joseph's church, and diagonally across Market street is a three-story brick building wherein reside the priests—how many I do not know, but the nest appears to be full—and no doubt the reverend gentlemen

will appreciate Mr. Squire's efforts. When the pope of Rome hears of this infidel caper if he don't issue a bull, or a wild Mexican steer, why then I am mistaken, that is all.

L. R. TITUS,

San Jose, Cal.

Cheering.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed you will find \$2.25—\$2 to pay for my subscription to FREETHOUGHT, and 25 cents for a copy of "My Religious Experience."

On my return from Portland, Or., I found two or three numbers of FREETHOUGHT awaiting me, and nothing gave me more pleasure than reading its familiar pages. As long as I live, and if the paper lives, shall try and have \$2 to spare each year for FREETHOUGHT.

I first met and heard Mr. Putnam two years ago in Portland, Or., and subscribed for FREETHOUGHT. It has become a necessity to me now that it may live and continue its good work long after I am dead, is the earnest wish of

Yours truly,

WM. SLAUSON.

Weedspert, N. Y.

The Short Farmer and Long Hours.

To the Editors of Freethought:

In reply to Mr. Gunther, I will state: I was raised on the farm and spent many hours of my life tilling the soil. I have done a little hiring of help too, and my experience always was that the hired man had to earn more than he got for his labor or I was no better off for having hired him. I also noticed that when my produce went into the market some dealer usually got the profit of our labor.

Perhaps that is one reason why so many farmers' sons leave the farm to those who are willing to work long hours and take short pay. It may be one reason why so many are disgusted with the business.

I do not think a day's work on the farm is worth less than one in the shop. Why should a man work ten to twelve hours on the farm for \$1, while a brick mason can get \$3.50 to \$4 for eight hours? Why shall a miner work in damp, dangerous places—for a mere subsistence—while a common clerk may take life much easier?

I do not see how much more valuable a United States senator is than a good engineer, yet how many of the latter will it take to pay the salary of the former? I am not so simple as to think farmers can adopt the eight hour system under selfish competition. I proposed co-operation as a better method. I do not think it very civilizing to take advantage of people's necessities to enrich ourselves, but that is just what competition does. The co operation I suggest makes that impossible. Hence, I am not forced into either dilemma you declare. No reference I made to Mr. Ingersoll indicated that I thought him always right. I only referred to one letter of his, and a short one at that. I thought then that what he said was true, and still think so.

Yes, our dispositions are dissimilar. And I frankly tell you that I do not "discontentedly look at the flowers in other people's gardens." And sweet as the wayside flower may be to you, I never pass it by unnoticed. If I am as far from the truth in what I have to say as you are in ascribing such a motive to me, I am indeed uncivilized.

It is not in my heart to covet other people's good, or envy them their success. I do not believe in such motives, nor do I teach them. But I do know the competitive system of business has many great wrongs in it that work injustice to the majority of mankind. It is the best invention for bad men to take the advantage of modest worth that exists. We who live it and grow rich under it, accept it, as a matter of course, with easy conscience because we are not much to blame for its existence. But those who feel the effect of its injustice view it differently.

There is something essentially savage in it. Men, under it, do not eat human flesh, exactly, but they work each other to death and live on what is extorted or legally stolen from each other. The extremely selfish and acquisitive grow rich and use their surplus means to coerce more until millions are compelled to pay tribute to a few. Such a system will destroy the best republic ever built, if continued.

My idea of a republic is that form of government which will secure equal rights, privileges, and opportunities to all of its citizens; with a code of laws that will prevent any custom, method, or system from subverting the bill of rights.

Our industrial and financial systems are essentially monarchical. Our liberty-loving ancestors engrafted their republican ideas upon them, and as a result we have great social and financial discontent and injustice.

Sanel, Cal.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

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A Touch of Nature.

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half loaf on the street corner yesterday with the air of a starveling, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"
The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff sed," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously; "I aint the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

It Never Happens in America.

At Wuhu, China, a priest was burned to death by order of a higher priest for misconduct toward a woman. He was placed in a large stack of hay saturated with oil.

Prof. W. S. Bell's Lectures in Oregon.

Fox	Sept. 1, 2
John Day	" 4
Prairie City	" 5
Baker City	" 6, 7
Union	" 8
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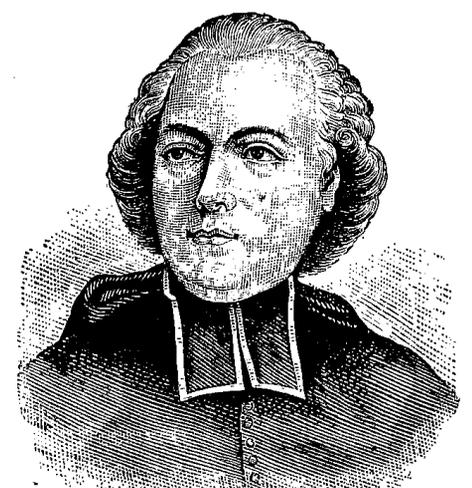
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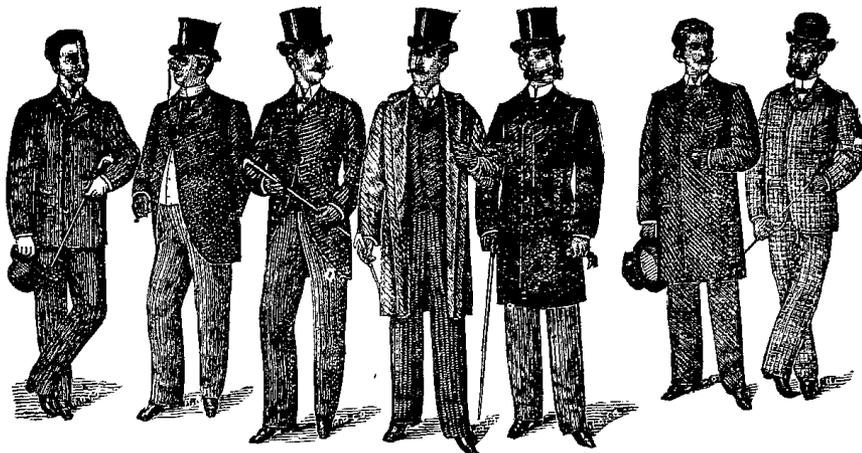
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The second result is that several engagements in the village are declared off, and there is a good prospect for a batch of divorce suits.

The fair was held on a lawn near the church and a special tent was erected which bore the sign, "Admission five cents. To Kiss the Baby, twenty-five cents." Investigation proved that "baby" was plural, and that its ages ranged from 16 to 19 years. Within half an hour the men had formed in a line which reached, on Monday, the opening night, around the grounds.

Each man, as fast as he left the tent, hastened to secure a place at the other end of the line, so as to get in again. There is now talk of running special trains from New York to the fair. The Methodist preacher, however, has announced that he will denounce this means of raising money for church purposes next Sunday, but the Presbyterian minister says that there is nothing in the Bible that forbids it, and he rather likes it himself.

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All in the Name of Religion.

For two months Mrs. Maria B. Woodworth, the female evangelist, has been conducting a revival at St. Louis in a big tent capable of sheltering nearly 9000 people. For the past two weeks these meetings have increased in interest and excitement until they have become sensational in the extreme. Mrs. Woodworth is assisted by several singing and praying lieutenants, but she is the central figure and does the exhorting. During the past week there have been nightly from fifty to two hundred and fifty men, women, and children stretched upon their backs on the ground or on the big platform, where they lay in a religious frenzy or in a dead stupor from exhaustion, while a thousand more excited individuals shouted, danced, cried, and sung and swung their arms in the air.

Dr. Adams and Dr. Diller, investigators and authorities on insanity and neurology, both of whom have spent much time and study on the subject of hypnotism, have made an investigation, and after viewing the scenes, questioning Mrs. Woodworth closely, and examining her victims, unhesitatingly say that she is simply an insane woman of great hypnotic power, and that the trance into which she throws her auditors is simply hypnosis. They declare that she is doing great harm to thousands and is creating evils for which there is no cure, and that the state should put a stop to the hideous exhibition and lock the woman up.

When the doctors questioned the lady she gave a history of her life, telling in detail of the most marvelous visions. She claimed to have conversed with God, Christ, and the Trinity, and the devil many times, in fact, to be at the present time on familiar terms with all of them. She also said that she had seen both heaven and hell, and told what they looked like.

She is the same woman who created so much excitement all over the country when in Oakland, Cal., by prophesying a great earthquake and tidal wave that would destroy Oakland and San Francisco. She certainly possesses a marvelous power over the thousands who hear her nightly. Last Sunday afternoon 15,000 people gathered on the river front to witness a baptism conducted by her. Over a hundred persons were baptized, and the scenes were of the wild-est and most sensational character.

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PAPA (who used a bad word when he tore his pants)—I forgot myself then, Sammy. It was wrong of me to say such a word. Sammy—Oh, you needn't apologize, papa! I often use it myself.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 13, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I am not yet out of "the land of promise" when I reach Davenport. The glorious fields of harvest stretch about here, as elsewhere in eastern Washington. I arrive on Sunday evening. The streets are crowded. There is the appearance of a gala day. In fact, the "Sabbath" is being violated. A base ball game has just been played, races are in operation, and other things that would make the heart of the clergyman ache; and his righteous soul would vent itself in anger, as it did in the pulpit here, where it was duly announced that no decent lady or gentleman would attend a base ball game on Sunday, which declaration the reverend "public functionary" concluded to retract, seeing that the best people did not see anything wrong in looking upon a display of athletic skill, and all was orderly and in good style. Of course the preachers don't like to have these things going on when they are trying to "show off" the straight and narrow way and induce people to enter therein and forswear the joys of life; but it seems that they can't help themselves, and the ball—base ball and otherwise—rolls on, and the world improves.

I did not find anything but exhilaration in these holiday affairs, and I found a good audience present in the evening, although so many had been the attractions of the day. The minister, I understand, had only four in his sanctuary, and concluded to adjourn "*Deo volens*." I had an audience of nearly a hundred and did not adjourn.

After the lecture I went with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ramm to their home, where I always find the very best cheer that can uplift the heart of the wandering pilgrim. Here the pleasant sun arises, and the bright fields expand, and the day rolls on with quietude and delight. I don't feel like work, but simply enjoy the rural surroundings. I lecture again on Monday evening, and this time participate in the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Judge Robinson, who can entertain the traveler with things good for body and mind. The judge introduced me at the lectures. He is a man of remarkable and varied experience; with reminiscences of celebrated generals and politicians with whom he has associated, of a most interesting character, and he can make the hours pass by with genial intercourse. On Tuesday he took me over the

town and I had a chance to make the acquaintance of almost all the business men, and to see what kind of a bright and growing place it is. Davenport is on the upward road. Two railroads are now running here. It has a new and fine hotel and elegant brick blocks. It has the spirit of enterprise. A magnificent farming country is about. Forty new binders were sold in this one place this year, and ten new threshing machines, which is a fair indication of how the harvests do multiply in this section of the country. I lectured on Tuesday evening again, and the Freethought campaign closed with promise, and the work seems to have a solid foundation and expanding future here. There are staunch and true Liberals here who will be at the front every time.

Wednesday I took a day off, and spent it with Peter Selde and family, and let dull care go by and took life at its best with social pleasures that refresh for toil. The sunshine mingles with the moonlight as the merry moments glide away.

H. L. Wilson is still on deck, a "captain true," and the good ship forward goes

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free."

Mr. and Mrs. William O. Freese always join the camp-fire, be it in splendid dawn or golden evening; and "the soul goes marching on."

Peter Selde, Jr., Henry, Nelson, Edwin, of the Selde household, give the morning of youth to the pioneer advance.

P. N. Wiis never fails to report. Thomas O'Connor gives the grip of the loyal comrade. Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker came twelve miles each evening, from Harrington, to attend the lectures. This means success to Freethought—it makes work inspiring. John Putnam, like the "old general," isn't afraid of the enemy, and we stand side by side. Geo. Spiva, Carl Simons, Frank Caverno, P. Jenson, S. Nelson—these, and more, make cheer in the Liberal fraternity.

I am up with the sun on Thursday morning and say good-bye to these many friends. The engine goes puffing alongside the homestead of the Seldes, and on this I am borne through sparkling landscapes to Spokane and Colville.

Spokane is growing wonderfully. I have not been here for two years, and hardly recognized the place. The new buildings—hotel, opera house, and business blocks—are magnificent. The falls are resplendent, but they are harnessed to work, and the old-time glory and freedom is not here. The wild scenes and woods are disappearing, and bran-new houses appear. Alas! they spoil the poetry of the view.

Old friends are scattered. I gave no lectures here. I met Boyd, of the "Review," one of the best papers on the coast, and Miller, formerly of Coquille, Coos county, a "rustler" now in this enterprising country. These are all I came across in this brilliant metropolis, which seems to have been re-created since I was here first, and I felt like a stranger in a strange land.

On, up to Colville, eighty-six miles northward of Spokane, through a vast and wooded country just opening to civilization. Colville is a bright little place in a lovely valley that, in appearance, with the hills about it, and forests, reminded me of the place where I was born in "the old granite state." I was met by Wm. Graham, my confrere of two years ago at Waverly and vicinity, where we had jolly times together.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,"

He is just as big and hale and broad-shouldered and ready for work as ever. They call him the "fat Infidel," but there is a good deal more of muscle and brain than "fat," and it is all alive for Freethought. There is as yet no church edifice in this place or in Stevens county, of which Colville is the county-seat, and this is an almost unprecedented honor. I think this is the first county I ever struck where there was no church building. All hail to Stevens county! What a blessed thing it is to get on the frontier and see no steeples, but plenty of good folks. There is less crime, I believe, in this country, according to population, than in any other county in the state, where the sacred edifices point their "aristocratic fingers to the rich man's heaven."

Graham was determined to open the campaign for Freethought, and he did so in his usual vigorous style, and it was a grand success. He didn't really know how many would stand by the flag, but, come to count up, there seemed to be a pretty good majority for Freethought in this precinct. The school house was full on Saturday night. There is a certain religious sect, to which I formerly belonged, the Congregationalist, holding meetings in the school house every Sunday morning and evening until such time as they can build a temple to the Lord. Of course they have the use of the school house by the courtesy of the tax-payers of the place, among whom are many Liberals. But this sect seemed to think that it owned the school-house for the time being, and its use for Sunday night was denied to the Liberal party. It was expected that a little more generosity and justice would be exhibited on the part of our Christian neighbors, and that, having the use of the public building for fifty-two Sundays, morning and evening, they might step down and out with good grace for one evening. However, we did not want any quarrel on our hands, and when it was found that the school-house was not for our use, Meyers's Opera Hall was at once secured, and a large audience was present, more than the school-house could possibly have held, while I understand that not enough were present at the school-house for a religious service. In this case there was a complete checkmate to orthodox bigotry. I lectured again on Monday evening and by this time a champion was found for the Christian faith, in the person of Wm. McDonald, a leading lawyer of Colville, formerly a Christian minister, a professor, and a school-teacher, well informed, and really an able debater, and a gentleman too. I enjoyed my discussion with him very much indeed, and a good spirit was manifested all round. The debate occurred on Tuesday evening, and if I could have stayed it would have been continued a couple of evenings more. The question debated was the following: "Resolved, That Jesus was a divine teacher." Mr. McDonald confined himself mainly to the sentimental side of the question, and did what he could to show off the good qualities of Jesus. I, of course, admitted the good qualities of Jesus, but maintained that they were simply human, and no more supernatural than the good qualities of Thomas Paine, who certainly exhibited as much nobility, grandeur, and goodness as Jesus, while he was not guilty of those

mistaken teachings and actions that mar the career of the Galilean. The debate was conducted upon this line, mainly. I stuck to the Bible "clear way through" and found it a pretty good arsenal of attack upon the divine merits of Jesus. My opponent, of course, soared into generalities, and skimmed around the subject with brilliant flights of oratory. The Freethinkers were satisfied with the debate, and want to continue the matter, and I expect that next year the ground will be cleared for a further contest.

So Colville is a shining spot along the pathway of progress. Its pleasant scenes are mingled with delightful companionship.

Maggie Hope Graham, the wife of Wm. Graham, is a well-known contributor to the Truth Seeker, and I hope, also, to FREETHOUGHT. She is staunch in the cause, talented, and brave. All the children, too, are bright allies to Liberalism, with the joy of youth upon which is no darkness of orthodoxy.

R. A. Prouty, now seventy-two years of age, is one of the firmest supporters of Freethought. He is a grand army comrade, now pensioned for his services to his country, and his record is a splendid one. Both he and his wife are devoted to Liberalism, and it was a pleasure, indeed, to greet such noble friends.

J. J. Carscadden, proprietor of the Dominion Hotel, is also a pronounced Liberal. He is on the roll of FREETHOUGHT, and welcomes the Secular Pilgrim with open hand—a generous comrade.

Sam Rosenburg, who was at Ukiah when the kerosene lamp was used as a burning argument for Christianity, is now located here, and is not afraid to be counted. Everyone recognizes him as an honorable and successful business man.

Kirkpatrick is the first practicing lawyer in Colville, and he knows too much law and logic to accept the faith of the fathers. He occupies a leading position.

I was glad to meet Wm. McNeil, of Marcus. He is a Free-thinker from away back, and true as steel.

John Stewart Dick was born in the Highlands of Scotland, with plenty of Presbyterian blood in his veins, but the poetry of Burns is victorious, and he is full of the music of Freethought.

David Smith is one of the "rustlers" of the North Star hotel, which Graham runs on first-class principles and good grub. Smith is a live Freethinker.

Henry Prouty, like his father, is a worker. He puts his shoulder to the wheel every time.

J. P. Kepel, Fred Hoss, John Kleidosty, I. H. Young, E. J. Hammond & Co., Barman, Jas. Dunkin, Oscar Runnels, P. M. Runnels, and others, are representatives of the Liberalism of Colville.

Dr. and Mrs. West, from the far east, formerly with Hugh O. Pentecost of the "Twentieth Century," are now located here. In their pretty home I found the atmosphere of Freethought like the sunshine itself; art and poetry mingled with radical reform.

Mrs. Colonel Linsley and children are in this frontier line of cultivated Liberals. Her husband, Colonel Linsley, is with the surveying party among the Olympics, where interesting discoveries are being made. They were formerly of Salt Lake City.

Mr. Wilber, formerly president of the Liberal League of Eau Claire, Wis., is now living here, and is still for active service.

In this far-away picket line of the army of progress I find comrades from the east and west, a good gathering, the best and brightest of our forces. In no place have I found a more generous reception or more congenial associations.

With good-bye to Graham I take the cars that steam away to

Spokane. Like a delightful picture the valley gleams away with fields of grain and grass; with wooded hills sparkling in the afternoon sunshine. I say farewell, but only for twelve months or so. This is too happy a valley to quit forever. S. P. PUTNAM.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

The census shows that the members of the principal religious denominations number at present, 21,757,171. The total gain of all these sects during the past year is 1,089,853. The Roman Catholics have 8,277,039 in 1890 against 7,855,291 in 1889—a gain in that sect alone of 421,848. This is about twice the gain of any other sect, the Methodists standing second, with an increase from 4,723,881 to 4,980,230, or 256,349. The Baptists, nearly equalling the Methodists in number, have gained 213,702 adherents in the past year. There are eighteen sects representing the more important religious denominations, but seventeen of them have gathered in but 658,000 new communicants to the Catholics 421,848, though they have, probably, ten times as many churches and clergymen. The superior gain of the Romish church is to some extent accounted for by immigration, and it is also to be considered that every child born to Catholic parents is reckoned a communicant, but with these left out the church would still show itself to be the most active in proselyting.

There is another thing to be remembered, namely, that statistics of Catholic population are more likely to be accurate than Protestant figures. The Catholic parish is closely organized. It is as different from the Protestant as an army is from a mob. The communicant's name may stay on the books of the Protestant church if he is not heard from for years, while the Catholic is rounded up at the confession box once in a certain maximum length of time, or he is not accorded the benefits of his religion. As a power for any end, political or ecclesiastic, the eight million Catholics in the country are more effective than the thirteen millions of Protestants; and the scattered handful of Freethinkers are at the mercy of both.

The result would have been interesting if Superintendent Porter had taken the pains to discover how many unbelievers or Freethinkers the country contains—not the indifferent, the doubting, or the undecided opposers of superstition. For it must be understood that not all who neglect the sacraments are Freethinkers; if they were, Freethought would have an army of more than forty millions, whereas the case is that there are not forty thousand in our ranks. About the only way to judge whether a person be a genuine Freethinker is to find out if he takes a Liberal paper; and since the combined circulation of all the Liberal papers published in America does not reach forty thousand, it is evident that the country cannot boast that number of so-called Infidels. There are many denominational papers any one of which has more readers than all the Liberal papers added together. Colonel Ingersoll's secretary, I. N. Baker, used to run a Baptist paper in Philadelphia with a circulation near fifty thousand. Mr. Baker went to hear Colonel Ingersoll in order to refute him, but was himself confuted, and is now a complete Freethinker. Yet if he were to start a Freethought paper he would never find a thousand subscribers. So without any census of the Liberal denomination or sect we have to conclude that their numbers are small. This is no reflection upon Freethinkers, but upon those who are not Freethinkers, because the Freethinkers are right while the others are wrong. Truth is the most unpopular character in the world. Even Christians who teach what is true according to the Bible make no headway, as witness the

Seventh Day Adventists, who adopt the scriptural Sabbath, and who are not only among the smallest of sects, but are losing ground; in 1889 they had 100,712 adherents; in 1890, 58,742.

The religious statistics are given by the different denominations, and are not taken by the enumerators from individual members of churches. We do not believe there are twenty-one millions of church-members in the United States, nor half that number. The Catholic population is exaggerated, and so are the Methodist and Baptist; but all together they have nearly a hundred thousand preachers and priests, and eighty thousand churches, chapels, and missions.

There is one consolation. The handful of Freethinkers are molding the intelligent opinion of the world. Religion governs trade and politics, but as Colonel Ingersoll has said, the orthodox brow bears the stamp of intellectual inferiority.

THE EMPIRE OF GOD.

There is, says Jean Meslier, a vast empire governed by a monarch, whose conduct does but confound the minds of his subjects. He desires to be known, loved, respected, and obeyed, but he never shows himself; everything tends to make uncertain the notions which we are able to form about him. The people subjected to his power have only such ideas of the character and the laws of their invisible sovereign as his ministers give them; these suit, however, because they themselves have no idea of their master, for his ways are impenetrable, and his views and his qualities are totally incomprehensible; moreover, his ministers disagree among themselves in regard to the orders which they pretend emanated from the sovereign whose organs they claim to be; they announce them diversely in each province of the empire; they discredit and treat each other as impostors and liars; the decrees and ordinances which they promulgate are obscure; they are enigmas, made not to be understood or divined by the subjects for whose instruction they were intended. The laws of the invisible monarch need interpreters, but those who explain them are always quarreling among themselves about the true way of understanding them; more than this, they do not agree among themselves; all which they relate of their hidden prince is but a tissue of contradictions, scarcely a single word that is not contradicted at once. He is called supremely good, nevertheless not a person but complains of his decrees. He is supposed to be infinitely wise, and in his administration everything seems contrary to reason and good sense. They boast of his justice, and the best of his subjects are the least favored. We are assured that he sees everything, yet his presence remedies nothing. It is said that he is the friend of order, and everything in his universe is in a state of confusion and disorder; all is created by him, yet events rarely happen according to his projects. He foresees everything, but his foresight prevents nothing. He is impatient if any offend him; at the same time he puts every one in the way of offending him. His knowledge is admired in the perfection of his works, but his works are full of imperfections, and of little permanence. He is continually occupied in creating and destroying, then repairing what he has done, never appearing to be satisfied with his work. In all his enterprises he seeks but his own glory, but he does not succeed in being glorified. He works but for the good of his subjects, and most of them lack the necessities of life. Those whom he seeks to favor are generally those who are the least satisfied with their fate; we see them all continually revolting against a master whose greatness they admire, whose wisdom they extol, whose goodness

they worship, and whose justice they fear, revering orders which they never follow. This empire is the world; its monarch is God; his ministers are the priests; their subjects are men.

AS TO PUNISHMENT FOR MURDER.

The question of discontinuing or continuing the penalty of death as a punishment for murder has been brought up for general discussion by the bungling method used in the taking off of Kemmler, and an Eastern paper publishes the opinions of several prominent persons on the subject.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, a rather Liberal clergyman preaching in Beecher's old church, believes that capital punishment, is out of place in a highly-civilized community; but Dr. George H. Houghton of the "Little Church Around the Corner," declares that "he who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Anthony Comstock of course believes in the death penalty, and thinks that more men should be hung, and oftener. Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, strongly supports the scaffold, and will listen to no proposition to abolish it. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, with a woman's heart, desires that execution should be effected in some painless manner. Judge Barrett, who has doubtless sentenced many men to death, denounces the abolition of capital punishment as a monstrous idea. The Rev. Talmage, rather strangely, has no decided convictions. He has always believed in the death penalty, but finds his opinions relaxing.

All these utterances are to be taken for what they are worth. They express the views of conservative men, who never entertain opinions in advance of popular sentiment; but there are a great many progressive people who think that the old Mosaic law of blood for blood has outlived its age, which was pre-eminently a brutal one, and that the imprisonment of a murderer for life is more in consonance with the civilization of this century. One thing is certain, namely, that severity of punishment has never abolished crime. In early days the English law hanged men for picking pockets. Yet it is on record that the crowds which attended such executions had their pockets picked as numerous as though they had been attending a fair. Anthony Comstock believes that if the death penalty were abolished mankind would at once give themselves up to killing one another. He also believes that except for his law against contraceptics, fornication would become a universal practice among men and women; and his opinion is worth as much on the one subject as on the other. A few hundred years ago he would have protested against abolishing the death penalty for unbelief in Christianity.

If all who took life were hanged, the penalty might act as a greater deterrent than it now does, though there is no reason to believe that it would do away with murder altogether. A universal recognition of every man, woman, and child's natural right to life is the only remedy. While nations kill men in war; individuals will do killing on their own account. While John Doe may kill Richard Roe because Doe's wife prefers Roe's society to that of her husband, murders will be frequent.

Above all, while the doctrine is taught that the murderer may leap from the scaffold to paradise, from a halter to a harp, there will be plenty of men to take that route. It is the boast of religion that it robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory; and the murderer goes to the gallows, like a martyr to the stake, "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust." He is leaving a world full of grief for one where trouble is unknown. From the time he is sentenced to the moment the trap falls he is at-

tended by the consolations of religions. Sentimental women who, except for his crime, would not speak to him on the street or admit him to their houses, bring him flowers and luxuries. Clergymen who have previously taken no interest in his welfare now express a constant solicitude. The press reports his utterances as oracular. He gets attention and notoriety according to the degree of brutality in the murder he has committed, and he has achieved a distinction which he could have reached by no other method. He knows that his pain will be but momentary, and far less acute, probably, than that which accompanies the pulling of a tooth; and after this instant of discomfort—glory and the society of angels forever.

That kind of capital punishment is never going to prevent murders. It is more like rewarding a long and misspent life. The most effectual punishment to be imagined is imprisonment until death unlocks the door.

SPURGEON, the great London preacher, in commenting last Sunday upon the presence of a number of clergymen at a theatrical performance, said:

"The Christian church of the present day plays the harlot beyond any church in any age. No amusements are too vile for her. Her pastors have set their mark of approval on the labors of play actors. To this have we come at last, where we never came before, not in Rome's darkest hour. If Christians are not indignant the Lord have mercy upon them."

The Rev. Dr. Parker, another London preacher, being interviewed on the same subject, declared that the pulpit is dying of cowardice. "Suppose," he said, "there are two thousand Congregational preachers in England, it would be a great mercy if eighteen hundred of them never preached again." If the London clergy continue to make this kind of remarks about one another, there will be little left for the Freethinkers to say.

A GENERATION ago, when California held its first Admission Day celebration, the "little brown man," the "China Boy," was in the parade. In the last celebration the Chinaman did not appear, except on the sidewalk, where he was at the mercy of anyone who wanted his place. But there was a more dangerous element still in the procession. There was the "Y. M. I.," the members of a Catholic organization. Perhaps in another generation the citizens of California will discover that in excluding the Chinese and including the hordes of Rome they made a mistake worse than that of admitting the Chinaman forty years ago.

THE Ping King Tong Society and the Chee Kong Tong Society are two religious Chinese organizations existing in that part of San Francisco which is called Chinatown. Last Sunday morning the Ping King Tongs were conducting open-air worship when they were attacked by the Chee Kong Tongs, who extinguished their sacred fires and disturbed their meeting generally. A fight ensued, revolvers and knives were drawn, clubs swung, and shots fired, so that except for their color and dress the contending parties could scarcely have been distinguished from two opposing Christian sects settling a religious dispute.

THE Single Tax Convention at New York last week spent much of its time discussing the question whether women should be admitted as members of the National Single Tax League then organized. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., deprecated any discrimination on account of sex, but he was opposed by other members. The dispatches do not state how the question was

settled, but it is understood that Single Taxers as a general thing favor human equality.

It is reported that Pope Leo is obliged to keep his private apartments under lock and key when he is absent from them, because visitors are in the habit of bribing his attendants to purloin articles for relics. As the thieves are good Catholics, his holiness does not charge this scandal to the prevalence of Infidelity, or the machinations of the Italian government, which are the source of most of his alleged woes.

SAN FRANCISCO has an ordinance requiring the consent of twelve property owners on a block, where it is proposed to sell liquor, before a license can be granted, and Judge Sawyer has declared the ordinance to be unconstitutional. No doubt Judge Sawyer is right. It would be pretty difficult to frame any kind of a liquor law that would not be opposed to the constitution.

FREETHOUGHT extends thanks to those of its subscribers who have promptly answered its circular asking them to renew. Our only cause for regret is that more have not responded. A Free-thinker who will not pay for his paper might just about as well belong to the church, as in that case he at least would not be an expense to the cause of Liberalism.

WOMEN are justified in demanding political equality with men, but their lack of voting power is slight loss to them. The male citizen often uses his ballot as a means to vote away his own liberty, a thing which disfranchised woman is now incapable of doing.

MOSES HARMAN is out of prison, his counsel having secured his release on a writ of error, and there will be a new trial of the case in November. Mr. Harman was released August 30, seventeen weeks after his incarceration.

FRIENDS desiring the "Freethinkers' Pictorial Textbook" may obtain it at this office. If they wish it sent by mail they should inclose twenty-five cents for postage.

THE Liberals of San Francisco may have a lecture from John E. Remsburg this or next month if they will make the preliminary arrangements.

OBSERVATIONS.

The Admission Day proceedings were an overwhelming success. As early as Sunday one man from the country reached this office and renewed his subscription, and on Monday another paid up for two years.

There were also some demonstrations outside our place, one pleasing feature being a parade of some fifteen thousand persons. I judge that the whole town was in it, as I saw in the procession nearly everybody that I had previously met, as also many not personally known to me.

Religious and literary exercises were held at the Grand Opera House, where a clergyman gowned like an Episcopalian priest led the audience in the Lord's Prayer, and then made an eloquent invocation addressed to somebody not present. I am not sure that the employment of a Protestant priest instead of a Catholic one has anything to commend it. I protested against the Catholic priest at our last Fourth of July celebration, but when a member of the literary committee explained the matter to me I withdrew my objection. The member of the committee said: "All the boys were in favor of having a dominie, and wanted that old woodenhead Stebbins. I said, 'No sir, by God. If we are going to have any religious mummery on this occasion, let's have the genuine thing. Let's go the whole hog and get a

regular pot-bellied Catholic priest.' And they had to give in." But to return to the literary exercises. The president of the day, Mr. Miller, observed that "from every eminence the auspicious bunting utters its voice in eloquent unison with the general scene, and all citizens have caught the inspiration of the hour and are here to honor the cause we espouse, for it is a just cause, a noble cause, a love for our state and our native land. Yet, my friends, vast as is our number here to-day, immense as is the array with all its gorgeousness, commanding as is the glitter and splendor of the spectacle, and beautiful as is the moral which underlies the scene, it but faintly displays the magnitude of the offering which our united homage this day offers to the loving God for having given to us this glorious California." I have here selected the best that Mr. Miller said in order not to do him injustice, but it sounds a trifle like flapdoodle. Nevertheless they had some oratory, and by the great horn spoon, it was a woman who furnished it. A native daughter, Mrs. Baker, said:

"California, it is thy day we celebrate! California, our royal mother and our queen, she was the vision of Cortez and the dream of Ponce de Leon, and the powers of the world sought her. Russia saw her riches; England counted her as won; Spain stamped her with the revered and ineffaceable marks of her fervent religion; Mexico clasped her and rested; but Columbia, proud Mistress of the Free, sent her flag westward, and the glad land saw the beauteous ensign and opened her thrilling heart to the dream of her slumbering ages."

That is the kind of sentiment to make men and women stand up and cheer.

Mr. Boland, Grand Orator of the Native Sons of the Golden West, delivered a historical address; Mayor Pond and Governor Waterman contributed valuable remarks, and distinguished singers made good music.

Old residents affirm that San Francisco never witnessed so great a display of all that is gorgeous as she has just seen on the fortieth anniversary of her admission into the Union. This thought will soothe many a brow that aches from too much joy.

The patriotism of San Francisco is under suspicion. The houses and business places are decorated with flags bearing as a device a grizzly bear, a star, and the legend, "California Republic." I understand that the adjutant-general or some other official has been asked to suppress these flags as treasonable, but the petitioned party does not respond. A member of Pacific Labor Union No. 1 and a local Grand Army post inquired in my hearing the other day, "What do you think of this community, anyhow? Here's the Stars and Stripes and the American Eagle left out, and a mangy bear stuck up in their place. General Grant's picture nowhere, and a likeness of that rank secessionist Winn everywhere. Old Glory is good enough for me. Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, with freedom's soil beneath our feet, and freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

I could not share this patriot's feelings altogether. I confess to as much love for America as for any other place. But I once observed a motto at a Paine celebration which read, "The World is my Country;" the sentiment struck me as broad, comprehensive, and cosmopolitan, and since then I have looked with complacency upon any flag that might chance to be fluttering in the breeze, from the Stars and Stripes down to that green affliction suggestive of Ireland and the pope. I have, however, one favored standard, and the name thereof will be found at the top of every page of this paper. It is FREETHOUGHT.

Mr. Ulysses Tanner, who lives at Cannon Falls, Goodhue county, Minnesota, is a candidate for school superintendent of that county, and in a circular presents his name for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. He has sent me one of his circulars, which is the most candidly written document I have ever read. Mr. Tanner states that in his opinion what is commonly called education is a humbug; that to appoint public officers to perform a function that should rest wholly with the individual is one of the relics of state religion. It seems absurd to Mr. Tanner that a man who has neither children nor education himself should be taxed to pay for the education of other people and other peo-

ple's children. It seems to him like vicarious atonement. Having thus stated his views, Mr. Tanner asks to be appointed county superintendent of schools, not because the office is necessary, or because he is competent to fill it, but because it is a sinecure—all pay and no work—and because as a citizen he is as justly entitled to it as anybody else. He has been paying taxes right along for other men's benefit; he has put more money into the public fund than he ever drew out, and he thinks it is about time for him to have his turn at getting a salary.

As I said at the start, Mr. Tanner's circular is a model of candor; and I believe that if all political aspirants would state their claims as fairly, the citizen would be able to vote much more intelligently than at present.

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge says in the "North American Review:" "If any crime is more deserving of severe punishment or more dangerous to the public weal than a crime against the ballot, it has not yet been made generally known in this country." If this dearth of information really exists, I am happy to be able to supply knowledge. In the first place I would offer the proposition that more crimes are committed with the ballot than against it, and that the acts of men honestly elected are often as corrupt as those of men dishonestly chosen. Crime against the ballot must consist of a vote illegally cast, a vote not counted, a vote illegally rejected, or the bribing of a citizen to vote some other way than according to his natural inclination. For a man to vote who is not qualified to do so by law is clearly wrong, but the gravity of the offense is not equal to that of taking human life. For instance, I arrived in San Francisco six weeks too late to vote at the last election, and if I had voted, according to Mr. Lodge, I should have committed the most dangerous of crimes against the "public weal," whatever that might have the absurdity to be. In some states I could have voted after a six months' residence, so that California, by rejecting my ballot after a residence of ten and one half months, performed an act which in these other states would have been a crime against the ballot. Yet the public weal emits no squeal. I doubt if it suffers. I see no evidence that it was hungry for my suffrage. If the public weal lives on votes, why doesn't it gather in the votes of the thousands of major women residents of the state, the most of whom are as well qualified to vote as I am?

To the question of the criminality of buying votes there are evidently two sides when looked at from a common-sense point of view. No voter when casting a ballot according to his best judgment is certain that he is doing the right thing, or that any good will accrue to him from the act. If he is intelligent and thoughtful he will know that whichever way he votes he will benefit no one but the candidate. He is like the young man who applied to a philosopher (I believe the philosopher was Stephen Pearl Andrews), and inquired of the sage if it was best for him to marry; and the philosopher replied, "Whether you do or not you will regret it." In the midst of the voter's uncertainty somebody comes along and offers two dollars and fifty cents for his vote, and if he takes it he can congratulate himself that he is one of the favored few to whom the ballot has brought something worth having.

This isn't good morality, but it is just as good morality as the raising of the ordinary and legitimate campaign fund.

Speaking of crimes *against* the ballot, they do not begin to equal the crimes *of* the ballot, for the ballot makes our legislators, and our legislators, backed by the voters who elected them, enact the unjust laws against which we kick.

The sacredness of the ballot is a thing which the politicians seek to impress upon the people and which they themselves continually violate.

I had a brief interview with Mayor Pond last week. He opened the conversation by inquiring, "Do you solemnly swear that you will truthfully answer the questions about to be put to you?" and I replied that I did. The questions which followed related to my qualifications as a judge of election; and it appearing that I had registered, paid taxes, and could speak and write the English language with more or less facility, I was labeled with the mystic characters "O. K." and accepted.

Mayor Pond did not inquire my politics, in which, as he is candidate for governor on the Demopublican or Republicratif ticket, he may have felt some interest; and I did not ask him how he stood on the religious question. Either inquiry, I have since learned, would have been out of place at the time and under the circumstances. I cannot conceal that Mayor Pond impressed me as a person of intelligence. He has a long head, made to appear more so by a lofty brow at the top and chin whiskers lower down. He looks a trifle solemn, though, and I should not be surprised to learn that he is the deacon of some prosperous church. He has promised if elected to pay his own fare to Sacramento, which makes him a dangerous political opponent.

They are more particular in choosing vote-counters here than farther East. It is necessary for the judge or inspector to reside in the election district where he serves. He must be on the tax assessor's roll; he must appear personally before the mayor, the city auditor, the tax collector, the registrar, and the city and county attorney, and answer satisfactorily any question that either of them feels inclined to ask. The method appears to me an improvement on that employed in New York, where about one hundred candidates are huddled in a pen, sworn, and released before they have time to get their hats off. I find myself here in distinguished company, a fellow-judge of elections being Mr. Jim Corbett, the eminent exponent of pugilism.

"If there is a God," says Hugh O. Pentecost, "why doesn't he do something?" I have never preached the gospel or studied the Bible professionally, as Mr. Pentecost has, but I understand that all the hairs of our heads are numbered, and that the descent of a sparrow is a phenomenon which never escapes the observation of the deity. It strikes me that a God with these details to attend to has enough to do while eight hours constitute a day's work. A man who would ask the almighty to do more than this should be looked after by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ghosts.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

An explosion of dynamite in the Northern Pacific yards at Spokane Falls on Saturday last killed fifteen men and seriously wounded eight. The disaster was caused by the premature explosion of a blast.—A mortgage of \$30,000,000 has been placed on the Great Northern Railway and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. The object of the mortgage is to raise money to extend the road from Assinaboine, Montana, to Puget sound. The money is advanced by English capitalists, and the mortgage is recorded at Seattle.—There were 106 deaths in San Francisco last week against 83 for the corresponding week of 1889.—The Rev. I. D. Driver, of Oregon, closed his announced course of lectures in this city last Sunday night by discoursing on the teachings of Ingersoll. Mr. Driver's labors here have not attracted marked attention.—It is reported that the Ironmolders' Union will send some fifty of their members East, where the demand for molders is brisk. The strike is not as yet adjusted.—Bacon & Co., printers, have been brought to terms by the Typographical Union, and will hereafter run a "fair" office. The firm is one of the largest in the city, and has been conspicuous as a non-union establishment.—The regents of the University of California have accepted an offer from T. A. Edison to equip the Lick observatory with a complete electric lighting outfit.—R. F. del Valle, the Democratic nominee for lieutenant-governor of California, was married last week. He is a Roman Catholic in religion.—The San Francisco Cremation Society has decided to sell its real estate on California street and Laurel place and buy a lot, better situated, on which it will erect a crematory. Max Popper, M. Greenblatt, F. Diamant, M. Levy, Fr. Schueneman-Pott, Dr. Regensberger, W. Schroeder, G. C. Davis, and Otto Norman are the directors.

The state of Vermont contains a smaller population, according to the present census, than it had ten years ago. The number of inhabitants is now 322,350, a decrease of 31.—White Caps last week so brutally beat and maltreated J. Z. Smith, a preacher who lives in Reno, Kan., that his life is despaired of. When

found in the woods, where he had been taken and whipped, he was unable to speak or move. Smith is 65 years of age, and the only objection the White Caps had to him was that he proposed marriage to a widow in the neighborhood.—A new political party has been born at St. Louis. It is called the National Reform party, and its platform embraces about twenty-four planks, including the abolition of national banks, prohibition, government control of railroads, uniform marriage laws, a protest against alien ownership of lands, tariff reform, regulation of corporations, and restriction of pauper immigration.—A young Baltimore man named Saunders has developed a remarkably good case of hysteria, which is usually supposed to be confined to the female sex. He attended a revival meeting, got religion, and went into convulsions. At times he imagines himself a dog, and again a cat. His physicians warn his friends against permitting him to attend any more religious gatherings.

A so-called Social Science Congress opened at Liege, Belgium, Sept. 7. It was made up of Roman Catholics from all parts of the world, and its first act was to send a telegram to the pope of Rome and to the king of Belgium declaring the devotion of the members.—Wm. O'Brien, the Irish editor and agitator, advises Irish tenants not to pay any more rent until their families are provided for. He declares that with famine staring them in the face the Irishmen's first duty is toward themselves and not foreign landlords.—The cholera is spreading in Spain. Filth is the cause of the epidemic, and faith is the cure adopted. As a result a majority of the victims die.—Tolstoi has written another novel. It is called "From Darkness to Sunlight," and its hero, a man of the world, is landed, after many sins, in a communistic Christian colony.—The pope is working on an encyclical letter dealing with the labor problem. He approves the course of the German emperor.

INGERSOLL ON TOLSTOI.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has a long article in the current number of the North American Review on the "Kreutzer Sonata," and its author, from which the following extracts are made:

"Count Tolstoi is a man of genius. He is acquainted with Russian life from the highest to the lowest, that is to say, from the worst to the best. He knows the vices of the rich and the virtues of the poor. He is a Christian, a real believer in the Old and New Testaments, and an honest follower of the Peasant of Palestine.

"Shocked by the cruelties and unspeakable horrors of war, he became a non-resistant, and avowed that he would not defend his own body from insult and outrage. In this he followed the command of his master, 'Resist not evil.' He passed not simply from war to peace, but from one extreme to the other, and advocated a doctrine that would leave the base element of mankind the rulers of the world. This was and is an error of that great and tender soul.

"Following parts of the New Testament, he regards love as essentially impure. He seems really to think that there is love superior to human love and that the love of a man for a woman or a woman for a man is, after all, a kind of gluttony—a degradation—and that is better to love God than woman. To him there seems to be no purity in love, because men are influenced by forms.

"Count Tolstoi in 'Kreutzer Sonata' has drawn with a free hand one of the vilest and basest of men for his hero. If it be a true picture of wedded life in Russia no wonder Count Tolstoi looks forward with pleasure to the annihilation of the human race. The story of 'The Kreutzer Sonata' seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that a woman is at fault, that she has no right to be attractive, no right to be beautiful, and that she is morally responsible for the contour of her throat, for the pose of her body, for her red lips, and the dimples in her cheeks. The opposite of this doctrine is nearer true.

"It would be far better to hold people responsible for their ugliness than for their beauty. It may be true, the soul or the mind in some wondrous way fashions the body, and that to that extent every individual is responsible for his looks. It may be that a man or a woman thinking high thoughts will give neces-

sarily a nobility to the expression and a beauty to the outline, but it is not true that the sins of a man can be laid justly at the feet of woman.

"Women are better than men. They have greater responsibilities.

"But the worst thing in 'The Kreutzer Sonata' is the declaration that a husband can by force compel the wife to love and obey him. Love is not a child of fear; it is not the result of force. No one can love on compulsion. Even Jehovah found it was impossible to compel the Jews to love him. He issued a command to that effect, coupled with threats of pain and death, but his chosen people failed to respond.

"Count Tolstoi would establish slavery in every house; he would make every husband a tyrant and every wife a trembling serf. No wonder he regarded such a marriage as a failure. This is the destruction of home life, the crucifixion of love. Those who are truly married are neither masters nor servants. Obedience is lost in the desire for happiness of each. Love neither commands nor obeys.

"A curious thing is that the orthodox world insists that all men and women should obey the injunctions of Christ, that they should take him as supreme in all things and follow his teachings. This is preached from countless pulpits and has been for many centuries, and yet a man who not follow the savior, who insists that he will not resist evil, who sells what he has and gives to the poor, who deserts his wife and children for the love of God, is regarded as insane.

"Tolstoi, on most subjects, appears to be in accord with the founders of Christianity, with the apostles, with the writers of the New Testament and with the fathers of the church, and a Christian teacher of the Sabbath school decides, in the capacity of postmaster-general, that 'The Kreutzer Sonata' is unfit to be carried in the mails.

"Although I disagree with nearly every sentence in this book, and regard the story as brutal and absurd and the view of life presented as cruel, vile, and false, yet I recognize the right of Count Tolstoi to express his opinions on all subjects and the right of the men and women of America to read for themselves."

WHAT IS GOD ?

The Westminster Confession of Faith makes an Atheistic declaration by saying that God is a spirit, without body, parts, or passions. God is infinite and exists in conjunction with the universe of matter. The universe comprises his physical parts in inorganic and organic matter. God is a positive reality. He is everything in the affirmative. The negative is the absence of God physically and God spiritually. In the absence of God nothing could be sustained. In the absence of the universe God could not exist, because he could have no sphere of existence or no employment.

Evil is the negative of good, not an excess of good. To the extent that a person is pure and good, God dwells with him; but to the extent that he is vile and corrupt, God is absent from him. When we walk with God, we walk in the light of science, integrity, and humanity. Righteousness is worthy of emulation; its basis is in the golden rule, because God is infinite and matter eternal. We existed in matter before we were chemically and physically organized, and it is a fact in nature that we shall continue to exist in other forms and under the conditions of transformation. Death is a change of one form of life to another. Were it possible to annihilate an atom of matter it would be possible to destroy a part of God. Were it possible to destroy a law of nature it would be possible to eradicate an attribute of deity. God works by ways and means. He is organic, inorganic, physical, and spiritual. The universe of matter demonstrates him physically. The science of chemistry proves his spirituality. The little dust atoms afloat in the air serve as nuclei for the little raindrops, while the myriads of priests who have been enemies to God and the rights of man have served as the nucleus for the hordes of ignorance, superstition, and crime. Let light spring up in dark places, for "our God is a consuming fire." Those who accept the truth in nature, in science, in humanity accept it in God and comprise his peculiar people. L. C. HILL.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the board of directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat, and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio river, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufactories. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy, and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of church and state in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the Nine Demands of Secularism, we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word "secular" is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

To discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic

Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Caristian Temperance Union, indorsing the platforms and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many other, which might be mentioned, are imperilling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-a-woke little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1890. Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec'y.

PROSPECTS FOR THE PORTLAND CONVENTION.

The prospects for a very large convention are exceedingly good. There is nothing in the way, and everything in favor of it. I will soon be through corresponding with speakers and will then give their names. Miss Katie Kehm, "the eloquent little German girl of Iowa," will open on Saturday morning. Hon. R. Winsor, president of the Washington Union, will speak on the legal rights of the people, which will form a basis or platform for future work. Professor Dawes will deal out a pleasant dose of pure logic. Mattie P. Krekel will convert sinners by the hundreds, as she is doing all over the state. Samuel P. Putnam will come down from "bunch grass" on poetic wings. Hon. C. J. Curtis, of Astoria, the eloquent young lawyer of Oregon, will strike the great popular heart of the people in "Equitable Taxation." Abigail Scott Dunaway, the bold champion of the rights of one-half of the human race, will take her text from the Declaration of Independence, "Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Next week I will give the remainder of our speakers.

Below are three letters which you will be pleased to read. I will now make a request of each Liberal who reads FREETHOUGHT: Write me a letter giving some information or making some suggestion concerning the convention.

C. BEAL.
Portland, Or.

The president of the Oregon State Secular Union has received the following letters:

FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

CONCORD, N. H., August 29, 1890.

MR. C. BEAL—*My Dear Sir*: Your note of invitation came in my absence, and so the answer has been delayed; which to me is less a matter of regret than is the fact that only a negative answer is possible.

Your Western distances are too immense for my physical or financial resources. And besides in a few days I enter my eighty-second year, which is surely reason enough for my withdrawal from all public observation, especially from participation in deliberative assemblies and conventions for the most important discussions.

And such your approaching congress must surely be. The times are auspicious on the one hand, but eminently portentous, ominous, on the other; auspicious because the people are awakening in a degree to the condition of our national affairs in state and church; and ominous because full examination may disclose evils too great for our present statesmanship or priesthoods to successfully encounter, or the patience of the people longer to endure.

The race problem subdivides into the African, the Indian, and the Chinese. The woman suffrage question stands by itself, but towers up higher than our tallest mountains. The temperance enterprise has now taken fast hold of politics and religion both, with a strength irresistible, while the labor and capital agitation are already shaking both hemispheres to their foundations.

Now which of all these is the greater question in importance

may not be easy to answer. But all can see that neither our civil nor ecclesiastical forces, of themselves, are exerting any effective influence upon them. The church exists and acts mainly in self-defense. The government is rapidly passing into the hands of heavy monopolies and millionaires, and is mainly conducted by them and for their exclusive benefit. At the average wages paid, the average wage-worker may live comfortably and support decently his family. In comfort only, never in luxury: while to become wealthy in such condition is as impossible as to create duplicates of all the planets in the solar system. Our average working men and women are not drunkards, nor addicted to gross vices of any kind, and only live at all by practicing economies and virtues unknown to the very wealthy in the congress and government, or outside of them.

Not even the highest salaries ever paid to our highest officials could or would alone create them into the plutocrats so many of them seem easily to become. And the masses of the working people are beginning to ask and are determined to know how it is done. And they will know how it is done, possibly at too great a cost!

But pardon so much of an old man's talk to so little purpose. I would greatly love to be witness to your proceedings as you take in hand the mighty problems that affect alone the present life and world, not to speak one word of the great unknown, in which, after all, like Thomas Paine, I still have hope.

Wishing great success to your coming congress, and grand results to follow, I am, my dear sir, very gratefully as well as respectfully yours,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

FROM HUGH O. PENTECOST.

DEAR MR. BEAL: When I wrote to Mr Frey about the possibility of my going to Oregon I was intending to travel throughout the West this fall. That intention I have since abandoned. It would therefore be impossible to address your Union in October, as I shall resume my Sunday meetings here.

When I spoke of money it was with no expectation of being paid for speaking, but only of having my expenses covered from some point relatively near Portland.

Hoping to see you at some future time, and with cordial sentiments of fraternity in labor, I am very sincerely yours,
HUGH O. PENTECOST.

FROM ANNIE BESANT.

LONDON, N. W., Aug. 11, 1890.

DEAR MR. BEAL: I am very sensible of the honor done me by the invitation to the Secular Convention. But it is not possible for me to leave Europe: I am closely tied by my work.

With all good wishes for your success,
ANNIE BESANT.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Scappoose, Or.....	Sept. 18, 19	New Era, Or.....	Sept. 26
Carleton, Or.....	Sept. 20, 21	Molalla, Or.....	Sept. 27, 28
Canby, Or.....	Sept. 22	Summerville, Or (debate)	Oct. 1-6
Walla Walla, Wash.....	Oct. 8, 9	Butteville, Or.....	Sept. 23, 24
Portland Convention, Oct.	11, 12, 13	Wilsonville, Or.....	Sept. 25

WISE SAYINGS BY INGERSOLL.

From the North American Review for September.

Love is the perfume of the heart; it is not subject to the will of husbands, or kings, or God.

It is not true that the sins of man can be laid justly at the feet of woman. Women are better than men; they have greater responsibilities; they bear even the burdens of joy. This is the real reason why their faults are considered greater.

Tolstoi would change the entire order of human development. As a matter of fact, the savage who adorns himself or herself with strings of shells, or with feathers, has taken the first step towards civilization. The tattooed is somewhat in advance of the unfrescoed.

Men and women desire each other and this desire is a condi-

tion of civilization, progress, and happiness, and of everything of real value. But there is this profound difference in the sexes: in man this desire is the foundation of love, while in woman love is the foundation of this desire.

Again I say that women are better than men; their hearts are more unreservedly given; in the web of their lives sorrow is inextricably woven with the greatest joys; self-sacrifice is a part of their nature, and at the behest of love and maternity they walk willingly and joyously down to the very gates of death.

Of all passions that can take possession of the heart or brain, jealousy is the worst. For many generations the chemists sought for the secret by which all metals could be changed to gold, and through which the basest could become the best. Jealousy seeks exactly the opposite. It endeavors to transmute the very gold of love into the dross of shame and crime.

To sell all that you have and give to the poor is not a panacea for poverty. The man of wealth should help the poor man to help himself. Men cannot receive without giving some consideration, and if they have not labor or property to give, they give their manhood, their self-respect. Besides, if all should obey this injunction: "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor," who would buy?

According to Christianity, as it really is and really was, the Christian should have no home in this world—at least none until the earth has been purified by fire. His affections should be given to God: not to wife and children, not to friends or country. He is here but for a time on a journey, waiting for the summons. This life is a kind of dock running out into the sea of eternity, on which he waits for transportation.

We cannot cure the evils of our day and time by a return to savagery. It is not necessary to become ignorant to increase our happiness. The highway of civilization leads to the light. The time will come when the human race will be truly enlightened, when labor will receive its due reward, when the last institution begotten of ignorance and savagery will disappear. The time will come when the whole world will say that the love of man for woman, of woman for man, of mother for child, is the highest, the noblest, the purest, of which the heart is capable.

Only a little while ago an article appeared in one of the magazines in which all women who did not dress according to the provincial prudery of the writer were denounced as impure. Millions of refined and virtuous wives and mothers were described as dripping with pollution because they enjoyed dancing and were so well-formed that they were not obliged to cover their arms and throats to avoid the pity of their associates. And yet the article itself is far more indelicate than any dance or any dress, or even lack of dress. What a curious opinion dried apples have of fruit upon the tree!

Those who labor have a right to live. They have a right to what they earn. He who works has a right to home and fire-side and to the comforts of life. Those who waste the spring, the summer, and the autumn of their lives must bear the winter when it comes. Many of our institutions are absurdly unjust. Giving the land to the few, making tenants of the many, is the worst possible form of socialism—of paternal government. In most of the nations of our day the idlers and non-producers are either beggars or aristocrats, paupers or princes, and the great middle laboring class support them both. Rags and robes have a liking for each other. Beggars and kings are in accord; they are all parasites, living on the same blood, stealing the same labor—one by beggary, the other by force.

Love, human love, love of men and women, love of mothers, fathers, and babes, is the perpetual and beneficent force. Not the love of phantoms, the love that builds cathedrals and dungeons, that trembles and prays, that kneels and curses; but the real love, the love that felled the forests, navigated the seas, subdued the earth, explored continents, built countless homes, and founded nations—the love that kindled the creative flame and

wrought the miracles of art, that gave us all there is of music, from the cradle-song that gives to infancy its smiling sleep to the great symphony that bears the soul away with wings of fire—the real love, mother of every virtue and of every joy.

HAS CHRISTIANITY BENEFITED WOMAN?

BY PROF. GEO. H. DAWES.

As the Bible is the foundation of the Christian religion, it will be necessary to briefly examine the contents of this holy book, and ascertain its attitude towards woman—whether or not its teachings, when carried into practical life, would tend to raise woman to a social, intellectual, or political equal with man; then to compare the condition of women in the ancient pagan civilizations with her condition in countries that are and have been pre-eminently Christian. If, then, we find that the Bible is opposed to the intellectual and political equality of the sexes; that the teachings of the Bible tend rather to subjugate and degrade woman than elevate her; and that Christianity contains no principle, nor has never established any principle that tends to promote woman's enfranchisement or political equality with man, it will then be necessary to offer some suggestions as to what we believe has been the cause of the present elevation of the female character, and the movement for woman's political equality with man.

For centuries the church has opposed woman's social and political equality with man, and the Bible has been quoted in the defense of this position. But recently the church has discovered that the Bible is really in favor of woman suffrage, and that a mistake has been made in opposing woman's enfranchisement. The Bible is a wonderful book. Its statements can be made to fit any case in any emergency. The language of this book, like most church creeds, is so wonderfully elastic that it can be drawn out or pushed up to fit the opinions of any age. For hundreds of years the Bible was the fortress and defense of slavery, but when anti-slavery principles became popular the Bible was suddenly found to be an anti-slavery work from Genesis to Revelations. The minister of "God's word" used to justify the use of wine and strong drink by passages from "holy writ," but times have so changed that the Bible now condemns the use of liquors, and the Prohibition party actually find their platform in "God's holy book." Likewise, anathemas from pulpit and press were heaped upon those who first advocated woman's enfranchisement, and the brilliant opinions of St. Paul were quoted against the arguments in favor of the equality of the sexes. But now, the movement having become popular, the Bible is really in favor of woman suffrage. The only real object the church has in advocating woman suffrage is with the hope of fastening onto the Constitution of the United States a religious amendment. Woman's education and training has been such that she is much more religious than man, and by taking advantages of woman's prejudices the church hopes to force her doctrines upon this country by constitutional authority.

I do not wish to be understood as opposing woman suffrage, but rather as advocating it. I have no more right or desire to disfranchise woman because she might differ from me in opinions than I have to disfranchise those men who might differ from me. If the right to vote is an inherent right, where, when, and how did one half of the human race inherit that right, and therefore inherit the right to rule over the other half, and this weaker half not possess this inherent right of self-government? If all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, how is it, as woman is one of the governed, that she should have no voice in making those laws by which she must be governed?

Throughout the entire Bible we find woman treated with that inferiority characteristic of all barbarous people. She is treated as a being for no other purpose than to gratify the sensual appetite of man, and as man's physical slave. In the second chapter of Genesis, in the narration of her creation, she is forgotten until it is learned that Adam can find no "helpmeet" among the animals that are made to pass before him. And in connection with this legend of Eden's sin and curse, woman is considered as having caused all the crime and suffering of the world; and this

cursed dogma is the central idea around which many minor doctrines have clustered, that for many centuries have been the cause of woman's degradation in Jewish and Christian countries. The writers of the Bible treated women as property—creatures to be bought and sold, bartered for, or given away like so many cattle. The female servant belonged to her master, who held her in concubinage, as in the case of all the patriarchs. That women were bought and sold is amply sustained by such incidents as in the twenty-ninth chapter of Genesis, where Jacob agrees with his uncle Laban to work seven years for Rachel; but, according to the customs of the country, when the seven years were ended, Laban required Jacob to take Leah, the elder daughter, and work seven more years for Rachel. Thus Jacob's two wives represent the price of fourteen years' labor.

In the decalogue, *i. e.*, the ten commandments, woman is placed in the same catalogue with other property. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's" (Ex. xx, 17). And in chapter xxi of the same book, verses 7 and 8, we find these words: "And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant, she shall not go out as the men-servants do. If she please not her master who hath betrothed her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed. To sell her unto a strange nation he shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her."

Here we have the selling of one's own daughter to be a wife, or a concubine, or a handmaid sanctioned by the scriptures: and if she please not her master he is to let her be redeemed. A man may buy a maid, rob her of her honor, and, if he is not satisfied with his bargain, her father may redeem her. Are these the teachings that are intended to purify and elevate the character of an uncivilized people? Is this an example that would influence the stronger sex to regard with affection and respect the weaker sex?

If there is anything that tends to brutalize man and degrade woman, it is the cursed system of polygamy. Yet nowhere in the Bible is polygamy condemned, but in many instances it is actually encouraged. The Bible characters that are taken as models of righteousness were polygamists. We read in Genesis xxvi, 5, that God blessed Isaac, and gives this reason for it: "Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws." Yet Abraham kept concubines, and was cruel enough to turn his handmaid Hagar and her child into the wilderness to starve. Clearly, then, God is not displeased with the system of a plurality of wives, for he plainly said that Abraham obeyed his voice, kept his commandments, his statutes, and his laws.

David also walked in his ways, kept his commandments, and was a man "after God's own heart" and yet had a score of wives. It is often said that God punished David for his polygamy, but this is not true. God never inflicted punishment or gave one word of reproof for the practice of polygamy. God reproved David, not because he had more than one wife, but because of his crime against Uriah. When God reproved David for his crime, he says by the mouth of Nathan the prophet: "And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah, and if that had been too little I would moreover have given thee such and such things."

To be Continued.

SANCTIFIED ARTS OF MONEY-GETTING.

From Dr. McGlynn's recent Lecture in San Francisco.

Some of you may remember how, some years ago, there was an alliance, offensive and defensive, between certain clergymen of the Catholic church and the infamous Tammany ring, under the management of him who was so notorious under the name Boss Tweed. The one object of the Tammany ring was to secure the favor of the Catholic clergymen, in order that, by their influence, the Tammany ring might be maintained in power, to continue its stealings. This was at the time when the leaders of Tammany were robbing the public treasury of New York of moneys to the amount of twenty millions of dollars. It was a

matter of life and death to them to have their mayor re-elected, and there was an actual bargain entered into between certain Catholic clergymen (including the archbishop of New York), and Tammany that the Tammany ring would see to it that the legislature of the state of New York should appropriate public moneys for the maintenance of their private parochial schools.

The bargain was sealed at last by an interview of the archbishop and the members of the ring. The bargain was kept on both sides. The clergymen went so far as to name for re-election from their different districts men already notoriously guilty of horrible crimes. The ring kept faith with the clergy, and by trick and fraud the legislature passed a measure appropriating to the parochial schools somewhere between two and three hundred thousand dollars a year, to be paid by the people of New York.

The moment this contract was discovered, the whole state of New York began to ring with indignation. Indignant mass meetings were held in our principal cities. The Catholic church, the Catholic faith, the Catholic people, were submitted to an obloquy in this country such as they had never heard before. For a year after the discovery of the treason, Harper's Weekly continued to publish the caricatures of Mr. Thomas Nast, representing monks and priests and nuns and bishops, in no complimentary shape, stealing the public treasure, that was being handed over to them by Tweed, Sweeney, Connor, and the rest of the ring. All the priests were represented with the coarsest of features; bishops were represented in the guise of creeping, crawling monsters, coming with vehement haired to the destruction of liberty. And over the public schools of our nation floated the flags of the pope and Ireland in brotherly union, conquerors of American independence.

And when this storm was raging, and the Catholic church was very despondent and dejected, I had the melancholy satisfaction of saying to my very good friends in the church, "I told you so; I told you this would come."

Some little while before these scandals culminated—before this alliance offensive and defensive—ministers complained very often to me that they were sick and tired of the means employed to raise the money necessary for the support of their private schools. Picnics and charity fairs, at which the principal attraction was the raffling of some old horse, and where the principal source of profit consisted in the sale of intoxicating liquors—occasionally the old-horse raffles being announced from the pulpit, with an intimation that the animal possessed peculiar and invaluable properties—were ceasing to be remunerative. They were beginning to be sick and tired of these sanctified arts of raising money.

THE "SCIENCE" OF IMMORTALITY.

BY H. WETTSTEIN.

II.

Dr. Anderson next presents the following argument:

"As intelligence can only be the creation of and transmitted by intelligence, one sees at once how immense must be the waste of energy manifesting as intellect if the process of evolution has to be begun anew with each new babe born on earth to be again cut short by death when perhaps at its highest evolutionary activity unless that energy is carried forward from personality to personality by means of the repeated reincarnation of the higher ego."

A formidable argument indeed, and in its premises correct, if not perverted, for I have already shown that developed intelligence is the creation of atomic intelligence, or of the very lowest form or germ of judgment, but the conclusion he draws therefrom that the process of evolution has to be begun anew at the birth and death of every human being is fallacious; first, because he leaves out of consideration the law of heredity which transmits (normally) to every organism the condition or intellectual plane attained by its predecessors; and, second, because the results of intellectual evolution are preserved and through education imparted to every new-born babe. A higher ego is therefore not at all necessary to guard against the process of evolution

being cut short by death; and as for "waste of energy," a scientist derides the very idea.

In one postulate I fully agree with him, even though old-time Materialists are slow in recognizing its truth. It is the premise before alluded to, concerning the transmission of intelligence, expressed in these words:

"For intelligence to supervene upon intelligent matter under the play of blind force demands as great an effort of the imagination, aided by 'faith' too, as the exploded theory of creation out of nothing." What grand words these to come from a Theosophist. The doctor has all the essential ingredients for a first-class modern Materialist in him. He sees the truth of the universe and the mystery of the origin of developed intellect as plain as day, but after starting out from such sound premises he suddenly "shoots off at a tangent," alighting in the quagmire of ancient superstitions. In his "religious argument" the following noteworthy passage occurs: "As human life is the type of all, so in the childhood of our individualization as human beings we were helped by the perfected humanities of former earths."

Analyzed, the following distinct ingredients can be eliminated from this proposition: First, it affirms my former position that the results of evolution are preserved and imparted to every succeeding generation, although not to the extent of transmitting them from the humanities of former earths, or through the supernatural process of reincarnation. For if he admits that our race has been helped by the perfections of former planetary developments he cannot deny their transmission from parent to offspring. Second, it vitiates his previous inference that there must be a waste of energy if the process of evolution has to be begun anew with every new-born babe (which no one asserts, and least of all, Materialists), for his admission that such transmission does take place precludes loss of energy. Third, I emphatically deny that our individualization as human beings was ever assisted by the perfected humanities of former worlds, each one being entirely independent of the other in this regard, the process of evolution commencing on each one with its inception from a nebulous mist, and terminating with its final decay. And lastly, it suggests to us the startling inquiry, What has become of the souls of the perfected humanities of former earths, and, collaterally, of those of the lower organisms, animal and vegetable, to which spiritists concede the same continuity of life as to the highest organisms, by virtue of all having a protoplasmic base or an incentive principle so precisely alike that the strongest chemical tests have failed to disclose any difference in the germ of man, reptile, or plant? In view of which fact, how can any physicist deny that if our race is immortal the sentient life of every organism ever evolved in space must be immortal also?

Where, then, I ask the doctor or any scientific believer in immortality, are the souls previously evolved from the infinite number of worlds that have preceded us?

The doctor admits that humanities of former earths existed. Now, if he is consistent in his belief that all humanities are endowed with immortality, let him answer the above question, and also whether he really believes that the necessary room for the infinite number of souls of former planets could be found in the limited or circumscribed interstellar spaces.

In conclusion, I would call his attention to the following consideration, which I also regard as absolute proof of the non-existence of soul or "higher egos." This proof is contained in the fact of the unconscious states into which we may be thrown by various means, I regarding it as self-evident that if we had an immortal principle or indestructible soul within us our consciousness would not be subject to temporary extinction. While our lower ego or personality is prostrated in seeming death and our senses are suspended, the doctor says "man's consciousness functions on an interior and higher plane" (!) and further that "this higher or true ego is untouched by the changes of state we term birth and death and transmits its acquired wisdom and intelligence from body to body by means of its reincarnation." (I revert here to his scientific arguments.) None of these dogmatic asseverations, it is noticeable, are supported by logical deduction, but their fallacy is made apparent by considering that if our higher ego or soul functions on an interior or higher plane while our senses are dormant it could not be virtually annihilated

during their suspension, but would transmit its intelligence obtained through the perception of the scenes transpiring around its prostrate "lower ego" to the latter upon its resuscitation, memory, "soul," or mind being intimately related, if not identical. In other words, the higher ego while functioning in its alleged higher capacity of guardian of the lower ego would perceive what the latter's suspended senses fail to discern, so that when it recovers its consciousness, the higher ego, being "untouched" by what caused the prostration of the lower ego, would communicate the result of its perceptions to the latter's mind, thus continuing the individual's consciousness during the latter's temporary prostration of body and mind. How can a higher ego or soul function during such prostration when the resuscitated individual cannot remember a particle of such functioning, his mind or soul having been for the time being absolutely destroyed? Instead, therefore, of the higher ego being untouched by this annihilation of the lower ego's mind or senses, there is no evidence whatever to warrant the assumption that the higher responds to the physical stimuli of the efforts made to arouse both. It does so when it "gets a good ready," that is, when it pleases the physical body to resume its functions, and not before, showing that the "soul" depends on the body. That the higher ego is as much affected by the prostration as the lower is shown by the fact that the interval of suspended animation, during which the higher ego is claimed to alone retain its consciousness, is a dead blank to the individual at the restoration of his normal faculties, proving beyond all reasonable doubt that no such higher consciousness exists, no transmission of intelligence from this higher source to the personality of the lower ego having taken place. And a higher ego or soul that can be thus rendered unconscious and practically extinguished is no "soul" at all. It would be folly, therefore, to invest mind, which can be utterly annihilated during the lifetime of a human being, even, with a capacity to come to life again if the life of the individual is entirely crushed out of him! As well may the doctor say that a comparatively mild blow will kill a man, for, as far as his mind or "higher ego" is concerned, it is practically dead; but if you make the blow so severe that death actually ensues, then this annihilated soul will come to life again! Can any greater folly be conceived of?

As for the lamentation contained in the doctor's concluding paragraph that Materialistic science has "robbed" humanity of its belief in a soul and the "promise" of a future existence, I would ask him of what value is a belief if shown to be fallacious? Is persistence in error not the basest self-deception? Would he sacrifice the invaluable gem of truth for a vain conceit? Is unvarnished truth not preferable to a glittering falsehood? Do honest thinkers not aspire to the attainment of truth, be it what it may? Is truth not the goddess they passionately adore, and beside which all vanities of the world pale into insignificance? If, therefore, Materialistic science has "robbed," *i. e.*, emancipated, humanity from a loathsome relic of barbaric ages, has it not given it the glorious gem of truth instead? And of what validity are "promises" of a future life if abstracted from a book of fables and myths? Let me assure him that Materialists glory in their emancipation from mental thralldom; that they would not exchange their disbelief in the excrescences of ignorance and superstition for all the wealth and emoluments mankind can bestow; that they are perfectly content with this life, realizing that it is the only one nature can vouchsafe to them. And why not be satisfied with this life? When our existence terminates at death, are we any worse off than though we had never seen the light of day? Should we not therefore be thankful for the existence we received instead of unreasonably demanding the eternal continuance of the lease of life nature has graciously bestowed upon us?

Marengo, Ill.

A Protest.

To the Editors of Freethought:

"The shortest way to settle the marriage question is to abolish legal ties. Then if people unhappily mated continued to live together in misery they would do so upon their own responsibility and have no one to blame but themselves.—Editorial Observations, FREETHOUGHT, Aug. 30.

Now then, when you have abolished those legal ties what guarantee,

what security, is left for the maintenance of innocent children and helpless woman, if husband and father is a brute and concludes to sever the bonds of wedlock because he has met a younger, handsomer woman than the wife, who now has lost her youth and beauty, and perhaps the cheerfulness of earlier years, as a natural consequence of the cares which the rearing of children impose, let alone the sorrows of sickness and death in the family? On the other hand, where is the fostering care to be found, if for any neglect, fancied or real, a mother may desert husband and children *ad. lib.*, all earnings, and the rightful inheritance of the children, to be squandered in debauchery? What, I ask, think you would become of society if this free-love doctrine—for such it is—were to be carried into universal practice? The abolishment of legal marriage ties would lead to the abandonment of purity of life and rectitude of conduct—virtues upon which so much stress is laid by Rationalists. Such a doctrine could only be advocated by men and women not fit to live in civilized society; by old bachelors, or perhaps married people without children, and cranks of all kinds in general. It would take away the foundation of that temple which all good Freethinkers labor to erect to the worship of that adorable trinity: father, mother, and child. Divorce is sometimes a necessary evil, but let us pause there—pause before we get there—remembering to bear and forbear. Least of all should Freethought papers put forth a doctrine so much at variance with our boasted allegiance to the virtues of fidelity and purity. Nay, friend Macdonald, whatever the private sentiments of some Freethinkers may be, when our accepted organ voices the vagaries of libertines and free-lovers its columns become unfit reading for our wives and daughters, and all just and upright Freethinkers must hang their heads in shame. H. L. HÆRKE.

Oakland, Cal.

Labor.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The date of my first copy of FREETHOUGHT is August 16, so as to what has been said before I know nothing. Being an ardent advocate of the labor cause, my attention is attracted to a letter in that issue of your paper by Frank M. Coburn, mentioned editorially, in which he says:

"In regard to foreigners doing many kinds of work that you would not like to do, there are other people who would be glad of the opportunity to do it, as you can find out by going along the water front of your city any working day at seven o'clock in the morning. You will there see men who would do any kind of honest labor if they had the chance. In fact, this country is flooded with laboring men."

It is not my purpose to criticize, but rather to make some suggestions for our free, unbiased thought. It is not to be wondered at that, at first thought, we would make things costly and labor dear in order to benefit the poor, and especially the laboring man. But after a little careful thought shall we continue so to act? Is it not a fact that if in nature everything was produced and at hand to satisfy our every need we should all be wealthy? Is it not because the man who has money can have his wants supplied without labor that we count him wealthy? We are all wealthy as to the air we breathe; surely no one would think to better our condition by making air difficult to obtain and labor expensive in producing it. Shall we not conclude, after a little thought, that the nearer we can approach to getting what we all need, for nothing, the nearer we shall be to being wealthy?

I feel quite sure that if instead of seeking to make it difficult to supply our needs, and to make labor dear, we turned our attention to the fact that we do "see men who would do any kind of honest labor if they had a chance," and to inquiring why they have not the chance, we would the sooner learn the cause of so much poverty, suffering, and want. Why is "this country," or any other, "flooded with laboring men;" men seeking employment; men desiring to produce wealth by applying their labor to the natural opportunities? Is there not work enough for all? If so, somebody must be holding from those who would work, the opportunities to which they would apply their labor. At a glance we can see that a few millionaires are holding from labor these opportunities of employment, and that while they do not themselves labor, they gain immense wealth, those who do labor and produce all the wealth remaining poor. It is evident that this is all wrong; and we shall not better the condition of mankind by further depressing labor. Under just conditions those who labor would be wealthy, and those who do not labor would be poor.

A. A. ORCUTT,

Rutland, Vt.

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In virgin gold; and virtues manifold.
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The strength to help but not to harm.
My land that hath the tiger's length,
The tawny tiger's length of arm—
The arm that helps and ever helps,
Behold thy splendid comely whelps!
Behold their loyal legion; and behold
Their sterling truth, as thine own sterling gold.
Thy Native Sons! Baptized in tears,
And blood were they. By burning plain
There fell ten thousand Pioneers,
And silent fell; nor fell in vain.
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And cities blossomed where they bled.
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Their wondrous city by the sea!
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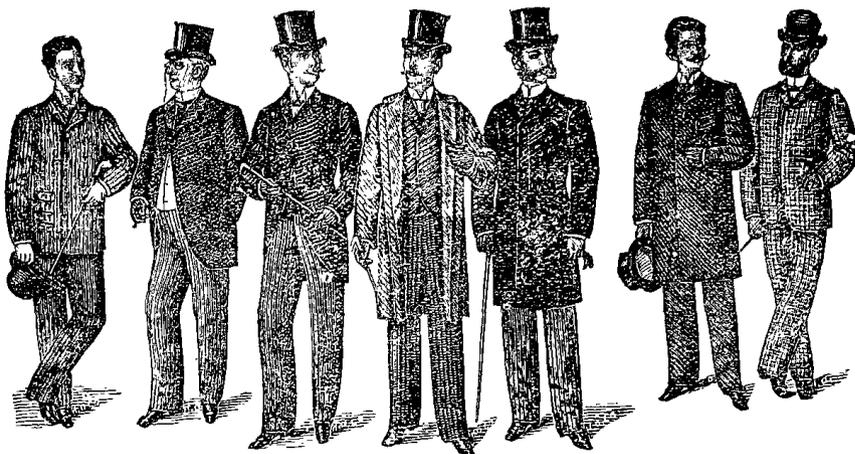
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 20, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Buckley still holds its own in the heart of the mighty forest. The columns of steam and smoke still roll up, and the wheels revolve, and the saw buzzes and eats into the vast masses of lumber, and yet the ranks of trees appear as giant and numberless as ever and toss against the sky with defiant arms. Millions of feet of lumber are shipped from here yearly, and though the hard times have pressed upon this forest village, yet it survives with undaunted front and looks to the future with hope. The big stumps are beginning to take a back seat, and the streets are passable. Many new buildings are being erected—halls, stores, and dwelling-houses—and it looks as if the genii of fortune were hovering over this busy frontier. When I first arrived the weather was dark and stormy, and only the black domain of the shaggy trees could be seen about the town, but as the clouds and mists roll away a beautiful prospect opens. Beyond the woods a chain of hills appear, and over them the massive and magnificent crown of Mt. Ranier. It is an imposing spectacle. It is like a dazzling cloud of snow which never fades from the horizon. In the evening especially it is wonderfully luminous, with resplendent color and towering face—an image of loveliness and sublimity against the glittering sky, a picture of infinite beauty.

I lectured on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights to fair audiences, but not so large as I expected. A ball on Friday night, a democratic meeting on Saturday night, and a storm on Sunday night made a combination that considerably diminished the numbers; but accidents will happen, and we made the best of the untoward circumstances and hope for better times. There is quite a Liberal element in Buckley, but many are indifferent and some are afraid. They are trying to build a church here, and thus put the seal of fashion upon religion. However, there is a progressive element here which is undaunted, and I think the flag will always be to the breeze whatever fortune comes.

On Tuesday night I go over to Burnett's Mine, where there is a new opening for the lecturer. It was a kind of a "trial trip" over there, and it resulted favorably. It was deep in the woods, and the only way to get there was to walk, and so after supper we started—Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, A. Wickersham, and myself—

going down the railroad a couple of miles and then off into the lofty woods, by a broad trail, to the village, which, with its white houses in the deep gorge, was shining in the evening light. At the foot of the hill from the forest glade stands a school-house, and here was given the first Freethought lecture in the place. It was well attended by the men of the place, half of whom were off duty, the rest being upon the night shift in the mine. The ladies of the village, however, were not present. They probably never attended an Infidel lecture, and did not know but that dynamite or otherwise might be in readiness for the occasion. I am satisfied that if I could have given a second lecture they would have come, but it was impossible this time to arrange for more than one lecture. This one, however, was a success, as five new subscribers were added to FREETHOUGHT and a number of books sold. The way is open, evidently, to good work in the future.

E. Skanser, of Buckley, was instrumental in getting up the lecture, advertising, etc., and our thanks are due him for his energetic efforts. C. H. Burnett, superintendent of the mines, and Mr. Sheppard, foreman, who introduced me at the lectures, deserve our regards also for their kindness and good fellowship in securing house, etc. These are on the roll of FREETHOUGHT; also John Westland, C. P. Larsen, and D. W. Watkins. Altogether, I enjoyed this opening into a new field, and hope to try it again. Just as the moon arises we plunge into the forest, the silver radiance penetrating the dark recesses with soft effulgence, the vast trunks overshadowing the pathway. When we strike the railroad the moonlight splendor is like a brilliant stream, flooding the track, and in this we walk to the red lights of Buckley and the glaring torches of the mills. It was a pleasant experience, but I was glad when the end of the journey was reached. Of course there is always a new method of traveling for the Secular Pilgrim, and this time I had to "hoof it," but I had splendid company.

Coke Ewing, the unswerving supporter of Freethought at this point, has been married since I was here, and has built an elegant little home. The golden wedding bells don't lose a bit of their music in this Liberal fireside. Here I have ample entertainment, and the week has gone by like a generous holiday, and I have enjoyed every minute of my stay. On Saturday—through the woods by the White River, as last year—I went to the cottage of Mrs. R. B. Ewing, with Mr. and Mrs. Coke Ewing, and in this happy forest sanctuary enjoyed the golden afternoon amidst the trees and flashing waters. Mrs. Ewing is still as animated as ever, with the spirit of all reform, and looks into the future "far as human eye can see."

Our veteran friend, B. F. Small, is on the sick list, but we "hope on, hope ever." He has struck many a good blow for Freethought. He was in the army of the republic in many severe battles, was wounded, and wears the honors of a soldier. He has been on the roll of the noble Investigator for thirty-three

years, and means to stay until he dies, and will obey the last bugle call. Mrs. Small is a comrade indeed, through good and ill fortune, and is entitled also to the badge of noble service.

The delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Miller has been open to the Pilgrim. A baby has been born, since I was here, in this household—the handsomest and jolliest of babies, drinking in the sunshine with the divine complacency of a god. Oh, what a heaven these little babies do have; and in the orthodox heaven they don't have any babies. Away with this heaven! It is not a fit place to live in. Give us a baby with its smiles and tears, and the angels and harps may go.

I spent an evening with A. Wickersham, the pioneer of this place, who came here seven years ago when Buckley was not even a dream. His homestead is right alongside the town, and is, indeed, a part of it. He has a family of ten children, I believe, and not any of them belong to the church. Mr. Wickersham is one of the foremost citizens of Buckley. He helped to build the first mill, and is engaged in other enterprises of importance. He is Freethought to the backbone.

Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Ballard are now located in Tacoma, and I have not had the privilege of meeting them this year.

I have had the pleasure of meeting D. L. Gill, of Wisconsin, a comrade of Geo. H. Dawes, the lecturer, in his old home. They can shake hands through FREETHOUGHT, via the Pilgrim.

E. VanAlstine is also one of our staunch supporters, and Freethought will never go back, with such generous comradeship.

Mark, who was with us at Burnett; August Johnson, Andrew Opdahl, Mr. Goss, and others, are on the broad platform of human rights, regardless of dogma.

I gave my closing lecture on Thursday night. All was well, and I leave Buckley with delightful recollections of its hospitable people, who are willing to be in the front without fear or favor.

Buckley is thirty miles east of Tacoma, on the Northern Pacific railroad. It is the center of the finest body of timber in Washington. Two years ago the site of Buckley was a half cultivated prairie. A side track was placed here for the convenience of a few farmers. A shingle-mill was built, other mills followed, and gradually the place was known. A station was erected, a post-office established, and the place was named after J. M. Buckley, of Tacoma. Within two years it has increased to one thousand inhabitants. It ships more freight than any other town between Tacoma and Spokane Falls. The timber consists of the best quality of fir, cedar, and spruce. The city lies half a mile from White River, which affords abundant water-power. Over one hundred thousand feet of lumber and two hundred and fifty thousand shingles are manufactured per day. The mills employ about three hundred men. The shingles find a market as far east as the Atlantic. The soil of the surrounding country is rich—adapted to fruit, as well as hay and grain, and vegetables of all kinds. Two and a half miles south-east from Buckley are the Burnett and Pittsburg coal mines, which employ about fourteen hundred men. In fact, Buckley is a pretty good place, and if any one wants to know more about one of the most thriving cities on the coast they can address Coke Ewing, of Buckley, Wash.

Puyallap—what shall I say of Puyallap? A more curious town I never struck. It is a kind of "mosaic" of nationalities.

"It is everything by fits and nothing long."

It is the centre of a big hop country, and just now they are congregating from all quarters for hop-picking. About a thou-

sand Indians, some of them all the way from Alaska, are on hand. The Chinese, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Russian, the Milesian, are all in the multitude. Besides, the best people of the "Yankees" go to hop-picking. It is a nice and pleasant way of earning some pocket money. It is, in fact, a genteel holiday, a fashionable occupation for all classes. The women are on an equality with men and get just the same wages, a dollar a box, and a good picker can earn from two to four dollars a day. They have jolly times, all picking together, laughing and talking and gossiping in the sunshine; little babies in their cradles; in fact, it is just simply a picnic, a splendid sociable affair. Whole families—men, women, and children—"pitch in" and earn enough during the hop season to last the whole year round. You might say that the hop season is the carnival of labor.

Hops are up this year—thirty-five cents, to seven cents last year—and this makes millions of dollars to this country, and everybody is happy. The harvest glory of the Pacific coast surpasses the whole world this time, and "takes the cake," and a most elegant plum cake it will be.

Well, I struck Puyallap Friday, Sept. 6, just as all this hulla-balloo of industry was under way, and there didn't seem to be much interest in Freethought lectures. Horse races, base ball games, and variety shows and free lunches at the saloons, had the "go." A. N. Miller, our champion here, did the best he could, and worked faithfully, but the wind and tide were against us. In fact, there is not much culture in Puyallap at the present time. It is a "hybrid" town—neither one thing nor another. It has a floating population immersed in business or sport. I went to the Unitarian church on Sunday morning. Only twenty were present, including two ministers. This shows the state of religious advancement in Puyallap. The minister, evidently a recent graduate from the seminary, took for his text, "The Bound Bear," a better text, perhaps, than the Bible could furnish. He referred to the bound bear of Tacoma. Of course the "bound bears" were the orthodox, but I fear the Unitarians are in the same fix. They are "bound." They are tied to a nicer and higher pole, and the fence includes a broader area, but they are inside the fence and not outside, and tread the same everlasting path of conformity. They wear the chains of gilded custom. Not one of the Unitarians attended my lectures. They seem to be as afraid of the Freethinker as the orthodox themselves, and don't want to get out of their comfortable prison-house. The "un-fenced" universe is not apparently their desire.

After all, I think that a good staunch orthodox is better than these half-way Christians, whose religion is simply sentimental gush without the strength of ancient dogma or the glory of Freethought.

However, I had more to my lectures, three to one, than the Unitarians did at their Sunday services, and that is some consolation, for misery loves company, they say, and one reformer in ill luck is cheered by the fact that it is the world that is to blame and not himself, seeing that other reformers have the same hard fortune.

I did not have over seventy-five at any of my lectures. Mr. Miller gave the use of his opera house—which has just been remodeled and furnished—for the lectures. The lectures were well advertised. However, as Mr. Miller says, we have done the best we could, and there is no use of fretting. I hope that a beginning has been made for something better in the future.

I made up for my lack of hearers by enjoying the hospitality of A. N. Miller. He has a delightful home on the outskirts of

the city; about fifty acres in hops, etc. Around his house is one of the finest orchards in the state, and I reveled in luscious peaches, apples, plums, prunes, etc. Miller came to this country thirty-one years ago, and is a "rustler." He was five years on the ocean before coming here. There were seven brothers in the family, and all have made a fortune of some kind, and although the orthodox father used to pray long and loud not one of the brothers is in the church to-day. Mr. Miller lost his wife, a noble woman, about six months ago. She died through her heroic care of the sick in her neighborhood. Mr. Miller has four children left, bright as the day and without the shadow of religion.

Saturday we drove to Tacoma. This is a wonderful city. If I had only bought a lot when I struck it four years ago I would be a rich man to-day. But I was much like the man who said that he could have bought the best lot in Chicago for a pair of old boots when he first came there. "Why didn't you buy it?" "Didn't have the old boots," was the reply. If the Secular Pilgrim had only a purse and scrip he would have a lot of chances to invest and become a millionaire. As it is, these golden streams shoot magnificently by him and he remains ashore, and must foot it and be amply satisfied if he can "foot his bills," also.

Tacoma has now thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and is booming. Apparently it has a solid growth. The railroads, the shops, the big mills, the vast elevators, the crowded wharfs attest a prosperous career. This will be a great commercial and manufacturing centre. It is a handsome place too, but, alas! the crowning edifice of its elegant blocks is the Methodist University. Religion, so far, has got the best of this place.

I was pleased to meet here Wm. H. Hunter, of Gig Harbor, who goes upon the roll of Freethought, an old-time Liberal.

I also met W. A. Ramsay, of Wisconsin, at Puyallup. He was at all the lectures, and became a subscriber. For years he has been a stalwart Liberal, and is a well-known reformer.

Bennett Carpenter is another whole-souled Liberal—a gray veteran with the spirit of youthful ardor—and he is also a dauntless comrade with us. I was glad, also, to make the acquaintance of W. Whitwell, of Portland, who is under our flag.

Mrs. F. Davidson, of Tacoma, niece of A. N. Miller, and her husband I was pleased to meet with. They are among our allies.

R. F. Little and C. E. Stream are also upon the roll of Freethought. I have met good friends here, though few, and don't feel discouraged. I guess the way will be clear in the "good time coming."

Mrs. D'Arcy, the post-mistress, is a Liberal-minded lady. An orthodox clergyman opposed her appointment on this account, and wrote a long letter to Wanamaker. The letter, however, came into the hands of Congressman Wilson, who sent a stinging reply to the clerical intermeddler. Mrs. D'Arcy received her appointment in spite of her "Ingersoll views," which she was not afraid to express. Congressman Wilson did the right thing in this matter, and the gentlemanly thing, and it is to his credit. Mrs. D'Arcy will perform the duties of her office just as well as an orthodox masculine. I have to report also, with satisfaction, that the officious clergyman was dismissed by his congregation.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THOMAS LEE, of Grass Valley, sent a fine box of peaches to the editor of FREETHOUGHT last week, and the latter hereby returns his thanks. A reputation for veracity which it has taken long years to acquire prevents the writer from making any public statement of the size of the fruit, which is both great and good.

TO THE SUPPORTERS OF FREETHOUGHT.

I was astonished to read in the last number of FREETHOUGHT the proposed resignation of Mr. Macdonald as editor of this paper; and yet knowing the bitter and tremendous difficulties in the way of Freethought work, it is not so strange after all that he should be compelled to take this step. It is simply a matter of self-preservation. For the last three months he has practically been working for nothing; and no man can do this for any length of time.

The situation confronts us, and the question arises, Are we to give up? Are we to let the labor of years amount to nothing? Is FREETHOUGHT to be a disheartening failure?

The work in itself for the last two or three years has been brilliantly successful. Nowhere in the world has the cause been so progressive as upon the Pacific coast. We simply lack the money to make a still greater success: but if the money does not come, then the work must stop and that is the end of the matter.

If Mr. Macdonald resigns the editorship for lack of support, then the paper goes to the wall. Its career is ended. The fortunes of the one are the fortunes of the other. No man can take his place. If the Liberals will not support him the cause will suffer a most disastrous defeat. It will be a burning shame to the Liberals of the coast if this is the result of his uniring and self-sacrificing labors.

It costs money to publish FREETHOUGHT. Let me state the facts. We started FREETHOUGHT with a few hundred dollars saved from the lecture field. All this money of my own has been sunk, and also the earnings in the lecture field for the first two years, making about \$2,500 solid cash that I individually have put into this enterprise, and which is gone beyond all hope of recovery. Out of my earnings; the first year I retained only seven dollars per week for my personal expenses, and the second year, ten dollars per week. All, over this, went into the publication of the paper. Mr. Macdonald, the first year, received only seven dollars per week, and the second year only ten dollars per week. The impression among some Liberals is that we are making money out of FREETHOUGHT. The fact is, that we have sunk time, work, and money to the extent of hundreds of dollars in this paper. For the last three years, I, a poor man, living on what I earn from day to day, have contributed \$2,500, clean cash to the cause, the only return for which will be the success of the cause. The money itself has gone to that bourne from whence no gold or greenbacks ever return. I am not one cent ahead after six years' work. If I should be sick for one month it would bank up me. I couldn't pay the doctor's bills, and if I died I couldn't pay my funeral expenses. It is absolute nonsense for a man to talk about making money in the Freethought work. It can't be done. It is a constant sacrifice. If I wanted to make money, Freethought would be the very last field I should think of entering.

Will those Liberals who are making money support those who devote themselves to Freethought with unselfish motives, who are willing to work for a bare living, because the work in itself to them is so noble and inspiring?

I can do no more for the support of the paper than what I have done. I have exhausted my utmost means. If Liberals, the friends of Freethought, will not come to the front, the paper must be suspended, and the work upon the Pacific coast be set back for one hundred years. Every Liberal in the country, who has a particle of enthusiasm, will feel the sad effects of this reverse.

Mr. Macdonald must be retained in the editorship of **FREETHOUGHT**. This is the vital point. If we succeed here, I think success is assured in all other things. If he could have his salary paid by a special subscription, I believe that the present income would pay the running expenses of the paper. The editor must be relieved from this pecuniary anxiety, worse almost than crucifixion—this keeping the wolf from the door. I know that he works from ten to fifteen hours a day, not only at writing, but at manual labor, for the sake of keeping the paper going.

The question of his retention must be settled first of all. We must keep him where he is; and then the rest will be triumphantly carried on. I propose, therefore, the following plan: That a Freethought Editorial Salary Fund be raised; this fund to be used specifically to pay the salary guaranteed by the directors, to the editor, about one-half what he would receive for the same services on an ordinary newspaper. All subscribed above this amount yearly, to be kept in the bank for a reserve fund to be used in future years for the same purpose.

Let there be a grand rally of the supporters of Freethought. Let each do the best he can as long as he lives, and as long as **FREETHOUGHT** lives.

I will agree to head the list. I will agree as long as I live and **FREETHOUGHT** lives, to pay \$50 yearly into the Editorial Salary Fund for the retention of Mr. Macdonald. I have to work hard in the sweat of my face for my daily bread, but I will give that much every year out of my earnings to keep Mr. Macdonald at his post.

If we settle this question, I believe all the other difficulties in the way of **FREETHOUGHT** will be met and overcome.

Are there not some well-to-do Liberals in the country who will pay as much as I into this Editorial Fund?

If one can't afford \$50, can't he afford \$25, or \$20, or \$10, or \$5, or \$1, or 50 cents? Don't be afraid to put in fifty cents if that is all one can afford. There are at least one thousand good solid friends of ours, who don't want this paper to go down. What will each of these give towards this fund. Answer at **FREETHOUGHT** office by return mail. Don't wait. Obey your first generous impulse. Think what you can afford a year to retain the present editor, and then give at once. If I give fifty dollars, can't you give something all the way from one dollar to fifty dollars? Just do your level best.

Christians pay \$10, \$50, \$100, and \$1000 every year to guarantee a salary of \$10,000 and \$20,000 to some popular preacher. Can't you help guarantee one thousand dollars to a Freethought editor who is doing more for the progress of Freethought than any clergyman in this land is doing for Christianity? Let us settle this question immediately, and then we will go on with renewed energy and courage. Yours hopefully and always,
Snohomish, Wash., Sept, 10, 1890. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE BIBLE AND JUSTICE.

It has often been said, remarks Thomas Paine, that anything may be proved from the Bible, but before anything can be admitted as proved by the Bible, the Bible itself must be proved to be true; for if the Bible be not true, or the truth of it be doubtful, it ceases to have authority, and cannot be admitted as proof of anything.

It has been the practice of all Christian commentators on the Bible, and of all Christian priests and preachers, to impose the Bible on the world as a mass of truth, and as the word of God; they have disputed and wrangled, and anathematized each other

about the supposable meaning of particular parts and passages therein; one has said and insisted that such a passage meant such a thing; another that it meant directly the contrary; and a third, that it means neither one nor the other, but something different from both; and this they call understanding the Bible.

Now instead of wasting their time, and heating themselves in fractious disputations about doctrinal points drawn from the Bible, these men ought to know, and if they do not, it is civility to inform them, that the first thing to be understood is, whether there is sufficient authority for believing the Bible to be the word of God, or whether there is not?

There are matters in that book, said to be done by the express command of God, that are as shocking to humanity, and to every idea we have of moral justice, as anything done by Robespierre, by Carrier, by Joseph le Bon, in France, by the English government in the East Indies, or by any other assassin in modern times. When we read in the books ascribed to Moses, Joshua, etc., that they (the Israelites) came by stealth upon whole nations of people, who, as the history itself shows, had given them no offense; that they put all those nations to the sword; that they spared neither age nor infancy; that they utterly destroyed men, women, and children; that they left not a soul to breathe; expressions that are repeated over and over again in those books, and that too with exulting ferocity; are we sure these things are facts? Are we sure that the creator of man commissioned these things to be done; are we sure that the books that tell us so were written by his authority?

It is not the antiquity of a tale that is any evidence of its truth; on the contrary, it is a symptom of its being fabulous; for the more ancient any history pretends to be, the more it has the resemblance of a fable. The origin of every nation is buried in fabulous tradition, and that of the Jews is as much to be suspected as any other. To charge the commission of acts upon the almighty, which in their own nature, and by every rule of moral justice, are crimes as all assassination is, and more especially the assassination of infants, is matter of serious concern. The Bible tells us that those assassinations were done by the express command of God. To believe, therefore, the Bible to be true, we must unbelieve all our belief in the moral justice of God; for wherein could crying or smiling infants offend? And to read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing, and benevolent in the heart of man. Speaking for myself, if I had no other evidence that the Bible was fabulous than the sacrifice I must make to believe it to be true, that alone would be sufficient to determine my choice.

THE LICK STATUARY.

The trustees of the James Lick trust have at length chosen a design for the monumental group of historical statuary to be placed in the city hall park; and they have selected it apparently with an eye single to its unfitness. The design is from a model by one Happersberger, and represents, among other things a Jesuit priest in the act of blessing a native Indian.

As is well known, James Lick was a Freethinker. He hated the church and despised the priests with all his heart. He contributed money to build Paine Hall in Boston, and the Memorial Building stands there on the Eastern shore to be for hundreds of years a monument to a pioneer of American liberty and to a pioneer of California enterprise. But right here in James Lick's old home, in the city he helped so much to build, and which re-

ceives the benefit of the greater part of his life's labors, we erect to perpetuate his memory the statue of a Catholic priest!

On the ground from which priests and ministers were to be forever excluded, the recreant trustees of Girard's estate in Philadelphia, with Girard's money, have erected an Episcopal chapel. With James Lick's money his unfaithful and unscrupulous stewards build a monument to Jesuitism. It was not enough that these trustees should for ten years draw their own support from money acquired by Lick, for that might be forgiven them, but they must place him forever before the world as a builder of memorials to the Catholic church. From San Francisco the trustees of the Lick estate can extend greeting to the executors of Girard's will. In the bonds of perfidy they are brothers.

MODESTY AT SACRAMENTO.

The managers of the art exhibit of the State Fair at Sacramento have gained unto themselves a large amount of notoriety by their rejection of a painting by Mrs. Addie Ballou of this city. The picture is entitled "Morning" and represents a female figure standing on a globe, with its weight on the toes of one foot, the lower limbs being crossed below the knee, the arms raised above the head, and the body bent slightly backward from the hips. Through inadvertence, or for some other good reason, Mrs. Ballou neglected to paint any drapery or clothing on her representation of the dawn; and that is what has shocked the committee who are unanimous in the opinion that the picture will not do.

Mrs. Ballou's effort was put away out of sight in a closet, but a reporter of the Sacramento "Bee" heard about it, an artist copied it, and the paper published it as an engraving. The management of the "Bee" went farther, and asked the citizens of Sacramento to vote on the question whether the picture was fit for exhibition. At last accounts the balloting was eight to one in favor of giving "Morning" a show.

The result of the voting may be to replace the picture on exhibition, or it may not; but the unseemly prudery of the committee has given "Morning" a splendid advertisement, which we hope may result in bring Mrs. Ballou a good price for her work.

THE BARRY CONTEMPT CASE.

Some time ago Mr. James H. Barry, publisher of the San Francisco "Weekly Star," charged that Superior Judge Lawler had deliberately and knowingly falsified the law, in a certain case, with an intentional denial of justice. This was rather strong language, but if true Mr. Barry was justified in using it; and if untrue, the use of it merited condign punishment. As we understand the matter, Mr. Barry made his charges with the expectation, and even the hope, of being called upon to prove them in a suit for criminal libel; but in this he was thwarted, as Judge Lawler had him arrested for contempt of court, and the case was never tried. The judges acted as accusers, jury, and prosecutors, with the result that Mr. Barry was sentenced to five days' imprisonment in the county jail and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. By the processes known to lawyers the accused was liberated on bail or otherwise, and demanded a trial by jury. The case went to the supreme court, which has lately handed down a decision denying Mr. Barry's right to a jury trial, and affirming the former sentence; and, at this writing, Mr. Barry is in jail serving out the original sentence.

Far be it from the ordinary layman to discuss the question whether or not the judges have acted legally in this case; possi-

bly they have; but if so, the law, so far as getting at the truth is concerned, is a failure. If a citizen may not censure or condemn a public official because that official happens to be a judge, and if a judge is *ex officio* above criticism, then we have a class of men administering the laws to which they are not themselves amenable, and which they cannot be held responsible for violating.

The complaint is based on the ground that Mr. Barry's attack on Judge Lawler was made when the case was still pending, which, it is held, constitutes contempt of court by interfering with the administration of justice; but if it was known that the judge was unjust, it is hard to see how the cause of justice could suffer from the fact being made known. And if any citizen by watching the proceedings of a court becomes convinced that wrong is being done, what better time could there be to expose it than while the case is pending and before the injustice is consummated? There is a popular fiction that the courts represent the people, the language of the indictment being "The People vs. So and So;" but it appears that when the people delegate the function of adjudication to a judge, they delegate also their right to further discuss the subject. As the Barry case now stands, the "trial" has been had, and sentence administered, and the people have had no opportunity to find out whether Barry's charges are true or false, and never will have. This may be good law. Indeed, considering the absurdity of it, we do not really see how it could be otherwise.

MEN of means who during their life are accustomed to contribute to the maintenance of Freethought should make provision that at least a portion of what they leave behind should be devoted to the same end. We are reminded of this by the death of a subscriber and well-wisher, Charles H. Dewey, of Omaha. Mr. Dewey died in the latter part of August, and almost before his flesh was cold—even before the news of his death had reached us—came an order from the widow that FREETHOUGHT should be discontinued at once. A man's opinions, if they differ from those of his survivors, stand not the slightest chance of being respected after death robs him of the ability to maintain them. The lesson obviously is that these children of the brain should be provided for by setting apart something for their maintenance.

JUDGE SOLOMON HEYDENFELDT, who died in this city last Monday, was one of the kindest, noblest, and best of men—a man loved and respected by all who knew him. Though without the largest means, he was generous to a fault, and the Freethought movement, and especially this paper, owes him much. As these old pioneers pass away one by one, it seems that we look almost in vain for men to take their places in upholding the cause of Liberalism.

GENERAL BOOTH of the Salvation Army is to start a matrimonial bureau for the purpose of providing the Australian colonists with wives. The colonists would do well not to marry too hastily some of the women who have belonged to General Booth's brigade. If the London army resembles the San Francisco and Oakland armies, it has many female members who could be deported to the great advantage of their reputations.

THE Unitarian and the Methodist ministers of the coast have both been holding conferences within the past few days, the former at San Francisco, the latter at Pacific Grove. In one sense the Unitarian conference must have been the pleasanter,

if not the more exciting gathering. The attendants did not have to try one of their number on the charge of immoral conduct.

WE go to press early enough to announce that the Free Press Association has called a mass meeting at the Metropolitan Temple, Friday evening, September 19, "to obtain an expression of public opinion on the condition of the law of California in reference to contempt of court." The case of Mr. James Barry will be one of the subjects of discussion.

SECRETARY WINDOM is moving in the direction of relieving the financial stringency under which the country suffers. The people at large have long desired him to do this, and he declined; but now that Wall street and the capitalists begin to feel the pressure he is more complaisant.

THE debate between W. F. Jamieson and Rev. T. L. Nichols will take place in Kasson, Minn., commencing September 25, and continuing eight nights. The substance of the questions to be debated is, "Is the Bible good?" and "Is the New Testament all right?"

A SUBSCRIBER at Sacramento remits \$2.70 to balance his account, but he does not send his name. If this falls under his eye he will please let us hear from him. The postal order bears date of September 15.

MR. MENDUM, of the Boston "Investigator," is sustaining poor health, but it is cheering to know that, at the age of eighty, he is holding his own with the promise of recovery.

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Putnam has written an appeal to the supporters of FREETHOUGHT in which my name is used with more or less frequency. At first sight I did not like his proposition, and regretted that he had made it; but upon further study I have concluded to accept the proposition and confine myself to regretting the necessity for it. Being easily embarrassed, I could wish, however, that in compliance with parliamentary usage, somebody else might take the chair while they are discussing me; but if that is not practicable, let the proceedings go on. I am influenced to submit to the embarrassment not so much on my own account as on account of the work with which I have now become so entangled that my withdrawal might ravel the whole web. I have to-day received a letter from a man who practices the cheerful habit of contributing from one hundred dollars upward to the Liberal cause every year. He says: "If you are permitted to resign I certainly shall withhold further support from FREETHOUGHT. On the contrary, if you stay, I will promise twenty dollars annually toward your salary. Inclosed find draft for first installment (\$20). Moreover, if you will give me the names of say a hundred of your best supporters, I think there will be no difficulty in putting you on an independent footing."

Other letters of a similar tenor lead me to think that there may be a certain relation between the work I am doing on this paper and the degree of acceptability to which it has attained. If such is the verdict, let it stand.

Here is a novel view which a correspondent takes of the matter. I had not previously thought of it. The correspondent says:

"I do not think the subscribers are dissatisfied with your work. They seem to like it so well that they would rather get it without paying for it than not to have it at all. No tribute could be more flattering."

I trust I am not expected to print all the kind words sent to me during the past week, although some of them are worthy of being framed. I prefer that Mr. Putnam's proposition, if it is to be carried out, should go with as little excitement as possible. To be the object of a subscription, without being sick, indigent, superannuated, or in jail, is a position I have not sought; so that

the less conspicuously I am made to appear in it, the better it will fit me.

The point of Brother Haelke's criticism last week of something I have written is blunted by the fact that the matter to which he takes exception was not put forth as expressing my own views but the views of certain "newer light of social and political economy," of whom I do not profess to be one. The thinkers on all subjects are apt to uncover ideas which startle the most of us, but the robust mind soon resumes its balance. There are always problems before us for solution, always difficulties to meet, obstacles to overcome, misfits to adjust. Somebody has made the proposition that marriage is a failure, and, looking about us, we perceive that in some instances the statement is true, and the question how to make it a success immediately confronts us. To say that the motion to discuss marriage laws or their abolition is out of order, and unfit for publication in a Freethought paper, leaves the question exactly where it was before; and I cannot discern how any problem can be solved by avoiding it. If in the opinion of some our marriage laws are so perfect as to be incapable of improvement, then those holding that view will of course regard all discussion of them as a waste of time; but why should such discussion, if conducted courteously, be condemned as indecent? Why should our wives and daughters, whose interest this question touches so deeply, be debarred from its consideration? If we must keep our wives and daughters virtuous through force, and true through ignorance, we might as well lock them up in a harem with a eunuch at the door, after the manner of the Turks. Unfortunately it has been discovered that men and women cannot be made good by an act of the legislature; and, most fortunately, it has also been discovered that men and women will be good and true and virtuous whether the law commands them to be or not. In this last consideration lies the hope of the race, as I see it.

I know not what Brother Haelke's object may have been in placing FREETHOUGHT by implication in so unpopular a position. Possibly he wished to inaugurate a discussion of the marriage question, but if so, he must conduct both sides of it or find some one else than myself for an opponent.

A year or so ago a substantial-looking gentleman of advanced years and the physical build of Putnam came up to the office of FREETHOUGHT on Kearny street and handed me his card and twenty dollars in gold. Said he, "I want you to move your quarters down on the ground floor. I am going to bring you twenty dollars every year while you run this paper, and I am getting too old to climb stairs." He had the kindest face I ever saw on a man. He would accept no thanks for his gift, as he maintained that he was doing himself a favor as much as anybody else in helping along the business. He would not stop to talk, but just hurried in with his little complaint about the stairs, and then hurried out with his smiles and good wishes. His card bore only the words "S. Heydenfeldt." Later on he sent his check for another generous gift, but he never tried to climb the stairs again. For all purposes of Liberal work his purse was open, and he averred that only his lack of vigor prevented him from attending the meetings of the Freethought Society. He was a splendid man. Nearly everybody knew him, and all praised him. That he is dead is an occasion for sorrow, but the misfortune of his death serves to reawaken gratitude for the fact that he lived so long.

From unexpected sources sometimes come testimonials as gratifying as those we are naturally looking for. A resident of Napa, not an unbeliever, writes:

"My views are not in accord with the faith or lack of faith expressed in your editorial columns, being a firm believer in the immortality of the soul; yet I fully appreciate the just criticisms, and the happy hits made by some member of your staff in dealing with orthodox absurdities. The wit of the writer referred to is bright as an electric light and cuts like a blade of steel. His apology for the Rev. Dr. Stratton, of "telephone" memory, is worth a French dinner, which shall be accorded him should I ever be so fortunate as to know him personally. I inclose express order for \$4.

The acknowledgment of FREETHOUGHT's services in clearing

away the cloud which temporarily overshadowed the reputation of Dr. Stratton comes late, but it is better late than subsequently. Better still, though, if it had emanated from the reverend gentleman himself. I should be glad to receive a communication from Dr. Stratton any time, whether he is prepared to remit anything or not. Several persons have asked me who was doing the kissing now at Mills Seminary since he resigned that duty, and I have not been able to tell them.

Mariner Purdy, of the U. S. receiving ship "Independence," left at this office last week a large pattern of the kind of blankets manufactured by the people of Samoa. It is a fabric resembling cloth and paper to about an equal extent. One side looks like the bark of a tree, while the other side was originally white, but has been laboriously striped and checkered in black by some native artist. Mr. Purdy also brought some photographs of Samoan beauties, taken in their usual costume, which consists not so much of raiment as of innocence and an untutored mind.

This is from "Liberty."

The editor of FREETHOUGHT says: "I have come to the conclusion that we should be cautious about resisting by force anything that is not imposed by force." In other words, Mr. George Macdonald has come to the conclusion that the wisest philosophy is the Anarchistic philosophy.

I congratulate the Anarchists on having so good a philosophy, and I trust that hereafter they will kindly regard me as one of them, at least so far as my qualifications will permit them to do so. I would not be willing to at once declare myself an Anarchist, with all that the name implies, but ask merely to be accepted on probation. Some people have a tendency to label themselves Anarchists, when they are really nothing of the sort, as Mr. Tucker has often pointed out. Indeed, it is Mr. Tucker's severity with these people that gives me pause. I know of progressive writers who have said one thing after another casually that pleased Comrade Tucker, and he quoted them in "Liberty." Emboldened by his approval they have called themselves Anarchists and attempted to set forth the Anarchistic philosophy. Here was where they fell down, and Comrade Tucker cantered over them lengthways. When they were permitted to arise they apologized to the editor of "Liberty," and, expectorating upon their palms, grappled again the great problems of political economy. I prefer to remain unlabeled, because if I were to mark myself an Anarchist, and at some future time Mr. Tucker should make it appear that I was something else, I should have to take the label off and store it away with the photographs taken when I wore whiskers, which are now no longer useful for purposes of identification. Meanwhile I shall continue to make observations of things as I see them, and shall not be disturbed if Anarchists or other good people discover that they agree with me.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The contempt case against James H. Barry, editor of the Weekly Star, has been decided adversely to the defendant, and last Saturday Mr. Barry surrendered himself to the authorities and began the serving out of his five days' sentence in the county jail.—The warehouse of the Milling Company at Fresno burned last Sunday, destroying 45,000 sacks of grain, and involving a loss of nearly \$90,000.—The Pacific Unitarian Conference opened in this city Sunday last, closing on Thursday. It was well attended, and many interesting and Liberal papers were read.—A San Francisco adventuress by personating a woman of property has just secured from a well-known real-estate dealer a loan of \$8,000 on property which she never owned. Woman and money have disappeared and no one knows where to find them.—Capt. Jack Williams swam the bay from Oakland to San Francisco last Sunday. The distance is said to be eight miles, which the swimmer covered in three hours and ten minutes.—Ex-Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt, an old and respected citizen of San Francisco, and a strong supporter of Liberalism, died at his home on Post street last Monday morning. He was 74 years of age.—The Jews are now celebrating their new year's. According to Jewish chronology

we are now living in the year of the world 5651.—The Republicans of California opened their campaign last Saturday evening with a public meeting addressed by Colonel Markham, candidate for governor. There were also meetings at other places in the state.—There was a marked decrease in San Francisco's death rate last week. The total number of deaths was 106 against 117 for the corresponding week of 1889. Consumption is on the decline owing to the smaller number of people suffering from that disease who come hither from the East for cure.—There were no accidents to life or limb reported during the recent celebration in this city, and few robberies, the latter exemption being due to the fact that the chief of police locked up all the known pickpockets who showed themselves while the festivities were in progress.—California has thrown a bomb among the World's Fair commissioners by protesting against the placing of the agricultural exhibit at a distance from the main part of the exposition. Such a course, the California members hold, would place the state at a disadvantage.—Part of the business of the Methodist conference at Pacific Grove, Cal., was to examine charges of immoral conduct against the Rev. L. W. Simmons. The matter was referred to a committee. The financiers in the East say that a financial panic is imminent, and Windom, secretary of the U. S. treasury, is taking steps to avert it by buying up bonds.—Robert Ray Hamilton, of New York, the young society man who created a great scandal by marrying an adventuress a year or so ago, was drowned in a mountain stream in Montana a few weeks since and his body has just been recovered.—Gen. J. S. Crocker, executioner of Guiteau, Garfield's assassin, died at Washington on Sunday last.—Prince George of Wales, who is now visiting Montreal, Canada, would pass for a tough in this country. He got into a street fight one night last week and was arrested by the police.—The population of Nevada has decreased nearly 18,000 during the past ten years.—The Senate has passed the Tariff bill by a vote of 40 to 29.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is to build a new tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., at once. It will cost more than half a million dollars, which Talmage has succeeded in borrowing.

Imagine a vast concourse of uncultured, brutal, and ignorant men. Among them is one only with nobility and intellectuality. The masses spoken of are all worshipers. One is not. Who is the Atheist? (This is not meant to imply that, because all ignorant men are worshipers, all worshipers are ignorant.)

There is no specific "Christian civilization." What is specially and exclusively Christian does not civilize, does not conduce to education, reform, morals. It is only a distinctly universal and general education in morals, the sciences, arts, and philosophy that produces practical results in civilizing the world. All that is good, moral, beautiful, and practical in Christianity is universal, and as an educational factor exists independently of it, and so existed ages before the Christian era. It is only the unscientific—myth, miracle, and fable—that is specifically Christian.

The universality of the god-idea is one of the favorite points made use of by the church in support of this notion. But if the Christian insists (as he does) that the Hindoo, Chinese, Mohammedan, Indian, and Hottentot gods are all false gods, and his alone the only true God, how can the false belief of the heathen tend to prove the existence of his god? And if Beecher's, Sayage's, or Swing's god does not prove the existence of the heathen's god, how can the latter's god prove the existence of the former's? And if the belief of each does not tend to prove the truth of that of the other, how, in the name of reason, can their several opposing beliefs prove their general belief?—WETTSTEIN.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Scappoose, Or.....	Sept. 18, 19	New Era, Or.....	Sept. 26
Carleton, Or.....	Sept. 20, 21	Molalla, Or.....	Sept. 27, 28
Canby, Or.....	Sept. 22	Summerville, Or (debate)	Oct. 1-6
Walla Walla, Wash.....	Oct. 8, 9	Butteville, Or.....	Sept. 23, 24
Portland Convention, Oct.	11, 12, 13	Wilsonville, Or.....	Sept. 25

HAS CHRISTIANITY BENEFITED WOMAN?

BY PROF. GEO. H. DAWES.

II.

If this is not sufficient to prove that God countenanced polygamy, and that David was only punished for his crime against Uriah, a passage from 1 Kings xv, verse 5, will no doubt be conclusive: "Because David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from anything that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite." Solomon was another of God's favorites, and yet had a harem of a thousand wives and concubines. So much did God think of David and Solomon that he declared, in 1 Kings, chapter ii, verse 45, "that the throne of David should be established forever."

Christian apologists say that God had to countenance many of the vices of the Jews; that the Jews were such a stiff-necked and barbarous people that God could not command them to desist from all their evil practice at once, that had he done so they would have rebelled and gone farther into barbarism; that God was obliged to lead them gradually in order to civilize them. What a miserable excuse for an omnipotent God! The infinite ruler of the universe is obliged to countenance such vices as polygamy and concubinage in order to control his chosen people! God could harden and soften the heart of Pharaoh at his pleasure; why could he not do the same with the Jews? Why not have made mankind better anyway? Man was made bad and governed worse, and Jehovah not being able to manage all the people, he takes this one tribe under his especial care, and leaves the rest of mankind to take care of themselves, and many nations worked out a far nobler and grander civilization than the Jews ever attained. If polygamy and concubinage were displeasing to the Lord, he might have said something about the sacredness of the family ties and the equality of the sexes. Amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai he might have declared that the husband should have but one wife, and the wife but one husband. But instead of this he sustains the barbarism in his prejudices, and fortifies the heathen in his crimes. If Jehovah was really desirous of civilizing the Jews, instead of being so precise about the fashioning of candle-sticks, the killing of goats, and the dyeing of ram-skins red, he might have said that the master should not hold his maid servant in concubinage, that a man should not sell his daughter, nor take to himself more than one wife. He might at least have hinted to Moses that he had not shown the highest respect to the weaker sex when he ordered several thousand captive maidens over to the lusts of brutal soldiers and licentious priests. Omnipotence certainly ought to have been able to have said something that would have bettered the condition of wife and mother. But if we read the Bible with an unbiased mind, we will see that it simply represents the civilization of the Jews; that the Jews simply put into the mouth of their God, those habits, customs, and laws they believed to be right; or, in other words, we find that Jehovah had all the vices and prejudices of the Jews.

Of all the passages of the Bible that treat woman with contempt and disrespect, the twelfth chapter of Leviticus caps the climax. Here Jehovah declares motherhood a sin. The mother that has given birth to a son is unclean for forty days, and if she give birth to a daughter she is unclean for eighty days. During the days of her "purifying" she is unfit to enter a synagogue, and to add insult to injury, she must take a sin offering to a priest and he must offer it as an atonement for her transgression. If there is anything that thrills the husband's heart with tender emotions, that fills his soul with love and adoration for the female sex, it is a pure and lovely mother clasping to her breast her darling offspring. But upon this loveliest of objects, Jehovah looks with supercilious contempt. He pronounces her unholiness and unclean. But why must her days of purifying be twice as long for a daughter as for a son? This simply shows the low estimate of the female child, and because the daughter will in her turn become a mother. Such a law as this, whether it comes from gods or devils, from heaven or hell, from the throne of the most high, or from the lowest sinks of perdition—it is savagery pure and simple, and it ought to consign to eternal oblivion the

god that is said to have inspired it, the book that contains it, and the church that indorses it.

The Christian here tells us that the old Mosaic laws were done away in Christ; that the Old Testament laws are abrogated. Be this as it may, they show the barbarism of the times, and if the Jewish Jehovah inspired the writing of them he was a devil instead of a god. Whether we are subject to the laws of Moses or not, they have influenced Christendom in our own times to such an extent that by some people it is yet considered that motherhood is a curse pronounced upon woman because of her sin in Eden, and it is therefore an impious act—an attempt to thwart the will of God—if the pains of the mother are relieved during parturition, and we must judge of these teachings by their influence. And it is but recently, and now only by the more liberal, that Christians consider themselves not bound by the Old Testament. But when we examine the New Testament we find the same ideas everywhere prevailing, that woman is in every respect inferior to man, and the apostolic writings tend to subjugate and degrade her.

1 Cor., chapter ii, verses 8 and 9, says: "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man; neither was man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." 1 Cor., chapter xiv, verses 34 and 35, again says: "Let the women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

A woman is here commanded to keep silence, and if she wishes to learn anything, let her ask her husband at home. But suppose she is so unfortunate as to have no husband, or suppose her husband is a dunce as many husbands are, then the woman must either remain an ignoramus, or violate this plain injunction of scripture.

Ephesians v, 22, 23, 24, says: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church, and he is the savior of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." The wife, then, is to be subject to her husband as the church is to Christ; or the husband is as much superior to the wife as Christ is to the church. Does this declare the equality of the sexes?

First Epistle to Timothy ii, 11-15, says: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in child bearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." Here again a woman is commanded to say nothing, and if she ventures to teach she violates the commandment; and if the doctrines of the church be true she will suffer eternal torment for her temerity. But the strangest part of it is that man is superior to woman because he was first made. If this kind of logic be sound, if this reasoning be correct, then the necessary inference is that the oyster is superior to man because it had an existence before man. And Adam was not deceived, and consequently was not in the transgression, but Eve, being deceived, was in the transgression; or, in other words, if you sin knowingly, as Adam did, you are to be judged innocent; but if you are deceived into sinning, as this text plainly declares Eve was, then you are to be judged guilty. Remarkable jurisprudence to come directly from the throne of infinite wisdom! And the abominable dogma is again brought forth that for woman's sin in Eden she is to be forever subject to her husband, and he is to rule over her.

But we find woman in the pagan countries of Egypt, Greece, and Rome not only regarded with that respect and adoration due the weaker sex, but having the opportunity of reaching the highest pinnacle of fame. Minerva occupied as exalted a place in the hearts of these pagans as Hercules. With them woman was considered the social and intellectual equal of man; and instead of motherhood being a curse, the mother was considered the highest type of womanhood. Before Christ was born women

sat upon the Egyptian throne. The education and the religion of that country were largely in the hands of women. Sibyls or fortune-tellers wrote the Book of Fate. Hundreds of years before the Christian era women had been accorded as high places as the intellectual arena afforded. Sappho flourished 600 B.C., and so highly were her intellectual endowments considered that Plato assigned her the honors of sage and poet, and familiarly entitled her the "tenth muse." Women occupied places in the philosophical schools and lectured on literary and scientific subjects, the last representative of which was the ill-fated Hypatia, who was murdered by St. Cyril and his mob of Christians at Alexandria A.D. 414.

It is true that in early times women had been subject to barter and sale between their male relations according to barbaric customs. "But the Roman (pagan) law having assumed on the theory of natural law the equality of the sexes, control of the persons of women was quite obsolete when Christianity was born. Her situation had become one of great personal liberty and proprietary independence, even when married, and the arbitrary power over her of her male relations was reduced to a nullity, while the form of marriage conferred on the husband no superiority." Thus as a daughter and a wife woman had grown to be honored and recognized as an equal with the son and husband under pagan law.

Sir Henry Maine, speaking of this great liberty of the pagan women, says: "Christianity tended from the very first to narrow this remarkable liberty. No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law. The expositors of the canon law have deeply injured civilization. There are many vestiges of a struggle between the secular and ecclesiastical principles, but the canon nearly everywhere prevailed. In some of the French provinces, married women of rank below nobility obtained all the power of dealing with property which Roman jurisprudence had allowed, and this local law has been largely followed by the code Napoleon. The systems, however, which are least indulgent to married women are invariably those which have followed the canon law exclusively, or those which from the lateness of their contact with European civilization have never had their archaisms weeded out."

When Christianity came into power in the Roman world, Maine says, "again began the sale of women. Christianity held her as unclean and in all respects inferior to man, and during the era that begins modern history the women of dominant races are seen everywhere under various forms of archaic guardianship, and the husband pays a money price for her." Unlike the polygamist practices of Bible characters, and as was the custom of the early Christians, the pagans of Greece and Rome strictly enjoined monogamy, and to them we are indebted for our system of monogamy, and not, as we have been taught, to the teachings of the Bible. Lecky says, in his "European Morals:" "The Roman (pagan) religion was essentially domestic, and it was a main object of the legislator to surround marriage with every circumstance of dignity and solemnity. Monogamy was from the earliest times strictly enjoined, and it was one of the great benefits that have resulted from the expansion of Roman power that it made this type dominant in Europe. In the legends of early Rome we have ample evidence of the high moral estimate of women and their prominence in Roman life. The tragedies of Lucretia and Virginia display a delicacy of honor, a sense of the supreme excellence of unsullied purity, which no Christian nation could surpass."

PORTLAND NOTES.

Liberal Friends: The time has come when I must ask all who are able and willing to send in their contributions to carry on the next convention. Remember a request last year similar to this brought in five hundred and sixty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. I feel that you are just as noble and generous now as then. With my inexperience I made you as good a convention as I could. This time the effort will be more systematic and our demands will be presented to the next legislature for legal enactment. If necessary I will go in person and see to it.

Our talent has increased and new and powerful speakers will

appear on our platform. The following telegram has been received:

PITTSFIELD, ME., Sept. 8, 1890.

To C. Beal, Pres. Secular Union: I will be at your congress; advertise as you please.

ALONZO T. JONES.

John E. Remsburg, the philosopher, thinker, and patriot, will be with us.

Moses Hull, of Chicago, the hero of a hundred debates, will give us one of his mighty efforts. It is said that he knows more about the tariff question than any man in America and will probably make a canvass of Oregon against that and other measures. His friends here say that hundreds will come to hear him at the convention.

Judge Waite, of Chicago, Charles Bradlaugh, of the British parliament, and Colonel Ingersoll have not yet sent in their answers. Ex-Chief Justice Cole, of Iowa, who was twelve years on the supreme bench, has promised me personally to be here if possible. It was he who induced General Grant to urge through his message the total separation of church and state.

Below is a letter from the Hon. Robert A. Miller, who was a candidate for Congress against Burger Herman. When Herman is sent to the United States Senate or elected vice-president, then Robert, although a young man, will go to Congress, all of which will soon be the good luck of these liberal-minded men.

C. BEAL.

JACKSONVILLE, OR., Sept. 1, 1890.

C. BEAL, ESQ, My Dear Sir: Your letter of recent date at hand. My numerous business engagements will prevent my attendance at your meeting on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of October. If possible I will be with you for a day at least, but it would not be safe to count on me as one of the speakers. You know that I am in sympathy with all lovers of liberty, whether it be of the person or of the intellect, and if possible I would strike every fetter from the body and the soul and the mind and the heart of humanity.

Wishing you a pleasant and profitable meeting, I am very truly yours,

ROBERT A. MILLER.

HOW MOSES HARMAN WAS LIBERATED.

In "Lucifer" dated August 29, though in fact printed several days later, appears an editorial by Mr. Moses Harman, headed "Home Again," and announcing to his friends that he was released from the Kansas state prison on Saturday, August 30, after just seventeen weeks incarceration there. This release, he explains, is the result of an order for a new trial, on a "writ of error" obtained by Mr. David Overmeyer, his attorney. Mr. Harman was discharged by an order from Judge Caldwell, of the United States circuit court, under bonds of five thousand dollars for his appearance for another hearing or new trial in November. In fact the execution of sentence is "stayed" for the present, and the editor is to be enabled to try his case again under circumstances that must in any event be more favorable to him than those of the first trial.

The misfortunes, mistakes, and outrages of the first trial are sufficiently fresh in the minds of readers of Liberal papers, but there are some things which it is now time to tell concerning the efforts of Mr. Harman's friends to effect his release. Two methods were put in operation, though they were apparently inconsistent, or at least seemed to bear no relation one to the other. Petitions for pardon were circulated, and presented, while at the same time Mr. Overmeyer was moving the usual processes of law to obtain a new trial.

The mills of government grind slowly, especially during the summer season, when every official must have his days or weeks of vacation, and to those who knew just what was being done it seemed a neck-and-neck race of the two plans, with little choice between them; but the "writ of error" has won, and we all rejoice, as the object was not the success of any particular method, but the accomplishment of the release of our man.

Those who helped the petition plan will be interested to know that Mr. M. M. Pomeroy obtained an interview with President Harrison and Attorney-General Miller in behalf of Mr. Harman

on July 29; that he then presented verbal and written arguments and "brief" showing cause why Mr. Harman had been improperly convicted and imprisoned, together with a petition "of the vicinage" numbering nearly three hundred names of the business men of Valley Falls (about five-sixths of that class), and that on August 9 a roll of over seven thousand names, two hundred feet long, was forwarded to Washington and its receipt acknowledged by the department. Many petitions have been sent direct, and rumor says there have been enough to occasion remark in the White House that Mr. Harman had a good many friends in a great many places. Quite a number of petitions have come to hand since the large roll was sent in, so that one who is in a position to know has not the slightest doubt that over ten thousand names have been signed to Harman petitions. I was about to make another roll when the news came of Mr. Harman's release by due process of law, and it therefore hardly seems to be "timely" now to send in more pardon petitions. We may conclude either that the two methods have worked together for good, that the department of justice in Washington has favored and helped to make possible the new trial, or that now that there is to be a new trial the president and his advisers will consider it expedient to postpone further consideration of the policy of pardon until the regular court proceedings shall have been concluded.

Those who have spent time on petitions need not regret it, for this work has certainly been of great utility in forwarding the cause, giving publicity to the issue at stake and arousing sentiment favorable to liberty of press, while it is also quite possible that it has had much to do with getting the opportunity for new trial: and now let us work to insure against mistakes in the next trial. We have always recognized that as to the merits of the case, the matter under indictment, and the character and standing of the accused, we never had a better case in which to strive for the right to publish and mail proper discussions on social questions involving the relations of the sexes in general and in marriage in particular. We can hardly expect to have a better case to go before a jury with and argue on its merits.

It is now a good time to recall the fact that one great reason why our opportunities for a fair hearing of this case were utterly lost in the first trial was because Mr. Harman was so short of ready means as to feel under the necessity of economizing when it was very unsafe so to do. We do not mean to ignore other reasons, nor in the light of the past could we put forth the notion that it might have been possible to have had a fair trial before Judge Foster with any amount of financial support that it might have been possible to supply to Mr. Harman, but Judge Caldwell is credited with possessing a judicial spirit, and a respect for his court that will make impossible any such prostitution of it as occurred when Judge Foster disgracefully insulted his victim while sentencing him to five years' imprisonment. With Judge Caldwell on the bench and Mr. Overmeyer attending to Mr. Harman's and other interests we may take new hope and work with fresh courage for the cause of liberty and justice.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

DEATH OF JUDGE HEYDENFELDT.

Ex-Judge Solomon Heydenfeldt, the pioneer, the jurist, and the Freethinker, died in this city Monday morning, September 15. His death is the cause of universal mourning among those who knew him.

Judge Heydenfeldt was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1816—had he lived till Tuesday he would have been seventy-four years old. He was first sent to a Pennsylvania college, where he studied Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but never graduated. Returning to Charleston he studied law under De Saussiere, son of the great South Carolina chancellor. When twenty-one years old he moved to Alabama, where he was admitted to the bar. He remained there thirteen years, and then started for San Francisco in the spring of 1850, and at once took a place in the leading rank of attorneys. He was elected judge of the state supreme court in the fall of 1851, but resigned after five years' service because the salary was not sufficient to provide for himself and family. When the test oath was adopted by the legisla-

ture he, in company with Gregory Yale, E. J. Pringle, and other lawyers of Southern birth, felt that he could not subscribe to it. He therefore ceased active practice and took up that branch of the profession for which his legal learning especially fitted him—that of advisory counsel. This formed the feature of his work up to the date of his death.

He shares with Felix Adler, of New York, in the fatherhood of the free kindergarten movement in this country. He, with Julius Jacobs and another gentleman, called the first meeting for establishing a free kindergarten in San Francisco. He has long been president of the Pioneer Kindergarten.

He leaves a large amount of property. There are three sons, Solomon Heydenfeldt, Jr., Frederick O., and Thomas.

Upon learning of the death of Judge Heydenfeldt Monday morning, Judge Wallace said from the bench:

"Judge Heydenfeldt was in some respects the most notable man of our time. He was one of the Julius Cæsar type of men—one who 'held on his rank unshaken of motion.' He was in absolute mental self-poise. His intellect was of the purest mold fixed upon a granite pedestal—truth. His intellectual integrity was exceptional. His analysis of a subject in hand was unsparing: it moved upon a straight and unobstructed pathway and was never impeded by the obstacles which so often led others astray.

"More than thirty years have passed since his judicial career terminated—all the bench and most of the bar of the day having preceded him to the grave. Only a few of us remain, but during all this time it has been a delight to recur to what he was, what he did as a judge. Much of this is, of course, to be seen in the official records of the court—its printed volumes of decisions—but more, much more in its tradition, in incident and anecdote, in the stories of professional life which, like pictures upon the memory, preserve to us Heydenfeldt's gentleness of manner on the bench, and his wonderful clearness of thought; these together illustrate his *faculty* as a great judge. . . . The great services of Judge Heydenfeldt, owing to their nature, I suppose, will never be appreciated by the people; they do not strike the public mind nor arrest general attention like such a thing as the accidental picking up of the first piece of gold; the state has appropriately perpetuated the memory of Marshall because he was the discoverer of the precious metal in her soil, but it may be doubtful if our people are thoughtful enough to consider that except for Heydenfeldt's decision in *Irwin vs. Phillipps* the benefits to us of Marshall's lucky discovery would have been comparatively small. The public will therefore probably never even think of such a thing as building a monument to Heydenfeldt, nor will the bar do anything, or even ask anything of the sort for the deceased man, who was by all odds the most illustrious member of their profession."

THREE OUT OF SIX.

To the Editors of Freethought:

You have scored three points out of a possible six, in your proposed methods of settling the difficulties which are the principal subjects now being considered by thinking people. Women should be accorded the right to vote. All restriction, whether by license tax, or internal revenue, or import impositions, should be removed from the liquor traffic. The legal ties which relate to marriages should be, to say the least, subjected to a thorough revision in the line of reduction. Churches should be deprived of all privileges not accorded to secular bodies. But "the shortest way to abolish land monopoly is" not (in my opinion) "to give monopolists no title whereby they can hold more land than they use," for the following reasons: First, invalidation of present titles to land would give rise to quite as much confusion, and would be quite as difficult to bring about, as would some project which would put a stop to the evil complained of; second, no one could establish a criterion by which to ascertain whether a holder was properly using the land he owns or not; third, if you admit the right to own land in fee simple, you have no right to restrict the owner's disposal of it, or to question his right to use it as he sees fit, or to not use it at all; fourth, all the evils which grow out of land monopoly would remain if your plan were adopted; fifth, your plan is entirely impossible, for the reason

that in order to establish it it would be necessary to show the justice of your remedy, during which proceeding you would only succeed in demonstrating that land should not be subjected to private ownership at all, which would destroy all chance of carrying your point, by calling attention to the real remedy, which consists in removing all possible profit from monopolizing land, by diverting the added value which increasing population causes from individual pockets to the public purse, where it belongs. If the increment of value were taken from land-holders, no man would, or could, hold valuable land idle, and those who hold such land thus would then drop it, for the same reason that the boy let fall (without being told) the piece of iron in the blacksmith shop—it would be too hot to hold.

Nor does it appear to me that the way to settle the financial question is to allow everyone to coin or print his own money, for if we suppose that there is no other but such currency as this, we should have as many different values for a dollar as there were makers of dollars, which is equivalent to saying that we should have no standard at all. Further, if the government is still to be allowed to perform its coining functions, your plan would not operate, because no one would take the money of an irresponsible private person so long as he could get the currency guaranteed by the government.

The shortest way to settle all other questions is by finding out what is wrong, and after ripe discussion and mature deliberation, applying the remedy which there is the best ground for believing will correct the evil complained of. Such discussion and deliberation have not yet been had, either on the land or the money question, which fact impels me to enter my protest against any such out of hand settlement as you propose for putting to rest those momentous subjects.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. O. ROSCOE.

WORD FROM SAN DIEGO.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I send you one of our circular letters to Liberals to show what strides we are making down here in the "south west corner." The organization and incorporation of the San Diego Liberal Union is due to the untiring efforts of Dr. J. L. York, during the six months that he lectured for us. He also organized a Sunday Lyceum before his departure to other fields of labor, which will be a rallying-point for Rationalism and Freethought when we have no speakers. The lyceum is already too large for the hall where it is held. This puts us on the "warpath" to get a hall of our own, and the prospect is fair that we will have it in the near future. This will be a gala day for the Liberals of Southern California. Then we can entertain the "Secular Pilgrim" *et id genus omne*, and none will be turned away for want of room, as hundreds were from Dr. York's lectures, and some of our lecturers have been turned away for want of means.

It was with pain and chagrin that I read of the proposed resignation of Geo. E. Macdonald, the editor of FREETHOUGHT and secretary of the publishing company. Such a step would be ruinous. FREETHOUGHT is a paper of which every Liberal in California should be proud, and we know not where we could find a better editor. Those who have seemed to be unappreciative I hope will arouse from their lethargy. I am doubtless found among this class; but the fear of losing our editor should wake us all to renewed efforts. California cannot afford to give up her one Liberal paper or the Freethought Publishing Company.

The time has come when Secularists of every shade and grade should unite against a common enemy—the God-in-the-Constitution party. It requires no shrewdness to see that the combined forces of supernaturalism—from the Catholic hierarchy down to the W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A. bigots—are determined to destroy the disinctive feature of our republic—religious liberty. They are massing their batteries in California because she stands pre-eminent as a free state with no Sunday laws or church exemption. The crafty W. F. Crafts has been here the most of the time for two years past, seeking, like Paul, to "catch" the people "with guile" in his pretended anxiety about "rest for the laboring man." The W. C. T. U. of this collected last week over a thousand dollars from this overburdened people, for the

purpose of carrying on their crafty schemes of Sunday rest for the poor.

We can never meet these combined foes without combination on our part. We need to be thoroughly organized all along the line. We must keep up our local organizations, sustain our papers and lecturers, and act in harmony with the head center of our Freethought army—the American Secular Union.

The broad platform adopted at the last Congress of this association and so ably sustained by its president, Dr. R. B. Westbrook, and the secretary, Miss Ida C. Craddock, is the only ground on which we can hope to circumvent the united hosts which are massing their forces to overthrow religious liberty in the United States. No one sect or ism can successfully meet these combined forces alone. We must unite on one issue, leaving minor differences to be settled when the victory is gained.

As Dr. Westbrook says in his call for the fourteenth annual Congress: "Let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles."

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your kind mention of my little book, "Natural Morality," and hoping you will not be compelled to "give up the ship" for want of sails, I remain

Yours for union and progress, MARY A. WHITE.

For a Representative Liberal Gathering.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Yet a few weeks and our Second Annual State Secular Convention will convene at Portland, Oregon. There is much work to accomplish, and hence, we, the Liberals of the West, must make of it a grand success. A better organization must be brought about before we can do effective work.

We all know that in organization lies the success of the church to-day; why, then, do we allow our forces to remain scattered? If we could once have a representative meeting of all our Western Liberals, our strength here would become known; as an organization we would command respect.

Friends, it will not do to think you have done enough for Liberalism when you have discarded your belief in barbarous creeds.

I know there are thousands of Liberals—men and women in influential positions—who are afraid to step out boldly because Freethought is not a popular movement. By why do they not make it so?

It is not the fault of Freethought, but the unwillingness of some of our wealthiest and most influential so-called Liberals.

I am personally acquainted with many teachers in our public schools, who, when talking to me, are as "true blue" as the writer, yet we find their names on that roll of ignorance—the Sunday school register. We find them teaching on Sunday what—if they do their duty—their school-room work must prove to be false.

Of course, they must for a while bear opposition—for what principle of truth was ever established without it?—but if they are capable, if they have the ability, they cannot and will not be barred from their profession.

So let us show our colors; let us at the aforementioned convention show our strength and establish the fact that among scientific, cultured, and advanced thinkers, Liberalism is a popular movement, although the combined forces of ignorance oppose us that they may keep the rotten craft of ignorance afloat. So put forth your best endeavors to be at the convention, which takes place the 11th, 12th, and 13th of next month. It will encourage you, it will give you strength to carry out the good work in your own neighborhood.

Why should you hesitate to reveal to the world the fact that you are a Liberal? And, being so, why fail to promulgate the principles which make you one? If you have never visited Portland, this will give you an excellent opportunity of seeing this commercial center; then, too, the Mechanics' Industrial Exposition takes place simultaneously, and you can see on every side the product of western intelligence and energy.

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Yours ever for U. M. L., KATIE KEHM.
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Ladies' Gold Hunting American Watches.

Best filled, seven jewels, \$17; eleven jewels, \$18.50 fifteen jewels, \$25. 14 kt. solid Gold, \$27; eleven jewels, \$28.50; fifteen jewels, \$35. More elaborate and heavier cases, \$2, \$5 to \$10 extra. Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, embossed and enameled cases, \$10 to \$100 extra. ALL WATCHES ARE STEM-WIND AND SET. All guaranteed one year, after the expiration of which time they will be cleaned for \$1 and returned free. 10 kt. filled gold cases \$2 less

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Volney's "Ruins."

To the Editors of Freethought:

It may seem needless to call attention to a standard classic in Liberal literature, but I know that many Liberals have never enjoyed the rare treat of reading Volney's "Ruins, or: Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires;" and time is constantly bringing new generations to the front, who find so many modern productions that the writers of the past century are apt to be ignored. It is eighteen years since I last read Volney's "Ruins;" and your notably cheap edition, advertised in FREETHOUGHT, led me to procure a copy and again digest the contents of this remarkable work.* Among the profound productions of the human mind, this work of Volney's takes an exalted position, and its style, while being scholarly and dignified, is clear, logical, and comprehensive. From the first page to the last, Volney's "Ruins" is stamped with the impress of a master mind, and reason is invariably appealed to as the rightful autocrat of man in all things that concern his happiness or welfare. Never were the many and varied religions of the earth compared, contrasted, and more thoroughly dissected in a volume of this size; and their glaring absurdities were never more clearly revealed by the pen of man. The origin, natural spread, and growth of all religions is here outlined; and with the utmost clearness we are enabled to see how sects and systems have thrived on a basis of ignorance, deception, and error.

To one interested in tracing the origin and noting the attendant results of the greatest curse that ever afflicted the human family, this work is alive with interest, and never will it lose that interest while the combat goes on between reason and religion. The startling fact is made known in this work that the despised Ethiopian, with his ebony skin and woolly hair, was the founder of a system based on the study of the physical laws of nature, from which all the religious systems of the world have descended; and the part which deception and fraud have ever played under priestly domination is plainly revealed. It is claimed by many that man is naturally religious, but the fact of the matter is, he is naturally ignorant; for he is born into the world as destitute of ideas or knowledge as he is of clothing; and both are furnished him according to the prevailing systems and styles of the country that gives him birth. In this condition of nascent manhood, it is as easy to load the mind with religious errors and nonsense as it is to make fashions in clothing; which vary from the breech clout to the broadcloth coat and plug hat. Being crammed with the falsehoods and fables of dead ancestors, is all that perpetuates religion or keeps man in religious bondage, and when reason is permitted full sway from childhood up, it is safe to say that religion will vanish as darkness flies from the rising sun. Archbishop Reardon, with his knowledge of "man's religious nature" seems to hold this view; for he once affirmed in public that "men and women may acquire religion, but it is seldom. As is the boy so will be the man."

This fact explains the anxiety of the church regarding the education of the young, for well it

knows that on this vital point depends its future success or perpetuation. Note its frantic and persistent endeavors to mold the mind of childhood, and the terror which unrestricted reason inspires among all religious classes, and we see how little they are willing to let a being "naturally religious" grow up without restraint or instruction regarding his belief and duties to God. But I wander from the book, though not from the subject, and to conclude what I started to say, will remark that Volney's "Ruins" contains, in a condensed form, more profound and solid sense than any work it has been my fortune to read, and his closing essay on the law of nature is a production that stamps him as a philosophical thinker without a rival; and the laws there outlined and defined contain facts which, if universally recognized and acted upon, would cause more progress in one century, in the humanization of mankind, than has been made from the first records of history to the present era. Religion has had its day in this effort, and it is high time that nature's laws interpreted by man's highest faculty—reason—should now be given a chance; and though more than one hundred years have passed since Volney wrote his code of nature's laws, they need no revision, no amendments; and will stand as reliable and trustworthy as the position of the north star or the daily appearance of the sun. All who have not, should read and meditate on Volney's "Ruins."

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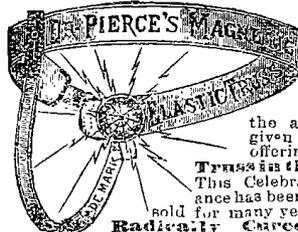
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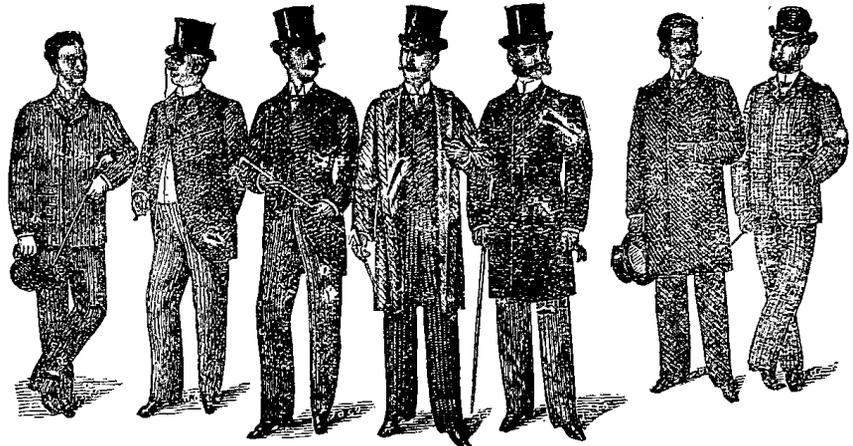
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The Degraded Press of Russia.

Within a very recent period, says "Blackwood's Magazine"—that is, among the more or less liberal period of from 1860-80—the Russian journalistic press was conducted by an able band of editors, who, more or less regardless of consequences, made it their business to denounce abuses, to attack ministers, and to oppose corruption in all parts of the state. In spite of the censorship and all its machinery, in spite of the surveillance exercised by the late Count Tolstoi over the whole production of Russian opinion and thought, in spite of his constant desire to stifle all manifestation of liberal public opinion and to imbue others with his own ideas, in spite of all the hindrances and obstacles of which an account has been given, the newspaper press of Russia during the period just mentioned exercised a very great influence, which was perfectly independent of the government, whose acts it judged and criticised in the teeth of all the endeavors which were made to thwart and hamper its action. Far from its being dependent upon the government the latter often saw its hand forced by the newspaper press, which it was supposed to rule despotically.

It must surely be deemed to have been greatly to the credit of this gallant band of editors that, hampered and worried by all sorts of vexatious regulations as they were, they succeeded in assisting their country so much in the task of reorganization and reform. This race of editors, however, has now completely disappeared. Katkoff was the last of the race, and it is scarcely probable that Russia will see another editor so gifted as he was, who will have such powerful support in the highest quarters. During the last six or seven years there has been a most marked deterioration in the tone of the newspaper press. Even the official paper has not escaped this deterioration. The two official organs, the "Rookski Invalide" and the "Official Journal," which used to publish leading articles, have both decayed into mere gazettes. In a word, the degradation of the Russian press is complete, and, as a consequence, the Russian censor has, generally speaking, a comparatively easy time of it.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - SEPTEMBER 27, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Snohomish is gleaming amidst the woods. The giants are disappearing, and the cottage and the flower-gardens advance. The primeval forest bows its head. The mills are humming, and the white flags of glittering steam float in the van of progress.

This is a great country. I guess Snohomish is four times as large as when I first visited it, three years ago, and real estate has increased in many cases tenfold. There has been a wonderful growth all over the sound, and still the tide is coming. In the next ten years there will be a marvelous development.

There are some of the finest agricultural lands in the world about Snohomish. Good cleared lands are worth from \$150 to \$200 per acre. Besides the agricultural resources there are untold treasures of gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, coal, and granite. The mountains are full of prospectors just now on the trail for "Solomon's mines," or something better.

The soil, of four kinds, the bench or high lands, the river bottoms, beaver marsh, and the tide marsh, is exceedingly fertile. It produces beets two feet long, cabbage three and four feet in circumference, four and five hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, three and four tons of hay, and seventy-five to one hundred bushels of oats to the acre. The fruits are apples, pears, prunes, peaches, cherries, plums, and quinces. Strawberries, blackberries, etc., grow in profusion. Cranberries can be produced in abundance on the low lands. The hops this year yield an average of \$500 per acre. There are deep-sea and river fishing all about. The climate is agreeable, a dry summer and sunny winter. There is but little snow. The timber is chiefly fir, cedar, and pine. There are trees twelve feet in diameter and three hundred feet in height. The ordinary saw-logs are twenty-four to sixty inches in diameter. Near Snohomish is a great cedar thirty-three feet in diameter.

Who can ever name the rivers of Snohomish county! The tongue must run quite trippingly to get over them without stumbling. Try it. Here it goes—Snohomish, Stillaquamish, Skyhomish, Snoqualmie, the Sultan, and the Pillchuck. That will do for one lesson. I don't think that he that runs may lead.

What these names mean I cannot tell. Like the Bible, they are the mystery of mysteries. The railroad now runs from Seattle to Snohomish, but is being built on to Silver Creek mining district, to Mukielteo and Port Gardner bay.

A handsome school-house has been built since I was here, and a new court-house at a cost of \$2500 is to be erected. Alas! there are some churches here, but they are not very big, and the splendid Freethought Hall is a dream and nothing more.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might have been."

The lands throughout the county sell all the way from \$10 to \$200 per acre. The unsurveyed townships will soon open up abundant opportunities for home-seekers.

On this "ragged edge" of tumultuous activity, the wilderness and civilization in close quarters, I did what I could for Freethought. But it is hard work to lecture in these "boom towns." I suppose if I should give a discourse on the rise and fall of corner lots I should have a large audience, but a discourse on the demands of Liberalism has not any market value. I didn't have much of a turn-out and I was quite disappointed. It didn't seem at all like old times. The new population doesn't know much about Freethought, and those who do know show a great deal of indifference, which indicates that they don't know so much as they think they do. An indifferent Liberal is profoundly ignorant of the way of the world. An indifferent Liberal may think that his indifference is based upon a superior knowledge, but as a matter of fact it is based upon "superior" ignorance. No Liberal man or woman who really understands the situation can be careless of their influence or the influence of others. Some Liberals are wont to say they know it all, and have no need of attending a lecture or reading a Liberal journal. Liberalism of this sort is simply orthodoxy turned inside out. There is a new face, but the same old body.

However, I enjoyed the campaign, for there are a choice few here who are always ready to "lend a hand," for they look upon the "broad and universal theatre" of the world, and not simply their own township, and believe in the progress of ideas as well as corner lots and the cash account. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eddy have the latch-string always out, and the welcome is cordial. I came in the evening time, rather unexpectedly, to the music of the Georgia Minstrels, being a train ahead of the appointment, but the Secular Pilgrim found all that heart could wish—the days of labor were pleasant in the soft and genial sunshine. I could not find a more serene place for thoughts and dreams and hopes than in this quiet home, from whence I could look over the growing town, and beyond the mighty woods to the splendid face of Mt. Ranier when the mists have rolled away.

I gave three lectures, but it was like rowing against the stream, and I never felt less in a mood for talking. Bare walls and empty seats are awfully uninspiring. There was a Presbyterian minister present the first night, but he retreated during the cel-

ture. He is said to be liberal and preaches evolution to the amazement of his congregation, and I hope that he will keep in the good way and that my lecture did not demoralize him for future progress. I presume my lectures had some value for the few earnest listeners that I had, and when the boom is over perhaps the harvest will appear.

Comrade J. S. Martin is still floating on "the dark, the silent stream" where the salmon leap and the trout multiply with darting forms. His boathouse rises and falls with the tide, and here he is secure as a king, with his home upon the waters; no land-tax for him. Prosperity comes to his door, and his many boats speed up and down the river with festival array. Within his neatly-furnished cabin are Freethought books and papers, and here he passes many a placid hour, rocking slowly on the billow and gathering the thoughts of the ages. He is as true as ever to the work, and it wouldn't take many like him to put Freethought away ahead of the churches. He keeps the artillery in line, and there is no retreat.

Elbridge Morse has been tumbled into good fortune with the equanimity of a philosopher. The boom "busted" his place of residence in the city and he had to find new quarters, and he bought a ranch in the country, which has quadrupled in value, and one of these days it will give him wealth and leisure for literary study and production. He writes on everything—history, philosophy, art, mythology, tide lands, farming, cabbage raising, etc. I hope he will get rich and give his stores of information in compact form to the world.

I was pleased to meet with Geo. T. Cline, of Seattle, formerly of Silverton. Peter Grevelle, an old-timer of Mukielteo, is on the roll of Freethought, a successful pioneer. H. C. Comegys, Mr. Burton, J. W. Frame of the "Sun," Mr. Head of the "Eye," and others are among our friends and acquaintances of this place. There is a fine Liberal element in Snohomish, but at present it is not in the way of practical work. There is a literary club established where all sorts of subjects are discussed and Freethought culture is advanced. I presume on some other occasions I should have full houses, but this time the stars were not in our favor and we had to make the best of it.

Port Angeles amply makes up for the disappointments of Snohomish. Although it is about the farthest western point on Puget sound, it is a live point and does not intend to be left in the race for empire, and its chances are just as good as any. It is a beautiful place. The water views are lovely. Over across the Straits of Fuca, seventeen miles distant, shines Victoria in the luminous horizon, and the bright blue hills are beyond. The spit stretches three miles to the glittering lighthouse, inclosing the broad spaces of the harbor. Mt. Baker in clear weather discloses its beaming forehead. Back of the wooded shores where nestles the incipient metropolis tower the Olympics like a massive chain of jewels. The climate is agreeable. Flowers bloom almost all winter. The summer's heat is scarcely ever above 75 degrees. It is a delightful residence city, but its opportunities for business in future are beyond calculation. Two or three railroads are pretty sure to come in here sometime, connecting Port Angeles with Port Townsend, Tacoma, Grey's Harbor, and Portland. Property has increased almost tenfold since I was here three years ago. The rush of business has somewhat changed the original purpose of the Puget Sound Co-operative Colony. It has become, as I understand it, a co-operative association for the purpose of holding real estate and improvements; but its original purpose may yet prevail. Mills are in operation by the

colony. There are immense quantities of timber in the neighborhood. The harbor is ten miles square, of a sufficient depth everywhere to float the largest vessels in the world. It is unobstructed by bars, rock, or other obstacles to navigation. Sailing craft without the assistance of steam can reach this anchorage. Nature, with this enormous "spit" four miles long and five hundred feet wide, has done more for the perfection of the harbor than any engineering could possibly do. The base of this spit is from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet wide, and the action of the waves tends to increase rather than weaken this wonderful barrier. The business portion of the city is along the water front and the residence portion is on a gently-sloping elevation, reaching inland for several miles.

The last year has been the most important of all to the prosperity of Port Angeles. A city government has been established and public improvements taken in hand by a mayor and council, composed of its most energetic citizens. Through the town site itself flow four streams of sparkling water. Reservoirs will be constructed, electric lights furnished, and an electric railway is in contemplation.

Alaska, Australia, South America, and the South Pacific coast will furnish markets for this place.

Port Angeles has been made a sub-port of entry recently by act of Congress and this will double the value of its business capacities.

The early settlers of Port Angeles were those brave pioneers who are always pushing toward the setting sun. But here was the *ultima thule*—they could no farther go. There is no harbor between here and the ocean, and no harbor of superior excellence nearer than that of San Francisco. Besides lumber, the finest coal of all grades is to be found in the vicinity. As a home, Port Angeles cannot be excelled by any city in the Northwest. There is now daily communication by steamship between here and Pt. Townsend, Seattle, and Tacoma.

The Union Pacific and Northern Pacific have made complete surveys to this point. This will bring Port Angeles only 170 miles from Portland.

In this thriving city thus on the verge of future greatness I find one of the finest and most progressive Liberal elements in the whole country. The Secular Union is flourishing; holds a meeting every Sunday evening which is well attended. In the original colony there was a large Freethought material, and this still exerts its influence; and Liberalism finds a congenial home in this beautiful country, where the ocean gives its grandest lessons and the mountains lift to heaven their glorious peaks. This is a fit place for a magnificent temple to humanity.

I gave five lectures in all—one on Saturday evening at Macdonald's Hall, on Sunday afternoon at the West end, at Morse and Thompson's Hall, on Sunday evening at the schoolhouse, the rooms of the Secular Union, and Monday and Tuesday evenings at Macdonald's Hall. The audiences increased right along, and it might be said in some cases that there was no "standing room." On Sunday a large number could not find any accommodation. The "famous" Mrs. Molloy, having heard in far-off Kansas that Port Angeles was the choice location of Infidels, came here on purpose to start a revival, and she has held her meetings ever since I have been here, but the attendance at the lectures does not seem to be diminished. In fact, I think we are capturing some of the Christians. On Tuesday evening, the Rev. A. H. Howells, of the Congregational church, was present and invited to make a few remarks, which he did in a liberal

spirit, and admitted that he had but little issue to make with what I said—that it was good. Mr. Howells is evidently upon the broad platform, and it won't take much of an evolution to bring him into open and avowed advocacy of Freethought principles, and he indicates which way the tide is turning here and many nominal Christians indorse his views. If the Liberals remain together harmoniously, and work without creed for the Demands of Liberalism, they will be a strong organization. It is purposed now to build a hall. A lot has been given by Mr. and Mrs. Peters for that object, and undoubtedly within the coming year a commodious edifice will be built, and success assured for the cause. In no place have I found brighter prospects, or better workers than here, and if any Liberal is hunting for a home in the far West, where the course of empire takes its way, he would do wisely to look in upon Port Angeles, to shake hands with good comrades, and take time by the forelock and settle down, and help make this a splendid fort for Freethought, the "Port of Angels," as the old sailors used to call it, where the riches and commerce of the world are sure sometime to create a vast center of industry and progress.

E. E. Seevers, president of the Port Angeles Secular Union, is the man for the place; genial, earnest, devoted to the cause, and an efficient officer. His father, now of Orland, California, was a Liberal before him, and author of that remarkable poem, "Truth and Error," published several years ago in the Investigator.

Frank Morse, secretary of the Union, is one of the best workers on the coast. He keeps things a-going no matter what the obstacles. He is a stalwart Liberal, thoroughly posted in the principles and facts of Freethought, and always on deck. I am under obligation to him for his kind and generous services.

L. P. Crawford gives the grasp of spiritual comradeship, but likes the earth, and would make a good neighbor, and we may touch firesides one of these days where the Olympics send down the benediction.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald make the pilgrim a good home, and the hard work of the campaign mingles with congenial rest.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. F. S. Lewis, and the time was all too short for the good fellowship. The doctor gave me more light than anybody else on the Single Tax theory, but I haven't got it through my head yet. If all the people own the land, I can see the point; but do all the people own the land? I ask the question and pause for the demonstration. Is there any ownership in land except by use? Land not used is not owned by anybody, not even by the people.

Louis Williams is on Platonic heights and contemplations, and is not ready to formulate knowledge, but prefers to revel in the infinite without any definite proposition. But his hospitable home has the firelight of real companionship and genuine humanity. Around his table, where ideas sparkle as well as other good things of more solid nature, I had the pleasure of a sociable acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Howells. He is a graduate of Yale college, and I find him a man of broad culture. The ancient orthodoxy does not linger much about time. He is dangerously near the line of sound and sensible heresy. We can shake hands as comrades, I believe. There is no impassable chasm.

D. R. Callen is a vigorous veteran and will keep the ball rolling rain or shine.

I was pleased to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Valdo, and Miss Lila Valdo, her daughter. Mrs. Valdo has worked in nearly

every state in the Union for reform, and she has not grown old yet. Woman never does. Eternal youth is hers by natural right. This is better than suffrage.

Norman R. Smith, whom I met three years ago in Colorado, full of enthusiasm for the future of Port Angeles, now rejoices in the fulfillment of his glowing prophecies. He is always going ahead. He built the first bridge in the country, secured the port of entry, drove the first horse and carriage, etc. He is never without some new enterprise for the improvement of the place. He is one of the gayest and most brilliant pioneers I ever met, full of grit, and always in good humor.

Geo. Venable Smith is now judge of probate and is deservedly popular. He has suffered and sacrificed bravely for reform, and I hope he will enter into his reward, not beyond but here and now.

We welcome upon the roll of FREETHOUGHT, W. E. Van Allen, L. P. Crawford, Mrs. Mary A. McLennan, W. S. McLaughlin, O. B. Gordon, J. P. Christensen, Fred R. Thompson, Ed. Studivan, Geo. H. Gale, O. Erickson, J. W. Allen, Louis Williams, twelve new subscribers, a glad omen of success.

Fred Edwards, vice-president of the Union, Earnest Burns, Sr. and Jr., John Cooledge, who is a passenger of the Ironclad Age, Frank McGill, Geo. Haines, Adolph Anderson and others are members of this Union, which, I guess, flings its flag farther westward than any other in the republic.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods and the children I was glad to see. Formerly of Ohio, they now find the orient of Freethought in the setting sun.

Mr. Charles Peters and Mrs. Laura Hall Peters have been visiting in Europe, and I did not have the privilege of meeting them. They are still at the front, and have generously donated a lot for the new Freethought hall. The torch of hymen mingles its brilliant rays with the glittering light of reason and liberty. Good fortune to our friends. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

Nearly every disinterested person returning from the scenes of Christian work in foreign lands reports that missionary effort among intelligent "heathens" is a failure. The latest testimony to this effect comes from Col. John H. Twigg, of the British service, recently stationed in India. Colonel Twigg was in San Francisco last week, and gave a newspaper reporter some facts about the religious condition of the Hindoos. In the course of his interview he said:

"While it is with much regret that I make the statement, which will be at total variance with the reports of the Christian missionaries, I can safely say that the spreading of Christianity in India is a complete failure. It has made no progress whatever in the last few years, and there is no future for religious work. The so-called native Christians are simply such in name and comprise the very worst element of the native population. In the south of India the natives have opportunities of joining the old social and religious organizations, but in northern India, where I have recently lived, the people are isolated and are outcasts in every sense of the word. Just prior to my departure a new census was about to be taken, and this will show a remarkable increase in population. The growth of India is so rapid that missionaries and the Christian religion can make no impression whatever against the native and older doctrines and beliefs. The only good work that the Christian missionaries can accomplish is that of education. The missionary schools are most ex-

cellent institutions, but they make slow progress. The spreading of Christianity is a hopeless task. The few converts made come from the lowest and vilest classes, and they take up Christianity only as a matter of profit and greed. To illustrate the character of the converts or native Christians, I can only point to an ayah, or female nurse, in my family. My sister asked her if she ever thought of becoming a Christian. She said 'No;' that the 'Karastans,' as she called them, of India were given to lying and stealing. This ayah denied that we were Christians, simply because we did not commit the crimes prevalent among the native Christians."

Colonel Twigg added that Theosophy was a thing of the past in India, its downfall dating from the departure of Madam Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. Also that the natives know nothing of Pundita Ramabai, the Hindoo woman who raised so large a sum in America a few years ago for the benefit of the child-widows. Of course, local ministers and missionary agents deny the truth of Colonel Twigg's statements. But besides making the denial, they give no facts to the contrary. They say the "missionaries are doing good work," and that "the progress made by them is as great as could be expected," but that is all.

In defense of Theosophy, Dr. Allen Griffiths, secretary of the Golden Gate Lodge of the Theosophical Society, says that the doctrine is spreading as fast in India as anywhere, and quotes from the "Indian Mirror," the leading English paper of India, to the following effect:

"The Theosophical Society has done more for India than most people are aware. Theosophical ideas continue to spread. Every large town has a branch of the society. To become a good Theosophist is to become a good citizen. The Theosophical Society has brought the people of India together as never before."

There are, says Mr. Griffiths, one hundred and fifty branches of the Theosophical society in India. It is natural that Theosophy should be more acceptable to the Hindoo than Christianity, because Theosophy is Buddhism, and Buddhism is the native "cult;" while Christianity is a sort of revamped paganism and is readily recognizable as such by intelligent Hindoos.

The fact that Christianity is a failure in heathen countries has long been known, all the reliable testimony being to that effect. There are many English enterprises in India. Schools and business houses have been established; and to get the benefits of these, either as pupils or employees, the mild Hindoo is willing, like the crafty Chinese in San Francisco, to avow himself a Christian if necessary, and to remain one as long as the term lasts. No doubt, as Colonel Twigg says, the schools established by missionaries do more or less toward educating the Hindoo, but they would do still greater good if they were made secular, so that the native might become educated without first becoming a hypocrite. But education is not the object of Christian missions. They are proselyting concerns which use education as a bait, and when they have made enough professed apostates to wait on the missionary and his family, and to swing the big fans in the churches where resident caucasians worship, they have accomplished all they are ever likely to do.

THE THING NEEDFUL.

The hope may be a delusive one, but we indulge it nevertheless, that there are Liberals enough in the West to build up a strong, substantial Freethought paper here. During the past three years they have done nobly. We do not know of any locality where a few generous-hearted Freethinkers have done so

much in so short a time. We can count one hundred or so who are as devoted to Liberalism and as unremitting in their contributions as they are to the maintenance of their own lives. Whenever a call is made for a little extra endeavor these men and women are sure to respond. Their names appear upon the subscription lists of all the Liberal papers, and their donations are made for every good purpose. To them Liberalism is not an object of charity, but a great cause worthy of their devotion, and they give to it in the right spirit. They realize that in this country there is a body of organized ignorance, ruled by hypocrisy, called the church; that this church teaches a religion which has in it almost nothing that is true or worthy of preservation; that this church is in league with all that is oppressive, with all that denies human liberty, that is tyrannical, unprogressive, and reactionary. They know that almost every injustice is supported by the church, and that every robbery of the many for the benefit of the few will find a defender in the pulpit. They know that this church springs to the support of every unjust law, and seeks not only to retain it but to enact more like it. They know, in fact, that there is a perpetual conflict between Christianity and civilization, and they are not only willing but eager to enlist under the banner of progress. To these Liberals, Freethought never needs to appeal. They see the opportunity to do good, and at once embrace it. No religionist, under the delusion that he was purchasing a home in some unending paradise, ever worked harder, gave more freely to the cause he loved, or sent more cheering words to his co-laborers than does the real, thoughtful, devoted Freethinker.

To spread this sort of devotedness, to bring to the hearts of more men and women a realization that they are needed in the present struggle, and to get from every shoulder a lift according to its strength, is the work at present to be done. There are thousands of unbelievers in religion, but they are not with us, and for all practical purposes might as well be against us. Indeed, it may almost be said that the work of Freethought is more hopeful among the sincerely religious than among those who are indifferent to both religion and Freethought; as, if a person be religious because he believes in religion, he is just the kind of a person who will become a Freethinker when he finds that Liberalism has better claims to being true. Between an honest adherent of the church and a totally indifferent and thoughtless nothingarian, give us the believer every time. The fact of his being a religionist shows that he has a conviction and has exercised the power of choice. (These remarks do not include the hereditary Catholic, who goes to church as a hog goes to his wallow—because it is born in him to do so.)

Freethought cannot offer as many delusive inducements as religion, but it can offer more genuine ones. It cannot offer another life in another world, but it can offer another life in this world; for the man who lives without thinking and without inquiry, and who takes things as he finds them, as a young robin swallows everything dropped into its throat, is exercising only one half his faculties, and is living only one-half a life. He is simply living the life of an animal. Get this man interested in Freethought, in books, in the recorded thoughts of others, and he begins to live again. He has acquired a new life that is almost independent of physical circumstances. He finds that his brain is alive as well as his stomach, and that there is more pleasure and less expense in feeding it.

This brain activity is what Freethought stimulates; this mental life what Freethought promises. It should be the object of every

earnest Freethinker to awaken this life in others. For our part we would ask nothing more than a sharp division between the army of Freethought on the one side and the hosts of superstition on the other. If a man chooses to be a Presbyterian, let him get on that side of the line, and defend himself. If he is not a Presbyterian or other religionist, let him come upon our side and declare himself. He has no excuse for remaining on the fence. According to religious statistics the church has nearly twenty millions on its side of the line in this country, and from indications we cannot say that more than a few thousands are on the side of Freethought. This leaves the fence between populated by forty millions of indifferents, and the question is, Shall we let these millions remain there, to be drawn finally into the fold of superstition, or shall we by active propaganda work attract them to the ranks of Freethought? Let us be alive in this matter. Let our action be energetic, and let us show by our work that we are in earnest. We should on all proper occasions find out the standing on the question of those with whom we come in contact, and then urge everyone to activity on the one side or the other. Stir things up, keep men's minds in a state of solution until a settlement of the matter is reached. We can have no fear of defeat in a lively fight, but unless we precipitate the battle we may be starved out before it begins. We ought at least to be as enterprising as our foes; we should have as many speakers in proportion to our numbers, and circulate as much literature. All who at present take the Liberal papers should at once seek to get others to do the same, and the new recruits should use equal endeavors to pass the work along. The watchword "Activity," if adopted by all who are in our movement, would do everything that is necessary for this paper and for the object which we seek to attain.

A city daily of last Monday reports:

"A detachment of the Salvation Army for several weeks past has had undisputed possession of the area fronting the State Wharfinger's office, where services are held every Sunday. By perseverance the earnest preacher has succeeded in attracting large congregations, made up principally of water-front loungers. The army was surprised yesterday. A sudden opposition non-religionist in the person of an old man with a young voice took up his stand on a fruit box close to the Salvationists. He denounced the army and Christianity in stentorian tones, and gave a stirring address laudatory of Darwin. He attracted considerable attention and provoked laughter by his sallies against the preacher. The army held its own, however. A brother with a good pair of lungs relieved the original preacher and managed to make himself heard above the enthusiastic Infidel near him. When the latter had finished he gave his hearers notice that he would 'hold the fort' next Sunday, and with a vicious look at the Salvation Army he took up his fruit box and went away."

We have not learned the name of the "enthusiastic Infidel," and have considerable curiosity to know who he is. He deserves encouragement.

DR. R. H. McDONALD, the Vinegar Bitters man, the banker, and the leader of prohibition in San Francisco, refuses to accept as pastor of the church to which he belongs a clergyman who is not a prohibitionist. The question came up in considering the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Meredith as successor to the Rev. Mr. Barrows, of the First Congregational church of San Francisco. The Rev. Mr. Barrows, it will be remembered, went East under fire, but promising to "hasten back" to face his accusers, which he has not done. Dr. Meredith is believed to be sound on the moral law, but declares himself opposed to constitutional prohibition, hence Dr. McDonald's objection. Where

Dr. Barrows stood on the liquor question is unknown, but he is supposed to have been satisfactory to the banker. But what would Dr. McDonald say to the preaching of St. Paul, who not only enjoined the drinking of wine, but prohibited the use of water as a beverage?

THE following lively letter has been addressed to Vice-President Eastman of the San Francisco Freethought Society. It is accompanied by a five-dollar piece, to be used as stated:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23, 1890.

MR. W. H. EASTMAN: We must go to lively action right off. I cannot believe that the thousands of Liberals in San Francisco and throughout the Golden West will stand indifferent and not prevent the destruction of our journal, FREETHOUGHT, which we have cherished so much and regarded as one of the vital veins in our illustrious league. All our subscribers and friends must contribute something to pay off the debt in which we stand to Mr. Macdonald. A few hundred dollars will do this, and the church shepherds and their sheep will withhold the laughter, into which they are ever ready to burst.

Up, all truth-loving and progress-loving men and women, young and old, and contribute your mite, be it only a little, and the storm is abated!

I inclose \$5 as my mite. It is not expected that all our friends can afford that much, but everyone ought to donate what he or she conveniently can.

MRS. ANDREA LINDAL.

EXPERIMENTS being made by the mind-reader Johnstone, in Chicago, go to demonstrate pretty clearly that some men have more than the five physical senses with which they are credited. In the presence of a large audience at the Wellington Hotel, says the account, Johnstone was blindfolded, his ears and nostrils stuffed with cotton, and a lighted cigar placed in his mouth to destroy, for the time being, hearing, sight, smell, and taste, and thick gloves placed on his hands. He then requested the proprietor of the hotel to stand behind him and think of the combination of the safe. This was done, and without contact with the gentleman the mind-reader turned correctly to the numbers and opened the safe. These phenomena belong to the class which at present there is no way of explaining on any hypothesis capable of demonstrating itself to be the true one.

IN Judge Lawler's court last week a woman was granted a divorce from her husband on the ground of cruelty. The brute confessed to having frequently struck his wife, but held that he had a "divine right" to do so. This defense is, we believe, unanswerable. The language of scripture, whence "divine rights" are drawn, instructs wives to submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord; and the right of the Lord to inflict personal chastisement has never been questioned by religious people. There is nothing in the Bible that forbids a man to thrash his wife.

SUBSCRIBERS to FREETHOUGHT who receive communications from this office notifying them that their subscriptions are overdue, and requesting them to renew, should attend to the matter as promptly as they can. Postage on these notices and the necessary stationery are costing about ten dollars a week now-a-days, and some return for the outlay is hoped for. A few inform us that they get notified when not delinquent, and such are requested to forgive us. The others will do the forgetting.

THE Oregon Convention of Liberals at Portland next month promises to be as successful as its predecessor of last year. President Beal is a great worker, and he has able coadjutors whose efforts, united with his, will undoubtedly bring together at Portland the largest assemblage of Liberals ever held on this coast.

Visitors may depend upon Mr. Beal to provide a programme that will interest them from beginning to end of the Convention.

HEREAFTER Mr. Charles Blackburn and she that was Miss Elva E. Davidson will read the same copy of FREETHOUGHT, as the twain have been made one by marriage. They were united in this relation at Seattle, and now reside at Mountain View, Wash. Mr. Blackburn is a mining geologist of note, and his wife is the assistant secretary of the Oregon State Secular Union.

THE "Weekly Star" of September 20 contains a full report of the indignation meeting held at Metropolitan Temple on the 19th. The editor is Mr. J. H. Barry, 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco, and the price of the "Star" is five cents per copy.

BELIEF in the Rev. George Jacob Schweinfurth, the Illinois impostor calling himself a messiah, has come to be recognized as a heresy by the Christian church, and a Kentucky congregation have just thrust out two of their number for this offense.

Two women in black hoods, from which their faces looked out like the visage of a corpse from the coffin, made the error of calling at the office of FREETHOUGHT last week and soliciting a contribution for the support of the Roman Catholic church!

WE observe that our friend Harry Houston, of Fort Bragg, is candidate for recorder of Mendocino county. If he proves as lively a "rustler" in politics as he is in Liberalism, he is bound to succeed.

THE Secularists of Canada have just held a most successful convention at Toronto, Ont.

OBSERVATIONS.

Those acquainted with the capacity of Metropolitan Temple will know how many people were at the Barry indignation meeting last Friday evening, when they learn that the hall was crowded in every part. I should say that twenty-five hundred or three thousand persons were in the audience, one-half of them being attracted by the object of the meeting and the other half by a brass band and bonfires on the street.

At eight o'clock the musicians came in and strode down the main aisle playing "Marching Through Georgia." Mr. L. M. Manzer called the meeting to order and introduced the president, Stewart Menzies, Esq. Mr. Menzies stated that the object of the gathering was to start a movement which should change the California law relating to contempt of court so that it would conform to the federal law on the same subject. The band played "Hail Columbia."

Charles J. Swift, Esq., related how in 1831 United States Judge Peck was impeached for imprisoning a man twenty-four hours for contempt of court. Mr. Swift believed that a law good enough to protect a federal court ought to be good enough to protect the superior courts in San Francisco. The band played "America."

Eugene N. Deuprey, Esq., followed. Mr. Deuprey appeared petrified by respect for the superior judges, whose acquaintance-ship he enjoyed. He said that Mr. Barry was a God-fearing man, and closed his remarks with a Talmagian benediction. The band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The Hon. Thomas V. Cator seemed to be the first to strike a popular chord, and he had not spoken three minutes before the audience evinced a desire to climb up on the backs of the seats and shout. He arraigned the judges, and called them to the bar as defendants charged with being under political control and misusing the power vested in them to subvert the liberties of the people. The band played "Rally Round the Flag."

Albert Fuhrman, president of the Federated Trades, a two-hundred pound German of leonine aspect, volleyed his denun-

ciations of corrupt courts and hireling judiciary until the roof rang. The band played the "Red, White, and Blue."

Mr. Barry next appeared, and he was the event of the evening. The audience was quiet for a moment. Then it broke out, and continued for a longer time than it takes to write these lines. One of the vice-presidents proposed three cheers, and led them with wild motions of his arms and legs, leaping into the air at every shout. The three cheers multiplied themselves into a dozen, and when everybody had gasped out the last hooray that his lungs contained, Mr. Barry was permitted to say "Friends," upon which the cheering was resumed. The speaker then said that such a reception as this might make any man proud to be an ex-convict. Still he could not feel that it was in his honor personally that the vast audience had assembled, but rather to vindicate the great principle of liberty which had been violated in his person. He had been spoken of as fearless in his attacks upon wrong, and brave in his manner of facing the consequences. Yet he had not suffered greatly. The county jail was a comfortable place, the food good, the sheriff and attendants kind and obliging. "The real sufferer in this affair," said Mr. Barry, "and the one who has shown the sublimest courage, is that noble woman whom I have the honor and the unspeakable good fortune to call my wife." Here the hall rang again with applause; but when the speaker added that Mrs. Barry had urged him to tell the truth as he knew it; to go to jail if he must, and to remember that his children would be proud of him, a man in the gallery swung his hat and shouted, "Three cheers for the brave woman;" and the hurrahs that followed made the other demonstrations of the evening seem mild and lacking in enthusiasm. The band played "Annie Laurie."

At about half-past ten o'clock I came away, and as I walked down Fifth street toward home the stentorian voice of the Hon. Charles A. Sumner came out of the open windows of the hall and followed me to my door.

The Free Press Defense Association has the right to call this indignation meeting a success in itself, whatever may be its effect in enlarging the liberty of speech and press. The speakers were all very modest in their demands. They asked only the privilege of being held responsible for their language before a jury instead of a judge; and so simple a privilege as this should be granted at once by the first legislature that meets. If an editor can't have a dozen numskulls to hold him down to what they think he ought to print, then the dearest rights of the literary man are abrogated. Although myself a member of the Free Press Association, I am inclined to believe that a dozen good Catholics could be extracted from its members who might decide that no harm would be done by gently and quietly suppressing FREETHOUGHT. And although Mr. Charles Sumner declares that the "Weekly Star" is the only free paper in San Francisco, I am inclined to believe that Mr. Barry would feel safer in republishing his censure of Judge Lawler than in avowing a rationalistic disbelief in the Roman Catholic religion.

A year ago, or so, when Mr. Barry was first arrested in the contempt case, I pointed out that it was the custom for believers in any principle to contribute to the support of their standard-bearer when that principle was violated in his person; and I suggested that five hundred of Mr. Barry's friends should give one dollar each toward the payment of his fine. Several dollars were sent in by the readers of FREETHOUGHT. The suggestion was reprinted in the "Star," and numerous other dollars followed. Then a banquet was given to Mr. Barry, at which I was present. The speakers were eloquent in their defense of the right of a free press, but only one defended the right of Freethought, and his reference to it sent a noticeable chill through the assemblage. The guest of the occasion returned thanks to those men and those papers that had sustained him in his fight, and he called them by name, but he did not mention FREETHOUGHT. I knew it was not an oversight—it was simply discretion. The speaker knew his audience. He knew it was not an audience of Free-thinkers. They were personal friends of his who would have protested just as hard if he had been convicted by a jury of his peers instead of a judge who was not his peer. Except for Mr. Barry's personal popularity they would not have been there.

Now, I have long believed and still believe that Freethought is the beginning of all freedom. To place a free press first is to commence the structure at the top. Free thought, free speech, and a free press is the natural order, and without the first I fail to see how they are of any value; but having free thought to start with they logically follow. The freedom to think implies the freedom to speak, and that, again, the freedom to print. Therefore the Free Press Association should be a Freethought Association, and I am apprehensive that until it becomes such its fight will be for some special privilege instead of a universal right.

Nevertheless, whatever may be the limitations of the members of the Free Press Association, so long as they keep their flag afloat the Freethinkers are with them. Every movement in this direction is a part of the Freethought movement, and not only am I prepared to fall in line, but I should be glad to see every reader of this paper in San Francisco and elsewhere use his influence on the right side.

For my own part I would ask for no protection from even the abuse of free speech or press. The meanest lies and slanders are those for which there is no redress at law; and if we can stand these, we need not mind the lesser ones which, according to the statute books, give cause for action in cases of criminal libel.

Mr. Dennett, who has just opened a temperance restaurant on Market street, adds another to the number of religious freaks in San Francisco. He is from New York, where his signs, "Salvation's Free," "Corn Beef-Hash 10 cents," are familiar to many. Dennett never employs any but "saved" waiters drawn from the ranks of the Salvation Army. There was once a compositor in the "Truth Seeker" office who experienced a change of heart, joined the holiness band, and left his case on account of the irreligious influences which surrounded him. He also got married. His piety attracted the attention of Dennett, and he was employed in the down-town restaurant. Previously he had been a tolerably decent fellow, though inclined to be intemperate; but after he left the "Truth Seeker" office he went to the bad as rapidly as possible. He "ratted" the printing business, borrowed money which he never returned, got one of Dennett's waitresses into trouble, and finally, having acquired fifty dollars in a questionable way, he left his wife for another woman, and the last I heard of him he had emigrated with a female companion to Nova Scotia. His piety was touching and evidently sincere, his tongue was glib and his brain active though small, but the temptations of a temperance restaurant pulled him down.

One of San Francisco's benefactors is Mr. H. W. Faust, who, when the sky is clear, stands on Market street near O'Farrell and gives the public glimpses of the moon through a big telescope at a nickel a glimpse. He charged me nothing for putting my eye at the peep-hole the other evening and viewing the lunar orb. The moon, as thus seen, looks like a gray globular rock eight inches in diameter, covered with bubbles (said to be craters of extinct volcanoes), and marked here and there with fissures and canyons. It is a highly moral exhibition, much more so than looking at Luna with the naked eye, and Mr. Faust tells me that many who have patronized him have since led a better life.

Mr. T. P. Brinegar, of Coos county, Or., reached San Francisco the fore part of the present week in a desolate and lonesome frame of mind. Mr. Brinegar is a young man of twenty-three, with the blue blood of Missouri in his veins and about six and a quarter feet of its bone and muscle in his stature. A few years ago he went to Oregon to teach school and lay by enough coin to pay his way through college. Incidentally he worked in the interest of Freethought and rustled for the Liberal candidates for the legislature in the late election. On the 16th or 17th of the present month, having provided himself with the necessary outfit and capital for his college course, he left Marshfield on the steamer Ajax bound for San Francisco. On the morning of the 18th the Ajax split on a rock off Cape Mendocino, and shortly thereafter went down, carrying with her all Mr. Brinegar's earthly possessions, including his books, clothes, and a Wettstein watch. The passengers and crew, numbering fifty, all told, rowed eleven

miles through the fog, landing at Shelter Cove in the early evening. Thence they came by the steamer Newport to this city. In going down the Ajax burst the top off her cabin, and the goods and chattels of the passengers have been sighted floating miles and miles away on the waves of the Pacific. Mr. Brinegar reports that his health is good, and that he has a trunk check and a fund of experience which he would be glad to realize on in the shape of hard cash.

The managers of the Mechanics' Fair, now proceeding at the Pavilion, have kindly favored me with a season ticket to their exhibition, and I have reciprocated by using the ticket, so that courtesies are now even between us. There is really a great deal at this fair to interest the citizen. The arts and industries of the state, and more especially of the city, are well represented. California is a country of large natural products, and can get up an exhibition impossible to other localities. I doubt if any other state can produce sawn timbers two hundred feet long, planks a rod wide, casks that hold a thousand barrels, or potted plants in whose branches a small boy may roost. The art gallery is worth seeing; for, while it does not contain so many great works as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, its pictures are much better than those published in the daily papers. A band discourses music, and a lady discourses songs; the visitor from the country touches everything that is hot or has fresh paint on it; nice girls who look too young to do so are making baby clothes on noisy sewing-machines; other young things make coffee or cocoa while you wait, and urge it upon your attention; many varieties of bitters which will cure all diseases are given away in small doses; the washing-machine man industriously squeezes the suds out of a piece of clean cloth; and iron pumps draw water from a tank in streams of assorted sizes, and discharge it over and over again. Any of the various things at this exhibition may be found elsewhere by traveling long distances between them, but in thus bringing them together so that they can all be seen on one carfare, the managers have placed the Yerba Buena public under deep obligations. But I think the management should do away with the numerous soda fountains which meet the visitor at every turn, and thus make it prudent for young men to go there in company with their female relatives or friends.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Jessie Fremont, widow of the late Gen. John C. Fremont, is sick and destitute at Los Angeles.—Charles C. Stevenson, governor of Nevada, died at Carson, Sept. 21, of typhoid fever. He was 64 years of age.—Last Sunday the Italian citizens of San Francisco celebrated with a street parade the twentieth anniversary of united Italy. It was an anti-papal demonstration.—The discovery of extensive coal fields in Mendocino county, forty miles north of Ukiah, is announced.—Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, the so-called sand-lot candidate for mayor of San Francisco, was obliged to descend from the platform where he was speaking last Sunday, and thrash an interrupter of his address.—The Democrats of San Francisco opened their campaign last Saturday night with a mass meeting addressed by Mayor Pond. Politics is getting very lively in this city.—I. N. Choynski is in the county jail, whence he writes interesting letters for his weekly paper, "Public Opinion." Mr. Choynski was charged with attempted extortion and failed to clear himself.—Owing to the elopement of the Rev. Mr. Sanborn, pastor of the Congregationalist church at Eureka, with another man's wife, his congregation has broken up and joined the Presbyterian denomination.—Charles S. Wieland received the most votes as the favorite Native Son, and gets the "Examiner's" badge. He received 166,797 votes, each one of which cost him or his friends five cents, representing a total of \$8,139.85. The badge is worth \$1500.—The coasting steamer Ajax, plying between this port and Coos Bay, was lost off Cape Mendocino last week. Crew and passengers were saved.

A statue of Horace Greeley was unveiled at the New York "Tribune" building Sept. 20.—Five persons were killed and nine injured in a railway collision between a switch train and a picnic train in Chicago last Sunday. The killed and injured

persons were returning excursionists.—Three hundred persons witnessed last Saturday the public whipping of six culprits at Wilmington, Del.—A single instead of a double site for the World's Fair at Chicago is favored by a majority of the commission.—The worst railroad accident of the year occurred on the Reading road in Pennsylvania, Sept. 19. An express train collided with a freight train seventeen miles from Reading and was hurled down an embankment into the Schuylkill river. A score of passengers were killed and many more injured.—Dion Boucicault, the playwright and actor, died at New York last week.—The correspondent who reported that Prince George of Wales engaged in a street fight at Montreal was arrested and charged with libel, but by order of the queen the suit has been withdrawn.

An Irish member of Parliament named Marum died last Sunday while attending mass at Dublin.—Michael Davitt has started a paper called the "Labor World," which is pronounced a success.—A while ago there was a deplorable drouth in China, and the emperor ordered prayers for rain. The prayers were made, and now the Yellow river has broken the levees and is carrying death and devastation before it. The emperor will have prayers said for fair weather.—A Turkish war vessel foundered at sea recently, and five hundred men went to the bottom with her.—Dillon and O'Brien, the Irish agitators, have been arrested in Dublin for conspiracy against the English government.

HAS CHRISTIANITY BENEFITED WOMAN?

BY PROF. GEO. H. DAWES.

III.

Hallam says in his "History of Literature:" "Love with the ancient poets is often tender and sometimes viruous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex, through the voluntary submission of the stronger, is a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe. It originated partially in the Teutonic manners. Some have said the reverence and adoration of the female sex, which has descended to our own times is the offspring of the Christian dispensation. But until it can be shown that Christianity established any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin. Without rejecting the Teutonic influence, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favor shown to women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dower, by the later Roman law."

The early Christians did not look upon marriage with that sanctity that characterized the late Roman and Teutonic nations, but in its grossest forms. Lecky says that marriage under Christian rule was viewed in the most degraded form. The notion of its impurity took many forms, and exercised for some centuries an extremely wide influence over the church. Polygamy was not uncommon among the Christians, even down to the eighteenth century. And how could it be otherwise? Believing in a book that teaches polygamy and in a God that sanctions it, their lives could not be different than they were. And, strange as it may seem to Christians, the apostles, nor did Christ, ever say one word against that debasing system. There is no prohibition of polygamy in the New Testament. It is an indisputable fact that although Christianity was first preached in Asia, which had been from the earliest ages the seat of polygamy, the apostles never denounced it as a crime, and never required their converts to put away all their wives but one.

The biography of the popes is almost one continuous recital of licentiousness and crimes against females. For many years the Vatican was nothing but a brothel, and one historian declares that the licentiousness of the clergy had ruined Italy. Justinian was a polygamist and a keeper of concubines. Charlemagne, who spread Christianity and devastation by fire and sword throughout a large part of Europe, had a harem of nine wives and several concubines. And Louis XV., the "most Christian king," had a harem that cost about \$20,000,000 and was supplied mostly with young girls.

The Protestant critic says that for all this Christianity was not responsible; that those people were Romanists and had turned aside from the principles and practices of Christianity. How-

ever this may be, they lived lives which were consistent with the teachings of the Bible; nor, as I have before stated, can they find that Christ or the apostles ever uttered one word against a plurality of wives. But if the Catholics practiced polygamy, Protestants did the same. Sir William Hamilton, in his "Discussion of Philosophy and Literature," speaking of Luther and Melancthon, says: "They promulgated opinions in favor of polygamy, and went to the extent of vindicating to the spiritual minister the right to a private dispensation, and to the temporal magistrate the right of establishing the practice, if he chose, by public law."

On December 19, 1539, at Wittenburg, Luther and Melancthon drew up the famous "Concillium," authorizing Philip of Hesse to have a plurality of wives. This important document bears the names of Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Marin Bucer, Dionysius Melander, John Lening, Antony Corvinus, Adrian Kraft, Justus Winther, Balthasar Raida—nine of the most prominent of the Protestant Reformation.

Luther advised Henry VIII. to have a plurality of wives, but by murdering two wives, and divorcing two others, the founder of the English church avoided it.

John of Leyden established the practice of polygamy at Munster, and drove from their homes all those who dared oppose the odious custom; and other Protestants followed his example.

With such a record as this it ill becomes the Christians to point the finger of scorn at the Mormons. And, with the most glaring inconsistency, the Congress of the United States will employ a chaplain to open the business of the day by reading a chapter from a polygamous book, pray to a polygamous God, and then enact a law for the suppression of polygamy in Utah.

Neither did Christians think it necessary to educate women, and too many now think that money spent for the higher education of women is a useless waste. Less than three hundred years ago a woman was hardly permitted to learn the alphabet, and to learn the multiplication table was overstepping the bounds of all propriety; and Martin Luther had the manliness to say that "no gown worse becomes a woman that she should become wise." It is a lamentable fact that the influence of the Bible and the effects of Christianity have been such that many people are to-day opposed to giving woman equal educational privileges with man, setting the monstrous and unjust excuses that it would make them vain and forgetful of their motherly duties, or that they are too frail; and these miserable excuses are justified by passages from St. Paul: "Women should learn in silence with all subjection." Yes, woman is too frail to be the intellectual and political rival of man, but she is not too frail or vain to be too many times his sexual and physical slave. She is not too frail to enter the workshops and help support a family. She is not so frail or vain but Christian capitalists can take advantages of her circumstances and employ her for a mere pittance to do labor in mines that the strongest men should do; and the Christian church looks on and says, "'Tis well, she must not be suffered to teach nor usurp authority over man."

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Summerville, Or (debate) Oct. 1-6	Myrtle Point Coos co., Or. Oct. 23
Walla Walla, Wash. Oct. 8, 9	Talent, Or. Oct. 26
Portland Convention, Oct. 11, 12, 13	Fort Bragg, Cal. Nov. 1, 2
Coburg, Or. Oct. 15, 16	Boulder Creek, Cal. Nov. 9, 10
Marshfield, Coos co. Or. Oct. 19, 20	Porterville, Cal. Nov. 12, 13, 14
Coquille, Coos co. Or. Oct. 21	Tulare, Cal. Nov. 15, 16
Arago, Coos co. Or. Oct. 22	

Gave It a Fair Trial.

At the gospel tent meeting on Niagara street a member had just ceased speaking about a cure of asthma effected by prayer when a lank individual arose and asked for the privilege of the floor.

"If you have any experience you may speak, brother," said the presiding officer.

"I have had experience. My father was sick with the asthma for fifteen years, and he was finally brought to pray for his recovery. [Intense interest manifested among hearers.] He prayed for fifty years, and [emphatically] he died of the asthma."

Hysterical laughter among urchins on rear seats and consternation among the leaders.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

F. C. MENDE, TREASURER. IDA C. CRADDOCK, COR. SEC'Y.

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Sedalia Secular Union (charter fee) through Wm. Parmerlee..... \$5 00
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Total..... \$99 09
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 Per I. C. C.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the board of directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat, and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio river, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufactories. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy, and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of church and state in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the Nine Demands of Secularism, we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word "secular" is here

used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

To discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Christian Temperance Union, indorsing the platforms and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many other, which might be mentioned, are imperilling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-a-wake little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
 Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1890. Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec'y.

THE PORTLAND MEETING.

Liberal Friends: It will be gratifying to know that we will have the greatest array of talent which has ever met on any one platform in Oregon. Miss Katie Kehm, S. P. Putnam, Prof. Dawes, Matie P. Krekel, Hon. C. J. Curtis, Judge Winsor, Abigail Scott Dunaway, John E. Remsburg, Elder Alonzo T. Jones, Moses Hull and Hon. William Jackson Armstrong, late Inspector-General of United States Consulates for Europe. It is claimed by many that Mr. Armstrong is one of the greatest orators living. At the request of Mayor Hewett he addressed 5000 in Cooper Institute on Russian Nihilists, delivered the same in Beecher's church, was then invited by Congress to repeat this lecture in Washington, D. C., where he resides, being introduced by Col. Ingersoll, which resulted in the Century Magazine sending Mr. George Kennan to Siberia to examine her living hells.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles of the U. S. Army says: "I have heard all the great speakers of this country, and I consider William Jackson Armstrong among the very foremost. He looks and is every inch the orator." To-day I commence sending out 3,000 bills; was delayed some in obtaining speakers. Please post them without fail. David Wittenberg, our Hungarian patriot and Liberal, handed in five dollars, says he wants to be the first on the list, and told me to tell you "to let the money now come." A hint to the wise is sufficient.

Let me say that I heard Moses Hull deliver his farewell address in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, to more than a thousand people, after talking to them thirteen weeks and that he is one of the finished platform orators of this country. Ex-Chief Justice Cole of Iowa will endeavor to come. It is he who induced Gen. Grant to insert in his message the clause urging the total separation of church and state. The following letter you will be pleased to read. Now, friends, we are having a pull all together and will soon be happy.

C. BEAL.

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA, Sept. 9, 1890.

C. BEAL, Esq., *My Dear Sir:* On returning from England I find your note awaiting me. It would afford me great pleasure to attend your convention in October, but I fear that I cannot leave Canada at that time. I have a great desire to visit Oregon,

and as soon as arrangements can be made I shall make an effort to do so.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12, 1890.

C. BEAL, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* Your favor of September 2 at hand, containing your hospitable invitation to be present at the coming Congress of the Secular societies in your state. I have delayed answering until I could send your invitation to President Westbrook, and confer with him on the possibility of accepting it.

To my great regret, we find it impossible for me to be present at your Congress. I especially regret this because, having lived for two years and a half upon the Pacific slope, I know how enterprising you Westerners are. I know that if Liberalism is ever to come to its full flower and fruition, it will be on the Pacific coast first of all, because there the breezes of mental independence blow ever fresh and free—far more freshly and freely, indeed, than they do here in the East. I long for the time when I may again participate, if only for a brief season, in that joyous, fearless march forward to a higher and broader civilization in which the West is leading the way. But this year it is impossible for me to come. We are as busy as we can be, getting ready for the National Congress which is to take place at Portsmouth, Ohio, on October 31, November 1 and 2. We are anxious to make it a means of uniting our fellow-Liberals more closely than before, so that we may be able to present something like a compacted, organized front to the well organized church enemy. There are Liberals of all shades of belief to be appealed to, if we would have a full representation; and all this takes an enormous amount of correspondence.

But, if I cannot come, I can at least send you my best wishes for your success as a state congress. And I take this opportunity to put in my little plea for closer union among us all. If Liberals would hold their own against the organized aggressiveness of the church party, they must likewise organize; they must co-operate faithfully; they must be loyal to that one principle in which we all believe, no matter what our particular "ism"—total separation of church and state.

I hope the day is not far distant when Liberals everywhere shall be united into one great army, pledged to combat for this principle of total separation of church and state, well organized, well equipped, well disciplined, and faithful to each other and to the leaders of their choice. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized, that co-operation and organization are the order of the day in all departments of business. If we would succeed in preserving our freedom from both the open and the subtle encroachments of the church, we must stand together, shoulder to shoulder, in an organized army.

With my best wishes for a glad and helpful re-union among the Secularists of Oregon, I am, with much regret at being unable to participate, Yours very truly, IDA C. CRADDOCK,
Corr. Sec'y A. S. U.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I wish to call the attention of the Liberals of Oregon, to the Second Annual Congress of the Oregon State Secular Union, to be held in Portland, at New Arien Hall, corner of Second and Oak streets, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 11th, 12th, and 13th of October next.

The object of this meeting, and of the Oregon State Secular Union, is to guarantee civil and religious liberty to the people; secure the taxation of church property, and oppose the union of church and state.

We want this meeting to be a grand success, and we ask every Liberal in the state to co-operate with us, and aid us in making it so. Will you come forward, one and all, and "lend a helping hand?" Announce the Congress through your local papers; circulate cards of invitation; post up notices at your post-office and country stores. In fact, do all you can to let everyone know of this great, important meeting, that all may attend if they so desire. Write to President Beal, and let him know what you are doing toward aiding the Congress—let words of cheer resound from every city, town, and village in the state.

We most cordially invite every Liberal—every person who is

in favor of the total separation of church and state, to be present. We want our convention to be a noble and useful one. The speakers who are to be present will be the best that have yet been together.

The members of the Union last year voluntarily decided that they could manage and maintain the Union, without aid from other states, so now let them all come forward and show that they meant, and can do, what they said. We can make our Congress a success if we only try. If everyone will help, even a little, our meeting will be all that we desire.

Rents are as high as they were last year, and it will cost quite a sum to pay the expenses of the Congress. We need financial aid. Let every Liberal, who is willing and able to do so, forward a few dollars to help defray the expenses. All financial aid will be most thankfully received. Send all money to President Beal, Portland, Oregon, and he will give credit for it in FREETHOUGHT. Don't wait until it is too late, for now is the time we need encouragement.

We have lately had some neat blanks printed, petitioning the Legislature of Oregon for the taxation of church property, and we would be pleased to place copies of this petition in the hands of every earnest Liberal worker in the state, for circulation. The exemption of ecclesiastical property from just taxation is a gross injustice to the people. It is unconstitutional, and not in keeping with the general principle of our government, and all laws favoring this unjust exemption should be immediately repealed.

We also have had copies printed of the Constitution of the O. S. S. U., and we ask our Liberal friends to send for them, and circulate them throughout the state, and secure as many signatures for membership as possible. There is no membership fee—all that is required is the name and address of those who indorse the objects of the Union, and wish to become members. We would like to have the name of every liberal-minded person in the state recorded on our Membership Book. We already have a large number of names.

Now, Liberals, one and all, if you think you can secure any signatures for the petition, or for the Constitution of our Union, by presenting them to your friends and neighbors in your locality, please send for them at once, and they will be promptly forwarded to you. Copies of the petition and constitution, and also cards of invitation, are to be obtained from either President Beal, or myself. My address is Oswego, Clackamas county, Oregon.

With best wishes for the success of our Congress, and sincerely hoping that as many as possible will attend our grand meeting, and join with us in helping to promote liberty, truth, justice, and equality, I am, ever,
Yours faithfully,

ELVA DAVIDSON BLACKBURN,

Sept. 15, 1890. Assist. Sec. Oregon State Secular Union.

THE LAW OF CONTEMPT.

On March 31, 1831, Congress, in order to prevent a judge from depriving a man of a trial by jury, for publishing a criticism of the decisions of courts, passed the following law:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the power of the several courts of the United States to issue attachments and inflict summary punishments for contempts of court, shall not be construed to extend to any cases, except the misbehavior of any person or persons in the presence of the said courts, or so near thereto as to obstruct the administration of justice, the misbehavior of any of the officers of the said courts in the official transactions, and the disobedience or resistance by any officer of the said courts, party, juror, witness, or any other person or persons, to any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree, or command of the said courts.

The courts of California, in defiance of the doctrine of this law, decide that an editor can be brought before a judge and punished for his criticism on such judge, without the right of showing the truth of what is published to a jury of his peers.—Weekly Star.

Is there any good in Christianity outside of myth and miracle? Well, all this good we indorse, love, seek to disseminate and perpetuate. It is the mythical and miraculous only against which we protest; not that which may be verified by science, and elevate the human race—the true, the beautiful, the good.—W.

MR. P. A. JOHNSTONE'S SIXTH SENSE.

P. Alexander Johnstone, the mind-reader, performed a feat in this city to-day which eclipses all similar records, says a dispatch from Chicago dated Sept. 10. He has been doing many remarkable things here, and finally his manager decided to attempt the same test which resulted in the death of the well-known mind-reader Bishop in New York—that of finding a name in a register and pronouncing it. A committee of well-known men and a physician drove in a hack from the Auditorium Hotel to the Grand Pacific by a tortuous route, and going to the register selected a name.

Leaving one of their number in charge of the register, they returned to the Auditorium, where Johnstone had remained in custody of another committeeman. They then bandaged his eyes securely.

When the committee came back to the Auditorium, after settling on the name in the Grand Pacific register, a considerable delay was necessary, in order for Mr. Johnstone to test the committee regarding their ability to concentrate their minds on the route and knowledge of the city, and also to have them trace on the wall how many blocks north and west, etc., they had driven.

When all was ready, however, the doors of the south parlor were thrown open, and with a tiger-like bound the "black-hooded" man made a rush for the stairs. The street was reached in safety, and immediately upon being assisted to his seat on the box of a carriage, he grabbed the lines and drove very fast down Michigan avenue. The course taken did not correspond with that of the committee in any respect, and was due, Mr. Johnstone claims, to the nervous condition of Mr. Dean, who occupied the front seat with him, and after the excitement was over Mr. Dean was forced to admit that he was "slightly rattled" and very much afraid that he would run into some vehicle or be run into himself.

The drive taken by Mr. Johnstone was north on Michigan avenue to Adams, west on Adams to Wabash, south on Wabash to Van Buren, west on Van Buren to Third avenue, where he stopped and got out. After walking to Dearborn street he said, "We are on the wrong track," and again got onto the rig and again continued west on Van Buren to Clark, and north on Clark to McCoy's Hotel, where he again alighted and ran headlong, assisted by Mr. Butler, to the Grand Pacific Hotel. At once he made a rush for the clerk's desk, where it was supposed Mr. Lederer would be with the register, but it was found that he had been assigned to clubroom "A," and, as a consequence, the committee was obliged to rush to that point. The crowd had become so dense at this juncture that Mr. Johnstone called for air and whisky. He also desired to be assigned to a private room for a few minutes.

After a delay of ten minutes he reappeared and the test commenced. The name chosen by the committee was that of J. G. Butler, Jr., Youngstown, O., registered August 25, 1890.

With the committee around him, and having Mr. Lederer by the hand, he asked them to close his eyes and keep perfectly quiet. Soon he stopped on a certain page and asked Mr. Lederer if it were not correct.

Then he called out the date and again requested Mr. Lederer to close his eyes and fix the signature in his mind, and he then produced it in the exact handwriting of the original writer.

Meanwhile, however, he was obliged to have a large glass of whisky to brace up on. The task, nevertheless, was completed to the satisfaction of the committee, and Mr. Johnstone was at once led to the parlor and his bandages removed, when he again called for whisky. He was removed to 2520 Calumet avenue, where two doctors were obliged to work hard on him to bring him out of a cataleptic fit.

Many curious phenomena were manifested incidentally. Tuesday, having wrought his mind up to the reading pitch, Johnstone made a mental trip over the route he was to take on the morrow.

He afterward confided to Mr. Gooding that in this visionary ride the carriage-tongue of his vehicle had come in collision with a wagon, and predicted that such an incident would occur when the real trip took place.

Sure enough when Johnstone and his carriage reached the in-

tersection of State and Van Buren streets the carriage tongue was forced through the wheel of an express wagon. When the Grand Pacific was reached, and just prior to the register test, Johnstone was in a singularly critical condition. His pulse was fluttering in an alarming way, running at times above 150 beats to the minute; his temperature from a normal state had jumped to 103, and on the whole it looked very much as if total collapse was imminent. Messrs. Clark and Johnson were kept busy ministering to his wants. When the test had finally been accomplished the man, now at the height of the great mental strain, fell back exhausted.

FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF STAGE RIDING.

After many days' riding on stage, buckboard, and nameless other "vehicles" over the roughest kind of roads in the interior of Oregon, I have again struck the railroad. Thank my stars that I live to see the iron rail and hear the locomotive whistle once more. I have been at times sadly demoralized by the jolting, bouncing, and sudden, abrupt, and emphatic sit-downs that fell to my lot while rattling along through deep canyons or down steep mountain grades, holding on with both hands, one foot on the dashboard, and the other planted at right angles to keep from going over the wheel or under the horses' heels. It is needless to say that my form was not improved by these eccentric movements. Almost all my travel was done in open stages. The sun burned down on the itinerant with a vengeance. My face has taken on a ham-colored tan, and at times bore striking resemblance to the aforesaid article when the perspiration rolled over it.

There were abundant opportunities to lecture, but the people are in all this country poor—that is, those who go by the name of Freethinkers. As a general thing they are open-hearted and free-handed. The mountain air is not conducive to piety. A very small per cent of the male population go to church. Many are not Christians and not Liberals. Liberal literature is not extensively read. The people seem to take little interest in reform or progress. To live in these mountains is to live a hearty and rugged, but not an intellectual life.

It impressed me deeply to see how far neighbors lived apart in some of the canyons (they spell canyon with a y up here). I have some days traveled eight or nine miles without any sign of a habitation. Then perhaps we would reach a house and barn, where the stage changed horses. The cabin that the family occupy is rude and small. All the garden they have is a very small patch of a hundred feet square or more, that will grow only a few the more hardy vegetables. There is very little fruit grown in the canyons or valleys; and, by the way, there are only a few valleys in all of Central Oregon, and they are, as I have indicated, too high to grow the best fruits and vegetables.

The Willamette valley is the garden spot of this state. The wealth of Central Oregon is not visible to the pilgrim. It consists in sheep, cattle, and horses. These in summer are away up in the mountains. Occasionally I saw a band of sheep consisting of two thousand head. The sheep and herder were not so interesting to me as were their dogs. A well-trained sheep dog knows more than the ordinary San Francisco voter. Without them the sheep would have a sorry time, as they not only drive them, but also defend them from the coyote and bear.

It is utterly impossible for me to mention details of my lectures within the space allotted to one letter. I am happy to say that I have met and made the acquaintance of many good Liberals, a large number of whom who are now not able to subscribe for FREETHOUGHT, I am sure will do so hereafter. There is no question about the hardness of the times in this part of Oregon. There is every prospect that Oregon will be in the near future one of the very foremost states in the ranks of Freethought. The material is here, and the spirit of liberty also.

I shall soon turn my face from Spokane Falls, Wash., towards San Francisco and about the middle of October reach there.

Summerville, Or.

W. S. BELL.

Correspondence Wanted.

A young San Francisco gentleman (dark), of steady habits and domestic tendencies, holding Freethought views, would like to correspond (in confidence) with an intelligent young lady. Address, "S.T.," this office

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(The managing editor, news editor and city editor seated in the managing editor's room, smoking cigarettes, exalting the scoops they had that morning and belittling the scoops of the esteemed contemporaries. Enter the proprietor and editor smoking a cigarette.)

Proprietor and Editor—Gentlemen, there's got to be more pop about this office, or there will be some high salaried positions vacant. We were beat to death by 'The Bawl on the striker's riot; the seminary scandal should have been headed up and run on the first page; that dreary old Apache outbreak stuff should have been boiled or killed, and—say, who was on when that Apache story came?

Managing Editor—It came late. Bowler was in charge.

Proprietor and Editor—Take Bowler off the night desk to-morrow and put him in charge of the weekly. Take Plater off baseball and give him the night desk. I want some pop around here at night. I want some one to make up the paper who knows the difference between a first page story and Doxology I want"—(Exit, kicking.)

(When the proprietor and editor is gone the others smile knowingly and wearily.)

Managing Editor—That's the kind of a fool the Lord ordains shall own news papers. Still, as long as he has sense enough to hire good newspaper men, he can have the credit of being one himself. You can have twelve columns for local to night and sixteen for telegraph.

(News editor and city editor retire to news editor's room.)

News Editor—Wasn't that rich—Puffer saying the boss was no newspaper man?

City Editor—Pot and kettle!

News Editor—Puffer ordered that Apache story himself without consulting me. He doesn't know a news story from a hair mattress. Got a cigarette, Billy? Thanks. Keep that fight inside of a column to-night, and spread on the strikers' riot.

(The city editor goes to his room and explodes to his assistant and a copy reader.)

City Editor—Once a city editor had something to say about local matter, but now a news editor, with no more newspaper sense than a jay, orders you—oh, it makes me tired!

Assistant City Editor—What has that luminous gentleman been ordering now Billy?

City Editor—Says we must keep the fight down and spread on the strike.

Assistant City Editor—Rats! 'The Bawl spread the strike this morning only because they knew we would keep it down.

City Editor—Yes, and to-morrow it will spread the fight for the same reason. Then the "boss" will come shouting for pop, and blame this end of the shop—

Assistant City Editor—The only end with any news sense in it. (Winks prodigiously at copy reader.)

City Editor—Guess you're about right, Jack. Got a cigarette? Thanks. Let's go out and get a wad. Join us, Jimmy?

(Late that night. Night Editor and Foreman standing over forms. Night Editor with handfuls of proofs, Foreman with handfuls of type.)

Night Editor (to boy)—Johnny! Take this to the telegraph room, and ask one of the young professors there to raise it to a four head, and say that that Chicago special must be chopped off, and to rush up the tail of the Sacramento stuff, and ask New York what he means by duplicating

the Associated Press with this Prince George rot.

Johnny—Yezzir

Foreman—It's a good thing there's one newspaper man in the shop, Mr. Bowler.

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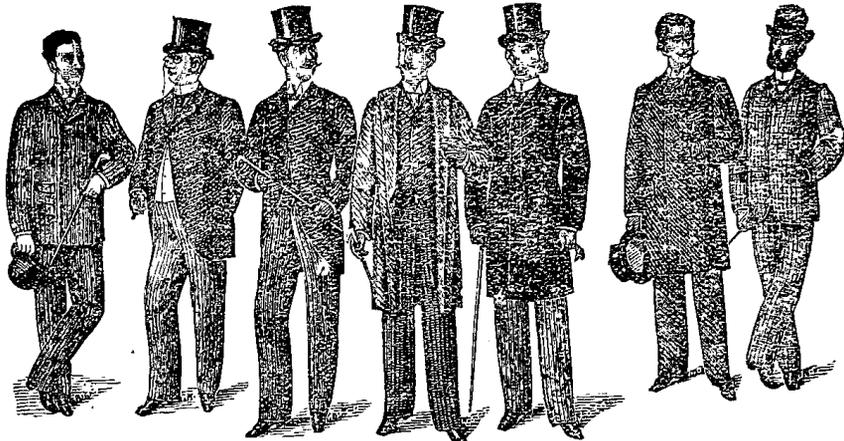
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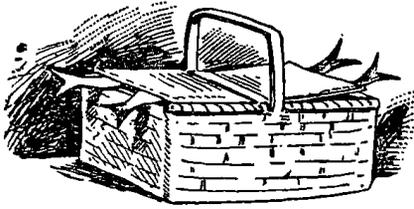
"Mr. Brief," said the judge grimly, "it seems to me that you are wasting time; you might as well attempt to make the court believe that two and two do not make four."

Brief settled his eyeglasses a little more firmly on his nose, and responded blandly: "May it please your lordship, I am prepared to do that. Two and two make twenty-two."

The shadow of a smile played round the corner of the judge's mouth as he sat back in his chair and said, "You may go on with your argument, Mr. Brief."—Chatter.

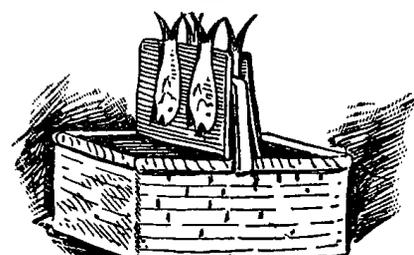
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He Left It Outside.

I hear the rustle of her dainty skirt,
And catch a whiff of some sweet perfume rare,
As like a queen she sweeps upon her way,
With form erect and head held high in air

But when she's passed beneath my breath I swear,
And wish she wouldn't swing her dress like that.

In going by my pew her skirtlets caught
And swept the floor with my new stovepipe hat.
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - OCTOBER 4, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Leaving Port Angeles in the foggy morning, Wednesday, Sept. 17, I arrive at the flourishing city of Port Townsend at nine o'clock. This city is making rapid strides. The hills about are covered with elegant dwellings, and the water-front is crowded with business.

I remain only an hour and then speed over the waters that begin to shine in the glimmering sun, to Seattle, where I arrive at half past one. I am simply surprised. All the landmarks have disappeared. I don't know where to look for any of the old campaigners. The hotel where Amunds and Wickstrom used to be is gone up in the fiery blast. However, the Hummells are still at the "old homestead," which has undergone a transformation, and the front lots are decorated with handsome houses, which is a pleasant indication of prosperity. I also visited at the home of Geo. T. Cline, where the friends of the first campaign at Silverton were present, and so time went rapidly by in this frontier city, where the march of wealth and enterprise has been so marvelous. I was sorry that I could not remain a day or two in this place where there are so many good and staunch friends of Freethought. I am obliged to hurry on, and leave the same night for Tacoma and the South.

At noon the next day I strike Kalama, and Svensson is on the U. P. Transfer boat and I have the pleasure of meeting him. Kalama was "dead as a door nail" when I was here last. It has now its day of promise, and lots that I might have bought for \$5 are now worth \$100 and \$500. When will wonders cease in this land of forest and of river?

I likewise learn that the fair secretary of the Oregon State Secular Union, Miss Elva Davidson, is married to our comrade Blackburn. Long life and happiness to these in their mountain home, and may the gold and the silver streams flow plentifully along.

In the afternoon of Thursday I reach Scappoose, where W. W. West is on hand for welcome. Scappoose don't grow much, but its primeval forest is beginning to feel the stroke of the axe. My friend West has built him a new mansion, and here I passed a pleasant day. In the evening I lectured to a very good audi-

ence for a country place where the farmers are pretty busy. Comrade Dangerfield is still engaged in the delectable occupation of bee raising, and he finds a great deal of poetry in the study of these little animals, who sing and work with such harmonious delight. Harry West, Peter and Leander Johnson, and others, I was pleased to meet again at this time, and I feel sure that Scappoose will not go backward in the ranks of Liberalism. Our friend West used to be the schoolmate of Ingersoll, and the spirit of those "good old times" is as fresh as boyhood's zest, in the toil of later years.

On from Scappoose to Portland. I catch C. Beal hard at work. The prospects of the Oregon Convention are most brilliant. There is a splendid array of talent. Friend Beal has a kind of magic power to get together the finest material, and marshal the forces for effective work. All sides are represented, and the whole broad issue of the Demands of Liberalism will be presented to the country in a comprehensive manner. Those who do not attend the convention will miss a rare treat, besides a magnificent opportunity for progress and education. I believe this will be one of the greatest conventions ever held in this republic.

I have received such encouraging reports from Texas, while at Portland, that I have planned to be in that state for lectures during December and January. I have already received invitations from the following places: Ft. Worth, Burnet, Big Springs, Goldthwait, Flatonina, Forney, Sherman, and Trenton. Friends in other places who desire lectures will please communicate with me at once. I expect to strike Texas about the last week in November, and return in time for the California State Convention the last of January. I want to put in as much work in Texas as possible during that time. I have not been in Texas yet, and I look forward to a delightful field of labor in this splendid state, where friend Shaw and his noble coadjutors are making the shadows of superstition fly.

Failing to make connection with Carleton as I expected, I dash out, on the spur of the moment, to New Era, where the Oregon Spiritualists are holding their annual camp-meeting, and I happened to strike it just right, and Sunday was a work-day with excellent results. I come to the home of W. W. Jesse, a home indeed for the Secular Pilgrim, where the greeting was as cordial as the sunshine. Jesse was burned out last year, and the devouring flame took about everything he had; but a good name is about as valuable as a bank account. Everybody knew that Jesse was honorable to the backbone, with plenty of grit. Right on the ruins, almost, he began to sell goods again, and has conquered fortune and is again on the road to prosperity, although he is such an "awful Infidel." The "Lord" doesn't seem to get the better of him at all, and humanity is on top.

I lectured Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening in the hall where the spirits are wont to congregate, but they did not disturb me, and we had a cordial union all round. The

heart of Spiritualism is for reform and progress every time, and the question of immortality brings no division. Let the "soul go marching on" if it will, only let it be free, and upward and onward. I am willing to accept the world beyond if I get there, and keep up the battle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I lectured on the "Demands of Liberalism" and the "New Heaven and Earth," and all seemed to agree in principles and method—reason, science, and humanity.

I can't enumerate the friends I met here. There was Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, from McMinnville; the Kruses, of Wilsonville; Trullinger, of Viola; Phillips, of Clackamas; Mrs. May, of Canby, and L. P. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Lee and family; George Johnson, of Oregon City; Mr. Linn, and Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Short—these are a few of the many I met in this "temple of nature," where the dim religious light is lost in the sunshine and shadows of the radiant forest.

Sunday morning I listened to Mr. Hendee, of Portland, while under "spirit control." He is a young man who developed mediumistic powers only a few months ago, after the death of his little children. So far as the discourse was concerned, which was a sensible one, I think the speaker would have done just as well without the "control" as with it, but this shows that the spirits don't know any more than we do about things in general, and cannot add to our knowledge. As to the fact of the "control," this is a question of physics that I have not yet determined upon. I don't know exactly what that influence is. Mr. Hendee is well known as a capable business man, and it does not appear that he would be deceived, or that he would deceive others.

I was glad to meet the "Infidel schoolma'am," Miss Katie Kehm. She is a born teacher, indeed, and keeps the best school in the county. In Iowa, where her Freethought principles were against her standing, she still ranked among the foremost teachers, and her mark of scholarship was the highest. She delights in her chosen profession, and the Christians cannot find fault with her methods in the school room. They are strictly unsectarian, purely educational, and you wouldn't know that she was an outspoken Freethinker by anything that is expressed in the school room. She has the gift of interesting the children. I visited the little schoolhouse on the hill, with Mr. Jessie, who is one of the school directors, and was pleased to see all the pupils so animated in their lessons.

When Miss Kehm came to Oregon, after her troublesome persecutions for opinion's sake in Iowa, she determined to keep still and do nothing but teach. But it couldn't be helped. There were calls to action; for Freethought can't be hid under a bushel. She gave the Fourth of July oration at Molalla, which was warmly received. She has since lectured in various places, and will speak at the Portland convention, and at neighboring places as the duties of teaching will allow. But she means to stick to her profession where such important work can be done for true education, and in connection with this to organize, at New Era, a Science Sunday-school; and certainly there could be no more beneficial undertaking than this for the triumph of Secular principles, and with such an able and enthusiastic teacher the constructive and scientific ideas of Liberalism will be vindicated.

Colonel White, a veteran from all around the world, whose experiences of life would fill a volume, gave me a call on Monday morning. He is ready for work and doesn't mean to pass in his checks yet awhile. He has fought superstition from the word go, and, like the "Old Guard," never surrenders.

Monday afternoon Jesse drives me over to Canby, where I

lecture that evening in the school-house, which was crowded, and I never had a more attentive audience to listen to a discourse on "Evolution and Creation." Canby is evidently on the forward march. Well, with such friends as the Howards, the Lees, the Macks, the Knights, the Coates, there must be progress; and Wm. Barton, too. Although he is kept busy all the time he doesn't let Freethought go by the board. He is on hand, although I guess he traveled pretty near a hundred miles that day.

Horace Seaver Ramsby, worthy of his namesake, was there, and, good fortune, his father, Maxwell Ramsby, too, all the way from Haystack, who has piloted me over many a rough journey in Eastern Oregon. It was a surprise and delight to meet him again in such different surroundings. I was only one night at Canby, but it was a bright and profitable one, I guess, with omens of future work.

Tuesday morning I am off for Butteville. It was my good luck at the camp-meeting to shake hands with J. W. Batcheller, of Butteville, and he became my "special providence" so far as Butteville was concerned, and it was fortunate that I had such a genial and go-ahead companion. I might have got "left" if he had not arranged the programme. He met me at Aurora, where I have to leave the railroad. Butteville is five miles away on the river bank. Batcheller is a Spiritualist and a Prohibitionist, but that did not prevent a good understanding between us, and where we did agree we could join forces as if there was no difference of opinion. He believes in the Demands of Liberalism, and in progress, and that's the main thing. He took me to his home, and a pleasant resting-place it was. In the afternoon we went down to Butteville and met J. S. Vaughan and others. The lecture is given in the evening at Grange Hall. I find Butteville to be a most uncertain place. Last year the hall was crowded. This year it was not more than half full. Perhaps the main reason was that the men are busy with the hops. Still, I expected better things, and was disappointed that a larger number were not present. Something of a religious element has sprung up in Butteville since I was here, and the church is getting a stronger hold upon the community, and it may be that weak-kneed Liberals don't care to be counted. Whatever the cause, we have to take the ups and the downs and hope that things will be more promising as time rolls on.

However, I have a good time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Batcheller. I find a sunny harbor here, and enough to interest. The fireside blazes in the chilly morning, and roaming over the farm, apples, pears, peaches, and plums can be enjoyed to the heart's content, and the fine Merino sheep and horses attract the eye. Mingling with these are the reminiscences of mine host of pioneer life and spirit, for he struck this country thirty-seven years ago and has experienced much of the varied adventures of this land besides that of "the beyond," which I do not profess to understand. My disappointment was thus combined with pleasure, and I don't have to mark Butteville altogether upon the black-list. J. W. Grim, Jr., of Hubbard; A. Yergen, of Aurora, and others present from outside made up for the absence of those who lived nearer by. About twenty names were added to the list on the petition for church taxation. Take it all in all, there was some gain at Butteville. Thursday morning I drop down the river. Hop-picking is over and crowds of Chinamen throng the wharf, a motley company, ready for transportation to Portland. It doesn't seem as if there was room for them on board the boat, but they pack themselves into all sorts of corners and almost disappear.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

MR. PENTECOST'S DEFIANCE.

Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost, editor of the "Twentieth Century," has resumed his weekly meetings in and around New York. In announcing the meetings Mr. Pentecost explains that circumstances are forcing him into closer quarters than he occupied last year. Library Hall, in Newark, N. J., is to be torn down, and the owners of Oraton, the only available large hall in Newark, refuse to let it to him on account of the doctrine he preaches. In that place, therefore, he falls back upon Liberal League Hall, which, though comfortable, is much too small.

In New York Mr. Pentecost goes from the Masonic Temple on Sixth avenue, where the congregation of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham formerly gathered on Sunday under the impression that they were attending church, to Grand Opera House Hall on Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street. The expenses of each meeting at Masonic Temple, he states, were seventy-five dollars. Of this sum three generous friends paid twenty-five dollars and the audience fifty. It speaks well for Mr. Pentecost's powers of attraction that he could hold such expensive meetings so long as he did. But Mr. Pentecost discovered that his doctrines did not commend themselves to the rich, and while his audiences did not decrease in numbers, they were made up of poorer persons than attended his lectures at first. His work associated him more and more with the poor, not only through sympathy with the nature of the work, but also as one of them; for he declares that he is getting poorer himself every year.

In view of this state of affairs it is worth something to notice that Mr. Pentecost is not weakening in his determination to speak his mind regardless of consequences. He says:

"I shall not change my course. I shall not 'trim' anything I have to say to suit the opinions of my hearers. I shall go on just as I have been going even if the meetings entirely fail from lack of support. Unless I speak the whole truth, as I am able to see it, I may as well cease talking and writing altogether. There are enough 'trimmers' talking and writing. I do not intend to join the number. The truth that it seems to me should be spoken I intend to utter whether any one will listen or not."

These are good strong words, and happy is the editor or the advocate who can afford to speak them. Of course Mr. Pentecost is not blind to their effect. He knows that people do not as a rule listen to a speaker in order to get new ideas, but simply to hear him express their own thoughts in more forcible language than they can themselves command. The religious person does not want to hear Freethought lectures, especially if it pays him to be religious. The Socialist does not want to listen to Anarchism, nor the Anarchist to Socialism, and the Single Tax reformer holds aloof from both. The politicians will avoid the man who tells them they are parasites. The rich will not give of their means to hear themselves denounced; and Mr. Pentecost must prepare himself to see his constituency narrow to that philosophical but not numerous class of people who describe themselves as individualists, with such as he may retain among religious radicals who are willing to "hear the other side." Stepping from the pulpit to the radical platform, and bringing with him brilliancy as an orator, straightforwardness and facility as a writer, and an undeniable earnestness of purpose, he has achieved a splendid popularity. He had the good fortune to be comfortably situated as to money matters himself and to find wealthy sympathizers and an enterprising business coadjutor. Hence success came. But it is a fact that the truth told on any par-

ticular subject offends more than it pleases; told on all subjects, it offends nearly everybody; and the time is likely to come when Mr. Pentecost will publish the "Twentieth Century" as "Liberty," "Egoism," and the "Individualist" are published, at the expense of the editors. His hall rent he will pay out of his own pocket, from money earned in the sweat of his own face. For Mr. Pentecost is an independent man, and this is the inevitable result of independence.

OUR LOCAL SOCIETY.

To the Members of the San Francisco Freethought Society:

As the season has now arrived when the attractions which induce people to spend their Sundays away from the city begin to lose their force it is to be hoped that the regular weekly meetings of the society can be resumed, and if each member will do what he can towards their support they may be conducted with increasing success, and before the winter is over our society will become strong and useful for the spread of those principles of freedom and progress for which it was organized.

In October John E. Remsburg, one of the best Freethought speakers in the country, will visit San Francisco, and if possible arrangements should be made with him for at least one lecture. Samuel P. Putnam will also be here in October, and he is so well known and so popular with Freethinkers here that it is only necessary that it should be known he will lecture to secure a large audience.

It is desirable that the sociables should be kept up, for this feature is the means of the members becoming acquainted with each other and of strengthening the bonds of fraternity and the feeling of a common interest in the work to be done.

The board of management appeals to the members to give what financial aid they are able for the carrying on of these meetings, and asks that they send their names and addresses to the secretary, Emil S. Lemme, 938 Howard street, stating the amount they are willing to contribute towards paying the necessary expenses, such as hall rent, music, advertising, etc.

The society at present not only has no funds, but is indebted to Mr. Macdonald for money advanced by him to pay hall rent due at the close of the meetings in July, about \$10.

If each member will agree to give fifty cents or one dollar, as he can afford, the managers will feel confident that they can go ahead and make the meetings a success this winter.

W. H. EASTMAN, Vice-President,
EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary.

SUGGESTIVE REMARKS.

In renewing his subscription a valued subscriber concludes his letter thus:

"I should suppose that, considering the difficulty you have in collecting funds sufficient to pay the cost of existence, etc., it would sometimes occur to you that those who support your work for the good it is doing may possibly have similar difficulties to meet."

That is just what does occur to us often. We know what a struggle existence costs a majority of men and women. There are a hundred calls for every dollar the most of us can acquire, and no one can censure the man who devotes his money to that from which comes the greatest amount of pleasure to him. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that the support of the Liberal cause is a tax upon a not large number of men and women. The situation is that the movement is to be maintained by these or not at all; and the question arises whether, in one way or an-

other, they get their money's worth. Presumably they are convinced that they do, or they would spend it for something else. The proposition, "Is Liberalism worth supporting?" is a legitimate one for discussion. We are willing to take the affirmative; if we were not, we should not be asking anyone to subscribe for FREETHOUGHT. Those who prefer to let things drift may do so. Those willing to allow the reactionary influences of superstition to carry the world back under the heel of priests and slave-drivers, will make no attempt to prevent it. Perhaps during their lives, if they are not too young, they would not be seriously inconvenienced. If they could with serenity witness the teaching of lies to the rising generation by arrant frauds, their existence might not be rendered unhappy. Provided they are willing to have one after another of their natural rights denied them, to see religious liberty exiled, and ecclesiastical tyranny reigning in the place of justice, life without Freethought or progress might after all have some attractions for them.

But the man who looks upon the welfare of others as in some way related to his own, and who thinks it worth while to plant even though the harvest should benefit somebody else, will feel that in promoting Freethought he is doing the best he can with his time and means. The youngest of us can see an advancement in Liberal thought, and the blindest can not fail to recognize that it is due to the work of a few Freethinkers. Shall this work go on or stop?

THE OREGON LIBERALS.

In a few days the convention of Secularists at Portland, Or., will be held. President Beal has worked well, and undoubtedly its success is assured. FREETHOUGHT devotes two columns of its space this week to an advertisement of the convention, and hopes that every reader who possibly can will be there. Numbers count in any movement, and a well-attended convention will not only reward the workers who have organized it, but will have a vast influence with the general public. Added to this, they give opportunities for sociability and acquaintance among Liberals that lead to life-long friendships among members of our party, and stimulate interest all around. There is every reason why the Oregon friends should turn out with their families and make the convention memorable in the annals of Secularism.

TIMELY WORDS AND DEEDS.

LOTUS, CAL., Sept. 23, 1890.

GEO. E. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: Realizing the fact that something must be done to keep the banner of FREETHOUGHT afloat, and deeming Mr. Putnam's proposition the best that could be adopted for that purpose, I hereby agree to pay twenty dollars a year into the Editorial Salary Fund, and inclose herewith an order for that amount.

Trusting that enough will come to your assistance to enable you to "hold the fort," I remain yours truly,
G. W. RAMSEY.

UKIAH, CAL., Sept. 22, 1890.

FRIEND GEORGE: I was much astonished indeed on reading in a late issue that at an informal meeting you had proposed your resignation as editor. . . . Now this is a serious matter for consideration and action. Is the FREETHOUGHT, one of the best papers in the country, and the only one on this coast, going to be allowed to go down to oblivion after the gallant and persevering struggle it has made, and now at the very time when it is just about ready to occupy a permanent and solid foundation? Is it going to die for want of support, when a mere trifle, I might say, from those who profess and indorse its principles would put it on an easy footing? I hope not; I sincerely hope not. It would be a lasting disgrace and shame to our name and cause. Let us avert this difficulty. We can do it, and do it easily if we will. A little from each

and that paid punctually will do it—what you can afford, however little. Nearly all of us can give something.

I like Mr. S. P. Putnam's proposition of making an Editorial Fund. Mr. Macdonald has filled his position efficiently, honestly, and faithfully; has worked hard, has spent his money and his time, and ably done his duty. We can't afford to lose him. We cannot do without him; he must not leave us. Then let us retain him; let us pay him something for his services. Here inclosed I send ten dollars, the first payment, and I agree and pledge myself to pay the same amount punctually in advance every year while FREETHOUGHT lives and I live and Mr. Geo. E. Macdonald is editor, if I have nineteen more persons to join me. This will be a beginning of establishing an Editorial Fund, and of course does not prevent or interfere with others subscribing whatever amount they can afford or see fit.

I also send you two dollars to renew my subscription, twenty-five cents for Putnam's "Experience," and thirty cents for Lilian Leland's "Around the World" (if I have the price right), if you have a copy on hand.
Yours ever,
JOHN MCGLASHAN.

The following additional amounts have been subscribed to the Editorial Salary Fund: S. P. Putnam, \$50; Otto Wettstein, \$10; D. Christie, \$1; paid: A. Derming, \$5; W. A. Pingree, \$1; C. H. Furgason, \$1; J. H. Hunt, \$10; James A. Greenhill, \$10.
Total subscribed, \$118.
F. L. BROWNE,

Chairman pro-tem. Board of Directors.

IN conducting the case against the sellers of Tolstoi's tabooed work at Philadelphia last week, the prosecutor reminded the judge that the work had been suppressed as unlawful by the czar of Russia. For this reason, and because Czar Wanamaker of the post-office had condemned it, conviction of the defendant was asked for. The judge sat down upon the zealous attorney in this language: "Without disparaging in any degree the respect due to these high officials within their respective spheres, I can only say that neither of them has ever been recognized in this country as binding authority on questions of either law or literature. The defendants have committed no offense against laws and are therefore discharged." There is some relief in the knowledge that Czar Alexander's decisions are not regarded as good precedents in all our courts.

THE Adventists of Oakland, at one session of their late camp-meeting, had under discussion the Blair Sunday-rest bill, and passed the following resolution:

"The enemies of religious liberty are putting forth great efforts to educate and win the people to the principles embodied in these measures; therefore resolved that it behooves us to slack not our hands in the work, but to put forth every effort to enlighten souls in the principles of true religious liberty, and to win them to freedom found only in Jesus Christ."

We cannot understand exactly what "liberty in Jesus Christ" signifies, but if it means freedom from laws enforcing religious beliefs and practices it is good enough liberty for practical purposes. Mental liberty is a thing upon which no legislation is necessary except for its protection.

THE Senate bill to amend the laws with reference to bigamy and the restriction in the ownership of churches to real estate above a fixed value has been reported favorably from the Committee on Judiciary of the Senate. This bill has special reference to the Mormon or Church of the Latter Day Saints, whose charter was forfeited in 1887, and the proceeds of the sale of real estate turned over to the school fund, but no disposition was made of the personal property of the corporation, which amounts to nearly \$400,000 and is awaiting the action of the court. The committee deems it wise to let the money take the same course

as that derived from the sale of real estate, and place it in the school fund.

THE agitation of our government officials over the proposition of the Louisiana Lottery to start a paper in Montreal, to be circulated in this country, is painful. The annexation of Canada may be the only way out of the difficulty. FREETHOUGHT has no interest in lotteries further than their abolition by the boycotting process. We have refused lottery advertisements, though assured by the men who handle the mails that such advertisements are considered legitimate. The evil of lotteries is that they foster a delusive belief in luck, and a dependence on it for a livelihood, which disinclines people to seek their living by honest labor or business. Hence gamblers, thieves, and all manner of dead beats.

“CHRIST,

“The labor reformer, will be held up on the wharf between the Clay-street pier and San Rafael slip. Look out for the Gospel sharks. Come and hear the true doctrine of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth. No dying to get to the heaven of Jesus. ‘God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.’ Services commence at 2 P.M., sharp, every Sunday.”

The above is the notice that Dr. Willey, president of Pacific Labor Union No. 1, gives of his open-air meetings at the water front. He is drawing good audiences, and is believed to be the only pastor on the coast who “holds up” Christ as the Bible describes that character.

THE prospectus of the Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto is before the public. Among other things it states that “while the articles of endowment prohibit sectarianism, they direct that there shall be taught that there is an allwise, benevolent God, and that the soul is immortal.” Who will teach these things? Who is qualified to say, least of all to demonstrate, that there is an all-wise, benevolent God, and that the soul is immortal? And of what value to the world are these facts? It is understood that Senator Stanford is a Spiritualist.

FOR predicting that Emperor William of Germany would in time become a Socialist, Herr Sonneburg, of Berlin, has just been sentenced to three months’ imprisonment. Considering that the emperor has lately advocated some of the tenets of Socialism, this imprisonment seems to be the penalty of drawing a logical conclusion from known premises. It would be as great an outrage, however, if the prediction was without foundation.

A RELIGIOUS person living in the city got a message from the Lord last Saturday night, warning him against a fire to come, and he thereupon proceeded to turn in an alarm, which was responded to by an engine and the hook-and-ladder company. This is, we believe, the first time that danger from such a source has been deemed serious enough to justify calling out the fire department.

P. H. FOSTER, of Babylon, L. I., whose name appears in FREETHOUGHT’S Business Directory, is one of the oldest of American Freethinkers, having been in the ranks for the past forty years. Every Liberal enterprise has felt the benefit of his generosity. He says he does not believe so much in words as in works, and he practices according to that precept.

LONGFELLOW’S poem, the “Building of the Ship,” has been ruled out of a school in Brooklyn, N. Y., because the pupils, in parsing, drew harmful inferences from some of its passages. “The Mask of Pandora,” another of Longfellow’s works, was

similarly condemned. The smut-hunters are running things into the ground.

FREETHOUGHT acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: from Samos Parsons, for Freethought Publishing Co., \$5; from A. Derming, for American Secular Union, \$1, for San Francisco Freethought Society, 50 cents; from W. A. Pingree and C. H. Furgason, for Freethought Society, 50 cents each.

To Remitters.

If you must pay your subscriptions by check on a local bank, please add the 25 cents it costs us to collect it. Drafts on San Francisco or Eastern banks are good for their face value, but checks on local banks are not. It is better to pay small sums by post-office order, postal note, express money order, or registered letter.

OBSERVATIONS.

From present appearances it is safe to say that the discussion of the “Kreutzer Sonata” has just begun. Wanamaker has delivered himself of an opinion shutting the work out of the mails; but the book lives and the postmaster-general might as well be dead for all anybody cares. He has played the Anthony Comstock to Tolstoi’s Walt Whitman, with the result that while Tolstoi remains the central figure on the stage, Wanamaker survives only in unpleasant memory. In my opinion Wanamaker deserves the obscurity into which he has sunk, but Tolstoi is not an ornament to the conspicuous height he has attained. The hero of the “Kreutzer Sonata,” Posdnicheff, is a monstrosity, and he tells a story that, as it progresses, gives the reader an ever-increasing desire to wring his neck. He is a little animal who made a well-meaning woman’s life miserable, and then killed her through unfounded jealousy. If the man who caused his jealousy had given the wretch a lively shaking up and then kicked him downstairs, a better lesson would have been taught him than can ever be learned from the “Kreutzer Sonata.” There are times when a headstrong man may have his face turned the right way by the prompt action of an athletic adviser. We all need occasionally to take a tumble to ourselves and change the set current of our conduct, provided we discover that we are drifting in an undesired direction. Posdnicheff was an irritable, irascible little beast, who approached his wife only for the purpose of gratifying his animal instinct, and for this reason she loathed him as it was natural that a tired woman should do. He has an ill-word for the doctors on almost every page, yet the advice of an intelligent physician was his greatest need. Even the skill of a surgeon, applied judiciously, would have made him a different man. Dr. Foote’s “Plain Home Talk” ought to be circulated among the Posdnicheffs, for Dr. Foote’s common sense is more than Tolstoi’s philosophy.

I notice that some writers acknowledge the fidelity of Tolstoi’s picture of conjugal life. Mr. Bierce, of the “Examiner,” says every man who has been married a year knows it to be true, and Mr. Pentecost, of the “Twentieth Century,” admits as much. Now, while every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger intermeddleth not with its joy; while we cannot tell how life goes on behind doors that we see only one side of, I earnestly hope that these gentlemen are mistaken. For if they are right, the home is a rather worse institution than the brothel. Tolstoi’s particular hobby is to found marriage on some other basis than that of sex, and he proposes to substitute a “union of beings,” which, as I understand it, would be a reversion to the vegetable stage of development, and living on soil and climate. But it was the union of beings that made the trouble. Posdnicheff tells us that he and his wife were like “two convicts chained together, the rust of whose fetters eats into their flesh and poisons their blood.” An improvement on this state of things, I should remark, would be a separation of beings and an end of that familiarity which breeds contempt.

Tolstoi is such a fussy old granny that I am at a loss to know why his opinions should have achieved the distinction of being seriously discussed. In this story he contradicts himself a hundred times. He confesses, in his apology, that he did not know

where his line of thought would lead him; and when he gets to the point of saying that the man who marries a woman ruins her for life, nobody will care to hear his further conclusions.

I have myself written a little piece that is to some extent a more natural if less dramatic work than that of the Russian count. I call it

THE SCHWEITZER TOMATO.

"Listen, and I will relate to you my life's history, and the horrible tale of it, for it is very, very horrible. You observe that I stand while speaking. When you have heard my story you will not wonder that I do not sit. I see that you have recognized me. I am Podsnap.

"I am the son of a wealthy maiden lady. I was born young. When I think of my extreme youth at that time and of my indiscretions I realize the truth of the words spoken nineteen hundred years ago, 'He that is born of woman has experienced his first misfortune.' You do not see the bearing of these details. Neither do I.

"I lived a bachelor life till the age of thirty. I believed myself moral, but I was not. I played fifteen-ball pool for the drinks, for which my wealth enabled me to pay when I was stuck. Once I sat into a game of penny ante, and lost forty-five cents."

The speaker paused, overcome by emotion, but recovering himself, resumed in a harsh, hollow voice:

"From the window of my room I could look out upon the backyard containing clotheslines. One day I saw a woman hanging out her wash. She had clothespins between her teeth, and used them to fasten a pair of striped stockings to the line. I was caught by a pair of striped stockings. The wind inflated the stockings, and I was insane. I was as a New England poet in the presence of pie. I married the woman and saw the stockings when she had them on. They were not as full as when inflated by the wind. Young man, marriage is a disappointment and a sham. All married men know this, but will not confess it.

"The honeymoon was a cheat. The nights were too short. After we were married my wife did no more washing; I told her that work was necessary to her health, but she shuffled and evaded the question by pleading that she was quite robust. When I insisted she wiped the floor with me. Ah, the horrible sensation! The idea that work is necessary to muscular development is a lie.

"We had children—that is, my wife did. You may have children; if not, your wife may have. The children were a source of contention, because each of us insisted that the other was responsible for them. But I know that except for her I should have been childless.

"We quarreled and one day I struck her. She did not scream. She looked at me for a moment, and then picked up a tomato and hit me with it in the eye. Young man, never lift your hand to woman save in self-defense. Since then I have hated tomatoes.

"There was a Dutch grocer on the corner, and he kept my wife supplied with the fruit. Yesterday I saw him carrying a bundle into the house. I knew it contained tomatoes, and I followed him, filled with a devouring jealousy. Quietly I crept up the stairs with a club in my hand. It was a desperate thing to do, but I was a desperate man. Softly I opened the door, and confronted them. They were eating tomatoes from the paper bag which lay upon the table. Upon seeing me they continued to eat. Keeping the club concealed behind me I advanced toward the table, when, suddenly producing my weapon, I struck the bag a blow which scattered its contents to the four winds. What excess will a man not commit under the promptings of the passions!

"How can I describe what followed. That wretch, the Dutch grocer, arose from his seat, grasped me by the shoulders, turned me suddenly about, and kicked me not only out of the room, but down the stairs and far into the street.

"That is why I am standing as I relate to you my very horrible story."

[Period of two years elapses, and the narrator resumes:]

"My wife is now tending store for the Dutch grocer, having obtained a divorce from me on account of incompatibility of temperament. There was no union of being between us. I shall shortly marry again. Marriage is a humbug, but the unmarried state is worse than the first.

I hold it true whate'er befall—
I felt it when the grocer kicked—
'Tis better to be loved and licked
Than never to be loved at all."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The census gives San Francisco a population of 297,990. It is quite a lively city for its size.—San Francisco's "pugilistic wonder," McAuliffe, was soundly thrashed by Slavin in London last week.—The rainy season has begun early with light showers.—Sister Rose Gertrude (Miss Fowler), who went to the Sandwich Islands to nurse lepers, is the subject of scandal involving a hospital physician. Miss Fowler has resigned and so has the physician, but both indignantly deny the charges.—W. E. Norwood, president of the Stock Exchange, and Charles Ahlborn, of the Ahlborn House, died last Sunday.—The successor of Dr. Harcourt, the "Liberal" pastor of the Howard-street Methodist church, is the Rev. C. V. Leech, late of Albany, N.Y. He is a fossilized orthodox, and a great disappointment to the many Liberal followers of Harcourt.—San Francisco has two candidates for mayor in the field, each of whom will make a lively fight. One is James M. McDonald, Reformed Democrat; the other, Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, Independent. The regular candidates are not yet named.—There were 106 deaths in San Francisco last week, a falling off of 19 from last year's record for the corresponding time.—The "Kreutzer Sonata" is sold by street vendors in San Francisco. No arrests have been made.—The woman journalists of the coast have formed a Women's Press Association. Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, of the Harrisburg "Telegraph," is president.—W. E. Huey, a collector in the service of the State Harbor Commissioners, is a defaulter to the extent of \$3000. Gambling led to it.—William Cuddy, a printer in the employ of Bacon & Co., turned in a false alarm of fire last Saturday evening. His reason for doing so was that he had a "message from the Lord." He was arrested, but later on released.—The Woman's State Suffrage Society met last Friday afternoon at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Laura de Force Gordon gave a brief resume of the work of the society during the past five years, and told what had been accomplished in that time by the enactment of laws pertaining especially to women, such as the bill for the age of consent, marriage laws, and the rights of married women and property rights. Plans were discussed to secure proper legislation for giving women the right to exercise the elective franchise. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Laura de Force Gordon; vice-president, Addie L. Ballou; recording secretary, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger; directors—Dr. Alida C. Avery, of San Jose, Jennie Phelps Purvis, of Stanislaus, Mrs. R. A. Loomis, of Oakland, Mrs. Ravena G. Steele, of Merced, and Emily Pitt-Stevens and Mrs. Nellie Eyster, of San Francisco.

A special from Braddock, Pa., Sept. 27, says: A notice was posted to-day in the offices of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works that all boys under 16 years of age must be discharged. This is an idea of Andrew Carnegie, who has always been opposed to young labor. The order will affect many widows who depend on their sons for support. Some 250 boys at Braddock and over 100 at Homestead will be discharged in accordance with the order.—Roderick McKenzie, of Ottawa, Can., was engaged to Miss Florence Harrison, but read Tolstoi's book and determined not to marry. Miss Harrison has sued him for \$5000 damages for breach of promise.—A score of striking cigarmakers, men and women, at Binghamton, N. Y., were arrested last week for the offense of "picketing" shops, and five of them were railroaded to the Albany penitentiary.—The Louisiana Lottery Company proposes to start a paper at Montreal, Can., to be circulated through the United States. Measures to keep the paper out of the mails are being discussed by the government officials.

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to kill the czar of Russia by wrecking his train. The report is less thrilling be-

cause he was not on the train, and the train was not wrecked.—There may be a world's fair at Genoa, Italy.—A worshiper in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, committed suicide last Sunday by shooting himself through the head.

HAS CHRISTIANITY BENEFITED WOMAN?

BY PROF. GEO. H. DAWES.

IV.

Our own country is probably in advance on the question of the equal rights of the sexes, and yet with us there are many prejudices to overcome. There is a general impression that the woman that has the audacity to enter any of the learned professions is not a genuine lady. Happily, this opinion is being rapidly overcome, yet there is the opinion that the woman that enters the legal or medical profession, or that makes her living by public lecturing, is "very masculine"—that she is attempting to do that which an "all-wise God" did not intend she should do—that she is making an attempt to "usurp authority over man." Woman has had to meet the calumnies and slanders of the bigoted and the envious. In our own country, at Baltimore, in 1829, the first girl passed an examination in geometry, and a howl of righteous indignation went up all over the country.

In countries where the ecclesiastical spirit is yet strong women have the fewest privileges. Compare the condition of women in the Christian countries of Spain and Russia, with their social and educational privileges in this skeptical country of the United States. In Germany, though the intellectual class is thoroughly skeptical, yet the government is as thoroughly orthodox, and the masses are superstitious, it is believed to be good for the "safety of society" to annually degrade several thousand girls. Mrs. Gage says that the ten thousand "women of the town" of the city of Hamburg, before they are permitted to carry on their business, have to procure a certificate showing that they are regular attendants at church, and that they partake of the sacrament, thereby putting both church and state sanction on the vilest practice to which a woman can be subjected. She is considered simply a creature for the gratification of the lowest passions of men. And the more ignorant and orthodox people are, the more is this cursed idea entertained. In Russia it is yet, in many places, considered a sin for a woman to sing in the church, and the soprano is supplied by boys. In England, though woman has recently made much progress in literature, it has not been long since, in some of the old Swiss cantons, that women were led to the market, with a halter around their necks, to be sold to the highest bidder.

In 1877, four professors in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in London resigned because some women were admitted to the college, and they received the thanks of the London populace. And in 1869, four women were mobbed at the Christian university in Edinburgh when they were admitted to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. There are now, in England, medical colleges open to women, but female students do not receive the same clinical advantages as male students.

Woman certainly does not owe her present elevated position to the influence of Christianity, but to the secular movement that has been slowly but surely undermining the church. She is indebted to that spirit of independence and sense of justice which is the result of secular education, which demands that every person, whether white or black, male or female, shall have equal rights and privileges before the law. And nowhere is this progressive tendency better illustrated than in the establishment of institutions of higher learning in which women are admitted on equal terms with men.

It is a notorious fact that the older colleges, those founded when skepticism had not yet begun to influence society, have been the most strenuous opponents of the equal rights and equal educational privileges of the sexes. Of the twenty-four colleges existing in the United States before the year 1800, not one of them was open to women; and of the three founded in the first decade, only one, after the lapse of seventy years, admits them. But from 1860 to 1870, when society, both in the church and out of the church, is completely honeycombed with skepticism, more than four-fifths of the seventy-five colleges are open to

both sexes. In 1837, four women were admitted to the freshman class of Oberlin College, three of whom graduated four years later, and were, in the opinion of President Fairchild, the first women to receive a collegiate degree in the United States. And Harper's Magazine of December, 1880, says: "Vassar was incorporated in 1861, and is acknowledged to be the first well equipped college in this (if not in any) country designed exclusively for the education of young women. Smith College, in the Connecticut valley, and Wellesley, both chartered in the last decade, are prosecuting the work which the college of Poughkeepsie began ten years earlier. In a select list of 311 institutions bearing the name of college, 170 admit both sexes on equal terms, and five admit women only. The college is still unknown which, having made a fair trial of co-education, has excluded women, and upon many conservative institutions a strong pressure is brought to persuade them to open their doors—a pressure to which a few of them yield each year."

It will be seen from this that woman owes nothing to the church for the advancement made in this (or any) country toward her social, educational, or political equality with man. It is true that the church is now endeavoring to give woman equal political privileges with man, but, as I have said, for the purpose of making the church a state institution. It is also true that the Protestant churches are now generally willing to give woman equal educational privileges with man, but this is owing entirely to skeptical, and therefore the progressive tendency of the times, and is contrary to the spirit and traditions of the church.

Why, then, should woman cling so tenaciously to the church? She is the untiring beggar for its support, and without her influence the church would long ago have sunk into oblivion.

The church is a great social organization; woman loves society more than man does. Until recently all of her education has been of a religious character; she dreads the social ostracism to which she would be subjected by withdrawing her support from the church, more than man does. Then woman, owing to her sensitive nature, loves the excitable emotions furnished by religion. Her whole thought has been purposely trained in a religious direction, and by taking advantage of her constancy and tender emotions the priests have ever played a winning card.

But, thanks to a few brave, heroic people who had the moral courage to battle for a principle of right against religious prejudices; men and women who could endure orthodox venom, a movement was inaugurated which will gradually lead woman from the bondage of superstition. She is beginning to read and think for herself, and will soon be the equal of her lord and master. She is beginning to learn that the clergy have too often proved a treacherous enemy, and that the church has not always been the truest guardian of her sacred rights. The veil is being drawn from the face of Christianity, and instead of the beautiful system women once thought it to be, she sees a superstition, the features of which are far more horrid than Zelica saw when the veil was drawn from the face of the prophet of Khorassan.

As the clear treble of the prima donna pierces the atmosphere far beyond the united voices of the massed chorus, so the belief of one who makes the study of the universe a life's mission—as Humboldt, an Atheist—is of far more importance than that of inferior millions. Suppose we represent the intellectual degree of a Humboldt by 100, that of his bootblack by 0, that of another bootblack by 0, that of a thousand plantation negroes by 0, and so on. How many such ciphers would be required to aggregate the intellectual degree of a Humboldt?—who, in one season, in Berlin, delivered a series of over sixty scientific lectures on the general characteristics and physical attributes of the *cosmos* without uttering the word "God."—WETTSTEIN.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Summerville, Or (debate) Oct. 1-6	Myrtle Point Coos co., Or. Oct. 23
Walla Walla, Wash. Oct. 8, 9	Talent, Or. Oct. 26
Portland Convention, Oct. 11, 12, 13	Fort Bragg, Cal. Nov. 1, 2
Coburg, Or. Oct. 15, 16	Boulder Creek, Cal. Nov. 9, 10
Marshfield, Coos co. Or. Oct. 19, 20	Porterville, Cal. Nov. 12, 13, 14
Coquille, Coos co. Or. Oct. 21	Tulare, Cal. Nov. 15, 16
Arago, Coos co. Or. Oct. 22	

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

F. C. MENDE, TREASURER. IDA C. CRADDOCK, COR. SEC'Y.
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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the board of directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat, and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio river, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufactories. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy, and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of church and state in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the Nine Demands of Secularism, we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word "secular" is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

To discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Christian Temper-

ance Union, indorsing the platforms and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many other, which might be mentioned, are imperilling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-awake little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1890. Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec'y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Portsmouth, Ohio, October 31, November 1, and November 2, 1890, the following amendments to the constitution will be proposed:

- (1) Strike out the word "constitution" wherever it occurs (as applied to this society) and insert "by-laws." Also make any other verbal alterations necessary to have the instrument conform to any charter of incorporation that may be offered and accepted by the Union.
- (2) Amend Article IX. by adding the following: "He or she shall deliver lectures in behalf of the Union as occasion may require and other duties may permit, and shall also solicit annual and life members, and subscriptions to the funds of the association."

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.
Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.
Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1890.

THE WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION.

The following remonstrance tells its own story; it proved effective, and the petition of the barbers was tabled. But it was another proof that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The ordinance asked for came very near being passed by the city council. I only discovered the attempt in the nick of time, as the following extract from the proceedings of the city council will testify:

Mr. Hall said he was advised that there was nothing to prevent the council passing an ordinance closing the barber shops on Sundays. The judiciary committee might as well report favorably and the council could do as it pleased about passing it. The mayor remarked he had been requested to ask the council to defer action for the present, as a remonstrance would be presented.

WASHINGTON SECULAR UNION,
2104 Sixth street, SEATTLE, WASH.

To the Mayor and Council of the City of Seattle—GENTLEMEN: The Washington Secular Union having been organized to protect its members and all other worthy citizens in the "absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment," as guaranteed by our state constitution, respectfully call your attention to and solicit your earnest consideration of the following facts in connection with a petition of the master barbers of Seattle asking your honorable body to pass an ordinance prohibiting barbers from doing business or work at their trade or craft on Sundays, under penalty of a fine of \$25 for the first, \$35 for the second, and \$50 for the third offense.

Such an ordinance prohibiting men from following their honest occupations at any time under penalty of arrest and fine is to relegate honest work to the realm of crime.

If it is wrong for barbers to work on Sunday, why is it not equally so on Saturday or Monday? If you pass an ordinance and make shaving or hair-cutting an offense because done on Sunday, then the law declaring such acts to be illegal is a religious law enacted for the purpose of favoring one class of religionists. For if your honorable body were to enact an ordinance that no shaving or hair-cutting should be done on Wednesday under like penalties, every barber in Seattle would demur. A law enforcing Sunday observance or the cessation from honest work from respect to any day as a religious or holy day would be unconstitutional. Our state constitution, Art. I., Sec. 2, declares "absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment, belief, and worship shall be guaranteed to every individual, and no one shall be disturbed in person or property on account of religion." Hence no person

pursuing any legitimate occupation or lawful pleasure or pastime on Sunday, any more than on any other day of the week, can be disturbed either in person or property because of any one else's religious sentiments.

The constitution clearly defines and positively states the only conditions which can render a person liable to be disturbed in person or property, to wit: acts of licentiousness or practices incompatible with the peace of the state.

The attention of your honorable body is especially called to the fact that in our state constitution not alone religious faith and worship is assured, but absolute freedom in all matters of religious sentiment, and no citizen can be disturbed in person or property on account of religion or religious rites or observances.

The greater part of the community may be fully agreed concerning some matter of conscience, but if only one of them holds a different opinion, his or her rights of conscience are just as sacred as those of all others, and must be respected; for our constitution guarantees absolute freedom of conscience in all matters of religious sentiment to every individual.

If any number of the master barbers of Seattle desire to abstain from work on Sunday or any other day there is nothing to prevent their so doing. No law or city ordinance is necessary to enable them to exercise that undisputed privilege. But simply for the purpose of protecting a number of master barbers from each other's cupidity and lack of faith in keeping agreement to close their shops and do no work on Sunday, they should not seek from your honorable body the passage of an ordinance that would deprive others of their constitutional rights and render honest occupation infamous and unlawful.

George Washington declared that "every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable alone to God for his religious faith."

The observance of Sunday, or sun's day, is a good old pagan custom. Its enforcement at the muzzle of a municipal ordinance would be as obnoxious and uncalled-for as enforcement of church attendance or family prayers by the same means. We have no established religion in the state of Washington. The Mohammedans, who abstain from work on Friday, the Jews, Seventh-day Adventists, and Baptists, who rigidly observe Saturday, the seventh day, can only be made to observe Sunday by an infringement on their constitutional right to their own opinions in all matters of religious sentiment and observance.

Seattle is a city of progress, the metropolis of the most prosperous state of the Union, and your petitioners pray that no act of yours shall relegate us back to the days of the inquisition or of religious dictation.

Under the constitution of the young giant state of Washington every man enjoys the same right of conscience and is responsible to no earthly tribunal for his religious faith and cannot be made by fine or penalty to observe holy days or other religious festivals against his earnest convictions.

Legislative bodies having jurisdiction can declare legal holidays in which no business can be enforced by one man on another, but have no right to dictate the manner of observance of the day by the individual. One man can work, another pray, and so on, as it suits the individual taste, but no man or set of men under the constitution of Washington has a right to say to any individual, whether barber, butcher, or priest, "Thou shalt not work."

We therefore as individuals and as an organization protest against your honorable body assuming to pass an ordinance in violation of the constitutional rights and religious liberties of the citizen, thereby imposing on him the expense of defending himself and his constitutional rights.

Respectfully submitted,

R. WINSOR, President.

C. B. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

THE OREGON CONVENTION.

"Why have you not said more about the convention in FREETHOUGHT?" was asked me the other day. I said because it was not necessary. The Liberals know that it will be held. Thousands will come from Portland. We have the best hall and best music north of San Francisco. Our speaking talent for this congress is literally immense. It is worth living a lifetime to hear. Twelve hundred can come within the voice of the speaker. You will be fortunate if you get a seat.

On Monday evening there will be a grand reunion at the ball. Everybody will be there except those who are too poor to pay a dollar. Ladies will be admitted free; gents, one dollar.

Unfortunately Professor Dawes will be unable to be here, but the Hon. T. B. Handley will take his place and give us a legal argument of thirty minutes. It is considered an honor now to speak on our annual platform. Will you maintain it?

It comes in the middle of the great exposition and you can obtain reduced fare and take in both. All is ready for you. There is but one thing more, and that is to come.

Come as the winds come when forests are bended;
Come as the waves come when navies are stranded.

C. BEAL.

RANDOM NOTES.

The question of "closer organization and co-operation" is at present uppermost in the minds of Liberals. It is being given consideration in a spirit and with a vim that signifies victory to the Secularist hosts. There is no doubt in my mind that the coming year will find Liberals organized as they have never been before. The signs of the times indicate it.

The tendency of Liberal bodies is to get together under one banner, that is to say, unite with the American Secular Union. And the Union, in my opinion, will be improved in several ways. This must come of necessity in order to bring to her fold, to gather under her wing as it were, the "chicks of the entire henery." Then what a crowing and a cackling there will be!

The coming Congress promises to be the grandest, the mightiest, and the best annual gathering ever held by American Liberals. At it will meet the true leaders, the true patriots of our country. These thinkers will do a work that will bring about the result anticipated above. The handwriting is on the wall and it reads: "The Congress is the place to do the work, and there it will be done."

As Jaminson says, "There should be an auxiliary in every town and hamlet." That's correct. So let us be up and doing. Let us make our national order stronger. Let us fall in line, shoulder to shoulder. Let us establish a mutual aid society. Let us inaugurate the lecture course system. Let us be as true and liberal to our able president as our enemies are to their brainless and stupid leaders. In this way, and in no other, can we win.

Did it ever occur to you that there was a time in this country when the church was poor? When they were almost on the verge of taking up the march over the hill? How did they change? How did they face about? I will tell you. Their preachers traveled the circuits, over rugged hills, through dreary forests, and tangled swamps. They did it, I might say, free gratis. They preached for a bare living, and in that way made possible the high salaries of our day and time. The question arises and stares us in the face: Will Liberal lecturers do the same? Will they tour the country the coming year at lower rates than heretofore? Will they for once travel under the guidance of the American Secular Union and at living and not gilt-edged prices? Will they do this for one three hundred and sixty-five days? If all lecturers would agree to take the rounds at a salary sufficient to keep the wolf from the door and carry on a brisk campaign for a period of one year they would at the end of that time have so organized Liberals that a larger salary would be forthcoming and with a surplus in the American Secular Union treasury. Yes, by all means, work under the American Secular Union management and for prices to suit the times. Be as magnanimous and sincere as the preachers of fifty and a hundred years ago.

Every auxiliary should see to it that their meeting hall is decorated with the photos of leading Freethinkers; in fact there should be two divisions, one for the portraits of the dead, and another for those of the living. Now we have a large surface covered with plush, the pictures set in this, and flagging encircling the whole in the shape of a deep frame. Another thing we intend to do is this: "Have our local lecturers visit the different churches, take notes of the sermons delivered, and then create a stir by announcing that Rev. So and So will be answered in the Secular meeting hall next Sunday evening." Here we have the papers on our side. This is rare, you know. I have noticed all along that there is a general complaint among Liberals as to the refusal of the press to print their articles. The trouble is, these Freethinkers who complain are too quick to find fault with editors. If refused once they should kindly and politely receive the same, and after a while try again. By treating a journalist kindly you will lose nothing and by and by you will win him. We have been mild with the reporters and editors, and now they are with us.

WILL S. ANDRES,

Portsmouth, O.

BORN FOR A PURPOSE.

"Washington and Lincoln were born for a purpose."—J. Shock.

This would prove design, and design proves a designer. Now, we know nothing about any being or power that designs one man for this or another for that. As well say this man was designed for a murderer, that one to be murdered, the other to be starved, and still others to be shipwrecked or burned to death. It is circumstances that make the man. The conditions made Washington and Lincoln. Being fitted by nature and education for filling the role they did fill, the opening gave the opportunity.

There may have been men better fitted for these positions than either Washington or Lincoln, but they were not just there at the critical time, nor did they have the proper conditions about them pushing them into the openings. All is as it is, not by design, but from force of circumstances.

From all the long chain of cause and effect running back into all the past, one different event, one different marriage, one different birth, and all might be changed. Nothing comes by design, and neither does it come by chance. Law governs all things. We *are* because forces combined to produce us. We are what we are because of the inevitable past that evolved us. We shall become what we shall be by force of coming events growing out of the past.

That you are here—
That life exists and identity,
That the powerful play goes on,
And you may contribute a verse.—Whitman.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

THE MARRIAGE LAW.

The protest entered by Mr. H. against the editorial utterance of FREETHOUGHT, August 30, seems to me to be rather misplaced. A Freethought organ should voice the different opinions of its contributors on all moral, religious, and economic questions clothed in decent language. If it does not it ceases to fulfill its mission. If marriage in its different aspects cannot be discussed without shocking cut-and-dried morality it must *per se* be an immoral institution, and as such should be abolished as a legal contract; and the only way to prevent such discussion is to place the paper under a censorship—for instance, Comstock & Co.

Now, then, since Mr. H. is such an admirer of the legally-enforced marriage, and seems to feel secure in it that innocent children and helpless women are protected by it, how does experience bear him out? In what case does marriage prevent desertion, and in what case does it secure maintenance? Only there where love and desire to stay together dwells, performs the legal marriage what it claims; not because of the legal tie, but because of the identity of desires of both contracting parties. Moreover, as far as maintenance is concerned, in many cases the woman supports not only the helpless children but the worthless husband in the bargain, proving beyond a doubt that riddance of the encumbrance would be a blessing to her. And suppose a husband brute enough to desert his faded wife and his children, common sense teaches us that the sooner he rids them of his presence the better, even if he leaves them to public charity. No legal ties keep people together of free will; the only binding bond is reciprocal love.

Did it ever strike Mr. H. that there would be very few of those women who have lost their youth and beauty and the cheerfulness of earlier years if marriage was only a mutual understanding between two parties, without a meddling state or priesthood to make it indissoluble? Does not Mr. H. know that most of those worn-out, lack-lustre eyed, hatchet-faced women are the victims and legal products of his much-vaunted legal marriage, and that theirs would be the elastic step and the cloudless brow if the gilded chain around their necks had been removable at will?

Marriage is nothing but a contract between two parties, and could, like any other partnership, give to both participants equal rights. Does it do so in practice?

Does it not reduce the weaker sex to a state of bondage, as is indicated by the ring, that old symbol of slavery? Is it not over

well known that the stronger sex is not restricted at all? By marriage the woman loses the freedom of her body. What does she gain? A home, such as it is, and a lord and master. The so-called beloved mother brings forth children she does not want, and the sanctuary of the bedroom knows many and many a scene of disgusted subjection on the one side, and tyrannical, criminal assertion of authority on the other. I dare assert on the strength of twelve years' practice as physician, and that amongst a very marriage-adoring class of people, that one-half of the miscarriages I attended in professional life were caused by undesired but enforced marital conditions; while every physician can record score on score of applications made to him by so-called beloved wives to rid them, in the name of pity, of the undesired fruits of the loving husband's attentions.

And is it not a crowning glory to that healthy social institution, the sheltering-place of purity and rectitude of conduct, that one-sixth of the women come some time or another under the care of the gynecologist; and that one of the first injunctions of the practitioner is to avoid the marriage habits; and is it not a delightful proof of the equal rights obtained under the legal-bound partnership that the customary answer is, "I will tell my husband," showing that not her but his will is to be considered—that her body is not her but his property?

And how many cases of special diseases come out under treatment where the woman is as pure as the driven snow, having contracted the same under the restricting obligations of the blessed legal ties of marriage, the legal ties that without redress allow her health to be destroyed and her body to be ruined.

Why is it that even young girls are suffering with sexual complaints if it was not that sexually abused mothers have borne sexually weak children for generation after generation? Evolution never wavers, but works backward as well as forward.

What is it that we, the "libertines" and "debauchees," desire? Do we want to force two loving people, whose joy is to live together, whose love-born children are the apple of their eyes, asunder? Do we want them to leave each other? Do we want to force them in practices repugnant to them? Will not we, the "libertines," allow them to enjoy their personal freedom to their hearts' content, admiring that Ingersollian contract where the one man adores the one woman, the one woman loves but the one man, both reveling in the possession of an offspring, the blessing of love and free will?

What is it we "libertines" desire? The equal freedom of all humanity. We cranks desire that everybody shall have the free and full control of the fruits of his labor, of the gifts of his love, of the disposal of his body. We, the "debauchees," contend that a woman who is forced to bear children against her will, who is forced to endure the amorous manifestations of either husband or any other person against her will, is a slave; and we, the impure, clamor for the deliverance of woman from such unbearable, disgusting, abominable thralldom to a state of liberty, which can only be attained by the abolition of that corrupt and rotten relic of ancient religious and political superstition, the compulsory legal marriage tie.

And only then will a mother be the ideal mother, who adores the children, whom she will never desert, and on whom as long as she loves she will lavishly bestow her fostering care. When freed from sexual slavery she glories in the offspring of her free will and love.

Liberty, more liberty! is the cry of mankind. I glory in being one of those "cranks, libertines, and debauchees" who would gladly abolish the holy legal marriage tie as it is enforced, and gladly acknowledge that I am not fit to live in the civilized society of those who sanction and revere the legalized prostitution called marriage.

G. A. F. DE LESPINASSE, M.D.

No MAN should get mad because a newspaper duns him for money. A dun is not an impeachment on the subscriber's integrity, but simply an outcropping of the publisher's necessities. For instance, a thousand men owe a man from \$1 to \$4 each. He has to dun them to get money to pay expenses. Instead of getting mad because the editor asks him for his honest dues, the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting so patiently.—Pomona Progress.

Love Learnedly and Philosophically Defined.

In his Observations in FREETHOUGHT of August 30, its office editor observes as follows:

The editor of a San Francisco paper of great typographical beauty, called "Egoism," has many original thoughts. The doctrine of Egoism is what has been more or less known heretofore as "enlightened self-interest." I quote one of its editorial paragraphs. Be it understood that the editor of "Egoism" repudiates as a superstition the idea of sentimental love between the sexes. He says:

"If you don't 'fall' in love with anybody but yourself, and love wisely enough to do it well, you have the advantage of the situation; for the object of your affection will never die or forsake you while you live, and when you die you will not miss it."

There is one other consideration which the editor has neglected to call attention to, namely, that the person who falls in love with himself or herself, as a general rule, is not troubled with rivals.

The implication is that to be without rivals in such self-love might be undesirable; but, in these days of rampant paternalism, much depends on whether such rival in one's pursuit of his welfare has in view the gratification of a mutual desire, or a subjective one which has no probability of becoming so. In the latter case, the absence of a rival would be immeasurably desired, and it was to cover this point that the perhaps-somewhat-obscure clause, "love wisely enough to do it well," was introduced in the sentence quoted by the friendly critic, and which it is now the purpose to clear up.

Now, the condition known as "love" is a subjective state of mind consisting of an intense desire to exercise upon and have exercised upon us, for our own gratification, various caresses, and interest in our pleasure, by a certain object desired to be in a similar state of mind. The object is usually determined by circumstances of proximity and favorable impressions on the semi-intellectual faculties, by form or actions, or both. The desired state of similar subjectivity on the part of the object of our subjective condition is, if at all, accomplished by suggesting to that object *our* subjective state so gradually and evasively that the object becomes reciprocally conscious of it without direct verbal communication of the fact, and is a process which admits of a skill the subtle delicacy of which taxes to despair the psychologic resources of the subjectively-entranced lover. This incompleted ordeal passed, the similarly subjective state between two such persons finds pleasant exercise in continually suggesting each to the other such state. The writer has sometimes witnessed this exercise between two in mixed company, and noticed the entire absence of rivalry they enjoyed. The same is true in self-love. If the suggesting to self is marked, a corresponding absence of rivalry will accompany it, and the wisdom of thus loving depends upon judiciously making the *suggesting* conform to the desire for rivalry. This un-"fallen" in-love-with-another condition leaves us ever free to sip the proffered sweets of the fair, as of the field, with the positive assurance of not paining our original lover with the ventures of the ever-passing opportunities, one of which ordinarily is the occasion for the usual "fall" into—obligations of mutual slavery in which these sweets are seen only as the necessary bait to a trap that seldom opens save to take out the dead rats. It is an advantage, the taking of which relieves all from obligation.—H. P. Reploglé in "Egoism" for September.

An Unwarranted Presumption.

Attorney (defending prisoner charged with swindling)—Your honor, one of my witnesses alleges that my client rung a cold deck on him. A cold deck, your honor, it may be necessary to explain, is a—

Judge (of Montana court, severely)—The assumption that the court doesn't know what a cold deck is, Mr. Sharp, is an impertinence that will subject you to fine for contempt of court if persisted in. Proceed with your argument.

A GOOD story is told of the Rev. Sam Jones. Once in a crowded assembly, after his sermon, he said: "I want everybody to stand up who wants to go to heaven." Almost everybody stood up, and then he said: "Now, if there is anyone who wants to go to hell, stand up." For a moment no one stood up; then an individual in a back seat arose and said: "I don't exactly want to go to hell, but I am willing to stand up rather than let the preacher stand alone."

The fall of man and anthropology will be further discussed by Dr. Andrew D. White in the Popular Science Monthly for October. In this article he reviews the futile efforts of Archbishop Whately and the Duke of Argyll to prove that the lowest races of men have sunk from an earlier civilization and the equally successful attempts of certain church organizations in recent years to silence professors of science who were teaching the truths of evolution.

THE "Freethinkers' Magazine" for October contains, among other things: "The Last Words about Protoplasm," by T. B. Wakeman; "Who Inspired Him? The Cyrus Story in the Old Testament," by Prof. A. L. Rawson; a fine portrait of Judge Charles B. Waite, as frontispiece, with an editorial biographical sketch of his life. Price 20 cents. For sale at this office.

Crocodile Tears.

To the Editors of Freethought:

"Vigilance is the price of liberty." The cruelty-to-animals gag is becoming immensely popular; hence some of our intensely moral newspapers are shedding large crocodile tears over the matter.

Speaking of overloading horses, the "Examiner" says: "It should be the business of the supervisors to put a stop to this barbarous practice." The editor evidently thinks that owners of horses, dray teams, etc., know nothing of their own business or how to take care of their most valuable property.

A Mrs. Emily Newel wants to display the badge of authority in this matter. She wants to have "ministers preach in the interest of animals and teachers explain to their pupils that helpless creatures have rights," etc.

Well, these people who make so much ado about cruelty to animals seem to have no conception of a difference between necessary and wanton cruelty, nor do they appear to have one solitary pulsation of sympathy for suffering humanity.

Mr. John Partridge thinks "this question may be brought into politics this fall." If so, it will be a good move. The law of 1868, granting police powers to societies, and placing in the hands of inexperience, ignorance, and arrogance the means of spite-work and persecution, should be repealed. The state law, which provides for the punishment of wanton cruelty to domestic animals, in the hands of experience, practical sense, and in the hands of the people at large, ought to be sufficient.

A friend of laboring men as well as animals, J. C. P. Turlock, Sept. 28, 1890.

Secularism at Port Angeles.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Liberalism has had a grand revival here. Mr. Samuel Putnam lectured to large and attentive audiences on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, on the "Demands of Liberalism." Some of our Christian friends have accused us of combating them, but Mr. Putnam explained to them that we only ask for equal rights. We wish them to pay their own taxes, as we pay ours; we do not wish them to teach their Bible or religion in the public schools, as we never attempt to teach Paine's "Age of Reason" or Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" in the schools. Neither do we appoint a day for them to rest, and persecute them for not resting when we tell them to. Our Christian friends, in following creeds and customs formed hundreds of years ago by ignorant barbarians, have become so accustomed to trampling on other people's rights that they do so without realizing it, and many of them, as soon as it is explained to them, become ashamed of themselves and quit. The only way they can resist the eloquence and logic of Mr. Putnam is to keep away from him and not listen to his lectures.

This town is situated similarly to San Francisco. It has more than doubled, during the past year, in population and business, and has fair prospects of soon becoming a large city and strong fort for Liberalism. The present population is nearly two thousand. Several railroads are coming this way, and when they arrive here the price of land will soon go out of the reach of the poor man. All who wish to secure homes in one of the most thriving and Liberal towns in the west should come to Port Angeles as soon as they can.

For further information see Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes," and address P. S. Lewis, real estate agent, Port Angeles, or Frank Morse, corresponding secretary Port Angeles Secular Union. FRANK MORSE, Port Angeles, Sept. 17.

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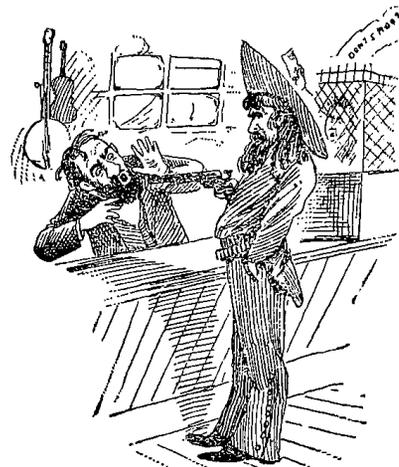
An Awful Load.

An enterprising merchant placed a number of brass plates cut in the form of human tracks in the stone sidewalk leading toward his door. He moved away shortly afterward, and desiring to use the brass plates at his new establishment gouged them out, of course leaving the foot forms imbedded in the stone.

One day an old fellow from the country, accompanied by his son, came along, and seeing the tracks in the stone stopped, and after a loud exclamation of astonishment said:

"Bill, fur mussy sakes, jest look here. Gracious alive, what a load that feller must 'a' had when he come along here. Sunk right down in this here solid rock. I'll bet he was either a totin' a yoke of steers or had filled up on that drug store licker."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ready to Take His Word for It.



Wildcat Bill (the cowboy)—I say, pard, kin you advance me something on this revolver?

Pawnbroker—H'm! Was it in good order?

"Jus' lemme take a couple of shots at you and see!"

"Oh, dat vas all right. Nathan, give this shentleman ten dollars."—Texas Siftings.

A Novelette.

The hands of the clock were toiling around to the place that marks the hour of midnight. Harry had come early that evening, but he took no chances on Maud's becoming lonely.

"Sometimes," he said, "you look at me in a way that I do not understand. It seems more than anything else as if you experienced a dread of me."

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"In what way?"

"I think it might be best described as a lingering dread."—Washington Post.

A Discreet Watchmaker.

Lady (paying for repairs on her husband's watch)—What ailed it?

Jeweler—A hair was tangled in with the escapement.

Lady (anxiously)—What color?

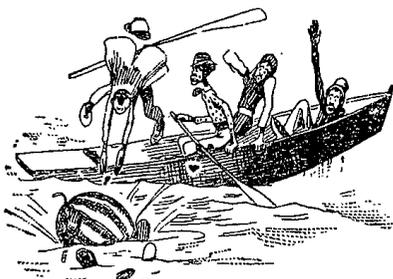
Jeweler—Exactly the color of yours.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Where It Was.

Careful Housekeeper—Where is that sheet of sticky fly paper I left on this table?

Small Boy—I put it on th' arm chair in th' parlor. You'll find half of it on sister an' th' other half on Mr. Hughard.—Street & Smith's Good News,

All Hands to the Rescue.



Mr. Betts—Golly! Pete Johnsing's done knocked de watermelon overboard wif him!



Chorus—All in! Dat striper beats bass all holler!—Judge.

A Keen Thrust.

Mrs. Cumso—I noticed today that the young man who boards across the street flirts with our hired girl.

Mr. Cumso—Dear me, you must put a stop to it immediately.

Mrs. Cumso (sweetly)—Why, I didn't think you capable of so much jealousy.—New York Herald.

Just Home from the Shore.

"Aren't you calling at the Brownes' any more?"

"No. It isn't safe."

"Why not?"

"Her father's back and the undertoe is too strong."—New York Herald.

A Sure Preventive.

Johnson—What do you have that big pile of wood in your yard for? Don't you burn coal?

Jackson (who lives in the suburbs)—Oh, yes. I just keep that there to frighten away tramps.—Lowell Citizen.

An Indication.

"There must have been evil news in that letter."

"Why do you think so?"

"He swore so terribly. It takes evil communications to corrupt good manners.—New York Herald.

wrong conclusion.

Fond Mother—My dear, did you refuse Mr. Foster last night? I heard you say, "No, no. Never!" in quite an agonized tone.

Daughter—Pshaw! that was nothing. George was just asking me if he made me tired.—New York Herald.

A Decided Coolness.

"I noticed a coolness between Miss Roseleaf and Mr. Treatley last night."

"Is that so? And they're engaged, too."

"Yes; they were eating ice cream when I saw them."—Munsey's Weekly.

He Aims High.

"Tommy, what do you want to do when you are a man?"

"I want to be an electrician."

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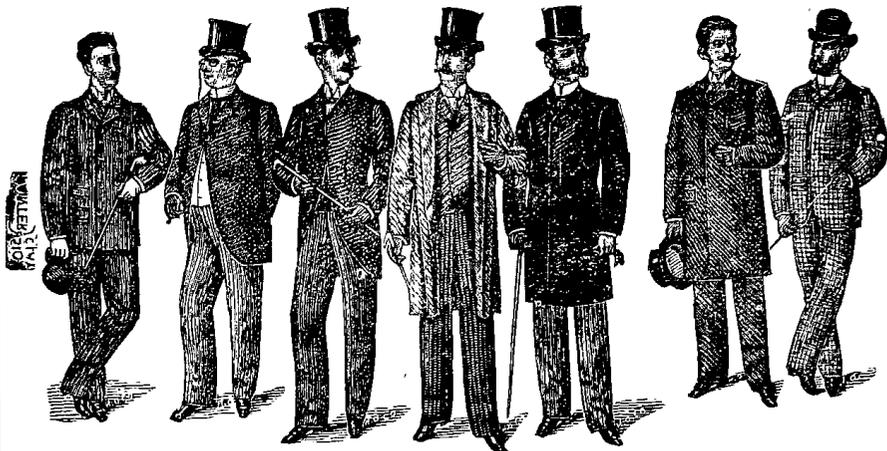
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"'Bob,' the cook, was a hard drinker, and as soon as he heard of the case he proceeded to drown his cares in whisky. He was terribly frightened at first, but the more he drank the more resigned he became to circumstances.

"When Bob was drinking he could beat any man in Colorado at boasting and before long he began to declare that smallpox had no terrors for him. In fact he had nursed nineteen patients at one time when every one else had deserted them. He had brought them safely through, too. In the end he gravely asserted that he couldn't catch the smallpox anyway, for he had already had it.

"Five of the boys looked at me significantly, and I nodded my head. We bundled the sick man up carefully and put him in a wagon. Two hours later we had established a hospital at the upper camp, with the cook as chief surgeon, physician and nurse. The cook, by the way, was sleeping as peacefully as a child when we left the hospital.

"The next morning we heard wild shouts and saw Bob tearing for the lower camp, half dressed. We immediately established a shotgun quarantine.

"'Hold up, Bob,' one of the boys shouted, 'this camp is quarantined. You can't come past the whistling post.'

"'But, say,' pleaded the frightened cook, 'that man has the smallpox.'

"'Well, you volunteered to nurse him.'

"'I?' he screamed incredulously.

"'Remember those nineteen patients you nursed.'

"'What nineteen patients?'

"'And then, you know, you had it yourself.'

"'I never saw a case before,' he howled.

"'Can't help it. You've started on it now and must keep it up.'

"We chased him back from the post, and left some whisky and provisions for him on the ground. We told him to come down every evening at sundown for a new supply, and we never let him come near the camp.

"He used regularly to come down and beg to be allowed to come into camp, but the shotgun policy was strictly maintained. Then he would take up his whisky and provisions and shout out to us that he would have every one of us hanged for deliberate murder."

"Did he catch the smallpox? No, nor did that experience cure him of lying and bragging. He afterward boasted to people that he had nursed us all, only he swelled our number to nine, for five weeks without closing his eyes, that he rode thirty miles twice a week for medicine and looked after all the cattle besides."—New York Tribune.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - OCTOBER 11, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I drop down the river to Kruse's Landing, Thursday, Sept. 25, and lecture that same evening to a full house. The Liberals about Wilsonville, with the Kruses, are doing a splendid work. They have organized, and hold meetings every other Sunday, and the attendance is good. Hon. John Kruse came to this country a quarter of a century ago, and went to "grubbing out" the mighty forests, and now, to-day, his broad acres shine beneath the unobstructed sun, with varied products. He has quite an army of children and grandchildren, and all under the banner of Freethought. His boys tip the scale all the way from two hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds. This brawn and brain is for liberty every time. I had a delightful visit at this home, where books, music, and pioneer memories give animation to the scene. R. V. Short, a genial co-laborer, was with us. In the afternoon I took a drive over the surrounding country, which presents quite a picture of prosperity. I never had a more attentive audience than gathered at the Grange Hall, and the disappointment of the previous days was made up by the generous appreciation of the Liberals of Wilsonville, and I look forward to future work with cheerful mind. Albert O. Kruse is president of the Secular Society, and makes an able officer. His wife and children are a happy addition to the circle. Homer Kruse has the gift of music indeed, and can pour forth the glowing melodies of progress. Frank has the broad shoulders of Atlas, and takes the prize for solid humanity, while I. L. Kruse is not least of the stalwart band. With such genial companions, like the tall trees of the forest, the heart of nature gives its brightening impulse.

Friday morning, with the sun struggling through the varying mists, Mr. and Mrs. Kruse, Homer, and myself speed down the winding river, and as the mists melt to sunshine, soft and beautiful prospects appear—sheen of flowing water mingling with shadowy forest and rocky shore. At a little before ten o'clock we land at New Era and proceed to the camp-ground. I gave a lecture on "The Bible." The Catholic priest was there and interrupted several times. Finally he was requested to keep still, which he did with an ill grace. At the close he was per-

mitted to address the audience and correct my statements. But instead of doing this he launched out into a stream of abuse and vituperation with the true spirit of a priest and inquisitor. He called me liar, slanderer, and all the bad names that theology delights in, and exhibited the claws of the wild beast hidden in the folds of the born ecclesiastic. I did not notice his attack, seeing there was no time or place for the tactics of a John Sullivan, and he departed. Had he the power undoubtedly I would have been burned at the stake then and there. He was an apt representative of the church. He was the "bad example." I had no use for him except to let him show the malignity of his own creed.

Miss Katie Kehm lectured on Saturday morning on "The Religion of Humanity," which was enthusiastically received. Miss Kehm is an impetuous speaker, and don't let her audiences go to sleep. She has suffered cruelly from the church and has no particle of love for it, and her indictments of its teachings and career are radical and uncompromising, and the audience was in sympathy with her from beginning to end.

I remained over Sunday at New Era. Mr. Hardee lectured again under spirit control, in the morning. I was not convinced that there was anything more than the magnetic influence of the audience itself. The sentiments expressed were in accordance with my own, and if there were "spirits," why, we could shake hands across the chasm.

Mrs. Brown, a medium, gave a nice discourse on the spiritual philosophy, which was quite interesting, and then she gave some tests. I liked the philosophy, but the tests were not adequate—the conditions were not scientific and the conclusions, of course, could prove nothing.

In the afternoon I gave my lecture on "The Religious Conspiracy," which was well received by the vast majority of the Spiritualists present. This shows that their heart is in the right place, but, alas! there were some Spiritualists who would not attend my lecture because they didn't like that sort of thing. They are opposed to Secularism and want Christianity and the Bible mixed with their Spiritualism in large quantities. They go back to Jesus, and will not confront the issues of to-day. There are only a few, however, of this kind. They don't represent Spiritualism, which by its very nature is committed to freedom and progress.

In the evening D. E. Swank, of Aumsville, gave one of the best discourses I have ever heard, on individuality, liberty, labor reform, and spiritual culture. Then Jim Covely, as they call him, of Silverton, took the stand. He is a favorite speaker. He is a farmer and digs chunks of wisdom right out of the earth and gives them for what they are worth, straight from the soil. He is a rattling talker, a good deal like sheet lightning, but he hits the mark. He has had some startling experiences in the spiritual line, and the way he knocked the ministers out with "Old Nick" was both amusing and instructive. He is a born

heretic, and all the spirits in this world or the next can't make him otherwise. I like to hear him talk. His thoughts, as he says, come like brick-bats. But they are bright thoughts and keep one on the move in wild and effective fashion. He is level-headed, withal, and is just as good for this world as if there were no other.

I was glad of the opportunity to attend these camp-meetings, and get acquainted with our allies of the other line, who are among our best friends and supporters. Whatever may be the ultimate truth of Spiritualism, it can only flourish in the atmosphere of liberty and investigation. If the church triumphs, it will lay its iron hand upon this as on other progressive movements.

On Monday I return to Portland, and find President Beal hard at work. The tide is rolling towards the convention, and there will be a grand gathering.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Garfield, of Marshfield, on the train Friday. They are on a pleasure trip. J. D. Garfield is one of our staunch workers. He is now in politics with plenty of Liberal backbone. He was elected to the legislature by a splendid majority in spite of ecclesiastical opposition.

I was glad to meet Mrs. Krekel after her arduous summer's campaign. Like myself, she has had plenty of ups and downs, and the main hope is in thought planted for the future. The Liberals of Oregon must keep this brilliant and popular lecturer at the front without fail. Miss Mattie Blaisdell still keeps the beautiful banner afloat. A visit to the Hights found them ready for the advance. Mrs. Waisbrooker is far to the East. Professor Seymour is on hand to materialize.

I found S. D. Bryan and wife, of Vancouver, and of the Freethought roll, on the cars taking a six-months' journey to Michigan, etc., his old home. He tells me that our comrade, Eugene Berth, is married and settled down, and I wish all sorts of good luck to the happy pair, and may Freethought weave its orient colors over flowery paths.

I was also pleased to meet in Portland W. R. Bishop, agent of Original Brownsville Woolen Mills clothing store, 164 and 166 Second street. Mr. Bishop is so Liberal and unorthodox that he doesn't put one bit of shoddy into his goods, and therefore they will stand all sorts of weather, and purgatory if need be; and therefore I can recommend them to the heretic with good conscience. As Mr. Bishop is not afraid to have his name in the advertising columns of FREETHOUGHT he can be depended upon for a square deal. I made his acquaintance through the friendship of Hugh Fields, of Heppner, who is for Freethought always.

I met McComas, of the Pendleton "Tribune," on the train, and also I. N. Muncy, of the Pasco "Headlight." Pasco is booming. Frank Schueneman has struck a gold mine, I believe. Captain Grey and O'Kiefe are in the swim of politics and railroads.

At Pendleton E. S. McComas boarded the train, and W. S. Bell, going on to Baker City. Bell has taken the "round trip" of Eastern Oregon and the Blue Hills. Being guided by the trail of the Secular Pilgrim he didn't get lost, and came out right side up with care. He looks as if ready for many a campaign. He reports progress along the line. S. P. PUTNAM.

JOHN E. REMSBURG will speak in San Francisco during the first week of November. The exact date and place will be given in due time.

A LESSON FROM PAINE—ANOTHER FROM THE BIBLE.

Under the heading, "A Lesson From Paine," the "American Sentinel" prints the appended quotation:

"Infidels of the present day profess to believe that bigotry and intolerance are inseparable from Christianity, that it is indeed part and parcel of Christianity. But they should learn better than this, even from their patron saint, Thomas Paine. In his 'Rights of Man' Paine says:

"All religions are, in their nature, mild and benign, and united with principles of morality. . . . How is it that they lose their native mildness and become morose and intolerant? By engendering the state with the church, a sort of mule animal, capable only of destroying, and not of breeding up, is produced, called the church established by law. The Inquisition in Spain does not proceed from the religion originally professed, but from this mule animal engendered between the church and state.

"And again, of governments established by force, Paine says:

"Governments thus established last as long as the power to support them lasts; but that they might avail themselves of every engine in their favor, they united fraud to force, and set up an idol which they called divine right, and which, in imitation of the pope who affects to be spiritual and temporal, and in contradiction to the founder of the Christian religion, twisted itself afterward into an idol of another shape, called church and state.

"Paine, Infidel though he was, knew full well, and was man enough to acknowledge it, that the doctrine of church and state was not Christian doctrine in any proper sense of the word, and it would be well if his disciples of the present day had equal discernment and as great candor."

The "American Sentinel" is a Secular paper published by the Seventh Day Adventists in the advocacy of a total separation of church and state, and is doing splendid work. On that subject it is sound, but when its editor touches the religious question either to defend Christianity or to refute Infidelity, he is as weak as any other religionist. He remarks, as above, that "Infidels profess to believe that bigotry and intolerance are inseparable from Christianity," which he denies. It all depends on the definition of Christianity. The "Sentinel" will of course hold that those who persecute are not Christians; therefore Christians do not persecute. But if we accept the church as the exponent of Christianity, then Infidels are perfectly correct in believing that bigotry and intolerance are inseparable from Christianity, since that kind of Christianity has always persecuted, and continues to do so, as the Seventh Day Adventists know by bitter experience. And if the Bible is to be accepted as the rule of conduct for Christians, they have all the justification needed for their course.

It is the Bible that says: "If thy brother entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, thou shalt surely kill him."

It is the Bible that says: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house."

It is the Bible that says: "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."

It was Jesus Christ himself who demanded: "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."

Following these instructions, drawn from the Bible, Christians have always persecuted; and bigotry and intolerance must be inseparable from Christianity just as long as Christians accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide. If the spirit of persecution were not in religion, religion would not seek the use of the state for an instrument of persecution; but the truth is that the state furnishes the machinery and the church directs it. If the church were mild and benign, it ought naturally to have a mild and benignant influence on the state, but we know that it has not.

The first reason for urging a separation of church and state is

that they have totally different functions; and the one has no business with the offices of the other. The second reason is that the church teaches a mass of falsehood and superstition that is an evil in itself, to be gotten rid of rather than fostered and supported by compulsion. The "American Sentinel," pleading the first reason given, would simply lop off the branches of the upas-tree that overshadow the state. FREETHOUGHT would go at the root of the unhealthy growth and destroy it altogether.

POLITICS AND CHARITY.

There is now, as almost perpetually, a movement on foot in this country to raise money for the relief of the poor of Ireland, but if what the London papers say is true the present agitation has more of a political than philanthropic object. No doubt there are many poor people in Ireland, as there are in California, and particularly in San Francisco, but that anything like a famine, or even unusual distress, prevails seems to be open to denial. The London "Times," of October 2, says:

"The fall elections in America are close at hand, and the party bosses and wire-pullers of all sorts are diligently cultivating the various interests on which the composition of the new House of Representatives depends. Now that that gigantic electioneering job, the McKinley bill, is out of the way, the astute personages whose trade is to manipulate the electorate of the great republic have turned their attention to the Irish vote. Both parties are keenly alive to the importance of exhibiting the intensity of their affection for Ireland in the brief interval that remains before the Irish managers march their well-drilled squadrons to the polls.

"Under ordinary circumstances members of that body might have waited to get some news of the impending calamity from this side of the Atlantic. Britain is a good deal nearer to the congested districts than New York, and we assure this committee of American politicians and journalists that the famine with which they hope to angle for the Irish vote has not yet been heard of here, outside of the columns of Mr. Parnell's papers. The appeal of the committee, with splendid consistency, ignores the existence of this country. The authors of this remarkable manifesto, in a feverish haste to anticipate the coming elections, have forgotten that a very large number of persons in this island are eager to grant every demand Irishmen can make, and that no party, creed, or section of people of Great Britain ever displayed indifference to suffering subjects. The transparent truth, of course, is that the framers of this impudent, mendacious document are bent not on charity, but electioneering."

It would be well for Americans, before denying themselves or their less-fortunate fellow-countrymen in order to assist the poor of other lands, to inform themselves of the real state of affairs. We see hundreds of thousands of dollars leaving America for the purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen of foreign lands, and we know that this money is used mainly to pay the living expenses of the missionaries, and convert just enough heathens to act as servants in the missionaries' households. But reports of large donations to the missionary fund from wealthy Americans are frequently followed by reports of a cut-down in the wages of those same wealthy persons' employees. Surely it is better that American working people should be well-paid than that some inhabitant of Asia or Africa should exchange his native superstition for another in no sense superior.

We see money flowing in a tolerably steady stream from America to the Emerald Isle, or at least into the hands of some self-appointed "Committee for the Relief of Ireland," and at the same time the Catholic papers report such sums as fifty thousand dollars or sixty thousand dollars, or even more, contributed by the Irish people to the pope in the form of Peter's pence. It is to be remembered, too, that this Peter's pence comes from the same people, the Catholic Irish, who are always asking aid. The Orangemen look out for themselves.

The statement of the London "Times" that the present "famine in Ireland" has not been heard of in England contains a hint that there is something suspicious in Michael Davitt's appeal for subscriptions, as also in the enthusiastic manner in which American politicians are "working the racket." Sympathy for Ireland and hatred toward England are the two strings of the politicians' fiddle, and the Irish Catholic is equally charmed by the music of either. And yet there is no special reason for either the sympathy or the hatred, unless it be that the trade of England fills our pockets and her scholars our libraries of learning, while Ireland occupies our local offices and our penitentiaries.

THE Liberals in convention at Portland and all other places should include among the resolutions passed a strong appeal to the World's Fair Commission to keep the doors of the Exposition building open on Sunday. The convocations of clergymen are resolving that "to ignore the holy Sabbath would be a fatal concession to the enemies of the Sabbath and our American Christianity." Liberals must put in their protest before the commission makes up its mind in favor of Sunday closing. There are so many who could not afford to visit the exposition on any day except Sunday, that to deny them the privilege then would be no less than a hardship, to say nothing about concessions to either the enemies or the friends of the Sabbath. The Labor Unions should likewise speak on the subject with no hesitating voice.

DR. J. L. YORK reports that while in San Diego recently he held a newspaper discussion with a Catholic priest named Carden. The priest defended his church the best he could, but his efforts were not appreciated by his superiors; he was dismissed from his parish and ordered to some retreat in Oregon. Father Carden left San Diego, but his unjust treatment by the church was more than he could swallow, and whether convinced by Dr. York's arguments or desirous to avenge himself on Rome, he has agreed to return and deliver a course of lectures under the auspices of the San Diego Liberal Union, in which he will make it extremely warm and interesting for his former bishop. He is described as a highly educated gentleman of attractive social qualities.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, the Canadian premier, has been unkind enough to refer to the United States as a country of "foreign ignorance, Communism, Atheism, and Socialism," and to say that he wants nothing to do with the movement to join us by annexation. If Sir John could manage to stop the flood of "foreign ignorance" flowing across the border of Canada into New England, we would try to bear with the other elements which he mentions. The reign of "Communism, Atheism, and Socialism" are not so humiliating to freedom-loving people as is the rule of the Roman Catholic church. It is the lack of these progressive movements that has fossilized Canada into a relic of past ages.

At the Presbyterian convention just held in this city, the Rev. Dr. Wheeler said:

"The State University is confessedly skeptical in its tendencies. It is vital that our boys and girls be trained from the start under Christian influences. A great deal has been said about the Stanford university, and we have looked upon it as a sort of wonder, but I am greatly disappointed in it. It is not to be a Christian institution at all. It is only provided that the existence of God shall be taught, and a Mohammedan could indorse it."

Here is the old, old plea for sectarianism in our public institutions, and the same attempt to fasten theology upon a state

school. The State University is not "skeptical." Even Professor LeConte, who has some claims to the title of scientist, is committed to a belief in God and immortality, and in these days of enlightenment a man holding to those two doctrines is more than half orthodox.

A WRITER in the Catholic "Monitor" thus deplores the departure of the good old days: "Every nation, no matter how deeply sunk in barbarity, have [has] considered worship of absolute need. All things else were secondary to it. Refusing to worship was punishable by death. Were such stringent laws enacted in our days there would be few indifferentists and fewer Infidels." When Catholics get numerous enough no doubt they will proceed to pass the laws referred to. It is their fondest hope, but possibly the Infidels will object, while the indifferentists will calmly watch the fight, and hop off the fence, as nowadays, on the winning side.

NEWS was received last week that two German Catholic priests had been refused a landing at New York under the Contract Labor law. Upon the clergymen making affidavit that no stipulated sum had been named as their salaries, they were released and proceeded to the scene of their labors at St. Paul. The fact does not seem to be disputed, however, that they were under contract, and the injustice of discriminating in their favor because they were priests is only equaled by the absurdity of the law as it is generally applied.

UNDER the new lottery law the term "lottery," as defined by the authorities, "embraces all kinds of schemes, general or local, for the distribution of prizes by lot or chance, such as gift exhibitions, enterprises, concerns, raffles, or drawing prizes in money or property at fairs." There is evidently some oversight in the omission to make an exception of fairs held in the interests of religion and charity. If the church raffle, the church grab-bag, and the church lottery must go, religion will be robbed of its most efficient means of raising money.

THE directors of the American Baseball Association should be encouraged. At a recent meeting they decided to sustain the umpires in all the fines imposed for umpiring Sunday games, and to take up the fight of the Rochester club and push the matter through the courts. In San Francisco there is no restriction on Sunday amusements. As a result thousands of boys and young men spend the day on the baseball grounds instead of, as in Eastern cities, in saloons and pool-rooms.

WITH the exception of the very last details the new Lick Baths on Tenth street are completed. The baths should be opened for the public within two weeks. The completion of the baths fulfills the eleventh clause of the trust deed made by the philanthropic millionaire. This clause set aside \$150,000 for the erection and maintenance of free baths. Of the original trustees only two, Ira P. Rankin and John O. Earl, are now alive. The trust deed was dated September 21, 1875.

BEFORE the appeal case of Moses Harman can be reached he will be tried again in Judge Foster's court at Topeka, Kan., this time on the indictment found in April. He is charged with mailing a copy of "Lucifer" containing the O'Neill letter. Court opens October 11.

IN the confusion incident to sorting out papers last week containing references to lotteries, it is evident some not containing

such references suffered delay in the postoffice. Numerous city subscribers inform us that FREETHOUGHT did not reach them. Still we cannot complain. The "Examiner" lost a whole edition because it printed a list of drawings, mostly doll babies and pin-cusions, at a church fair.

CALIFORNIA has increased her population nearly forty per cent during the past decade. In 1880 the state had 864,694 inhabitants; now, according to the census returns, it has 1,204,007. There is no reason why this rate of increase should not be maintained for many decades, since the attractions of the state, its soil and climate, are of a permanent nature, and its resources are only beginning to be developed.

A PREACHER and a judge returning from the Methodist camp-meeting at Pacific Grove were recently heard discussing the question, under secret advisement among the leaders of the sect, of uniting forces with the Catholics in order to more easily secure such legislation as might be desired by both Protestant and Catholic churches. Such a union is one of the possibilities of the future.

THE grand jury at Rockford, Ill., have concluded to investigate the Rev. Messiah Schweinfurth's Weldon farm called "Heaven" with the object of finding out Schweinfurth's relations with the women. Why not investigate a few Catholic convents and find out the archbishop's relations with the nuns?

EZRA H. HEYWOOD, the imprisoned editor of the "Word," mends the clothes and stockings of his fellow-convicts. As Dr. E. B. Foote, sr., who has lately visited him, suggests, he could do much more good outside of jail mending the ways of the bigoted and disgraced commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"It is understood," says a dispatch from Rome, "that the pope has decided to advise all Catholics to abstain from voting at the coming elections in Italy." No great harm would be done if the Vatican should extend its advice so as to include this country and the coming elections in America.

By looking at the date on the wrapper of their paper subscribers who have remitted will note that their date has been changed, and will regard this as an indication that their remittance has been received. Those wishing a written receipt may have one by mentioning their desire.

OBSERVATIONS.

Although I am in politics this year, no overtures have been made by any political faction toward caving this paper down the bank; and as election day is rapidly approaching I am getting a trifle nervous about the state of affairs. So far I have got only one job of political printing, and that was from a subscriber in Mendocino county. In looking over the exchanges I notice that the majority of them have been caved down by one party or the other, and are carrying preferred advertisements at top of the column next to reading matter, and publishing editorial notices evidently written by the candidates. I have no partisan tendencies, but shall support the man who has been out of a good paying job the longest, unless interfered with by the proper influences. If either Colonel Pond or Mayor Markham wants to put himself in my hands as a friend he must call at this office and present his claims, preferably during the latter part of the week, as I am not so much engaged then as earlier, and would have more leisure to devote to shaking hands and making special rates for repeated insertions of any advertisement of an unobjectionable nature. I do not control any votes that I know of, but that fact need no

be published. Democratic readers will vote for the Democratic candidate, and Republican voters, in default of indifférence to the contrary, will observe the same time honored custom, but if any of the nominees has money to fool away on printer's ink he may as well leave it here as elsewhere.

Statesmen will now bring on the sack. We are seated precariously upon the bank waiting to be caved down. It is lonesome to be out of the swim, and not in it, as the saying is. I understand, of course, that a political crisis is at hand. I am ready with you to point with pride at your record or to view with alarm the record of the other fellows. It is our duty, without being told, to pocket—that is to say, to guard the money of the people. Of course it is also understood between us that the people are not very anxious to have you elected. They had about as much choice in your nomination (so I heard a man say) as the unmuzzled purps have in naming the dog catchers, but they have got in the habit of appointing political and spiritual advisers, and it is to your interest to perpetuate the custom. To you election day is greater than the Fourth of July, for whereas on the Fourth of July they declare their independence, on election day they delegate their powers to you. As aforesaid, this is all understood, and being understood let the campaign proceed.

It always gives me pleasure to see a live man getting along well, but taking the ups and downs of life with equal cheerfulness. Two years ago my esteemed friend Mr. J. A. Williams had the best livery stable in Park City, Utah, and owned fifty head of fine stock besides working horses and cattle. He was the main support of the Liberal movement there. But misfortune set in, and in a few months afterwards, through no fault of his own, his possessions vanished, and with a small sum of money Williams set out for California. In Arizona he was assaulted and robbed, and reached San Francisco with almost empty pockets. He never lost his cheerfulness. If he couldn't strike a job that suited him, he tried something else. The city was full of workless and hungry men, but Williams caught on to one thing and another and made a living. The other day he passed this office driving an ice wagon. A few days later he went by in a buggy, and wearing a look of deep business responsibility upon his countenance, and when I inquired the cause of this sudden accession of style he explained that he was now superintendent of the stables of the Consumers' Ice Company, whose works are among the largest and finest in the world. He said he knew that if he ever got around where there were good horses to look after, his strong points would come out. He is still cheerful and looking ahead.

The Mormons have set an example for the edification of the other religious denominations. They have agreed that since there is a law against polygamy they will hereafter refrain from more than one wife. Now we have a new lottery law under which the sinful games indulged in at Protestant and Catholic church fairs are prohibited, and reports about them declared unmailable. If the Protestants and the Catholics are as good citizens as the Mormons, let them bow to the law. Let them eschew the grab bag. There is no way of knowing how many young men have paid a quarter to draw a ten-cent doll, and then rushed out under the flaring lamps and drank something that stole away their change. The Mormons are now working hand in hand with Senator Edmunds to promote morality, and if the other churches will back up Wanamaker the country may yet be saved.

And here I beg leave to make a pertinent inquiry: Since the offensive practices of the Mormons in one matter of morality was deemed sufficient cause for confiscating their property and turning it over to the school fund, do not the offensive practices of the Christian churches on this other question of morality furnish equally strong cause for disposing of their possessions in the same way? If not, why not?

Mr. J. H. Barry is too modest in disclaiming the personal popularity which he enjoys as a stalwart standard bearer of the movement for guaranteeing a free press in California. He has wielded for some years, through his paper, the "Weekly Star," a free

lance in the political arena. During that time he has not, I believe, been accused or suspected of anything but strict honesty of purpose. He is a favorite with the labor organizations, and has considerable influence in local politics. A newspaper editor, at the banquet mentioned, remarked to me that Barry was wrong in the present instance, but that his intentions were so upright, and his paper doing so much good, that he couldn't be spared, and all his friends ought to stand by him. Again, among the guests, and one of the speakers, was Mr. W. M. Cubery, who is on a committee with Dr. R. H. McDonald and another to urge the passage and enforcement of a Sunday law in this state. I do not imagine that Mr. Cubery would be in favor of granting the Sabbath breaker a hearing before even so high a tribunal as a superior judge. What principle consistent with the right of one man to control the liberty of another one-seventh of the time could have brought Mr. Cubery to a meeting called in defense of freedom?

Supposing that according to either law or precedent the editor of a paper who comments upon the conduct of a judge in a certain case while the case is pending is guilty of contempt; and supposing that instead of summarily inflicting the penalty the judge grants the accused a trial by jury. To these twelve good men and true the court expounds the law; they are to judge only of the facts, and if they find the defendant guilty under the statute they are sworn to convict him. Yet the injustice is as great when the innocent is convicted by twelve men as when arbitrarily punished by one. On the whole, I would choose to trust my case to an upright judge, like J. G. Maguire, for instance, than to a jury drawn regularly or irregularly from the box. Likewise I would rather tie to Mr. Barry personally than to the principle that an editor may under any circumstances be imprisoned for telling the truth, whether upon conviction by a judge or a jury.

The plea for the right of trial by a jury chosen by the consuetudinary methods looks to me like a quibble. I went to the banquet prepared to hear a free press defended, but instead I heard a discussion of the best method of suppressing it. From this I judged that the friends had come there to show their sympathy for Mr. Barry rather than to vindicate that principle of liberty which lay further down than they cared to penetrate.

Speaking of juries, a jury convicted D. M. Bennett in New York, Ezra H. Heywood in Massachusetts, C. B. Reynolds in New Jersey, and Moses Harman in Kansas. None of these men had injured another in person or reputation. No injury was claimed, no complaint made. I think somebody said that society must be protected, but society did not appear at the trial, for the very good reason that society cared nothing about the matter. The truth was that they offended the priests of religion and morality, as Mr. Barry offended the priests of politics and monopoly. The sort of press I mean when I refer to a free press is one that will allow either of these men to say anything they choose, public opinion being left to take care of the result.

I wish to return thanks to the many friends who have written me words of commendation. I wish I deserved them. I must also thank the few who have told me of my mistakes and instructed me as to the course I must pursue in order to achieve success in the future. Would that I could profit by their admonitions.

Geo. E. McDonald

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The California Nationalist Club, of which Thos. V. Cator is president, held a well attended meeting last Sunday. Mr. Cator is a candidate for Congress and will doubtless get the support of many Nationalists.—Walter Huey, the defaulting collector for the harbor commissioners of this city, is in Victoria. He was seen by a newspaper reporter, and promises to return the money which he "borrowed."—The Single Tax meeting in this city was addressed last Sunday evening by the Hon. Charles A. Sumner on the subject, "A Genuine Postal Telegraph before we can have a Free Press."—The San Francisco "Examiner" was excluded from the mails last Sunday because it contained a list of prizes won at a church fair lottery.—The McKinley Tariff bill

greatly increases the duty on foreign cigars. Some domestic cigar manufacturers think it will result in bringing many Cuban cigarmakers to this country to compete with home labor, while others hold that it will increase the price of domestic cigars and be of benefit to American workmen.—Louise Esslinger was married to George Wehrlin at Redwood City, Cal., last Saturday, and committed suicide on her wedding night.—They have a "sleeping preacher" named J. D. Kaufman at Redding in this state. While entranced he is insensible to pain, and no pricking with needles will awaken him. His preaching is not very edifying.—The Republicans have nominated Georgh H. Sanderson for mayor of San Francisco, and the Democrats have nominated Frank McCoppin.

A Des Moines, Ia., preacher named Brown has resigned from his pastorate of the Christian church at that place. He had betrayed the confidence of five young women of the choir, who became jealous and reported him to the trustees.—A. Wanamaker committed suicide at St. Louis last Sunday. No cause is given for the act except the fact that he was a near relative of the postmaster-general.—The Emanuel Baptist church at Albany, N. Y., received three Chinamen into the fold by baptism on the 5th.—Herr Most, the professed Anarchist, was advertised to lecture at Newark last Sunday, but the police took him into custody and gave him half an hour to leave town. He complied.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker has made public a letter addressed to the chairman of the House Committee on Postoffices arguing in favor of a postal telegraph system.—The Mormons, as represented by George Q. Cannon, say they will obey the law against polygamy, and let the Lord take the responsibility.—The Rev. Peter Roberts, of the Plymouth Congregational church at Scranton, Pa., has been obliged to pay a woman \$3000 for breach of promise and seduction.

Thirty arrests have been made at St. Petersburg Russia, in connection with the workmen's political movement. Many other arrests have also been made in the interior.—In his last Sunday's sermon the Rev. Sensational Parker, of the City Temple, London, said: "It is high time that intoxicating wine should be banished from the sacramental service. It has often driven men to long-abandoned habits of intemperance. I am also opposed to the use of vile concoctions by which in some instances intoxicating wine has been displaced, and this objection to the makeshifts of the extreme teetotalers is not surprising, as a certain pastor is credited with the employment of zoedone for the purpose." The question might be settled without further discussion by abolishing the sacramental service, which is a superstitious mummery and a relic of paganism.—Several Jewish merchants in Odessa have been ordered by the authorities to settle up their business within four weeks and leave Russian territory. No charge is made against them except that they are Jews.—The alleged miracle-working wells of Galgoeze, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary, are attracting so many thousands of pilgrims from the surrounding country that the authorities have been forced to call in the military to keep order.—Mormon elders on a proselyting tour were flogged and tarred and feathered at Sherbourne, in Dorsetshire, Eng., last week.

THE COMING CONGRESS.

"Oh, what a whopper!" That is what those will say who attend the coming Congress of the of the American Secular Union. And they will not stop at quantity. They will go further. They will speak of quality, and remark that it is one of the finest.

If indications go for anything it will be the largest gathering of Secularists ever held. The signs of the times point that way. The railroads and steamboats will carry the orators, officers, delegates, and visitors to and from the three-day and three-night session, and at reduced rates. After arrival here the hotels and restaurants will feed and lodge at liberal prices.

The national organization, President Wesbrook, and his able corps of assistants are doing yeoman service to make the Congress exceed the most sanguine expectations. We, the Portsmouth auxiliary, are aiding them in every way we can. We are leaving no stone unturned to make the local entertainment extended of a first-class order, an entertainment in fact of oratory,

music, and song. We have a splendid musical programme under way, whereby a band of colored jubilee singers, the Kellison family (all singers), a drum corps, brass band, etc., will be present. Friday and Saturday evenings brass band and the G. A. R. drum corps will play in front of Opera Hall previous to the opening of the oratorical exercises. On the inside Abe White's superb orchestra, Miller & Nagleireu's Spanish students and their orchestra of six pieces will render selections. During the afternoons of Friday and Saturday Miss Sarah Stevens will perform on the piano, with her sister, Miss Polly, accompanying on the violin.

Sunday afternoon and evening will occur the best of the musical treats. At that time Al. G. Field, the great minstrel king, and his famous company of artists will be present. His orchestra will render difficult and beautiful selections, his world-celebrated sextette will sing popular melodies, and his \$10,000-challenge brass band will give open-air concerts in front of the house. Mr. Field and his people will come to Portsmouth in their own special palace car. He and they are Liberals, and as such donate their services on this coming occasion. I have known Al. Field personally for years, and during this period of acquaintance and friendship I have always found him to be a man of honor bright, a man adding sunshine and happiness to life and doing a world of good.

Let Liberals everywhere attend. Loan your presence and your time to the event. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

WILL S. ANDRES.

Portsmouth, O.

JEHOVAH'S IDEA OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

As it is claimed that our government would be improved by the recognition of God in the Constitution, and by having the government reconstructed in accordance with the ideas of the unchangeable Jehovah, I would like to invite the attention of the readers of FREETHOUGHT to a mild specimen of Jehovah's work in reconstructing a government, so that we may see what kind of a government it was when he got it fixed just to suit him. The government of Egypt, like our present government, did not suit Jehovah, so he fixed it over to his liking. He worked out his scheme by employing the son of an Arab sheik to dream for him and by means of a famine, as will be seen by reading from the fortieth to the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis.

"And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls, and he gathered up all the food of the seven plenteous years which were in the land of Egypt and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the fields which was round about every city laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered food as the sand of the sea, very much. . . . And the seven years of plenteousness were ended. . . . And the seven years of drouth began. . . . And when all the land of Egypt was famished the people cried for bread; and Pharaoh said, Go to Joseph. . . . And the famine was over all the earth; and Joseph opened all the storehouses and sold to the Egyptians. And the famine waxed sore in all the land of Egypt, and all countries came to Joseph to buy corn. . . . And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore. And Joseph gathered all the money that was found in the land of Egypt and brought the money into Pharaoh's house. And when the money failed Joseph said, Give your cattle. . . . And they brought their cattle unto Joseph. And Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses and for the flocks and for the cattle, and he fed them with bread for all their cattle that year. When that year was ended they came unto him the second year and said unto him, We will not hide it from my lord how that our money is spent; my lord hast also our herds of cattle; there is not aught left to us but our bodies and our lands. Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes? Buy us and our land for bread. And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh. And as for the people, he removed them to the cities from one end of the borders of Egypt to the other end thereof. Only the land of the priests bought he not. For the priests had a portion assigned them by Pharaoh. And Joseph said to the people, Behold I have bought

you this day and your land for Pharaoh. And Joseph made a law unto this day that Pharaoh should have a fifth part, except the land of the priests, which became not Pharaoh's."

I thought, when I copied the above, that I would try to make some appropriate comments upon it. But, really, since tongs have gone out of fashion, there does not seem to be anything suitable to handle it with. In the presence of Jehovah-jireth and his servant Joseph the Tammany ring, the pope, the Irish landlord, the czar, and the king of Dahomey are all humane and respectable. In fact, after the end of the seven years famine, the government of Egypt seems to have been nearly a model Christian government. About all they seem to have needed was a Sunday law, so that the dear people could take a rest.

Supposing the meanest devil that one could imagine had procured the services of the most heartless tyrant on the face of the earth and had proceeded to reconstruct a good government so as to make it like unto hell, if you please, what could he have done worse than Jehovah and Joseph? The people, according to this account, were free and freeholders, each family settled on its own little tract of land. They had produced a surplusage of grain sufficient to feed the whole world for seven years. Jehovah and Joseph took from them all this grain, and then as a reward for all their labor reduced them to slavery; and we see them crawling at the feet of this fiendish despot, Joseph, and calling him "my lord." You can see the like in all Christian countries to-day. How thankful we should be that, in the words of Washington, "this government is in no sense founded on the Christian religion."

Pharaoh did not work, and he got all the money and all the land. The priests did not work, but they retained their land and were exempt from taxation. Joseph's relatives had done nothing but to sell Joseph and realize the cash, and they were given the richest part of Egypt and were fed out of the labor of these formerly free citizens, who were reduced to pitiless slavery.

By the way, what a nice financial system Jehovah established. He had Joseph take all the people's money and put it in Pharaoh's house.

Of course we know that this is not historical. Real events do not occur by sevens. When you come to a story in which events are arranged in that way you have left the regions of history and entered the province of myth and legend. You are perusing an "inspired novel." But the fact that Jehovah will permit such fiendish rot and rubbish to be circulated as his book proves that he has no regard for his reputation or that he takes no more interest in the affairs of this world, or that he is asleep or peradventure he has gone on a journey, or possibly he is too dead to skin.

O Jehovah-jireth! Your professed followers are making a fearful mess of that strange hotch-potch salmagundi they call your book. Please do wake up and disown the holy mixture of blood and dirt or have the grace to keep your name out of the Constitution established by "we the people of the United States" and signed by patriots and freemen. Leave our laws alone. We want none of your holy ghosts, holy books, holy days, or holy saints.

"The one sole sacred thing beneath the cope
Of heaven is man."

Milwaukee, Or. _____ D. PRIESTLEY.

MR. BARRY'S DISCLAIMER.

From the Weekly Star.

We are under obligations to our esteemed contemporary FREETHOUGHT for kind and complimentary notices, which we fully appreciate, and we are for that reason the more deeply pained to note in its columns the following unjust reference to the banquet given a few months ago by the Free Press Defense Association to one of the editors of this paper:

"The guest of the occasion returned thanks to those men and those papers that had sustained him in this fight, and he called them by name, but he did not mention FREETHOUGHT. I knew it was not an oversight—it was simply discretion. The speaker knew his audience. He knew it was not an audience of Freethinkers. They were personal friends of his who would have protested just as hard if he had been convicted by a jury of his peers instead of a judge who was not his peer. Except for Mr. Barry's personal popularity they would not have been there."

A rationalist should be more rational, and a little more particular about his facts. Mr. Barry may have mentioned a few, but he certainly did not mention, nor claim to mention, all of the men and papers that sustained him in his fight. He was speaking under the excitement of the occasion, and wholly without preparation, and therefore omitted to name many papers which rendered equal service with FREETHOUGHT. This omission was not due to "discretion," and no one who *knows* Mr. Barry could for a moment suppose that it was. He has never before been charged with being afraid to acknowledge the services of a friend.

Again, FREETHOUGHT makes a mistake in asserting that those who assembled for the avowed purpose of supporting and defending a great principle were really not present for that purpose, and that "except for Mr. Barry's personal popularity they would not have been there." They all professed to be there for principle, and there was only one person present into whose inner consciousness the editor of FREETHOUGHT could look to determine his real motive for being present, and that was himself. If he attended the banquet out of regard solely "for Mr. Barry's personal popularity" his presence was misleading, and he was sadly out of place. We know that *he* was there for principle, and we have the same reason for believing that the others present understood the principle involved and were there to sustain it.

SUPERSTITIOUS SECULARISTS.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Among the resolutions passed by the late convention of Canadian Liberals was one expressing sympathy with the American Secular Union "in its efforts to destroy superstition." This indicates a misapprehension of the object of the Union, which is simply the separation of church and state. The American Secular Union, as its constitution declares, is "non-sectarian." Any person who favors the separation of church and state, whether he be Jew or Christian, Spiritualist or Materialist, Moralist or debauchee, is welcome in its ranks, just as he is in the ranks of other political organizations. It is true that many of the members of the Union are anti-superstitionists and belong to the Brotherhood of Moralists, which makes the overthrow of superstition one of its main objects. It is also true that very many members of our Secular Union are exceedingly superstitious. I can go almost any evening and find a score or more of them sitting in a "dark circle," gripping each others' hands, watching for ghosts to appear. Heston left this scene out of his picture in the "Truth Seeker" of February 1, probably because so many of the A. S. U. are in love with this kind of superstition, and a majority of the balance let it pass because the devotees are Liberals. Combating the church usurpation of civil power is good, but eradicating superstition is the first step towards the real elevation and liberation of mankind.

A. R. AYRES.

Hannibal, Mo., Sept. 28.

We regret to announce the death of M. Joffrin, the member for Montmartre, in the French Chamber. Last year he took part, as vice-president, in the reception by the Paris Municipal Council of the International Freethought Congress. He was then suffering from cancer in the cheek, which has now killed him. He bore his great sufferings with lofty fortitude, and never slackened his activity for the people's good while his strength lasted. France could have better spared some of the vain, ambitious, or mercenary intriguers who are now exposing each others' crimes.—London Freethinker.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Walla Walla, Wash.	Oct. 8, 9	Myrtle Point Coos co., Or.	Oct. 23
Portland Convention, Oct. 11, 12, 13		Talent, Or.	Oct. 26
Coburg, Or.	Oct. 15, 16	Fort Bragg, Cal.	Nov. 1, 2
Marshfield, Coos co. Or.	Oct. 19, 20	Boulder Creek, Cal.	Nov. 9, 10
Coquille, Coos co. Or.	Oct. 21	Porterville, Cal.	Nov. 12, 13, 14
Arago, Coos co. Or.	Oct. 22	Tulare, Cal.	Nov. 15, 16

FREETHOUGHT gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$4 from J. H. Schroeder, Emily Schroeder, W. Schroeder, and James McNaughton, of Arago, Or.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

F. C. MENDE, TREASURER. IDA C. CRADDOCK, COR. SEC'Y.
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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the board of directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat, and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio river, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufactories. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy, and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of church and state in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue, and brotherhood be established, protected, and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the Nine Demands of Secularism, we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of church and state." The word "secular" is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

To discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews, and Liberal Christians, and, laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of no union of church and state, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Christian Temper-

ance Union, indorsing the platforms and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many other, which might be mentioned, are imperilling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all parts of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-a-woke little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1890. Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Sec'y.

OUR UNCHURCHED MILLIONS.*

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

"The proper religion for an American citizen is the United States of America."—James Parton before the New York Nineteenth Century Club.

It is not generally recognized, as it should be, that the large majority of our people are unchurched. Not a third of the population of the United States attend public worship, or could be accommodated if they desired so to do—but they do not desire to attend. They have unchurched themselves.†

The churches boast of their growth, but it is a growth left further and further behind by the general increase of population. The time must, therefore, surely come when but a small fraction of the masses of the people will be church-goers, and yet upon these masses the government institutions, character, and welfare of the great republic must rest.

Whether this state of things will be regrettable; whether a "godless" and "irreligious" people ought to be or not, it is hardly worth while to inquire. It is enough that such will be the immense majority of our people before the close of this century, if the old definitions of "religion" are to prevail, which commonly identify religion with some form of ancient supernaturalism. It may be that the people know what is best, after all, and that the evil consequences, often predicted as the result of the general neglect of the old creeds, may not ensue, but benefits rather. The reason that people do not go to church is, evidently, because there is no longer an impelling motive. Something of greater interest and importance takes the place of churches. There is in all this simply an illustration of the great law of evolution and progress, viz.: every disintegrative change comes about, because a new and a higher integration has called away the forces, interests, beliefs, and feelings which sustained the old. When Sindbad's ship sailed by the magnetic mountain, all the iron was drawn out by attraction, and the vessel fell to pieces.

The old arks of the supernatural seem to be drifting into a new world so much more vast, real, true, and necessary than the old world in which they were built, that they seem and are, therefore, often regretfully left, but left, nevertheless, to the natural and disintegrative chemistry of time. In a word, Uncle Sam's people have concluded that it does not pay to go to church, that there is not much necessity for going, and so they go less and less.

There is a general feeling that the old creeds are not surely true; that they have been discredited by the astronomy of Copernicus, by the evolution of Darwin, and by the progress of history

* From the Arena for October.

† According to the last census the population of the states is 64,000,000. The New York World Almanac (pp. 154 and 209) gives the total population of United States Jan. 1, 1890 [including Indian and other territories], as 66,360,525. All denominations claim, according to the New York Independent, 21,757,171; but these claims are doubtless excessive; for instance, the Roman Catholics claim 8,277,039, but this claim includes the whole Catholic population, of which a large part have left the church forever. The rate of increase of the secular over the church population is very large—nearly double; but accurate figures are not obtainable.

beyond the state of things contemplated in the old "revelations." In short, the sky now above us is no longer the old "heaven," but infinite space glowing with countless suns; the space below is the center of the earth, and no "hell." The earth's surface, with its teeming peoples, is no "state of probation" for the above or the below. The old, three-story tenement-house of heaven, earth, and hell, has vanished forever, and with it the creeds which were simply its description, and the adjustment of human fate here and hereafter to it. Even where the belief in "spiritual" manifestations is retained, the modern variety calls itself spiritualism, or theosophy, and claims harmony with science. The supernatural and miraculous are dropped, and natural immortality of the human soul or consciousness in or about the earth, is substituted. Such a natural evolution of the spirit into another form of life is in itself a powerful disintegration of the beliefs founded upon ancient and miraculous manifestations, and it replaces them. Thus to the modern mind the new, true, and higher-integrations of science have silently and often unconsciously discredited and replaced the former general belief in the supernatural religions, and left the masses of the people intellectually outside of the old churches. If we ask, What is the creed which alone satisfies the modern American? the answer is, That which he knows to be true—and that, in one word, is science. The majority of the American people are already practically secularists—people of this world.

If we turn to "the heart," or the emotional nature of young America, we find, similarly, that the "touch which makes the whole world kin," the human, is the touch to which he responds. It is not something which has happened or is going to happen in some other conceivable, unlocated, ghostly world, but which affects him and his now in this world. That human touch makes it utter folly to try to feel that a heaven can be at all, as long as there may be a single human being in a hell; and without a hell where is the foundation for a heaven?

The common sense and hearts of the masses therefore say to the priests of the supernatural and the metaphysical—we are no longer able to understand your dogmas. They do not agree with what we see and experience to be true, nor with what we feel to be human, good, and right. Some of our women, children, and weak or fashionable brethren, may from habit, fear, fashion, or social attractions, or special interests, patronize you for a while, but the great business and realities of this world will go on for the future with less and less regard to your ancient notions about spooks or ghosts, gods or devils, angels or fairies, churches and creeds. Because the census proves all this to be true, shall we say with Schiller's hero, that the "beautiful race has emigrated," and lament that the "fair humanities of old religions are gone?" Shall we take refuge in the memories of old superstitions, and like Wordsworth find solace in "Proteus' changing form," and "Triton's wreathed horn?" That depends whether we continue to look backward or turn our faces to the dawn. For, when read from that direction, we find that the disintegration of the old by inevitable law means the integration of the new. Nothing can kill an old religion but the incoming of its greatest successor. Our people are unconsciously welcoming the incoming sway of science and man; and this is proved by their absence from the churches.

The unchurched millions indicate a growing and healthy faith in things, and the laws of things, as they are. They find health in Emerson's prescription, that "the cure for false theology is mother-wit." Even the churches cannot escape this influence. The Presbyterians are voting their creed into a new and humanized shape. Beecher's successor knows nothing of hell. Even Cardinal Gibbons abandons all hope of "coercion;" and the church which cannot enforce the law of its God, lives chiefly to announce his practical abication in the practical world. Whether this new faith in the actual, real, scientific world—or the true, and in the present human practical world—or the good, shall be called a "religion," is a matter of realization, definition, and taste. The votes of those outside of the churches who seem most entitled to decide, are in favor of the continuance of the use of the old and often hated word, "religion,"—with the explanation, that the religion of the new, natural, real world is the reversal of the old. Thus Thomas Paine in number seven of his "Crisis"

charges the enemies of America with employing savages in warfare, and thus violating "The Religion of Humanity," and compelling war to the knife. He uses this happy phrase as though a natural and common one; but who used it before him? Auguste Comte, the great Positivist philosopher of France, as all know, made this religion of humanity, as cast into form by him, the outcome of the grandest elaboration of the sciences and of history ever made. In Germany, David Strauss, following the inspiration of Goethe and Herder, gives us the "religion of the new faith" instead of the old. While Johannes Range, in Germany, had long before organized the "free congregations," to put into practice similar conceptions.

In England, Secularism, as a religion, is the result of a line of free thought that has come down from Hobbes, Hume, Cobbett. It was reformulated by Holyoake, and continued by Watts, Bradlaugh, with the two Mills, Miss Martineau, Lewes, and George Eliot as side sponsors.

In America, the attempts to form secular religions and religious societies, churches, ethical societies, etc., have been, and still are, multifarious. It is hardly a year ago that Mr. Charles Watts, the English Secularist, formerly of London but of late years the editor of the *Secular Thought* at Toronto, Canada, appealed to Col. R. G. Ingersoll for his view; which appeal resulted in the approval by that arch Freethinker of the use of the word religion with the usual reversal and enlargement of its meaning and a disavowal of all supernaturalism. Thereafter in his famous reply to Dr. Field, the poetical colonel joined the new "church" in far-reaching words which have become the motto of the Boston Ingersoll society, and which thousands are learning to repeat in a sort of secular confession of faith, thus:

"I belong to the great church that holds the world in its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy grains of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

To be concluded.

LITERATURE.

"The Rights of Labor According to John Ruskin" is published in a 5-cent tract by W. E. Price, 1203 Market street, San Francisco.

For an answer to the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" send five cents to "Lucifer," Valley Falls, Kan., and get H. J. Hunt's pamphlet with that query for a title.

"St. Mungo: Being the Life and Adventures of the Son of a Virgin," by "Saladin," is received. It is one of the most amusing of this writer's many clever works.

Equity Publishing Company reprints a lecture by Alfred B. Westrup under the head of "Citizens' Money," and sells it for ten cents. The work sets forth the Anarchistic theory of finance. Copies may be obtained at this office.

Charles Watts, editor of "*Secular Thought*," is one of the most industrious pamphleteers in America. His latest is "Science and the Bible: Wherein They Differ," published at "Secular Thought" office, 35 Adelaide st. East, Toronto, Can., price 15 cents.

We are glad to see a second edition of Parker Pillsbury's "Ecclesiastical vs. Civil Authority," treating of "God in the federal Constitution: Man and Woman Out." This little pamphlet should be circulated everywhere. Mr. Pillsbury, who won his fame in the antislavery agitation, is an all-round reformer, and believes in woman's rights as well as men. The pamphlet is for sale by the author at ten cents per copy, fifteen for one dollar. Address Parker Pillsbury, Concord, N.H.

Benj. R. Tucker, Boston, Mass., has brought out an abridgment and rearrangement of Lysander Spooner's "Trial by Jury." The present work, a pamphlet of about fifty large pages, is edited by Victor Yarros and entitled "Free Political Institutions: Their Nature, Essence, and Maintenance." In writing his work, as the editor explains, Mr. Spooner's intention was to discredit and denounce the perversion of trial by jury and to promulgate the correct and legitimate system by which alone free political

relations could be preserved. The explanation of the nature of such relations was of secondary importance to Mr. Spooner, but to Mr. Yarros they are a vital question. Hence the abridgment and rearrangement in the present form. Price 25 cents.

In a thick pamphlet entitled "Christ and Krishna" John M. Robertson, an English Freethinker and a writer of ability, examines the claims of these two myths (the Christ myth and the Krishna myth) and seeks to discover which was the forerunner of the other. The researches of orientalists in the present century, especially the students of Sanskrit and Hindu legends, have brought out the fact that Jesus was not by any means the first Christ, and have given to the world the story of Krishna. The Christian apologists have therefore set themselves the task of showing that the Krishna myth is a late creation, borrowed from the story of Jesus. Mr. Robertson says that this claim is without foundation, and shows why. The pamphlet is published by the National Reformer, 63 Fleet street, E. C., London, Eng., and with duty and postage paid would cost about 75 cents in San Francisco.

"Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman, comes fresh from the press of H. L. Green, at Buffalo, N.Y. It is a handsomely bound book of 86 pages, and contains a fine likeness of the author; a preface by Amy Post, also a picture of Mrs. Post and a sketch of her life by Mrs. Colman. The author of these "Reminiscences" is nearly as old as the century. She entered the antislavery movement almost as soon as that movement was started, and never left it until the colored slaves were free. Her book is made up of anecdotes and a history of her labors. There is just enough of each to make the story so interesting that one does not know when to stop reading it except at the end of the final page. Since slavery days were over Mrs. Colman has been in the ranks of Liberalism, and her voice has been raised in no unhesitating way against every assault upon liberty. She is in all respects a remarkable woman; has led an active life, had as many adventures, done as much good, and is as deserving of the gratitude of mankind as any woman of this century. We hope her book will have the large circulation it deserves, and to that end the Freethought Publishing Company will fill as many orders for it as may be sent to this office. "Reminiscences" by mail \$1.

ON CALVINISM.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic Monthly for September, 1890.

While in my simple gospel creed
That "God is love" so plain I read,
Shall dreams of heathen birth affright
My pathway through the coming night?
Ah, Lord of life, though spectres pale
Fill with their threats the shadowy vale,
With thee my faltering steps to aid,
How can I dare to be afraid?

Shall mouldering page or fading scroll
Outface the charter of the soul?
Shall priesthood's palsied arm protect
The wrongs our human hearts reject,
And smite the lips whose shuddering cry
Proclaims a cruel creed a lie?
The wizard's rope we disallow
Was justice once—is murder now!

Is there a world of blank despair,
And dwells the Omnipresent there?
Does he behold with smile serene
The shows of that unending scene,
Where sleepless, hopeless anguish lies,
And ever dying, never dies?
Say, does he hear the sufferer's groan,
And is that child of wrath his own?

O mortal, wavering in thy trust,
Lift thy pale forehead from the dust,
The mists that cloud thy darkened eyes
Fade ere they reach the o'erarching skies!
When the blind heralds of despair

Would bid thee doubt a father's care,
Look up from earth, and read above
On heaven's blue tablet, God is Love!

THE GENEROUS IMPULSE.

Mr. Putnam's suggestion that friends should follow their first generous impulse and let us know what they will do to carry out the plan proposed by him, has been adopted by an encouraging number. This inquiry comes from a point where FREETHOUGHT has always found a hearty welcome:

FRESNO FLATS, CAL., Oct. 1, 1890.

MR. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir*: I noticed in your enterprising paper, FREETHOUGHT, that you were working for very small returns. If the Freethought Society of this coast will unite and subscribe, I will subscribe \$5. Mr. J. E. Crain will subscribe \$5 and Mr. J. Oaks \$2, and we will do our best to get more. Let us know through your paper what the Freethinkers of the coast are willing to do. Yours truly,

W. E. LARAMORE.

The appended letters, together with those published last week, give a partial reply to Mr. Laramore's inquiry, and it will be more fully answered next week by words that have come in too late for this issue:

MOUNTAIN VIEW, WASH, Sept. 27, 1890.

I herewith donate \$5 to the Editorial Salary Fund. I cannot promise any certain amount per year, but will promise to always do what I can for the support of FREETHOUGHT.

Yours in the cause,

Oswego, Or.

ELVA DAVIDSON-BLACKBURN.

ROCHELLE, ILL., Sept. 24, 1890.

TO THE FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY: I can't account for it that the average Liberal should be so much less liberal than the average Christian, Jew, or pagan in regard to the institution he pretends to be most interested in. Where is the poor Catholic servant girl that will not cheerfully give \$25 per year, if called upon, to help her church? The laborer, mechanic, or merchant who does not cheerfully donate this amount annually to the institution which expounds the gospel according to his belief? Yet, alas! there are thousands of those who enthusiastically indorse the gospel according to FREETHOUGHT, yet who are content to borrow the same from a neighbor, or consider they have done their whole duty when they have contributed \$2 or at most \$5 per year for its support.

When this sad state of affairs is changed, when our Liberals are aroused to their full sense of duty towards their leaders, then will our cause quickly triumph.

I desire to donate \$10 per year to retain the editorial services of the genial "man with a badge-pin" at his post of duty, which in the past he has occupied with so much credit to himself and pleasure to his readers. If balance due me for badges does not cover the above amount I shall promptly remit, and would cheerfully make it \$100 did my finances permit.

Sincerely yours,

WETTSTEIN.

INGOMAR, CAL., Sept. 24, 1890 (in Christian computation).

EDITOR FREETHOUGHT, *Dear Sir*: You will find inclosed \$2.25, twenty-five cents to be used to send sample copies to the person whose address you will find below, and two dollars to be used for ammunition.

Now I would like to give you my opinion about those who don't pay for their paper. In the first place, I don't believe that more than one-fifth of them read it. I think that a man that reads FREETHOUGHT will pay for it, and undoubtedly a great many of these had friends who paid for the paper the first year, and of these I don't believe that there is one out of ten that will read a paper he gets that way. When you get your mail and throw a lot of papers on the table when you come home, and a person picks out FREETHOUGHT for the first one every time and reads it, if that person don't subscribe for it, then is your time to hand in your check and pay for his paper.

In my estimation it is a useless thing to pay for a paper and have it sent to a person that is not interested in such a movement. A great many of these supposed Freethinkers have long ago forgotten that they were slaves at one time and were worshiping and flattering a tyrant, and

at the same time supporting a smokestack of the infernal regions. This class of Freethinkers forget that there are yet thousands of honest minds in dungeons on which no ray of sunlight ever shone. They forget that these unfortunates must be unchained by those that are free. Thomas Paine said the best way to be happy in this world is to make others so; and it might be said to be free in this world is to make others free, but whether a Freethinker obtained his freedom either by his own efforts or by the efforts of others his duty is to help to free those slaves who are under the dictates of other slaves, and of such there are many.

J. D. KAUFMAN.

MASSILLON, O., Sept. 26, 1890.

FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY: Find draft for Editor MacDonald.

J. H. HUNT.

SALMON CITY, IDAHO, Sept. 28, 1890.

EDITORS FREETHOUGHT: Inclosed please find \$5—\$2 to be applied on my subscription, and \$3 to the Editorial Fund.

I would gladly give as much as S. P. P. if my circumstances would permit it; will try to do better next time.

Hoping for success, I am very truly yours, J. M. MOORE.

These pledges and payments have been received. The sums are contributed to what is called an Editorial Fund guaranteeing the present editor of FREETHOUGHT a sufficient income to keep him at work where he can do the most good. S. P. Putnam, \$50; Mrs. A. Lindal, \$5; H. L. Aiken, \$5; John McGlashan, \$10; G. W. Ramsay, \$20; John Hubbel, \$5; Chas. de LaBaume, \$5; W. A. Pingree, \$1; C. H. Furgason, \$1; J. D. Kaufman, \$2; Jas. Williamson, \$1; Jas. A. Greenhill, \$10; J. H. Hunt, \$10; John Thomas, \$1; J. M. Moore, \$3; A Philadelphia Friend, \$1; Alex. Hardie, \$8; Chas. F. Blackburn, \$10; Elva Davidson Blackburn, \$5; Robt. Gunther, \$10; N. B. Parnell, \$5; Fred Kerz, \$1; Mrs. E. C. Linn, 50 cents; Otto Wettstein, \$10; D. Christie, \$1; A. Derming, \$5.

The list is still open. Mr. E. A. Stevens, in pledging \$5, says: "If the Liberals of the West appreciate, as those in the East do, what a splendid and brilliant paper you are giving them, you will not only be sustained in your present work, but be given encouragement to still greater efforts. Yours for success." That is the general sentiment. The Liberals of the West are able and generous, and have never been called on in vain when any good work was to be done.

F. L. BROWNE,

Chairman pro-tem. Board of Directors.

Told of Wendell Phillips.

One day Mr. Phillips was in a railway car in which were a number of ministers returning from a convention. Among them was a man with a loud, strident voice, who was loudly declaiming against the Abolitionists, and especially against Mr. Phillips. He was talking at every one in the car, and finally shouted that he understood Mr. Phillips was on board. Calling the conductor, he asked him to point out Mr. Phillips. The conductor indicated the orator, who had been an interested listener.

The little man with the voice strode up the aisle to a disrespectful distance and, after striking an attitude, the following colloquy took place:

"So you are Wendell Phillips?"

"I am sir," replied the orator quietly.

"Then why don't you go South and preach your doctrine there?" shouted the little minister.

"At that time," explained Mr. Purvis, in relating the incident, "any Abolitionist would have been lynched in the South."

Replying to the clergyman, Mr. Phillips asked:

"You are a minister of the gospel?"

"I am, sir."

"Your mission is to save souls from hell?"

"It is, sir."

"Then why don't you go there, sir?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Right Kind.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Find inclosed two dollars. I hope you may keep the ball rolling. Your FREETHOUGHT is an educator in the right direction. I would rather ante a big \$20 every year than to have FREETHOUGHT less free and thoughtful or one number less in circulation. Your friend,
Kings River, Cal. A. C. SMITH.

As Represented.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find \$15.50 in full for statement rendered and renewal of subscription for FREETHOUGHT. The three pins received O.K., and are fully what they are represented to be.

Accept our best wishes for the ultimate success of your undertaking, which is worthy of support by all free-minded men.

With kindest regards to all co-workers of the lofty cause, we remain,
Fort Bragg, Cal. Yours truly, BUCHOLTZ BROS.

Rensburg in Ogden.

To the Editors of Freethought:

On Sunday, the 28th, we had a rare treat in Freethought in the form of two lectures given by J. E. Rensburg, the eloquent champion of human liberty, political, social, and mental. The afternoon audience in Union Opera House was slim, but in the evening there was quite a gathering of eager listeners, with a fair sprinkling of ladies and a score or two of young men, who evidently took their first lesson in Secularism, but appeared to like it none the less. Mr. Rensburg, in his calm and moderate but altogether incisive and impressive language, treated "Bible Morals" in a critical manner, which knocked the props from under the theological fabric built upon the rotten foundation known as holy writ. His arguments were corroborated and enlarged in the evening, when the speaker with irrefutable logic knocked the daylight out of the "False Claims of the Clergy," when he showed the futility of the clergy's claims for the abolition of slavery and for temperance reform. The numerous telling hits were favorably received and frequently applauded, and the audience, after expressing their appreciation by a comparatively liberal contribution, dispersed well pleased with the time spent in listening to one of the best Freethought exponents it has been Ogden's luck to hear.

Mr. Rensburg left on Monday for some towns in Wyoming, after which he will pass through the junction city again, to go north. He is undoubtedly doing a good work in the best of all causes, that of the emancipation of the human race.

I cannot close this report without a tribute of appreciation in behalf of the Liberals to Mr. John A. Jost, the ever alert, ever ready, venerable veteran in the cohorts (wish they were legions) of Freethought. To him was this time again, as on all previous occasions of a similar character, due the credit of securing both the speaker and the hall, also the (modest) support of the local press and the gathering of an audience such as we dared to hope for, considering the Sunday afternoon attractions out of town and the deplorable unpopularity of the cause. But we will yet penetrate through the darkness of superstition to the brightness of knowledge. Yours fraternally,
Ogden, Sept. 30, 1890. LEO HÆFELI.

If you ask me to choose between a sentence to eternal death and a sentence to eternal life, I unflinchingly decide in favor of eternal death. This, at least, insures me against possible future grief, pain, or horror. Furthermore, the absolute unconsciousness which death implies will spare me from the torture during all eternity of the painful recollection of the many good things enjoyed during life, which, alas! in the absence of the physical body, will necessarily be denied to all "spirits."—WETTSTEIN.

To Remitters.

If you must pay your subscriptions by check on a local bank, please add the 25 cents it costs us to collect it. Drafts on San Francisco or Eastern banks are good for their face value, but checks on local banks are not. It is better to pay small sums by post-office order, postal note, express money order, or registered letter.

THE NEW MODEL "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH!

World Renowned, Magnificent, Perfect. Again Improved.

Has 16 Jewels, Patent Regulator, Breguet Hair Spring (non-catchable), Beautiful double-sunk paneled dial, and all modern improvements. Is finely adjusted to heat, cold, and position; Stem wind and set, and new model. Made both for hunting and open-face cases and guaranteed a **Perfect Time-Keeper**.

PRICES: In Silverine Cases, \$19; 3 ounce pure Silver, \$22.50; 4 ounce, \$23.50; 5 ounce, \$25; 6 ounce, \$27; 7 ounce, Best dust-proof cases, \$24—no better sold elsewhere for \$35. In Best Filled Gold Cases, guaranteed 20 years, Patent Open-face, Screw Dust-proof, \$27; Hinged Back, \$30; Hunting, \$33; Louis XIV. style, either kind, \$2 extra. All elegantly engraved or plain. In cases guaranteed 25 years, special artistic chasing, \$5 and \$10 more.

In 14 kt. Solid Gold Open-face Cases, \$45 to \$80; Hunting, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$90 to \$100. Sent prepaid with written guarantee, and cash refunded if not entirely satisfactory. No one else in the world sends out or sells so GOOD AND ELEGANT A WATCH FOR THE PRICE.

Regular Grades American Watches. All Stem-Wind.

Three ounce Silverine case, seven jewels, \$7.50; eleven jewels, \$9; fifteen jewels, \$10; do., adjusted, \$16. In three ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$13.50, and \$19.50. In four ounce case \$1 extra, and in four ounce dust-proof case \$1.50 extra. In best open-faced, dust-proof, filled Gold case, seven jewels, \$16; eleven jewels, \$17.50; fifteen jewels, \$18.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, gold cap, \$3 extra. Extra fine engraved \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, gold cap, seven jewels, \$23; eleven jewels, \$24.50; fifteen jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special, artistic engraved cases, \$5 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen even in best stores. All filled cases guaranteed twenty to twenty-five years. Beware of others!

Ladies' Gold Hunting American Watches.

Best filled, seven jewels, \$17; eleven jewels, \$18.50; fifteen jewels, \$25. 14 kt. solid Gold, \$27; eleven jewels, \$28.50; fifteen jewels, \$35. More elaborate and heavier cases, \$2, \$5 to \$10 extra. Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, embossed and enameled cases, \$10 to \$100 extra. ALL WATCHES ARE STEM-WIND AND SET. All guaranteed one year, after the expiration of which time they will be cleaned for \$1 and returned free. 10 kt. filled gold cases \$2 less.

Diamonds.

I am an expert in this line and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market prices. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35 for \$25; do. worth \$70 for \$50; do. worth \$100 for \$75; do. worth \$200 for \$150; do. worth \$500 for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

Watch-work.

Nine-tenths of the "jewelers" of America are botch-ers, and don't know as much about "handling" a fine watch as an elephant does about a Beethoven symphony. A noted phrenologist once told Wettstein, "If you are not a first-class mechanic the Lord Almighty never made one." Send me your work. Cleaning, \$1; jewels, \$1; springs, \$1. Best work guaranteed and returned free. LIBERAL EDITORS' AND LECTURERS' WATCHES REPAIRED FREE.

Rings and Emblems

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He Locks Up.



"It's pretty damp for a person with the rheumatism to be prowling around, Uncle Josh."

"Mehhe, boss, but it's the doctor's advice."

"Do you mean to tell me the doctor advised you to be out nights?"

"Not 'zactly dat away—but he said I must have chicken brof."—Life.

A STORY OF A BIG MAN.

He Had Bear Claws and a Fur Coat, but He Wasn't "In It."

At Fargo we got news of an accident on the line beyond, and the train had to wait there for two hours. Everybody got out to stroll around, and there were a good many people at the depot to look the passengers over. Among these we had our attention attracted to a big man who had on a buffalo overcoat, a wolf-skin cap and from the collar of the coat dangled seven or eight claws which had once assisted grizzly bears to scratch their way through life. He had long hair, a wild eye, buckskin leggings, and was evidently a mighty Nimrod, if not a western terror. He was walking up and down the platform to show himself off when an undersized, insignificant looking passenger on our train, who had been dubbed "Godfrey's Cordial" ever since we left Chicago, approached him and asked:

"Mistah man, ith that overcoat for thale?"

"No, sir!" was the thunderous response, as the wearer of it turned on the questioner.

"Oh! excuthe me, I thee yur have thome claws there. Did they belong to a cat?"

"Cat! cat! Did you ever see a cat with such claws?"

"No, thir, and that's the reason I asked you. Ith that cap made of lambskin?"

"Lambskin! What are you driving at?"

"My deah sir, I nevah drive. It's against my principles. I am thimply theeking thold facts. Why don't you have your hair cut and put on thome woolen pantaloons? I should think you would catch cold."

"Look here!" growled the big man as he came to a halt, "I want you to go away."

"Do I make you tired?"

"You do."

"I am tho thorry!"

"Now you clear out or I'll get mad."

"Real mad?"

"You hear me!"

"I should so like to buy one of those claws. I'll give you two shillings for"—

"If you don't clear out I'll slice an ear off!"

"Would you really slice my ear off?" innocently asked Cordial.

"I would and I will!"

"Which ear?"
 "Both of 'em, you infernal fool!"
 "Thay," said Cordial, after looking him over, "I don't like the way you talk. I think you ought to apologize."
 "Apologize! Why, you grasshopper, I've a good mind to hold you by the hair!"
 "Don'th you try it!"
 "But I will!"

And he did, but he had scarcely reached out when Cordial was all chain lightning, and fish bones, and pounded glass. He jumped in with his left on the big man's nose, took him on the mouth with his right as he fell, and the buffalo overcoat had no sooner hit the platform than the little man was swarming all over it, with both fists working like piston rods.

In one minute the big man was licked, and then he was led off one way while we took Cordial the other. I don't know what old bear's claws had to say, but as we got the little fellow into the coach he retied the bow at his collar, dusted his shoes with his handkerchief, and explained:

"Wath I to blame? When I thaw those claws wasn't it natural that I should wonder where the cat woth? And I never thaw a wolf nor a buffalo in my life—in my whole life!"—New York Sun.

Sorry When He Came to It.

First Urchin (wiping his mouth)—Say, Billy, dey's one ting about er watermelon wot I don't like. I don't see why dey can't grow some that wouldn't be that way either.

Billy—What is it that yer doesn't like about 'em, Dickey?

First Urchin—It's too bad that the white rind ain't red.—Munsey's Weekly.

Getting Even.

Bimley—What do you think that rascal Jonesley did?

Standoff—Can't imagine.

Bimley—He forged my name for \$500.

Standoff—You don't say! Didn't you do anything about it?

Bimley—Yes; I got even with the scoundrel. I forged his name for a thousand.—Judge.

The Scarcity of Fruit.

The man who owns a peach this year
 Has reason to be proud
 Of means of wealth that raises him
 Above the common crowd
 And so the prize that Fortune gives
 To him who best may reach her
 This winter's like to lie between
 The plumber and the peacher.
 —Philadelphia Times.

The Stove Went Out.

Mistress (during a heated term)—Get dinner today on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

Bridget—Plaze, mum, I did thry, but th' stove went out.

Mistress—Try again, then.

Bridget—Yis, mum, but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof.—New York Weekly.

Time for All Things.

Miss Upton—Ma, Miss Flighty and Mr. Saphead are to be married today. Shall I tske some rice along to throw after them?

Practical Mother—No, my dear. Wait until they have run through what little money they have and then give it to them.—New York Weekly.

The Old Name Would Not Do.

Gazlay—Isn't Colon the name of that town on the Isthmus of Panama?

Bunting—That used to be its name, but it has been changed to Period since the Panama canal came to a full stop.—Munsey's Weekly.

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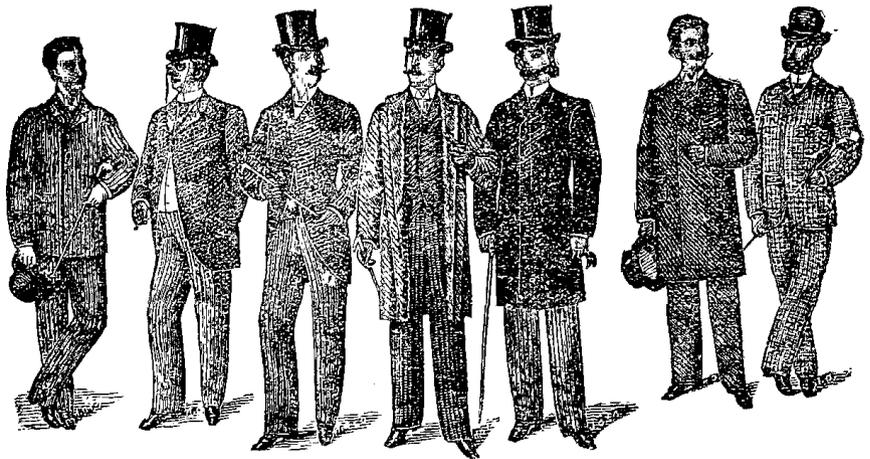
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Came a maiden young and fair.
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Clad in gown of texture rare

Walking down the village street
Came a gallant debonair;
And he could not help but meet
With the lily maid so fair

And he whispered, as they passed,
Something in the maiden's ear;
She an instant stood aghast,
Then she screamed aloud with fear

Seemed the maid as one distraught,
Helpless in her sudden fright—
Shame upon the wretch who brought
Her to such a piteous plight!

Ere you heap upon his head
Scorn unbounded, can you guess
What unlucky words he said?
"There's a spider on your dress!"
—West Shore.

His Head No Aig Shell.

Two negroes engaged in a quarrel, when one struck the other on the head with a wagon spoke. The negro that had received the blow rubbed his head for a moment and then said.

"Look yere, Stephen, dar's one thing dat is er powerful blessin' fur you."

"Whut's dat?"

"De fact dat my head is ez thick ez it is. W'y ef my head wa'n't no thicker den de common run o' heads dat lick would er killed me, an' den you would er been tucl' befo' er justice o' de peace an' fined mighty nigh twenty dollars. You'd better thank de Lawd dat I ain't got one deze yere aig shell heads."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Not the Proper Season.

"It wouldn't be fashionable, don't you know," said the sweet summer girl. "out of the season."

"How? It is always fashionable to elope," said the despondent lover.

"Oh, no! This is the season of the caute-lope."

And the lover brightened and thanked his stars.—Boston Courier.

Romantic Environment.

He (sentimentally)—It seems almost impossible to be among these woodland scenes and not to love—some one.

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Summer Girl—I should like to go sailing. You take people out, I believe.

Fisherman—Yes, mum. That there's my catboat at the dock.

Summer Girl—Oh, dear me, that's too awful big. I'm afraid to go in that. Haven't you any kitten boats!—New York Weekly

She Saw Too Much.

She (after marriage)—You told me that I was your first love, but I have found a whole trunkful of letters from all sorts of girls just bursting with tenderness.

He—I—I said you were the first I ever loved. I didn't say you were the only one who ever loved me. See?—New York Weekly.

Just Out.

"Your overcoat is just a spotted as ever John."

"I know it, my dear. Did you suppose it had been cleaned?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you tell me you had soaked it a month ago?"—Chatter.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - OCTOBER 18, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SUMMERVILLE DEBATE.—I found all arrangements made for the debate at Summerville, and Elder Jones was on hand with a whole library of books. He rather thought I would not put in an appearance. He seemed to think that I was trembling in my boots, and when the stage came up Wednesday morning and I was not on board there was a kind of jubilation among the church people, and one man bet a sack of flour that I would not meet my reverend opponent. He lost his sack of flour. I missed the stage, but chartered a special conveyance and was there in plenty of time, and whether the Christians were happy or not remains to be seen.

The debate occupied seven nights. An extra night was thrown in in order that God might have a chance to appear in court and prove that he creates all things, and therefore the Bible.

Elder Jones thrust this question into the debate the very first evening, although when the list of questions at issue were propounded, the question, "Is there a God?" was not accepted, but the question only: "Is the Bible of divine origin?" As a matter of fact, if the god question was not raised by me it certainly did not come into the debate. I did not intend to raise that question for the simple reason that time did not permit. I wanted to stick to the Bible. Why my opponent "side-tracked" on to the "god question" I do not know. For the purposes of the debate on the Bible origin to which the audience had come to listen, I granted the existence of a divine being, after the fashion of Thomas Paine. As this admission on my part was twisted into a back down, I offered to debate the question on a separate night, and so the arrangement proceeded.

Six evenings were devoted to the Bible, and the following was the battle-ground each evening:

First evening—The genuineness of the text, the credibility of the gospels, etc.

I denied the existence of any original text, and affirmed that the present version was founded on MS. copies of no earlier date than the 10th century, and that the gospels as we now have them were not written until one hundred and fifty years after the death of Jesus.

Elder Jones granted my first position, and said the fact that the present version was a copy did not invalidate its historic truthfulness. He affirmed that the Gospels, as we now have them, were written almost immediately after the death of Jesus.

Second evening—I affirmed, and proved by such authorities as Eusebius and others of the Christian fathers, and by modern scholarship, that the Bible was entirely of pagan origin; that there was nothing "new or strange" in it; that the cross, the rite of baptism, and the Lord's supper, as well as the theology and mythology of the Bible, could be found in anterior religions.

Elder Jones endeavored to rebut my position and show that the Bible was a revelation, and not simply a republication of what was in the world before.

Third evening—The battle ground was the prophecies. Elder Jones had an immense chart on the blackboard at the rear of the platform, on which was depicted in various colors the image of Daniel, etc. This was Elder Jones's strong point. He had got the whole thing by heart, and he made a pretty good display of historic knowledge. Who but a divine being could have given Daniel such a wonderful amount of historic information?

I replied as follows: First, there are recorded prophecies outside of the Bible as marvelous as any that are in it, to which no divine origin is ever ascribed; Second, that there are many false prophecies in the Bible—the prophecies concerning Babylon, Tyre, Damascus, Egypt, and the prophecy of Jesus concerning the end of the world. If the truth of a prophecy proves divine origin, then certainly the falsehood of a prophecy disproves with equal force.

Fourth evening—The main question was as to the character of God as given in the Bible. I affirmed that the character was that of a partial, unjust, cruel, and tyrannical being. Elder Jones affirmed that God had a right to murder, or to do anything that he desired with his creatures, and at the very worst the Bible God was no more atrocious than the God of nature. I answered that the badness of nature did not justify the badness of a God. If God made nature he was responsible for all its horrors; if he did not make nature and had, like man, to submit to the evil of nature, then he was no more divine than man himself. The crimes of God cannot be justified by the cruelties of nature. From the standpoint of humanity both are to be condemned.

Fifth evening—The chief discussion was on the immoralities of the Bible. I showed that it justified and endorsed slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, etc. Elder Jones affirmed that God did not want slavery or polygamy, but on account of the conditions of the age was obliged to regulate until such time as he could abolish. I answered that according to this God was not so determined a reformer as Garrison, nor so powerful as Abraham Lincoln.

Sixth evening—The ground of debate was the miracles and crucifixion of Jesus, and the scientific truthfulness of the Bible. Elder Jones affirmed that the Bible was not at variance with

geology or any of the sciences; that we had a valid account of the miracles, and the crucifixion of Christ, and that such a wonderful event, so well attested and admitted, must prove the divinity of Jesus, and thus the divinity of the Bible.

I answered that so far as history was concerned Jesus was a myth; there was no evidence, that could be accepted in court, that testified such a man ever lived; there was a chasm of two hundred years from the alleged death of Jesus where there was no account of him at all. There was not a particle of proof that he ever lived. He is merely, like William Tell, a supposition of history and no more. The conflict between the Bible and science is irreconcilable. The knowledge of to-day demonstrates beyond doubt that the Bible is absolutely an untruthful book and entirely of human origin.

I have endeavored in this short *resume* to give a fair account of the arguments of Elder Jones. He debated well. He did not resort to any personalities, but stood bravely to the argument. He is about as thoroughly posted as any preacher I know of. He evidently believes in his side of the question, and defends it earnestly, and in this case the Christians chose as good a representative as could be found in this part of the country.

The Christians, outside of the debate, adopted tactics which did not at all conduce to the benefit of their cause.

The Rev. Parker, however, pitched in on the merits of the Presbyterian creed. He announced to answer me on Sunday morning, and I announced an extra lecture on Sunday afternoon to answer him. I attended his services on Sunday morning, and so did other Liberals, but they never will again, nor would I ever again notice that kind of attack. It was simply a tirade of abuse of which his own party were thoroughly ashamed. He has inflicted an injury upon his church from which it will never recover.

I had a crowded house in the afternoon to my reply. I let the dirt alone, and did my best to show the "beauties" of the Christian creed.

The debate on Tuesday evening between Elder Jones and myself was about God. The elder is a philosopher after the heart of Wilfred Hall. He endeavored to show design, etc.; that there was a spiritual substance; that mind antedates matter, etc. He is a thorough anti-evolutionist, and rejects the science of Huxley, Tyndal, etc., for that of Wilfred Hall.

I maintained the following positions: that reason and experience are the sole source of knowledge, therefore to prove the existence of a God, knowledge must be infinite, which it is not. Matter and motion and the laws of matter and motion are eternal, and there is no need of a God to make them. Design is simply adaptation, and adaptation is as much for evil as good; as witness the cancer which is one of the most beautiful adaptations in the universe—to the eye of science it is simply lovely—but what is it? one of the most perfect instruments of torture conceivable. Did God make this? What is God? Infinite wisdom and infinite love. Therefore only a perfect universe can be the result of God's existence, perfect beauty, perfect delight. The universe is one of evil as well as good, and therefore there cannot be a God.

This is the drift of the arguments. Liberals who understand will know how the matter was presented from evening to evening along these various lines of debate. Of course there was really nothing new, but large audiences were present and the interest was maintained until the close. I am amply satisfied with the outcome, and that Freethought is on the gain.

My visit outside the work of the campaign was most enjoyable. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Huber, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wealty, mingled the hours of labor with cordial entertainment. Daniel Somers, Charles Hinckley, W. C. Lyons, Harvey Rinchart, John Kirchoffer, A. J. Patten, S. L. Brooks, Justus Wade, and the Wade Bros., and others, I am glad to count upon the list of friends.

A. Meacham is now editor of the *Annotator* and gets out a lively paper.

N. C. McLeod, like Bobbie Burns, puts in a little poetry now and then for the benefit of Freethought, besides some rattling prose. J. W. Norval and family are staunch and true, with the bright blood from the Grampian hills, that never turns back from freedom and progress.

I have to thank Mrs. M. S. Wealty for the generous gift of flowers, which from the heart of nature kindles hope for the triumph to come.

C. D. McDowell, postmaster, can make things cheerful even if the storms do blow and the orthodox thunders rattle.

I was pleased to meet Rev. Wm. Fancher, of the Methodist church. I haven't seen him since we struck hands at Bellevue, Idaho, five years ago. He is a hospitable Christian, and wouldn't burn one at the stake if he had a chance. He believes in humanity.

R. D. Ruckman presided with genial impartiality. J. W. Cowan, representative of the Christian church, on the committee with J. W. Norval was fair and honorable.

The audiences were attentive and appreciative, and so far as the debate was concerned each speaker was treated with respect and politeness.

Outside of the debate, on Monday evening an endeavor was made in the direction of a personal attack. But it was not well received, and as most of those who signed the document did not understand its purport nothing more will be said about it, unless the matter is carried further by its originators. If this is the case then there will be war to the knife. With the exception of this and the uncalled-for abuse of the Rev. Parker, I have only the most pleasant memories of this varied and interesting week.

Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton, of Elgin, were present a part of the time. The doctor is one of the jolliest men I ever met, full of information, and a Freethinker until the heavens fall. I hope the banners will sometime float in Elgin and that I shall meet these and other friends again.

I have to thank A. Terwilligar and J. Long for a good ride and good company to La Grande.

I arrive in Portland safe and sound though the sand storms delayed the train over twelve hours, and we had to dig our way through, at times, about three feet of sand on the railroad, accumulated in a few hours.

All promises fair for the convention. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE CATHOLIC DEMAND.

The address of the Catholic Archbishop Ireland before the late National Educational Committee at St. Paul, Minn., reaches us through the "Record of the Catholic Benevolent Union" published at Brooklyn, New York. It is a craftily-worded plea for Catholic instruction in the public schools. The archbishop charges that the present secular school tends to eliminate religion from the minds of pupils by treating of "land and sea, but not of heaven;" of "statesmen and warriors, but not of God and Christ;" of "how to succeed in this world," but is silent as to the

"world beyond the grave." The evil, he says, is abroad, "scorning salvation through the teachings and graces of Jesus Christ, sneering at the Biblical page, warring upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath and the music of its church bells, telling of heaven and of the hopes of immortal souls. Let us be on our guard. In our jealousies lest Protestants gain some advantage over Catholics, or Catholics over Protestants, we play into the hands of unbelievers and secularists. We have given to them the school, the nursery of thought. Are we not securing to them the mastery of the future?" He charges that non-religious schools break up Christian creeds, stimulate the growth of Agnosticism and unbelief, and weaken public and private morals. It is true, he admits, that the schools attempt to teach morals, but he denies that morals can exist without the positive principles of religion to give them root and sap. Therefore, affirms Archbishop Ireland, we ought to have religious instruction in connection with the schools. Secularists and unbelievers may interpose their rights, but while the Catholic will not impose his religion upon them, neither shall they impose their religion [!], which is secularism, upon him. For secularism, he holds, "is a religion of its kind, and usually a very loud spoken and intolerant religion, and when non-sectarianism is intended, the secular sect must not claim for itself the field which it refuses to others." Some sort of compromise between Protestants and Catholics may be necessary, the archbishop presumes to say, but he inquires, "Is it not ten thousand times better that we make the compromise rather than allow Secularism to triumph and own the country?"

Archbishop Ireland suggests two schemes by which the church and state may be brought into partnership. The first is as follows:

"I would permeate the regular state school with the religion of the majority of the children of the land, be it as Protestant as Protestantism can be, and I would, as they do in England, pay for the secular instruction given in denominational schools according to results—that is, each pupil passing the examination before state officials and in full accordance with the state programme would secure to his school the cost of the tuition of a pupil in the state school. This is not paying for the religious instruction given to the pupil, but for the secular instruction demanded by the state and given to the pupil as thoroughly as he could have received it in the state school."

The other scheme is the well-known but despicable system which has achieved notoriety under the name of the "Poughkeepsie plan." The archbishop thus describes it:

"In Poughkeepsie, the city school board rents the buildings formerly used as parish schools and from the hour of 9 A. M. to that of 3 P. M. the school is in every particular a state school—teachers engaged and paid by the board, teachers and pupils examined, state books used, the doors always open to superintendent and members of the board. There is simply the tacit understanding that so long as the teachers in those schools, Catholic in faith, pass their examinations and do their work as cleverly and as loyally as other teachers under the control of the board, teachers of another faith shall not be put in their place. Nor are they allowed to teach positive religion during school hours for which the buildings are leased to the board. The state, it is plain, pays not one cent for the religious instruction of the pupils. In the other schools Protestant devotional exercises take place in fullest freedom, before the usual school hour."

In closing the speaker stated the Romanists' claim: "*The Catholics demand the Christian-state school.*"

When we remember that by the word "Christian" every papist means Catholic we have the gist of Archbishop Ireland's address. He desires that the state shall engage Catholic teachers who will see to it that the pupils are instructed in the catechism. We have made this epitome of the archbishop's address in order that

Freethinkers may see where the Catholic church stands on the question of religion in schools. The church is uncompromising. It insists that Christianity shall be taught. It will not admit that schools are secular institutions, organized to instruct children in known facts. It must have them taught dogma as well.

There might be more pleasure in comforting ourselves with the assurance that the Catholics will not get what they demand; that a free and liberty-loving people, a people pledged to the total separation of church and state, will not sit supinely by and see the partnership of politics and ecclesiasticism entered into without an effective protest, and so forth, but we discern no reason for such a hope. The schools are becoming more and more the spoils of partisan warfare, and it is in the nature of partisanship to befoul and corrupt all that it touches. In politics everything is sacrificed, honor included, for the sake of temporary victory; and the politician who places party before principle, as the majority of them do, would make a deal with the Catholic church as readily as with any other political organization. There is no disguising the fact that the Catholic church and both the large political parties are drifting into closer relationship. These parties are bidding for Catholic support, and the church stands ready to sell out to the party that will pay the largest price in the form of concessions to the Catholic demands. We see all manner of electioneering schemes to catch the Irish, that is to say, the Catholic vote. These schemes take the form of "bluffing" England, subscribing to Irish relief funds, exclusion acts, appropriations for the support of Catholic institutions and schools, and fulsome flattery of the church in general. The church takes everything with a greedy hand and asks for more. And it will get more; it will get all it asks sooner or later. There is no mistaking the drift of things. The church owns the politicians, and will continue to purchase and own them just as long as politicians are vested with capacities abrogated by the people. It therefore becomes as important to deal with the politicians, and to curtail their powers, as it is to fight the church direct. If there are those who can see one hopeful sign that the rights of the people are not to be crucified between the two thieves of church and state we would like to have that sign pointed out.

The Catholic has stated his demand—"Christian-state schools." The Secularist has his Nine Demands of Liberalism. Which is to win?

SCHWEINFURTH'S "HEAVEN."

It is possible to be a trifle too previous in invoking the law to suppress unpopular religious or other societies. The "Chronicle" of Sunday last contained this editorial paragraph:

"It will be a good thing if the authorities succeed in breaking up the 'heaven' of the prophet Schweinfurth at Weldon, Ill. This vulgar mountebank has preyed upon the credulity of his dupes and has amassed a large fortune. The law ought to get a firm grip upon him, as he has practically carried out the same free-love doctrines that led to the downfall of the Oneida community."

On October 13 the grand jury of DeWitt county, Ill., returned the following report concerning the new messiah and his followers:

"We would respectfully report that at the instance of the state's attorney, in his charge to us, and upon the formal complaint of one of our body, we have made a thorough investigation of the alleged immoral practices of George Jacob Schweinfurth and his followers, who live at the Weldon farm, in the town of Winnebago, this county; that we have taken the testimony of all persons whom we had reason to believe would be cognizant of any facts in the case, including nearly all those who live on the Weldon farm and their nearest neighbors, and that we find abso-

lutely no proof whatever upon which to base any criminal prosecution, with the exception of the fact of the birth there of one illegitimate child, whose paternity cannot be ascertained, the mother, Mary Weldon, making a preposterous claim in relation thereto. No fact has come to our knowledge that in any manner bears against any of these people, so far as the morality of their lives is concerned."

The woman Mary Weldon claims, like the Mary of Judea, that her child is the daughter of the Holy Ghost, and any application of the law in the matter would throw discredit upon the parentage of Jesus Christ. The way to attack the impostor Schweinfurth is not with law, but with common sense. When people have reached that stage of enlightenment where they will know that all claiming messiahship are either deluded or seeking to delude, such insanities as the Schweinfurth craze will be impossible; but so long as it is held and generally taught that such a personage as the son of God once appeared upon this earth and is likely to appear again, there will be plenty of Schweinfurths to lead the ignorant astray.

If the heaven at Weldon contains only one illegitimate child, and that by the Holy Ghost, it is as moral as any other religious institution. We understand that the heaven of the orthodox Christian boasts of one distinguished inhabitant whose father was not his mother's husband.

THE TOMB OF JAMES LICK.

Concerning the proposed removal of the remains of James Lick from their present resting-place beneath the Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, Prof. Edward S. Holden, director of the Observatory, writes as follows under date of September 24:

"So far as I know it is not now proposed by any person to remove the remains of the generous founder of this observatory from the tomb in which they now rest. No such proposal or suggestion has come from any person at Mt. Hamilton, and, so far as I know, no such proposition has been made by the Regents of the University.

"It is, however, intended by the Regents to expend a large sum of money in making the external surroundings of Mr. Lick's tomb such as to convey an idea of the respect due to his memory. When the university took possession of the observatory the surroundings of this tomb were lacking in dignity and even in decency. It is now proposed to expend a considerable sum of money in covering the tomb with white marble tiling, in making a white marble platform about it, in inclosing this platform with a handsome railing, in covering the unsightly water-pipes from view, and in isolating the machinery from the immediate surroundings of the tomb itself.

"In this way it is intended to honor the memory of Mr. Lick, and make his tomb externally what it is in idea; that is, 'a monument as no old-time Pharaoh could have imagined or commanded.' I submit that those engaged in this work deserve the hearty support of all Californians, and I hope that this note will set at rest any unfounded rumor regarding this matter."

THE MORE "GOSPEL," THE MORE WICKEDNESS.

Catholic editors and prelates seem to have suddenly discovered the fact, which has long been apparent, that their followers belong to the most brutal and disreputable classes of society. The St. Louis "Western Watchman," in an article on "Lost Catholics," makes these admissions:

"We have in this city—St. Louis—and in every large city in the country, for that matter, a fine crop of young Catholic scamps. They grow in rows and follow special lines of avocation. They are first, politicians; then, some of them are policemen; others are firemen, while many follow the railroads. In these four pursuits you will find nine-tenths of the Catholic bankrupts of every large city. A number of recent deaths in these ranks and the sinful careers which those deaths closed has drawn our attention to them,"

"Our firemen are worse than the policemen. It is generally believed that the firemen are the most profane and blasphemous men in the whole community. There is not a lady in this city who wants to pass in front of an engine-house. If she hears not ribald talk she is almost certain to be treated to some choice blasphemy. We believe the majority of our firemen are Catholics, and it is said that the lowest blasphemers are of that way of belief."

"Our ballot stuffers and corrupt ward politicians are almost all Catholics. They are like flies; they live but one season and die when frost comes. Whisky kills them off, where they escape the penitentiary."

The "Watchman" adds that in the line of mechanical industry the Irish-American Catholics are far behind those of other nationalities and beliefs, the trades being monopolized by Infidel Germans.

Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, last Sunday gave his congregation a dose of the same medicine. Catholics, he said, reveled in "scenes of drunkenness and debauchery shocking to every self-respecting person, until the Catholic name had become a byword and a reproach." "Protestants," he continued, "who do not have the blessing of the full revelation of the gospel, and Infidels who have none, point to us and ask if this is the fruit that our teachings produce?" Referring to intemperance the archbishop said again: "Protestants, who have not the true faith; Infidels, who have no faith, who cared not for the body here nor hereafter, *are not so bad*, and they point the finger of scorn at the Catholic church for the weakness of its members."

These statements are true, and to them may be added a report from the county jail that "nine-tenths of the convicts are Catholics." We should think that the church leaders would begin to inquire why this is so, and whether the convicts are Catholics because they are criminals or criminals because they are Catholics.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

It is absolutely necessary that subscribers to FREETHOUGHT whose subscriptions have expired should renew at once. We have lately mailed hundreds of notices of expiration, and cannot afford the expense of repeating the operation, which should be unnecessary. You have been advised that your time is out. We have sent you a return envelope, and a blank for renewing. Please fill out the blank with your name and address, inclose \$2 and forward to this office.

NOW WE HAVE IT.

The Freethought Publishing Company has become a monopolist to the extent of acquiring possession of the entire edition of "TRAVELING ALONE: A WOMAN'S JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD," by Lillian Leland.

This book has had a brilliant but brief career. When it first appeared it jumped into popularity at once. The secular newspapers took it up and gave it columns of notices which, if reprinted, would make a volume larger than the book itself, while the orthodox journals, particularly the Catholic, "praised it with faint damns." The American News Company took the agency for the book, and placed it everywhere, on news-stands, in book-stores, and on the railroads, and thousands of copies were sold. But suddenly it disappeared and could not be found anywhere, and inquiry at the local office of the News Company developed the fact that it had been called in. The head of the News Company at New York is a Roman Catholic; Lillian Leland satirized the relics and poked fun at the holy paintings, and her book went on the *index expurgatorius* with Mark Twain's "Innocents

Abroad." All unsold copies were returned to the publisher at the publisher's expense. Fortunately, however, one man does not control all the channels through which a book may be circulated, and by the grace of Wanamaker we shall do what we can to replace "Traveling Alone" on the market.

A word as to the book and its author. Lillian Leland is the daughter of T. C. Leland, a reformer of the past generation. He was at the time of his death one of the oldest stenographers in America, one of the most brilliant writers, and one of the most uncompromising Freethinkers. The last years of his life were devoted to Liberal work. He held the office of secretary of the National Liberal League and was associated with T. B. Wakeman in the publication of the weekly Freethought paper, "Man." Lillian inherits her father's wit and literary facility, as well as his unorthodox views on the subject of religion. She has been accorded the distinction of being the first woman to make the circuit of the earth unattended by male escort or female companion. This distinction, however, she yields to Madam Ida Pfeiffer, who forty-five years ago started on a visit to Palestine and compassed the globe before she returned. The following extracts from the publisher's introduction to "Traveling Alone" will give the reader a glimpse at the personality of our traveler:

Lillian Leland, at the age of twenty-five, without premeditation or preparation, started upon a voyage which, unexpectedly, became the commencement of a journey which carried her around the world, to many lands and on many seas, from Cape Horn to the North Cape, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Himalayas; but little less than sixty thousand miles in distance and covering a period of about two years. She traveled without escort or protection except chance acquaintances met on the way.

Although so fragile and petite that at twenty-five she had the physical appearance, as well as the diffidence and timidity of a girl of seventeen, she possessed an amount of nervous energy and a power of endurance seldom found in a woman. Retiring and reserved in manner, she was, nevertheless, capable of facing the greatest possible danger without flinching, or the most aggravating difficulty without annoyance. With a highly nervous organization which renders her keenly alive to everything calculated to excite fear or irritability, she has a self-control which enables her to meet every emergency with perfect composure.

Charming in person and manner, she conceals beneath an attractive exterior a perfect self-reliance and an indomitable will. She never complains, never finds fault, is always smiling and cheerful in appearance, no matter what she feels or thinks. Always anxious to oblige others, she is never willing that others should discommode themselves for her. That such a woman should make such a journey, and be everywhere the recipient of kind, respectful, and courteous treatment, is not strange.

Since Lillian Leland's return two young women have made the journey around the world alone—Miss Elizabeth Bisland and the New York "World's" correspondent, Nellie Bly. The circumstances of their travels, however, were totally different from hers. They traveled ostentatiously, heralded by telegraph, awaited by agents, and carried forward when necessary by special trains or boats. They had even less responsibility than they would have had if accompanied by escorts unacquainted with the route. Lillian Leland pursued her long journey quietly and unknown. They wrote books covering eighty days of confinement in boats or cars. Her book covers nearly two years spent in observing the outer world. It is not a book that one can pick up and skim through in an hour. It is not padded out to occupy space and paper. It embraces over 350 good-sized pages honestly filled.

Our chief object in securing this book and advertising it is to help do justice to the gifted young authoress. It is often easier to do a wrong act than a right one, and it was easier for the

News Company to withdraw "Traveling Alone" than it will be for us to get it back into circulation, but we believe that the Liberals everywhere will co-operate in the work. As a speculation there is nothing in it for the writer and very little for the dealer, but there is a great deal in it for the reader. We shall continue to send "Traveling Alone" in paper covers postpaid for 30 cents; in fine cloth binding one dollar. In paper covers we can fill orders for a single copy or a thousand.

THE principals of some of the schools in Brooklyn, N. Y., are trying to have Longfellow's poem, the "Building of the Ship," excluded from the text books as dangerous to the morals of their pupils. Here are some of the passages complained of. Those familiar with the poem will recall that the ship about to be launched is figured as a bride and the Ocean as the groom:

"And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!"

"She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms
With all her youth and all her charms!

"How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

Where will lewd minds look next for indecency? Possibly the principals of these Brooklyn schools have never read the Bible. Let them peruse the pages of that inspired book; if they survive that ordeal nothing else in current literature is likely to phase them.

MRS. NANCY SULLIVAN, of Springfield, O., says a dispatch, has been crazy for some time on the subject of religion. She was an earnest member of the Presbyterian church and of late has been sitting up until 1 and 2 o'clock reading the Bible. Her mania was so mild that it was not feared. On the morning of October 10, however, her manner changed, and she became a raving maniac. She became imbued with the idea that she ought to offer up a human sacrifice; to that end she constructed an altar, and undressing her six-months-old son, placed him upon it. While hunting for a butcher-knife relatives broke in opportunely and overpowered her. She demanded that she be allowed to proceed, and said that the Lord had commanded her to do it, and that she wanted to wash her hands in the blood of the lamb. They put the poor woman in an asylum, but the hundred thousand priests and ministers in this country continue to preach the religion, a belief in which made her insane and led her to attempt the sacrifice of her child.

THREE of the leaders of Nationalism in this state are standing upon the points of the triangle of discord with no common ground between them. Thos. V. Cator, who led the split in the convention last winter, is opposed by Burnette G. Haskell, of Kaweah, and by W. C. Owen, of Los Angeles, and he is opposed to them. Messrs. Haskell and Owen have also severed their business and other relations, Mr. Owen denouncing the Kaweah colony scheme as an autocracy and declining longer to advertise

the "Kaweah Commonwealth." Mr. Cator is running for Congress on a Reform Democrat ticket; Mr. H. G. Wilshire, of Orange county, is candidate for the same position on a "let-the-producer-have-all-his-product" platform. Mr. Haskell has run for Kaweah and got there. Mr. Cator's candidacy has split the Pacific Nationalist Club, a portion of whose members decline to go into politics. It has likewise bred discord in the Single Tax Society, whose journal, the "Weekly Star," supports Mr. Cator, but whose most distinguished member, Judge J. G. Maguire, has broken away from the candidate, and will vote for the Hon. Robert Ferral. Mr. C. F. Burgman, a prominent member of the Pacific Nationalist Club, declares for Cator and Reform, which the editor of the "Weekly Nationalist" characterizes as a side-show. The "Pacific Union," J. W. Hines editor, seems to have lost its interest in Nationalism, and is booming a Farmers' Alliance at San Jose. The Nationalist movement is demoralized, and politics is the cause of it.

BEFORE sending their missionary schooner "Pitcairn" to sea, the Seventh Day Adventists take the precaution to have the vessel insured. This shows that the Adventists' faith in providence is not implicit. The insurance company also took a wholly worldly view of the matter, and insisted that the crew should be made up of ordinary sinful but able seamen, selected on account of their experience at sea rather than their experience in battling the hosts of Satan. The agent of the company even took the precaution to inquire of the captain if he could swear. It is probable that when an officer of the "Pitcairn" rushes forward among the men with the remark that they are slower than the second coming of Christ, the missionaries will gain new light on the wide application of religious terms.

POSTMASTER BACKUS, of San Francisco, has communicated to the "Examiner" the fact that he attended a church fair and drew a prize in the church lottery. Under the new lottery law Mr. Backus's statement renders the paper it is printed in unmailable at the office over which he presides. The man who tried to lift himself over the fence by his bootstraps was a philosopher compared to those who endeavor to make people better by laws that the people know to be absurd.

THE Radical Club is the latest addition to New York's Liberal organizations. Its membership includes all phases of radical thought—Freethinkers, Nationalists, Socialists, Anarchists, Single-taxers, etc. It has no president, and when any question is to be voted upon a printed notice is sent to all the members, who vote in writing. Among the officers of the club we note the names of Ed. W. Chamberlain, T. B. Wakeman, and Herr Moses Oppenheimer.

THE stupidity of the average custom house officer who sets himself up as a censor of literature would be amusing if it were unofficial. The customs idiots at Melbourne, Australia, have recently seized and burned copies of a work entitled "Letters from Hell," on the ground that it is blasphemous. The work is by a Scotch clergyman named George Macdonald, and is too orthodox to be readable.

COUNT TOLSTOI, who now so fervidly denounces the marriage union, is the father of nine children, the youngest a baby in the crib. Tolstoi's latest work contains the severest censure of the medical fraternity, yet chronic liver trouble has forced him to consult a physician and take medicine. Perhaps the great writer's

queer view of things is referable more directly to his liver than to his brain.

THE Rev. Dr. Barrows, of the First Congregational church of San Francisco, has come out of the "investigation" with a thin coat of whitewash. He was charged with drunkenness and debauchery, but when his defenders charged the committee, saying, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," not a rock was to be found.

THE Constitution of the United States, and of nearly all the individual states, provides that "no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office." How about chaplains in the legislature? If no religious test is required how happens it that none but clergymen are ever appointed to that office?

UNDER the laws of England all money left by bequest to Secular or Freethought purposes may be confiscated to the crown. A movement has been inaugurated by Mr. G. J. Holyoake and others to secure the passage of laws legalizing Freethought bequests.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

On the morning of October 1 a mob of masked men took Lawyer James Herrington from the jail in Bakersfield, shot him in the back, tarred and feathered him and turned him loose, naked, to make his way over stubble and through wire fences out of the county. Herrington was picked up on the road in a terrible plight, and sent to Stockton, where he is now recovering from his injuries. According to current statements of the case Herrington had made himself obnoxious to the land grabbers, and was jailed on a trumped-up charge. He will sue the county for \$100,000 damages and prosecute the men who assaulted him.—As many as 14,000 people attended the baseball game at the Haight-street grounds last Sunday. The contest was between the Oakland and San Francisco clubs, and was won by the former.—Mr. F. McCoppin, who was nominated by the Democrats of San Francisco as candidate for mayor, declines to run.—There were 129 deaths in San Francisco, last week; thirty more than were recorded in the corresponding week of 1889.—Bear hunters in Fresno recently discovered what is thought to be the largest tree in the world. It measures 129 feet in circumference.—The Rev. Andrew Gardiner, of Sydney, who was recently in San Francisco, has returned to Australia, where his wife is suing him for divorce. He has taken to himself another female companion who remains in San Francisco.—A kindergarten school in this city is to be named the Heydenfeldt in honor of its deceased president, Judge Heydenfeldt.

The death of Supreme Justice Miller at Washington is announced.—President Harrison is on a trip West. He will probably visit California.—The Tolstoi club of Boston, organized before Tolstoi wrote the "Kreutzer Sonata," is now desirous of changing its name. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale is president of the club.—Henry Bonas, of Woodhaven, L. I., has sued his wife for a divorce, charging that she has been on too familiar terms with the Rev. Father Steffin of the Catholic church of that place.—The Presbyterian Committee on the Revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, meeting at Pittsburg, Pa., has adjourned without announcing any changes in the creed.—One of the attractions of the World's Fair at Chicago will be the log cabin in which Lincoln lived when a boy. The cabin, which now stands in Washington county, Ky., is to be taken down and removed to Chicago, where it will be erected on a prominent site at the fair grounds.—The population of New York state is 5,981,934, an increase of 896,063, or 17.69 per cent in the last ten years.—A petition has been received by the mayor of Boston protesting to the aldermen and councilmen emphatically and earnestly against the appropriation of public funds or allowing the erection of any memorial in any public grounds in the city in honor of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston Pilot. The protest is signed by 10,000 people, and in it O'Reilly's is

characterized as the "indefatigable enemy of the public schools." O'Reilly was a Catholic.—The postal authorities last week seized an edition of the Atlanta "Constitution" which contained a prize distribution offer to its subscribers.—Dr. Gatchell, a Chicago physician, claims to have discovered the trick in the feats of so-called mind-reading by P. Alexander Johnstone, and is repeating Johnstone's performances.

A socialist workingmen's congress, attended by representatives of 212 associations opened at Lille, Switzerland, last Sunday.—Dillon and O'Brien, the Irish agitators under arrest charged with holding prohibited meetings, are supposed to have jumped their bail and embarked for America.—A young professor of medicine delivering a lecture to students on poisons last week at St. Petersburg, Russia, illustrated his remarks by swallowing a dose of acid and dying in about two minutes.—Sister Rose Gertrude, otherwise Miss Fowler, who went to the Sandwich islands to nurse lepers, will return, the priests and sisters already located there having made it too uncomfortable for her to remain.

DR. HOLMES ON CALVINISM.

Last week FREETHOUGHT printed a poem from the "Atlantic Monthly" by the editor, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It dealt with the emotional side of the question of future punishment. Following is Dr. Holmes's argument, taken from the same issue of the "Monthly:"

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 "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 now is, 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 expressions 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 dealings 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.

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 of 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."

A Timely Hint.

The attention of Postmaster-General Wanamaker should be called to the fact that extensive preparations are under way for a voting contest, or gift enterprise, to be decided on the 4th of November. Several hundred prizes will be awarded in the different states to the persons who are declared the most popular. Nobody can tell in advance how the prizes are to be awarded; so the contest is clearly a lottery. We are informed that all the newspapers in the country have entered into a conspiracy to publish the results of the drawing on the morning of November 5. With this hint Mr. Wanamaker will be able to save his hired men the trouble of handling all this vast mass of illicit mail matter.—Examiner.

JULIAN RALPH runs a bright little weekly in New York called "Chatter." One time Mr. Ralph incautiously admitted to his columns an unconventional poem containing the information:

"Johnny Wanny's
Got the grip."

Forthwith the offending publisher was notified that "Chatter" was excluded from the privilege of transmission through the mails as second class matter. The reason assigned was that as the paper offered an accident insurance policy as a premium to every subscriber it was merely an advertising sheet for the insurance company. At the same time a publication called "Book News" was regularly issued from Mr. Wanamaker's store as an advertisement of that emporium and sent through the mails at second class rates.—Examiner.

THE book, "How to Make Marriage a Success," is attracting considerable attention. Until it attracts the attention of Brother Wanamaker we shall continue to mail it at 80 cents per copy to any address.

ROCKFORD, Ill., where the Rev. Geo. Jacob Schweinfurth conducts the business of Messiah, is also the home of Dr. G. W. Brown, a deeply-read Freethinker, whose work entitled "Oriental Researches" is well known to the Liberal public. Schweinfurth's labors do not appear to interfere with Dr. Brown's, nor Dr. Brown's with Schweinfurth's. The latter-day messiah is eminently Christian, while the disciple of Esculapius is unqualifiedly skeptical. Every one should read Dr. Brown's work, and see how much any messiah or any Christian's belief is worth. We send "Researches in Oriental History" by mail for \$1.50.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Coburg, Or.	Oct. 15, 16	Talent, Or.	Oct. 26
Marshfield, Coos co. Or.	Oct. 19, 20	Fort Bragg, Cal.	Nov. 1, 2
Coquille, Coos co. Or. . . .	Oct. 21	Boulder Creek, Cal. . . .	Nov. 9, 10
Arago, Coos co. Or.	Oct. 22	Porterville, Cal.	Nov. 12, 13, 14
Myrtle Point Coos co., Or.	Oct. 23	Tulare, Cal.	Nov. 15, 16

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THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

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A. W. McLean, J. L. Rowell, and G. S. Mains, Coleridge, Cal.	\$5 00
John Turner, Philadelphia	5 00
John Corbett, Minneapolis	2 00
Geo. K. Muller, Philadelphia, (new member)	25 00
Wm. Krim, Beverly, N. J. through "Truth Seeker"	5 00
S. W. Moore, Adrian, Mich.	5 00
John W. White, Goshen Valley, Utah	2 00
S. R. Shepherd, Leavenworth, Kan.	1 00
Thomas Knight, Ceresco, Mich.	5 00
C. M. Powers, Greenwich Centre, Vt.	5 00
A. W. Tucker, N Waterborough, Maine	1 00
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R. Cole, Oakwood, Mich., through Investigator	9 00
Joseph Haigh, Chebanse, Ill.	2 00
Ida C. Craddock, Philadelphia	14 00
Ruth Brettell, Rochester, N. Y.	1 10
Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia (collections)	12 35
T. R. Burrows, Chatham, N. Y.	1 00
Wm. Smith, Geneva, N. Y. (for printing 1000 "Church Taxation.")	17 50
Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.	50 00
M. Reiman, Chicago, Ill.	10 00
Alexander Cochran, Franklin, Pa.	21 00
Total	\$203 95

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1890.

F. C. MENDE, Treas. A. S. U.

PROGRAMME—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

While we are not prepared to give an exact list of the exercises at the coming Congress, we herewith furnish some information that may be of interest to our friends.

The Congress will assemble on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, in the Grand Opera House at Portsmouth, O. President Westbrook will call the meeting to order, and announce certain committees. An address of welcome will be delivered by J. L. Treuthart, president of the local Union, and an original poem will be read by Lawyer Searl on the same subject—to both of which President Westbrook will make a reply. The secretary's report will then be read, at the close of which she will deliver an address on organization. This will be the keynote of the Convention; and it is very desirable that our friends be present on this occasion.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, the election of officers and other business will claim the attention of the Congress; and on Saturday afternoon there will be a general discussion of the best methods of promoting the objects of the American Secular Union—a discussion which will consist of short speeches. This, of course, will be open to all. Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook will read a short paper on "Common Sense." On Saturday evening an address will be delivered by Mrs. M. A. Freeman on "The Battle for Bread;" and another address will be delivered by Judge C. B. Waite, probably on "God in the Constitution." Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the "Open Court," and Lawyer Geeting, of Chicago, will also deliver short addresses.

On Sunday morning addresses will be delivered by Rabbi David Philipson, of Cincinnati, and by the well-known lecturer, W. F. Jamieson. On Sunday afternoon President Westbrook will deliver an address on "The Bible in Public Schools," and will be followed by the well-known New York lawyer and philosophical writer, T. B. Wakeman. On Sunday evening addresses will be delivered by L. K. Washburn, of the "Boston Investigator," on "The Sunday Question," and by Charles Watts, of Canada, editor of "Secular Thought," on "The Church and the Throne."

Other addresses will be made by various speakers whom we are not yet prepared to announce; and the above programme will be subject to alterations and emendations, should it be found necessary to transfer any speaker or speakers from one evening to another, etc. We have not yet received answers to the invitations given to Dr. McGlynn and Professor Adler.

Fine musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, will be furnished at each session, through the enterprise and liberality of our Portsmouth friends.

We are sorry to announce that Colonel Ingersoll will not be present. He has not delivered a lecture for nearly five years; and the present state of his health, as well as his business engagements, will not permit him to make the journey to Portsmouth.

Through the efforts of our friends in Portsmouth and Chicago we have succeeded in obtaining reduced rates on railroads running to the Congress; and these reductions are obtainable by all who attend the Congress, whether members or otherwise.

Friends leaving Chicago for the Congress will find it to their advantage to go by the B. & O., as this road charges but \$14.75 for the round trip, and does not compel those purchasing tickets at this rate to go all at the same time on one ticket, as other roads do, but will sell separate tickets, so that members who may be delayed to a later train can still have the advantage of the reduced fare. Those who wish to get their tickets at this reduction should consult Mr. A. M. Freeman, 402 West Madison street, Chicago, by mail or in person.

Our Portsmouth friends inform us that the Eastern, Central, and Southern railroad lines (the Western Passenger Association has declined to enter the pool) will grant us a reduction of two-thirds the regular fare on our homeward tickets, provided we comply with the following conditions:

1. Each person desiring the reduction must purchase a first-class ticket to Portsmouth, Ohio, for which he will pay the regular fare; and upon request the ticket agent will, at the time he buys the ticket, give him a printed certificate of purchase properly filled up and signed by said ticket agent.

2. If through tickets cannot be procured at the starting-point the traveler must purchase to the most convenient point where through tickets can be obtained; and repurchase through to Portsmouth, requesting a certificate from the ticket agent at the point where the repurchase is made.

3. Tickets for the return journey will be sold by the ticket agent at Portsmouth, O., at one-third the highest limited fare, only to those holding certificates (referred to above) signed by the ticket agent at the point where through ticket to Portsmouth was purchased, and countersigned by Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, certifying that the holder has been in regular attendance at the Portsmouth Congress.

4. It is absolutely necessary that such a certificate be procured by each traveler, as it proves that full fare has been paid for the journey to Portsmouth, and that the purchaser is therefore entitled to the excursion fare returning. It will also determine the route via which the ticket for the return journey should be issued.

5. On some of the roads tickets for the return journey will be furnished only on certificates procured not more than three days before the meeting assembles, nor later than three days after the commencement of the meeting, and will be available for continuous passage only; no stop over privileges being allowed on tickets sold at less than full fares. Certificates will not be honored unless presented within three days after the date of the adjournment of the Congress.

6. Ticket agents will be instructed that the excursion fares will not be available unless the holders of certificates are properly identified, as above described, by Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, on the certificate.

7. These certificates are not transferable.

8. The reduction on the return journey will apply only to the point at which the traveler's through ticket was purchased to Portsmouth on his way to the Congress.

9. (Very important.) No refund of fare will be made on any account whatever because of failure on your part to obtain a certificate. Should you neglect to obtain a certificate as the above conditions provide, you will be obliged to pay full fare both ways.

10. Last, but not least, it is recommended that those who wish to obtain certificates shall arrange to be at the ticket office a half hour before trains start, in order to receive proper attention from the ticket agent.

Several hotels in Portsmouth have reduced their rates for those attending the American Secular Union Congress. The Briggs House will charge two dollars per day, and several of the other hotels will charge only one dollar per day.

We hope that our friends everywhere will make a special ef-

fort to be present at the Portsmouth Congress. This Convention will be a turning-point in our history; and it behooves all good Liberals to strengthen the hands of the A. S. U. Congress, either in person or by representation through delegates. With the more thorough and widespread organization which this Congress, it is hoped, will secure, Liberalism can accomplish wonders this coming year; without better organization than we now have, we may as well resign ourselves, with closed eyes and folded hands, to be pushed to the wall by the encroaching ecclesiastical party.

Which shall it be, dear friends? It all depends on yourselves, whether the cause of intellectual and religious freedom shall be helped or hindered for the coming year. With your aid—financial, personal, or by special delegation—we can make this a red-letter Congress in the annals of the American Secular Union. Will you not one and all help?

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.
IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1890.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

At the Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Portsmouth, Ohio, October 31, November 1, and November 2, 1890, the following amendments to the constitution will be proposed:

(1) Strike out the word "constitution" wherever it occurs (as applied to this society) and insert "by-laws." Also make any other verbal alterations necessary to have the instrument conform to any charter of incorporation that may be offered and accepted by the Union.

(2) Amend Article IX. by adding the following: "He or she shall deliver lectures in behalf of the Union as occasion may require and other duties may permit, and shall also solicit annual and life members, and subscriptions to the funds of the association."

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.

Attest: IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.
Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1890.

OUR UNCHURCHED MILLIONS.*

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.
II.

The sublime oration of Victor Hugo on Voltaire is filled with similar secular religious sentiments. While in the almost equally grave and more epoch-making oration Prof. Bovio, in consecrating the monument to Giordano Bruno at Rome on the ninth of June, 1889, in speaking for the whole world outside of the churches of the supernatural, distinctly makes the new religion the foundation of the new era of man in these memorable words:

"The nations assembled here are clearly aware that, as the year 313 was fixed by imperial decree in Milan as the era of the Christian religion, so this ninth of June is fixed in Rome, by the consent of free peoples, as the era of the 'Religion of Thought.'

"Is it, then, a religion? And is this its age and this its place?"

"This faith has no prophets—it has thinkers. If it seeks a temple it finds the universe; if it seeks an inviolate asylum it finds the conscience of man. It has had its martyrs, it insists from this day on that reparation shall not be posthumous.

"Rome may make this proclamation. Here have been celebrated the millenaries of the successive religions. All the gods of the earth met in the universal Pantheon—here, where law had become universal, and a church bade fair to become catholic. Here, too, it is now possible to fix the new millenary, which shall replace the Catholicity of one man by the catholicity of human thought."

"This is the time forecast by Bruno: O Rome, world-wide, universal, to-day thou dost truly reconcile thyself with the word "catholic" pronounced not by dogma, but by the concordant thought of the nations!"

The new era thus referred to before assembled thousands by Professor Bovio, in contrast to the Christian era established at

Milan in A.D. 313, is none other than that of the NEW FAITH dating from A.D. 1600, the date of the martyrdom of Bruno, of the publication and public recognition of the Copernican Astronomy, the founding of the East India Company, the first step towards the settlement of America, and of the founding of international law by Grotius—an era which actually gave to mankind a new heaven, a new earth, and a new brotherhood of the race, entirely independent of the old supernaturalism. If the reader receives a letter dated May 15, 290, let him remember that the "290" is instead of 1890, and represents this new era dating from A.D. 1600, as the era of Science and Man; *i.e.*, from the death of Bruno and the recognition of the true solar system, with the attending historical events above noted, which gave the human race the first conception of its own extent, and of its solidarity and continuity.

From the above instances it is quite evident that the new "religion" or "faith" has made its appearance upon a solid, secular, scientific, and human basis; but it is equally clear that it is still in the process of being worked out, and that its era and fundamental conclusions are in actual formation about us. It is due to this fact that the older creeds and faiths are disintegrating. So rapidly is this the case that it is difficult to follow the meanings of the words used in theological controversy, such as Infidel, Deist, Theist, Atheist, etc. Who of the last generation, for instance, would have understood the article on "Theism" in the last Encyclopædia Britannica, although written by a clergyman?

Take as an instance of thought-change the word "Monism," which has been brought to the front by the "Open Court," a scientific religious weekly published at Chicago, as the last and best name for the new faith or religion. This term, Monism, was adopted by Professor Haeckel, the well-known German biologist, as avoiding the limitations that seem to inhere in the words Materialism, Positivism, Secularism, Cosmism, etc., which had been previously used as names for this new birth of time. The "Open Court" has gone into the business of spreading the new and scientific solution of the world under this name, and is throwing a new light over the whole subject. It fights for and applies the new "religion" through the whole range of existence, from star-mist, through the protozoa, and up to MAN, and to the angelic "invisible choir" of the new faith described so grandly in George Eliot's exquisite poem.

We have so far referred only or chiefly to those theoretical and vocal Secularists who publicly declare their new faith. The fact is, however, that the larger part of the two-thirds of the American people who do not molest the churches are silent but practical Secularists; that is, they, in fact and in practice, attend to this world's and their own affairs, and let the affairs of the other world go as they may. Their dissent is practical and even largely unconscious. Very generally no reason in words for their conduct is or could be given. The religion of this world becomes sufficient, and that is of the silent kind. They have no religion to "brag on," and they compromise by letting everyone have his own. They will agree that all sensible people have in substance the same religion; but what that is, it is better never to say. This feeling lay back of Schiller's oft-quoted Zenion:

MEIN GLAUBE.

Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,
Die du mir nennst. Und warum keine? Aus Religion?

"Of what religion?" Of none you may name.

"Why none?" Because of my religion.

Yet both Goethe and Schiller could talk the new universal religion fast enough when sure of the proper audience. Thus Goethe's play on the word religion is a fine contrast:

Who science has and art

Also has religion;

Who of them neither has,

Let him have religion!

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,

Hat auch Religion;

Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,

Der habe Religion.

Here science is faith according to knowledge, and founds life upon what man does or can know instead of what he does not. The art which adds to and supplements nature by the higher nature of human beneficence crowns the universal religion of

*From the Arena for October.

man, which the great poets, Shakespeare and Goethe, more than any others have helped to found.

Thus the religion of the churches gradually and generally is silently passing into the Religion of the World and of Man. The old names of religious ideas are either dropped or acquire new meanings. The old church with its anthropomorphic God, heaven and hells, and creed have become symbols and are to be read with a scientific glossary, somewhat like this.

Instead of the old personal God we find the "Not I," the infinite world or universe; the sum of its laws, activities, and powers, which, when properly heeded, "make for righteousness."

The Christ has become the ideal man, or Humanity, and the historical Jesus vanishes from "definite history" as a person, to reappear as an ideal of the best in human nature and history.

Heaven is no longer a place in the skies. Even "the firmament" has vanished into infinite space. St. Peter, or his papal successor, still holds the key, but the door is gone! In place of those "mansions" we dream of the heaven on earth, the ideal of the human race and its triumph.

Hell, which was the foundation of the old three-story tenement-house of theology—hell, earth, and heaven—has no place in the Copernican solar system, nor in the modern human heart. The evils and misery of existence, and the remorse, obloquy, and reproach of evil-doing have taken its place. We have now a natural hell and a natural heaven, instead of the old supernatural.

The Holy Spirit flits no more between earth and sky. The only Holy Ghost recognized is the soul of man in communion with the world and its brother soul. Its assured immortality is in the future of the human race. If there is another state of existence, by natural law and all analogy, the only worthy preparation for it is the best and completest life here and now. Calvin was right: The beliefs and wishes of men cannot change the laws of God or of nature here or hereafter. But by learning, conforming to, and using those laws, may we not, in Bacon's happy phrase, conquer all nature and fate by obedience? Thus man has acquired unbounded confidence and hope of progress. Heaven is re-located by science not in the above but in the beyond.

Scarcely can an American audience be assembled but to consult about some political, social, or other matter looking towards this new natural millennium. Even the churches have as much or more to say of this heaven than of the old; while the end of this world, and the day of judgment which was to introduce their old heaven have dropped out of the theological almanac altogether, and no one believes they will ever come except a few half-demented Millerites.

The reader may continue this glossary at will. We can only note the general result. The sacredness of the old supernatural has happily begun its transition to the new natural world replacing it. Even common things and relations are fast becoming sacred and earnest beyond the old conception. So was it with Goethe and Schiller, so is it becoming to the great exponents of the secular faith of every phase. The new reverence is often silent, but thoughtful and deep. Religion becomes the sense and sum of our relations to the All, to the World, and to Man. The duties imposed by those relations are the highest possible. Health is a personal virtue, the duty of unity with nature; patriotism, the duty of union with our country as a part of humanity, the true country of mankind. The state becomes the true church. In the words of James Parton, our biographer of Voltaire, at the head of this article, the republic is the grandest church known. The dual existence is at an end. One life with its infinite consequences is enough. Who can meet its requirements? None by dreaming of another.

The welfare of the great republic as the ideal and leader among civilized nations is the supreme interest of our earthly life. In that the religion of humanity concentrates. Its future is the ideal of the world, the heaven of humanity, to realize which each generation must provide that a better shall take its place. In this view it is a healthy sign to see how fast the ghostly hells and heavens are dropping out of view. They are believed in not at all, or in an incredible way. For this reason the advanced

peoples are full of "reforms" which are the steps towards the earthly, human heaven.

This idea of progress is the greatest achievement of modern times. It did not exist, as we have it now, among the ancient peoples or during the Middle Ages. It is the inspiration; the life, and the hope of our New World. The law of evolution is its discovery and its formula. The collective human will is the supplement and complement of that law, and by co-operation, acting in harmony with that law, and based upon it, our unchurched millions are taking hold of a new life and hope as much grander than the old as the known universe of to-day transcends that of Ptolemy.

NEW YORK LETTER.

One would fancy that the following theatres would be ample for our population: Old Bowery, Winsor, Jacobs', Niblo's, the Star, Union Square, Fourteenth-street, Grand Opera House, Miner's, Madison Square, Lyceum, Garden, Fifth Avenue, Hermann's, Daly's, Palmer's, Bijou, Standard, New Park, Casino, Metropolitan Opera House, Broadway, Proctor's, Eighth-street, Mount Morris, Hammerstein, Academy of Music, Amberg, and Tony Pastor's. Besides these are the Eden Musee, Koster & Bial's, the Burkley Lyceum, the Lyceum Hall at Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, Chickering Hall, Steinway Hall, Hardmann's, Lexington-avenue Opera House, and the grand Madison Square Concert Hall. Mr. Harrigan thinks not, and is building his new theatre on Thirty-fifth street just east of Sixth avenue, and Mr. Hammerstein is building on Forty-second street just west of Sixth avenue. The Music Hall on Seventh avenue and Fifty-seventh street is approaching completion. It is an imposing building and will be perfect in every respect. The New Park has been re-decorated. Hermann's (the old San Francisco) has been greatly altered. Sadie Martinot is at the Garden; Agnes Huntington—a Michigan girl by birth, a New Yorker by adoption—is to give us Paul Jones. She comes to us with a reputation made in England. It is expected that she will carry New York by storm. She is a most charming girl. At this moment there is nothing on the stages that is startling or particularly popular.

We are dependent this year on California for our fruit. It is a substitute, and that is all. It has not the lusciousness of our Eastern fruit and is not popular with our fruit eaters. Your peaches are large, your pears are large, but who would think of comparing a Delaware peach or a New Hampshire pear with those grown on the Pacific coast? I doubt if there has been a year since 1816 when there has been such shortages in all our crops as this year. Hay is the only abundant crop. Wheat is off 90,000,000 bushels from last year, corn over 500,000,000 bushels, oats almost 200,000,000 bushels, potatoes only about six-tenths of a crop. Cotton and tobacco are less. The result is the usual one: higher prices. Wheat is 16 cents, corn 14 cents, and oats 20 cents a bushel higher. The farmer is about as well off as last year. In the new tariff he is well taken care of, and ought to be contented.

The political pot is simmering. Tammany says she will go it alone. The opposition is trying to unite on a ticket. It will be a difficult task to unite all these warring elements—county Democrats, Republicans, and Mugwumps, an incongruous crowd. A great effort is being made by a lot of old played-out politicians. A ticket composed of good citizens may be put in the field, but I doubt the leadership of this combination, and expect to see Tammany victorious. It has the organization and discipline, and reinforced as it will be by the rum element it will make a big fight. Among the opposition are ex-Mayor Grace, Wheeler Peckam, Father Dacie, Heber Newton, and Dr. Crosby.

Business in the dry-goods district is good, sales being larger and collections fair. In Wall street it was never duller. The Stock Exchange is almost deserted by the public and stocks are depressed. Silver is being made the shuttlecock of the street. One day it is up, the next it is down, just as it suits the clique. There is one thing certain, Wall street in the future is going to make the price of silver for the world.

Miss Britannica is not going to buy her wheat in Russia and

India as cheap as she has in the past, and as she buys annually some 145,000,000 bushels the price is quite an item with her. She buys her wheat in those countries in silver, and buys her silver with gold. As the price of silver advances in gold value, so the cost of wheat goes up in Russia and India. In this respect the American farmer has those countries at a disadvantage. The importer of grain to England and the continent can no longer "whack" us over the head with India wheat. We can at any moment "take the wind out of their sails" by advancing the price of silver.

Money in the East is easy. There is no doubt that its tightness in August and the first part of September was the result of manipulation. When Secretary Windom told Wall street that he would only buy so many bonds, and would not pay an exorbitant price for them, he got them at a fair price, and the money market eased up at once. It was not \$22,000,000 paid out of the treasury that did it all. Untold millions were unlocked by these sharks as soon as they found that they could no longer bull the treasury department.

The fall has been unusually warm. It is to be hoped that cold weather will soon come. EUDORUS.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

During the month of September twenty-three membership certificates were issued. The new members are from Missouri, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Texas.

The total number of members enrolled is eleven hundred and eighty. They are scattered all over the civilized world, and the good seed is being sown in every quarter of the globe.

F. H. RAU, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from last report.....	\$111.95	
L. R. Titus, Cal.....	1.00	
Max Guhlow, S. Dak.....	.50	
Samuel Carter, Kan.....	.50	
A. L. Post, Kan.....	.50	
Small contributions.....	.30	
		Total \$114.75
Mailing constitutions, etc.....	4.15	
Printing 2000 application blanks.....	3.00	7.15
		Balance 107.60
	A. R. AYRES, Treasurer.	

A CARD.

It is with regret that I find myself obliged to forego the anticipated pleasure of attending the Secular Congress at Portsmouth, Ohio. My home in Colorado is threatened, in our absence, by the money lender. My best efforts will be required to save it; and I hope that I can still devote my time to lecture work.

P. O. Box 366, Des Moines, Ia. W. F. JAMIESON.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Bidding good-by to Randolph and the many friends I found there, as well as to Coos county generally, after giving nearly one hundred lectures in southwest Oregon during the hot summer months of June, July, and August, I took the stage for a seventy-five mile ride over the mountains to Roseburg for a trip to Washington. The ride was a very tiresome one, and excessively hot and dusty. We followed the new route that was nearly all washed away or buried up by land slides last winter. The scenery was grand in many places. For miles we seemed to hang on the verge of a precipice, with the river dashing in torrents over the huge boulders a thousand feet below, while the steep mountain on the other side seemed to rise to the clouds, often overhanging us when it seemed that but a breath was needed for it to topple over and carry us into the depths below. These gorges and canyons, peaks and slopes, are all densely wooded with the most magnificent evergreen forests imaginable. The cascades in the river, the cabins of the venturesome homesteaders, the tents of the campers who were here for health, recreation, and trout—with which the streams are filled—the smoke and smell of the burning woods, the stories of our Jehu driver, the loud laugh and

songs of our fellow travelers, all made a scene long to be remembered. "Through by daylight," is the motto of this breakneck mountain line, and in order to do it, every horse was constantly urged by the lash of the Bohemian who handled the ribbons. We ate a splendid dinner at the top of the divide, and under a large shed where the cooking and eating were done. Here at this half-way house the stage lines meet. We were all browner than moon-eyed celestials from the accumulation of the dust. The "Melican man" could not be told from the celestial except by the absence of the pigtail, so for once we could see a use for the "queue."

We got into Roseburg by daylight, or "on time," utterly worn out with the joltings over rocks, the dust, heat, and nearly seventy miles ride since eight in the morning. Verily, the gypsy lecturer's route is not always cast in pleasant places.

A good night's rest, with the sleep that the righteous ever enjoy, and we take the early morning train for Portland two hundred miles away to the north. It seemed that I had returned to civilization again to be whirled along over the iron trail by the shrieking locomotive, for there is as yet no railroad in the coast counties of southwest Oregon, where I had traveled for so many long weeks.

I met many old friends at Portland, where I stopped over the "Lord's day" and spoke by invitation for the first Society of Spiritualists in their splendid and beautiful hall, at First and Taylor streets. The audience was small, as a spiritual camp meeting was running only a little way from the city, and many had gone there to commune with the spirits. Nevertheless, we had a feast of reason and flow of soul, and if the dear departed were not there, they should have been. Mrs. West, the great materializer from your city, is in Portland; also two others of the same genera, from the East, with the same cry ever going up, of "fraud, humbug," etc. Verily, the female materializer of my "father's ghost" and loved ones gone before has a hard road to travel, for the members of the circle of the male persuasion have a habit of hugging the pretty female spirits, that come out in the very dim light, and then of striking a light, and finding their arms full of something that belongs to mundane spheres. This paying a dollar to hug a sprite from the summer land and finding your arms full of mortal flesh seems to be a little irritating to the average biped, judging from the cuss words I heard about an exploded circle of a few evenings before, but in justice to Mrs. West, I believe she was not in the circus.

In the afternoon I attended a labor meeting called the Reform Club, where I was again called to the front and in a half hour's speech gave them the creed of Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," or State Socialism as the only relief from the powers of church and state monopoly, which seemed to be well received.

I called on Brother C. Beal, president of the Oregon Secular Union, at his office, and found him worked to death, as last year, making up and getting ready for the second annual grand rally of all the Liberals of the northwest.

From Portland, I took the night boat, R. M. Thompson, a magnificent steamer, down the grandest river on the Pacific coast—the mighty Columbia—to Astoria. Then by railroad to Willapa harbor, then by steamer to Willapa city, where I have just given four lectures in Odd Fellows' Hall to good audiences. C. B. Reynolds, secretary of the Washington State Secular Union, had just been here two days before, and in his fire and tow plan had scorched orthodoxy as it was never burned before in this neck of the woods. Reynolds pounds them all to pieces so with their own weapon, the Bible, that he becomes a holy terror to the troubled saints who rely on Jesus. Two men here, Jacob Drissler and a Mr. Towner, paid for the hall and gave the speaker fifty dollars, which shows what men will do, if in earnest, for the cause they love. Mr. Drissler I know personally; he is a farmer, a confirmed old bach, but one of Bingen on the Rhine's most noble sons, whose heart and purse are ever open for the cause of one world at a time, and the latch-string of his fine farm cabin ever hangs out to ye tired and hungry lecturer who may wander in this far away land of mighty forests by the sea. Mr. Drissler has two brothers here who are also Freethought and do not believe in the folly of God worship nor joss-houses. D. C. SEYMOUR.

If a "spirit" were seated on a keg of dynamite, and it should explode, what would be the result? If it were not harmed or killed, we would have a miracle; if it were killed, we would have in that case no "immortal soul."—OTTO WETTSTEIN.

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Has 16 Jewels, Patent Regulator, Breguet Hair Spring (non-catchable), Beautiful double-sunk paneled dial, and all modern improvements. Is finely adjusted to heat, cold, and position; Stem wind and set, and new model. Made both for hunting and open-face cases and guaranteed a **Perfect Time-Keeper**.

PRICES: In Silverine Cases, \$19; 3 ounce pure Silver, \$22.50; 4 ounce, \$23.50; 5 ounce, \$25; 6 ounce, \$27; ounce, Best dust-proof cases, \$24—no better sold elsewhere for \$35. In Best Filled Gold Cases, guaranteed 20 years, Patent Open-face, Screw Dust-proof, \$27; Hinged Back, \$30; Hunting, \$33; Louis XIV. style, either kind, \$2 extra. All elegantly engraved or plain. In cases guaranteed 25 years, special artistic chasing, \$5 and \$10 more.

In 14 kt. Solid Gold Open-face Cases, \$45 to \$80; Hunting, \$50, \$60 \$70, \$90 to \$100. Sent prepaid with written guarantee, and cash refunded if not entered satisfactory. No one else in the world sends out or sells so GOOD AND ELEGANT A WATCH FOR THE PRICE.

Regular Grades American Watches. All Stem-Wind.

Three ounce Silverine case, seven jewels, \$7.50; eleven jewels, \$9; fifteen jewels, \$10; do., adjusted, \$16. In three ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50; \$13.50, and \$19.50. In four ounce case \$1 extra, and in four ounce dust-proof case \$1.50 extra. In best open-faced, dust-proof, filled Gold case, seven jewels, \$16; eleven jewels, \$17.50; fifteen jewels, \$18.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, gold cap, \$3 extra. Extra fine engraved \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, gold cap, seven jewels, \$23; eleven jewels, \$24.50; fifteen jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special, artistic, engraved cases, \$5 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen even in best stores. All filled cases guaranteed twenty to twenty-five years. Beware of others!

Ladies' Gold Hunting American Watches.

Best filled, seven jewels, \$17; eleven jewels, \$18.50 fifteen jewels, \$25. 14 kt. solid Gold, \$27; eleven jewels, \$28.50; fifteen jewels, \$35. More elaborate and heavier cases, \$2, \$5 to \$10 extra. Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, embossed and enameled cases, \$10 to \$100 extra. ALL WATCHES ARE STEM-WIND AND SET. All guaranteed one year, after the expiration of which time they will be cleaned for \$1 and returned free. 10 kt. filled gold cases \$2 less

Diamonds.

I am an expert in this line and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market prices. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35 for \$25; do. worth \$70 for \$50; do. worth \$100 for \$75; do. worth \$200 for \$150; do. worth \$500 for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

Watch-work.

Nine-tenths of the "jewelers" of America are botches, and don't know as much about "handling" a fine watch as an elephant does about a Beethoven symphony. A noted phrenologist once told Wettstein, "If you are not a first-class mechanic the Lord Almighty never made one." Send me your work. Cleaning, \$1; jewels, \$1; springs, \$1. Best work guaranteed and returned free. LIBERAL EDITORS' AND LECTURERS' WATCHES REPAIRED FREE.

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A specialty. A full line of solid Gold and best Plated Jewelry of latest designs. Select from any catalogue and I will fill orders at lower prices or send better goods.

Sundries.

Best Spectacles or Eye-Glasses, \$1; Gold, \$5 and \$6. (Send line of finest print you can read 14 inches from the eyes, and I can fit you.) Best razor, \$2—a luxury; a good one, \$1. Rogers Bros.' best triple-plated Knives, \$1.75; Forks, \$1.75; Teaspoons, \$1.70; Tablespoons, \$3.40 for six. Solid Coin Silver Spoons, \$1.60 per ounce, marked. Silver Thimbles, 35 cents. An elegant 8-day Alarm Clock, \$4.50, worth \$6. Four best Violin strings, 50 cents; six Guitar strings, 75 cents. Fountain pens, \$2. All prepaid, except cutlery and clocks.

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"I dinno ez I got time fer dat."

"Well, you'd better take time, or I'll think you did it."

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Sam came back in an hour, the Hampden Sydney operator was called up and Sam put the bell to his ear. This is what he heard:

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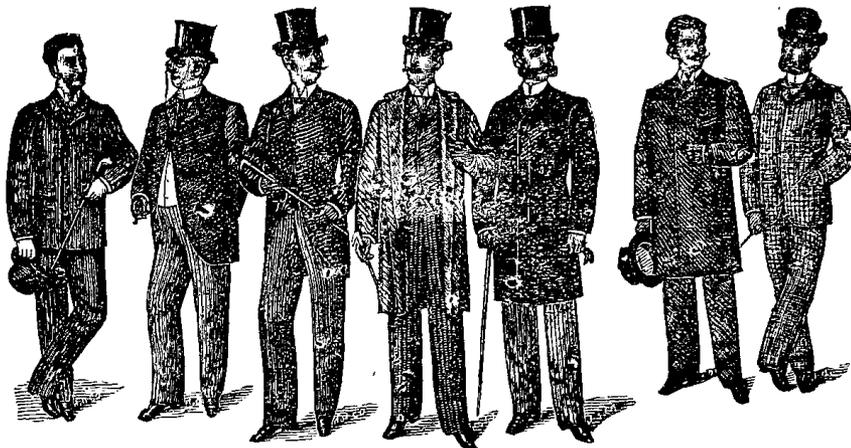
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The list need not be confined to San Francisco and Oakland. It is open to any reader, anywhere in the the country.

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At the Church Door.

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Dr. Churchmus—Thank you; it seems to have been appreciated, from the appearance of the contribution bag.—Chatter.

A Train Robber with a Heart.

"You don't seem to have anything of value but your ticket," said a disgusted train robber to a passenger.

"No. I was at a church fair last night." "Is that so? Here, let me give you a five-dollar bill."—Judge.

A Close Appraisal.

Miss Sweetlips (slyly)—A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Stubpen!

Mr. Stubpen—Thank you, Miss Sweetlips. That is just about what I am getting now in the literary market.—Burlington Free Press.

An Unbroken Package.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

He wrapped her up in his arms, and for several hours practically they were an unbroken package.—Philadelphia Times.

A Rank Donation.

Dumpsey—Blobson, it is said that "a gift blinds the eye."

Blobson—Yes, and I believe it since I smoked that cigar you gave me last evening.—Burlington Free Press.

The Kind of a Net.

Fred—So Charlie is engaged at last! Frank—Yes; he has been caught in the matrimonial net.

Fred—I thought it was a brunette.—Drake's Magazine.

They Are Common Nouns.

"I wonder why we don't use a capital letter in spelling 'jail,' 'penitentiary,' and the like."

"Because they are not capital places."—Yeowine's News.

Which Was True Enough, Probably.

Irate Citizen—Look a-here, mister! You are taking my umbrella.

Sleek Citizen—I beg your pardon, sir! I thought it was somebody else's.—Burlington Free Press.

But Boys Are Brave.

Johnny Greyneck—Oh, mamma, May's a coward!

Mamma—Why, Johnny, what makes you say so?

Johnny—Because she is; she's afraid of dirt.—Boston Times.

How It Could Be Arranged.

"I want to git arf at Yonkers."

"This train don't stop there."

"Thin I'll till yez what we'll do; I'll git disorderly just beyant Shpyten Duyvil, and yez can kick me arf at Yonkers."—Harper's Bazar.

At Rare Intervals.

First Literary Man (anxious about the other's health)—Do you enjoy a good appetite?

Second Literary Man—I do, when I have the means of satisfying it.—Lowell Citizen.

It's the Way with Tramps.

"Now that you've eaten," the good lady cried, "Take up the saw and make your promise good." She showed him where the buck and woodpile were, But the tramp said nothing and didn't saw wood.

—Philadelphia Times.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - OCTOBER 25, 1890

THE PORTLAND CONVENTION.

It has come and passed and added a bright page to the history of Freethought. It was opened on Saturday morning with an eloquent address by Miss Katie Kehm on "The Bible in the Schools." S. P. Putnam followed with "The Religious Conspiracy," and W. S. Bell with "The Christian Crusades."

In the afternoon Mrs. Mattie Hull made a stirring plea for "Liberty and Reform," and Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel added the "Moral Factors of Liberal Work." Professor Seymour gave the closing speech.

Saturday evening Rensburg delighted his audience with incisive eloquence and a masterly treatment of "Sabbath Breaking." Mrs. Scott Dunaway, in a gentle and motherly manner, elucidated the "Woman Question" as related to Freethought.

Sunday was a gala day of brilliant lectures. Moses Hull led off in the morning with his usual dash and bravery amid tumultuous applause. Hull is a born preacher. He never missed his calling. There isn't a Methodist bishop who can beat him in fervid oratory. He hasn't lost any of the sparkle of his youthful enthusiasm. Rev. Alonzo T. Jones again graced the platform with a noble plea for religious liberty. He is an earnest and admirable debater. He spoke over two hours and thoroughly annihilated the defenders of the state church, and demonstrated beyond cavil the dangerous tendency in political affairs.

In the evening a new orator appeared upon the platform in the person of William Jackson Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong has much brilliancy of delivery. He flashes with fine displays of word-painting, while good logic and sound fact pervade his discourse. He presented "Romanism in American Politics" with vivid power.

The meetings were grand, the enthusiasm splendid, and the result hopeful.

Monday was the labor day. The workers present organized for victory. Oregon is fortunate in the material it possesses for action. C. Beal was re-elected president. His generous efforts are appreciated. He has made the conventions successful beyond expectation. He wanted to resign his arduous office, but the Union would not allow him to do so.

It was decided to make an aggressive campaign—no longer "quiet on the Potomac." Mrs. Krekel was elected secretary. Her ability as a speaker and her devotion to the cause will mark a splendid era in Oregon Liberalism.

Miss Katie Kehm is assistant secretary, bright and brave and overflowing with the Religion of Humanity.

Mrs. Elva Davidson Blackburn is first vice-president, with a long roll of other effective workers from the Willamette to the John Day, from Astoria to Eagle Valley.

Reuben Wright is treasurer. No man is better fitted for the "sinews of war." Lee Laughlin is chairman of the executive committee and J. Henry Schroeder of the finance committee, and a better board of directors could not be selected.

A legislative committee was appointed to push the movement for church taxation the coming winter.

From five hundred to one thousand attended the meetings on Saturday and Sunday.

Liberals were present from all parts of the state. The convention was perfectly harmonious. Every vote was unanimous.

I think Oregon to-day is the banner state of Liberalism. I hope she will keep at the front and that other states will emulate her courageous example. She sends greeting to the American Secular Union, and the national guard must advance. State action must combine with general action throughout the country in order to meet the enemy. Local action must combine with state action for moral, intellectual, and political advancement.

We are pioneers still. We must blaze the pathway of human progress. But amid the brightening and glorious dawn what hopes we have and what comradeship ennobles our toil and makes every labor a delight.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

KATIE KEHM'S REPORT.

The second annual convention of the Oregon State Secular Union met at New Arien Hall, Portland, Saturday, October 11, at 10:15 A. M., President C. Beal in the chair.

After the rendition of a fine selection by Roose & Hodgson's Ariel orchestra the president introduced to the convention Miss Katie Kehm, of New Era, Or., who delivered the opening address. Her theme was "The Bible in the Public Schools."

Mr. S. P. Putnam followed with an able address on "The Religious Conspiracy." He fully demonstrated to his hearers the existence of organizations which are threatening the welfare of our republic, quoting from their records statements and suggestions which, if carried into effect, would revolutionize our governmental affairs and turn back the hands of progress to the dark ages of the past.

The National Reform Association, aided by the Sabbath Unions, the Catholic church, the W. C. T. U. and the White Caps, uniting their efforts to establish in this country the Christian religion, to force upon us a Puritanic Sabbath, to introduce religious exercises into our public schools, were all arraigned by the speaker as enemies of progress and liberty, and the applause which followed the eloquent and effective words plainly showed the audience in sympathy with the thoughts expressed.

Prof. W. S. Bell followed Mr. Putnam with a finely written ad-

dress upon "Religious Crusades." Mr. Bell's address showed deep thought and research.

At the close of this address Moses Hull and wife, of Chicago, delighted the audience with a song, the words of which were composed by Mrs. Hull on the occasion of the imprisonment of that noble leader of truth and reform, D. M. Bennett.

The convention then adjourned till two o'clock, when Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, in a clear, forcible, and eloquent address, set forth the necessity of co-operation among all Liberals to thwart the pernicious aims of priestcraft.

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel then addressed us. This eloquent speaker is deservedly popular, true, earnest, noble woman—just such a one as the teachings of Liberalism alone can make. Mrs. Krekel urged upon her hearers a more effective organization, better equipped local Unions, and a more vigorous effort to present to the world the constructive side of Liberalism, urging the establishment of science Sunday-schools, where the young mind can be trained in the truths of science, rather than the narrow channel opened by church and Sunday-school. Every thought was a sparkling gem, whose rays so lit up the minds of her audience that her remarks were followed by prolonged applause.

Prof. D. C. Seymour followed with a few remarks on the work to be accomplished by the Secular Union and the need of practical organization among us. The convention then adjourned till 7:30 P.M.

The evening session was called to order by President Beal, who, in a few well-chosen words, introduced to the convention the eloquent orator, thinker, and author, John E. Remsburg. The storm of applause which followed the president's remarks showed that the work of the man who stood before them was well known and appreciated. At the suggestion of the president he addressed the convention upon the Sunday question. His address was a masterly effort, plain, practical, and effective.

At the close of Mr. Remsburg's address Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunaway gave a short speech, taking as her text, "Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Mrs. Dunaway's remarks were listened to with marked attention and frequently interrupted by hearty applause.

Convention adjourned until Sunday morning at ten o'clock, when a fine audience assembled to listen to the far-famed debater, Moses Hull, of Chicago. In a clear and comprehensive manner he placed before his hearers the demands, the hopes, the aspirations of those working in the field of Liberalism; with burning eloquence pictured the evils which threaten the principles which lie at the foundation of our republic, and urged upon the Union the necessity of bravely facing all opposition to liberty and progress.

At the close of the address Mr. and Mrs. Hull again favored the audience with a song, after which the convention adjourned till 1:30 P.M.

The afternoon session was given to Elder Alonzo T. Jones, of New York city, whose address on ecclesiastical legislation was well received. Mr. Jones's address showed a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion. In an earnest manner he pointed out to his hearers the dangers which a union of church and state would lead to, and hence urged that they forever be kept separate. Mr. Jones is a noble worker for human rights, and as such indorses the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

In the evening the convention was addressed by William Jackson Armstrong, of Washington, D. C., who talked upon "Romanism in the Republic." The hall was filled with a most attentive audience, who showed by frequent applause the appreciation of the truths as they fell from the lips of the celebrated orator.

At the suggestion of President Beal Miss Katie Kehm then addressed the convention upon the work to be accomplished the following day, after which the meeting was adjourned until 10 o'clock A.M. Monday.

Monday morning found assembled at New Arien Hall enthusiastic, earnest workers for humanity. The first business before the convention was the appointment of a committee on resolutions, which was as follows: S. P. Putnam, Moses Hull, W. S. Bell, Mattie P. Krekel, and Katie Kehm.

The following dispatches were then read by President Beal:

SEATTLE, Oct. 13.
C. BEAL, *President Oregon Secular Union, Arien Hall*: Victory. Have won the case against the Sunday-law fanatics.
C. B. REYNOLDS.

SEATTLE, Oct. 13.
C. BEAL, *President Oregon Secular Union, Arien Hall, corner Second and Oak streets, Portland*: Washington Secular Union sends fraternal greeting. Our president is in court defending members arrested under Sunday law. To-night we appear before school board to stop reciting Lord's prayer. Union, eternal vigilance, and efficient organization absolutely essential to preserve liberty. Success to Oregon Union.
C. B. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

The selection of president next came before the convention, and Mr. Putnam voiced the opinion of the assembly when he said that there was not in the state any one who could more effectively and admirably fill said position than Mr. Beal.

Messrs. Seymour, Laughlin, Bell, Mrs. Jennie Vose Graham, and others reviewed the work done by our noble president, and insisted that no one could more creditably fill the chair.

Mr. Putnam then suggested the appointment of a field secretary, whose duties would be to organize throughout the state Secular Unions, and to promote the cause by lecturing, by scattering Liberal literature, and making regular reports of the work done to our various Freethought papers.

This subject furnished food for thought during the time of adjournment.

When the Union met at 1:30 the committee on resolutions, —S. P. Putnam chairman—submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted by the convention:

Resolved, That the recognition of the rights and dignity of labor are necessary to the perpetuity of the American republic, and this convention recognizes the importance of all reform, the purposes of which are for the advancement of the working people. The power of the government cannot be made conducive to the success of these measures until the ecclesiastical usurpations in the state are successfully resisted and civil and religious liberty is secured to all.

Resolved, That this convention urges upon Liberals the importance of organizing local societies for the purpose of disseminating Secular principles, involving natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

Resolved, That while this convention recognizes the importance of working for all the demands of state secularization, it would advise that special efforts be made to secure the taxation of church property, and instructs the board of directors to provide, from the funds of this Union, petitions to be circulated among the people of Oregon for their signatures asking the legislature of Oregon to repeal the law exempting church property from taxation.

Whereas, We have invited the whole world, Christians, Jews, and pagans alike, to our Columbian Exposition; and whereas there are millions of poor people whose duties and poverty will prevent their attending the exposition on any other day except Sundays; and whereas, we believe it no less than a swindle on that portion of the public who desire to attend the exposition on Sunday to close it against the public on that day for the benefit of the churches and ministers, who claim a monopoly of the amusement and instruction to be afforded on that day, therefore

Resolved, That we enter our most earnest protest against the attempts to close the World's Fair on Sunday.

Resolved, That this convention demands the repeal or modification of all laws which can be used to interfere with the just freedom of the mails.

Whereas, That during the past year our Liberal brother and life member of the Oregon Secular Union, G. W. Tiffany, has passed from life in the order of nature, we express our painful regrets; and further that we hereby extend to his bereaved family our profound sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to Elder A. T. Jones for his kindness in coming so far to attend our convention, and for his very able lecture.

Resolved, That we extend to Elder Jones a cordial invitation to lecture before the Oregon Secular Union next year.

Resolved, That this convention urge upon Liberals the fact that they must rally to the support of all Liberal papers, for we depend upon them for the propagation of our ideas and the publication of our proceedings; and especially does it urge upon the Liberals of this coast the necessity of more generously supporting FREETHOUGHT.

Committee { S. P. PUTNAM,
MOSES HULL,
W. S. BELL,
MATTIE P. KREKEL,
KATIE KEHM.

After the adoption of these resolutions the convention further discussed the necessity of a field secretary and then proceeded to

the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following officers were chosen:

PRESIDENT.
C. Beal, of Portland.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. Elva Davidson Blackburn, of Mountain View, Wash.; J H Sears, Moses Hull, Chicago; R Rosenthal, Portland; Dr. Hendee, Portland; L C Gilmore, Independence; W S Bell; Mrs. D A Baylor, Portland; Mrs. Charles Beacher, New Era; Anton Werth, Marshfield; William H Campbell, Prineville; W Cop, Langlois; Henry Plorger, Empire City; George A Evans, Portland; D Priestley, Milwaukee; William Oakfield; Kenneth Campbell; C. Rogers, Prineville; M Miller, Dayton, B Fostner, Salem; Mrs. B B Hayes, J McRoy, Tillamook; J W McClure, Silverton; B F Hyland, Corvallis; J D Garfield, Marshfield; H Arnold, Shedd; J T Ford, Independence; W J Dean, Talent; Moses Hard, Newport; John Settle, Lebanon; F S Matteson, Aumsville; W J Booth, McMinnville; B W Dunn, Lafayette; H B Nichols, Portland; A K Olds, McMinnville; C Trullinger, Union Mills; O B Vose, Rainier; H McElsander, Eagle Creek; W H Breese, Talent; P Britt, Jacksonville; O Coolidge, Ashland; W F Benjamin, Roseburg; J Laird, Dora; Judge Low, Bandon; T J McClary, Stayton; William Chance, Astoria; Mrs. C E Haight, East Portland; J Cleaver, Newburg; A J Shrum, Burnt Ranch; J L Baisley, Judge Schofield, Baker City; R D Allen, Silverton; E C Brainard, Union; C. Scott, Scotts Mills; Mrs. S C Todd, Forest Grove; W C Clow, Hillsboro; F Hauswirth, North Yamhill; Mrs. L E Bennett, Corvallis; Wright Forshay; Mrs. H D Mount, R C Greer, Silverton; I Newman, North Powder; L P Howard, Canby; R B Short, John Vaughan, Butteville; John Kruse, Wilsonville; W W Jesse, New Era; John Devine, R Laughton, North Yamhill; S B Cathcart, Coos county; S B Huston, Hillsboro; J B Hoss, Newport; Dr. Semler, Portland; E P Wallace, Amity; H A Lee, Canby; — Fuller, McMinnville; Miss Mattie Blaisdell, Portland; Samuel French, G W Bates, Prairie City; L T Elington, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Almira Sweek, Hamilton; Mrs. Hayden, Haystack; Geo H Dawes, North Yamhill; Mary C Ordway, Portland; S C Derrick, Eddyville; P O Chilstrom, Thos M Hines, Forest Grove; Martin Manning, Greenville; Jos Bucher, Gales Creek; Mrs. Orla D Phelps, Newburg; Mrs. Myra Prickett, Forest Grove; Mrs. Sue B Keenan, East Portland; R R Hayes, Mrs. J McCoy, Tillamook; H Flickinger, S B Eddy, Pendleton; Jennie Vose Graham, Rainier; John D amond, E P Coleman, Coburg; J Tozer, J D Fountain, Ashland; W B Davis, Prairie City; John Smith, Canyon City; O P Platter, Fox; C V Sweek, Hamilton; Ed Allen, Long Creek; Joseph Putnam, Monument; W N Putnam, Benton Mires, Fossil; Maxwell Ramsby, Haystack; Harry Hawson, Arlington; Alex Hardie, Lost Valley; Alex Crawford, Lone Rock; J W Norval, Summerville; — Jones, Union.

FIELD SECRETARY.
Mattie P. Krekel, of Portland.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY.
Miss Katie Kehm, of New Era.

TREASURER.
R. Wright, of Molalla.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Hon. Lee Laughlin, of North Yamhill, chairman; M. Lidden, Milwaukee; M. Fitzgerald, Silverton; Gertrude Vose Meserve, Rainier; J. K. Olds, Lafayette.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

J. Henry Schroeder, of Coos county, chairman; O. Jeldness, Portland; Mrs. M. J. Olds, McMinnville.

The following legislative committee was appointed to work to secure the repeal of laws exempting church property from taxation:

Mr. C. Beal, Portland; Hon. Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill; Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, Portland; J. Henry Schroeder, Arago; Dr. J. W. McClure, Silverton; Mr. John Long, Coburg; Mrs. D. A. Baylor, East Portland.

After the election of officers a vote of thanks was extended to President Beal for his excellent management of the convention, and to all others who spoke and participated in the proceedings.

Mr. R. Wright, of Molalla, then moved that the society pay to Messrs. Bell, Putnam, Remsburg, and Hull, and Mrs. Krekel the sum of ten dollars each for services rendered the convention. Motion seconded and carried. The convention then adjourned to meet at the call of the board of directors.

The convention was fittingly closed by a grand ball. All went "merry as a marriage bell." We tripped the light fantastic till the wee small hours, and then with many a cordial shake of the hand and the exchange of good wishes, our minds filled with greater enthusiasm and our hearts in sympathy with the pure and true, we bade one another a loving "adieu."

NOTES.

The thanks of the convention are due to Mr. and Mrs. Hull for the sweet songs rendered by them at the various sessions.

These noble workers are ever ready to "gird on the sword of the right, and battle wrong."

The beautiful banner presented to the Union last year by Miss Mattie Blaisdell occupied a place on the platform, as it will upon every similar occasion. It is certainly a masterpiece of art, that emanated from the brain of a gentle, loving, noble woman.

The music rendered by Roose & Hodgson's orchestra, of seven professors, was of the highest order and added much to the success of the convention.

I was pleased to meet that active worker, Mrs. S. C. Todd, of Forest Grove. Well read, keen, and witty, she is ever ready to strike an effective blow for liberty.

The success of the Portland convention is largely due to our honored president, Cornelius Beal. With untiring efforts, ever aided and encouraged by his noble wife, he has worked for the cause. We honor, we trust, we love him for it, and let us begin early to rally to his assistance for a still grander convention next year.

With equal energy have our retiring secretaries, Mr. J. K. Sears, of McCoy, and Mrs. Elva Davidson-Blackburn, of Oswego, worked for the convention.

These names shall ever hold a warm place in the memory of Oregon Liberals who know their efforts have been crowned with success.

OUR FIELD SECRETARY, MRS. MATTIE P. KREKEL.

Such has been the choice of the Oregon State Secular Union, and a better choice could not have been made.

We recognize in Mrs. Krekel a true, earnest worker for the elevation of humanity; we know that her life-work will be in the cause of Liberalism; we know that she has done much and will do more to remove from the minds of mankind the cobwebs of ignorance which have been woven by cunning hands, and now it remains for you, Liberal men and women of Oregon, to decide whether you want this noble woman to be far reaching in her influence.

The age in which we live demands such workers, and if the principles of Liberalism are near and dear to you as they should be, put forth a better effort than ever before to organize in your community a Secular Union; arrange for the work of your field secretary. You need her aid, advice, and encouragement in this. You now have a better opportunity than ever before of showing your devotion to the cause; so rally to the aid of Mrs. Krekel and keep her actively engaged in the lecture field, so that our glorious work will be seen and felt in every community.

KATIE KEHM, Ass't Sec'y Oregon State Secular Union.

FROM COLONEL INGERSOLL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1890.

C. BEAL, Esq., *My Dear Sir*: It is impossible for me to be with you at the annual congress of the Oregon State Secular Union.

Thanking you for the invitation and with best wishes for the success of the congress, I remain, yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

FROM JUDGE WAITE.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22, 1890.

C. BEAL, Esq., *My Dear Friend*: Your letter of the 11th of August, inviting me in such flattering terms to attend the second annual congress of your society and deliver an address on that occasion, was duly received, and I have delayed replying until now, thinking that possibly I might so arrange my affairs as to be present. But I find it to be simply impossible.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you and participate in your discussions, and thus aid in giving additional impetus to a cause in which I have spent the best part of my life, and to which the remainder will be devoted—the release of mankind from intellectual bondage, and dispelling the dark clouds of superstition by bringing to bear upon them the glorious light of reason and science, enlivened by the warmth of a common humanity.

I am expecting to attend the annual congress of the American Secular Union to be held at Portsmouth, O., and hope to meet some of you there. We are a good ways apart, but you are as near to us as we are to you. Come over and help us.

With my warmest regards and best wishes to all those who in the name of truth and justice shall assemble at Portland, I have the honor to be very truly
Your friend, C. B. WAITE.

PRESIDENT BEAL ON THE CONVENTION.

DEAR FREETHOUGHT: The grand men and the grand orators of our convention will be left to other pens. The tidal waves of fate seemed to roll against and bear away my every effort to make it a successful meeting. When I took the chair on Saturday morning just sixteen dollars had come in and not half a dozen encouraging letters. But thanks to our magnificent speakers and generous patriots for the victory which has been won for justice and liberty. At this writing I can only give near estimates and not the names of the donors in full, as some were not given, while others cannot be deciphered. R. H. Scott gave ten dollars, Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn twenty-five, J. H. Schroeder sent thirteen fifty, while John Diamond in one way and another gave about forty. From donations, contributions, and ball we received over three hundred dollars. There was in the treasury before any bills were paid three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, so Mr. Ames informs me. The expenses proper are two hundred and thirty-three dollars, fifty to speakers, making two hundred and eighty-three to be paid. This leaves us at least two hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury to make up the next annual congress—where it shall remain.

Three days after I paid the rent Henry Weinhart, proprietor of New Arien Hall, unsolicited, sent me a check for seventy-five dollars for our grand Secular Union. All praise is due this generous citizen. Let all our Liberal papers note it and every Liberal tell his neighbor the good news. This leaves us about three hundred and thirty-five dollars for future use.

The congress calls for a new fund, to carry on a systematic field work. This work has been assigned to Mattie Parry Kregel, our secretary, of Portland. Hon. Lee Laughlin headed the list with five dollars; S. B. Ives followed with five, and Mrs. Olds, of McMinnville, has pledged ten more. I ask every Liberal in Oregon, as your president and fellow-worker, to send in a donation to that fund. Send it to me as soon as possible and I will put it to work. You will be receipted through FREETHOUGHT immediately. As soon as the secretary enters the field let us concentrate our force, money, and influence on the prescribed work and the sustaining of Freethought. This will be enough for us to do this year. If well done you should not, in justice to yourselves, and will not be asked by me to do any more.

The powerful lecture delivered by Mr. Armstrong is for sale by me for ten cents. His book of 160 pages, "Siberia and the Nihilists," for 25 cents. They can also be had of C. H. Wilcox, newsdealer, Portland. As you will be delighted with this choice classic and Secular literature, it would be well to have your neighbors join with you in the purchase.

As president of the Oregon Secular Union I shall never put onto our platform a half-converted, half-educated Secularist for speaker. The people who make the congress shall have the pure article. I shall never put onto that platform a person who would blush to read from that platform a literature they defend. The English language is copious enough and rich enough to clothe every thought in robes of beauty.

The person who in his work for humanity has genius and statesmanship sufficient to achieve the grand result without bringing on disturbance, conflicts, and martyrdom deserves fame. The person who seeks martyrdom for the sake of notoriety deserves infamy. As soon as I rest I shall call your attention to other matters in which we are all interested.
C. BEAL.

THE OPPORTUNITY IN OREGON.

Liberalism is just now enjoying a good strong revival in Oregon, and the enthusiasm is warm. Now is the proper time for a pull all together by the Freethinkers of that state. The Oregon Secular Union is safely launched. Its second convention surpassed its first. It is well officered by men and women of ability

and devotion to the work. They are all active advocates of the idea of eternal separation of church and state. Furthermore, Oregon is favored with a legislature containing more Freethinkers, probably, than have met in legislative council since the meeting of that august body who framed the constitution of the United States. Conditions are therefore favorable to Secular work, and if our Oregon friends are wise they will take advantage of the season to make hay while the sun shines. President Beal tells them what he wants them to do. They have worked hard to elect a good legislature. They have had a splendid convention. Now if they follow up the work as they have begun it, they will reap the harvest of success.

THE RELIGIOUS TEST FOR VOTERS.

The members of the board of registration for the Fourteenth Precinct of the Forty-fifth Assembly District for the city and county of San Francisco have been taught a lesson which it is hoped will be useful to them hereafter. The board met at the corner of Nineteenth and Howard streets to register the names of such voters as had not been recorded at the city hall, and the chairman was instructed to administer the following oath to all applicants:

"You do solemnly swear that you will truly answer all questions touching your qualifications to register as an elector in the city and county of San Francisco. 'SO HELP YOU GOD.'"

The "so help you God" is printed on the card, furnished by the bureau of registration, in heavy black capital letters, and is inclosed in quotation marks.

Mr. F. S. Luce, a painter by occupation, residing at 321 Capp street, applied to the board in the Fourteenth of the Forty-fifth for registration, but when the oath was repeated to him he declined to take it on the ground that it was a religious obligation. He, however, expressed a willingness to affirm. The board thereupon unanimously refused to receive his name. A dialogue something like the following then occurred:

INSPECTOR—Where were you born?

APPLICANT—In Texas.

INSPECTOR—Is there no God in Texas?

APPLICANT—I never saw any during my residence in that state.

CHORUS OF ENTIRE BOARD—No man who does not believe in God can register or vote in this country.

Mr. Luce left the board and applied to the editor of FREETHOUGHT for advice. From the editor he was referred to R. Guy McClellan, Esq., attorney at law, 331 Montgomery street. Mr. McClellan gave him an introduction to the chairman of the Republican Central Committee, who heard Mr. Luce's complaint with a good deal of indignation, and sent him to Registrar Smiley. Mr. Smiley characterized the registration board of the Fourteenth of the Forty-fifth as a board of ignoramuses, and gave an order to Mr. Luce directing them to register his name. Thus after spending a day's time in the vindication of his principles and the rights of conscience, the applicant returned to the precinct board and again presented himself for registration. In a very surly manner the inspector directed him to remove his hat. Mr. Luce declined, and an order to "hold up your hand" met with a similar refusal. The board was in a quandary, but having been once rebuked the members did not care to risk a further stretch of authority, and Mr. Luce was registered with hat on and hands down.

The matter has been passed over in complete silence by the press, and an opportunity has thus been lost to give a little new

light to those public officers who are required to administer oaths. The trouble ought not to occur again. It is the plain duty of the registrar's office to instruct its employees that an affirmation is as good as an oath in all cases, and that nothing more than a simple promise to speak the truth can be required of any who object to the religious formula. The removal of the hat is optional, and a matter of comfort or taste; the elevation of the hand is a species of invocation of some higher power than truth and has only a superstitious significance.

Mr. Luce deserves the thanks of all Secularists for claiming his rights as a citizen and for taking the trouble and expense of vindicating them.

AN ABSURD PROPOSITION.

The barbers of Oregon ought to have more sense than they display in the petition for Sunday-closing laws which they are circulating. Some of them desire to close their shops on Sunday, as they have a perfect right to do, and for that reason they ask that those who do not share their wish shall be forced to coincide with them. Here is the petition to the legislature circulated for signatures in Portland, East Portland, Albina, and Astoria, and which is to be presented all over the state:

"We, the undersigned, being engaged in the business of barbering in the state of Oregon, and wishing to have one day of rest each week, most respectfully petition your honorable body to enact a law making it unlawful to keep open any barber shop or to carry on or conduct the business of barbering on Sunday."

The legislature of the state should reply to this petition somewhat as follows:

Gentlemen of the Barbering Business: Your petition asking that a law be passed making it unlawful to keep open any barber shop or to carry on or conduct the business of barbering on Sunday has been received. In reply this honorable body would state that it will do nothing of the sort, for the following reasons:

First, It does not own the barber shops of the state, and therefore has no control over them.

Second, This honorable body has no power to declare any business unlawful on one day of the week that is lawful upon other days of the week.

Third, It is beyond the scope of this honorable body to provide rest-days for barbers or for those engaged in any business or calling; but, on the other hand, this honorable body will not interfere if the barbers choose to rest not only on one day of the week but seven. We would respectfully refer the matter to the gentlemen engaged in the business of barbering.

Fourth, This honorable body would respectfully suggest that there may be persons engaged in the barbering business who would prefer to accommodate their customers by shaving them on the first day of the week commonly called Sunday. This is their right, and we cannot interfere with it.

Fifth, Those of our petitioners who desire to rest on Sunday are cordially invited by us, and not only invited but urged to do so. It is clearly within their right, and we will protect them in it. To this end it would be advisable for proprietors of barber shops to carefully lock the doors of their places of business on Saturday night, and to refrain from unlocking them on Sunday morning or at any time throughout the day. It is already provided by law that any person forcing or breaking his way into a barber shop is liable to arrest and punishment for felony.

Sixth (and lastly), We should regard such a law as you propose as an impertinence and an invasion of individual rights.

As aforesaid, we respectfully decline to pass any such law. It is our function to protect liberty, not to outrage it.

There are quite a number of Freethinkers in the Oregon legislation, and if we are not mistaken these will read not only the barbers but other advocates of Sunday tyranny a lesson they will not soon forget.

MRS. ANDREA LINDAL has left with us copies of her Norwegian poem, "Romerkirkens Soiler Vakle," for sale at five cents each. The first stanza of the poem is as follows:

Romerkirkens Soiler vakle.
Hvad har rystet dens Portal?
Ak, det er dens egne Laster,
Som berede nu dens Fald.

WILLIAM FILLINGER, of Perry, Mich., who recently attended a revival and became religion mad in a mild way, was so much distressed over the unbaptized state of his sick mother that last week he began dashing water in her face, and continued the rite until she died of shock and exhaustion. Mr. Fillinger and wife were placed in jail.

THE Chicago "Evening Post" invites its readers to vote on the question: "Shall the World's Fair be open on Sundays?" At last accounts the vote stood two to one in favor of keeping the fair open.

REMSBURG will be with us November 7, and will give his lecture in San Francisco on "False Claims." Brother Putnam is expected to reach the city at about the same time.

SEND for "A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone." Price 30 cents.

ON A BOARD OF REGISTRATION.

I was favored this year, as I have been on several previous years, with the appointment to a precinct board of registration. There is a good remuneration attached to the place, and I saw a chance to get even with the city and county on the money question. Heretofore the balance of trade has been in favor of the municipality. I agreed somewhat blindly to devote six days to the service of my fellow-citizens, as the saying is. I supposed that, as in New York, the board would sit but one day at a time, until I received a kind note from Registrar Smiley saying that my attention to business would be demanded from the 14th to the 19th of the present month, inclusive, and my failure to materialize on those days would subject me to a fine of five hundred dollars in gold coin. The invitation was so cordial that I accepted at once.

The board met at nine o'clock Tuesday morning in the front room of a one-story cottage located on Filbert street. We were seven. There was, first, the inspector, a naturalized native of Brittany, France; second, two United States supervisors, one a Swede, but both pioneers; third, two United States deputy marshals, one a young gentleman with no visible means of support; the other, a pressman; fourth, two judges, one a German jeweler; the other, the author of these lines. The daily wages of these seven members of the board aggregated \$44. One of the deputy marshals served half the time, the other one did not serve at all. There was no possible use for either. The rest of the board attended pretty strictly to business. Every applicant for registration in this city and county must sign an affidavit describing his qualifications as an elector. The labor of filling out these affidavits I divided with the other judge, while the inspector administered the oath to the applicant, or "swore him off," as he chose to call that incantation.

The first day (at an expense of \$44) we received the affidavits of thirty-four citizens; the second day (expense \$44) we registered twenty-two. In the five days, at an expense of \$220 for clerical services and \$20 for rent—total, \$240—one hundred and twelve

electors were registered. All the work done by the seven men in five days, with the exception of "swearing off" the electors, could have been done by one man in one day at a cost of \$3. We could all see the injustice and extravagance of the thing, but we had our choice to serve or to pay the penalty of \$500 in gold coin. No enterprise but a government that gets its money without rustling for it could stand that sort of business management.

I could not feel that we were always doing even and exact justice to the applicants for registration. For instance, Mr. McMullen came in to "register," swore that he had been naturalized but had lost his papers, and was accepted. He was one of the pope's Irish and just touched the pen while I wrote "John McMullen, his mark." Tomaso Cuneo, one of the pope's Italians, was similarly situated, and could not even make a legible cross. But when a man belonging to a large mercantile house in the city made the mistake of leaving his thirty-year-old naturalization papers at home, and would not swear they were lost, we had to decline to register him. He was justifiably excited over the matter, and I applauded his action when he took down my name in order to report me at headquarters. It was necessary that he should swear to the date of his naturalization. He said he was naturalized on the day Fort Sumter was fired upon. He could not give the exact date, and as the board could not allow anyone to answer for him that it was April 12, 1861, he went away indignant.

There were some queer old relics who presented themselves to be registered. Adolph Eberhardt was one. His naturalization papers were dated at Sonora, Tuolumne county, March 5, 1849, and he is therefore several months older as a citizen than California is as a state. He gave us the information that Know-nothingism was very strong in Tuolumne county at the time he took out his papers, and it cost him twenty-eight dollars to be naturalized. He added that when he gave the money to the clerk of the court, the judge remarked that he was a little short of money himself, and thereupon put the twenty-eight dollars in his judicial vest pocket. Mr. Eberhardt signed his name with the stump of a hand that had been frozen off up in the mountains years ago.

The members of our board were above the suspicion of partisanship, and they never inquired the politics of the candidates who invited them across the street or around the corner to have a cigar. Although I was appointed as a judge to represent the Republican party on the board, I did not hesitate to accept a contract to print fifteen thousand cards for the Democratic nominee for supervisor of the second ward. This particular candidate is named John F. Winter, and he is a German of whom the neighbors speak highly.

The house at 715 Filbert street, in which the board sat, is built above a stable where about a score of Italian fish and fruit merchants lodge their horses. It is in the shadow of a larger building and never feels the warmth of sunshine. It is damp and full of odors and draughts that kept the board sneezing and filled our bones with rheumatic aches. We expressed our opinion of the place in the following communication to the board of health:

Before adjourning from their labors, the members of the board of registration for the Eighth Precinct of the Thirty-third Assembly District beg leave to report that in their opinion the house at 715 Filbert street is unfit for human habitation, being located above a stable whence arise odors destructive of comfort and dangerous to health. We would respectfully direct the attention of the board of health to the fact as above stated.

I left the place on Saturday night at ten o'clock, bearing with me the first symptoms of malaria I have ever enjoyed.

This election business strikes me as being very much like boys' play, and I am getting too old and stale to feel the enthusiasm over it that many display. I took no pride in guiding the hand of illiteracy that made its mark on an affidavit qualifying it to vote upon my affairs. When John McFadden, leading two goats, appeared to register, and confessed his inability to either sign his name or read a ballot, I could not help offering the suggestion that it was unfair to receive him as a sovereign elector and exclude the intelligent animals he was leading. I once saw at a circus an educated pig that would pick a good hand out of a deck of cards and play it to win. Applying the educational test, the pig would have as good qualifications for voting as the pope's illiterates.

G. E. M.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Senator Stanford was received by the Union League Club last Saturday night upon his return to San Francisco from abroad. —Politics is excessively lively in this city. The registration is 4000 larger than in 1888. —Members of the Kaweah Colony have issued a circular complaining of the management of the colony's affairs. —Census returns place the population of California at 1,204,002, an increase of 339,308 in ten years. Washington has 349,516. The Oregon census shows 312,419. The population of Los Angeles is placed at 50,394, of Oakland at 48,590, of Sacramento at 26,272, of San Jose at 18,027, of San Diego at 16,133, and of Stockton at 14,376. —The ripening of Eastern fruit has glutted the New York market. Fortunately California got her product in early.

"Original package" saloons are being opened in all parts of Kansas under the recent decision of the court. —The Rev. Albert Vedder, a Presbyterian clergyman, was sentenced at New York, Oct. 17, to five years' imprisonment for abducting Mamie McCann, a fifteen-year-old girl. —A Catholic priest at Elizabethport, N. J., has got his name in the papers by insulting some of his young lady parishioners whose dresses did not suit him. The gowns were slightly hollowed at the throat, and for that reason attracted the priest's lascivious attention. —The Political Alliance at Chicago has presented a petition to President Harrison, requesting him to present the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to the Senate of the United States as an associate justice in place of Justice Miller, deceased. —A big pile of money goes through the hands of the controller of the city of New York. For the quarter ended June 30 he received over \$17,000,000 (including a balance of \$1,600,000 from the previous quarter), and spent it all but about \$3,000,000.

The Russian painter, Nicole, a follower of Tolstoi, is exhibiting at Berlin a realistic picture which he calls "What is the Truth?" It represents Christ before Pilate at the moment when Pilate asks him that question. It is of the ultra-realistic type, and represents Christ as he is supposed to have appeared at that time. His clothes are dirty and disheveled, and his whole appearance is suggestive of a struggle. Several ladies, it is said, fainted in the gallery after looking at the picture. —The Prussian minister of commerce has before him a plan which has already been approved by the emperor for starting a workingmen's colony at Lichtenberg, a suburb of Berlin. It is proposed to erect there 4000 model houses and to place them at the disposal of the poor people at the monthly rental of \$5. The houses are valued at 4000 marks and the cheap rental stands in lieu of payments by installments on the property, so that the tenant or his family enters into ownership of the house after twenty years' occupation without extra payment. —Gladstone is making a tour of Scotland, and talking politics. —Capt. Sir Richard F. Burton, the African explorer, died at Trieste Oct. 20.

JESUS AS A LABOR REFORMER.

There is not to be found in the gospel narratives any statement of Jesus commending any person for doing an honest day's work, or manifesting the least interest in lightening the toilers' burdens, or in having them fairly compensated for their work. His ideal of society, if he had any, was to have it consist of the rich on one hand, and beggars on the other. He never told a rich man to build factories, roads, and bridges, and thus furnish the idle with remunerative employment and supply the mass of people with the comforts of life; but his message to the rich was, Sell all you have and give to the poor. Then, of course, the rich would also be among the beggars and could hold out their withered hands for alms. When they were naked and cold they would be in a condition to appreciate the beatitude, "Blessed be ye poor."

Jesus told the fishermen of Galilee to leave their work and he would make them fishers of men. They did so, but they and their successors have caught only mullet-heads and suckers unto this day.

Jesus was a carpenter by trade, but he neglected to build himself a house and was constrained to declare, pathetically, "The

foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." However, he declared he was going to build some fine houses in his father's mansion in heaven for the houseless tramps who were following him. The old saying is, "Like father like son," and when the son is a carpenter and builds no houses, but is constantly bragging about what a big mansion the old man has got on the home farm, the said mansion is apt to turn out like unto the palace in the following inspired parable.

Some years ago two Irishmen settled in the woods in northern New York and built each of them a log house containing one room. Patrick was continually boasting of his father's magnificent palace in the old country. Dennis listened quietly to Patrick's glowing descriptions of his father's palace, which were sure to come whenever a group of neighbors were collected, until they became tiresome. One day, at a raising, Patrick began his usual description of his father's palace, when Dennis broke out with, "Ach, yer father's palace! I cud run me arm down the chimney and open the front door of it."

Here is Jesus's idea of an equitable transaction between employer and employed: "For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour and saw others standing in the market place idle; and to them he said: Go ye also into the vineyard and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hours likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing; and he said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard. And when even was come, the lord of the vineyard said unto the steward, Call the laborers and pay them their hire, beginning from the last even unto the first. And when they came which were hired about the eleventh hour they received every man a penny. And when the first came they supposed that they would receive more, and they likewise received every man a penny" (Matt. xx, 1-9).

The "denarius," here rendered penny, was worth about fifteen cents. Jesus pronounced this a fair compensation for eleven hours' work. He pronounces this not only earthly justice, but heavenly justice. This householder was like unto the kingdom of heaven. Anyone can have my chance in the kingdom of heaven. I'll stay in Oregon. The "lord of the vineyard" told his hands, "Whatever is right I will pay thee," and then turned them off with a cent and a half an hour. There was a howl over the whole country when Beecher intimated that a laboring man could live on a dollar a day, but Beecher's master, Jesus, thought eleven hours' work in the hottest part of summer was worth about fifteen cents. If that was his idea of the value of labor, no wonder he quit work and went to preaching. If he could persuade the rich to sell all they had and give the money to the poor, so long as he was remembered among the poor he was likely to make an easier living than by working at fifteen cents per day; especially if he was not sharp enough to crawl under the shade of an uncursed fig-tree, until the cool of the evening, and come in at the eleventh hour.

Let us, my beloved brethren, consider how happy it makes the angels of God to have a sinner serve the devil ten hours and begin serving the Lord at the eleventh hour. "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance." Now if we can find out just how happy God's angels are over one sinner that repenteth we can estimate how happy they are over those just men. Here it is: "What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one of them, doth not light a lamp and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it? And when she hath found it she calleth together her friends and neighbors, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece that was lost. Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv, 8).

The revised version explains that one of these pieces of silver was worth about fifteen cents. So you see that the angels of God have a fifteen-cent jubilee over each sinner that repenteth. That would just about buy one bunch of firecrackers. I tell you

the angels of God are an enthusiastic set. They don't spare expense on great occasions. But there is more joy over the one sinner than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Hence the exuberant joy experienced over one of these just men amounts to \$0.0015! Fifteen-thousandths of a cent.

Moral 1: When labor is only fifteen cents per day, and they also pay fifteen cents for the last hour, don't over-exert yourself to get at work early.

Moral 2: The same of the kingdom of God. The last shall be first and the first last.

Milwaukee, Or.

D. PRIESTLEY.

THE PACIFIC NATIONALIST CLUB.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Permit me to say a few words regarding your editorial in last week's issue of FREETHOUGHT bearing on the differences existing in the Nationalist movement of this city.

"Mr. Cator's candidacy has split the Pacific Nationalist Club"—not at all. Some members objected to ethical readings, essays on kindergartens, Christian Socialism, etc., at the public meetings of the club and wanted to confine the limit of essays and discussions to purely politico-economic subjects, while others thought all questions of an advanced and reformatory nature were legitimate subjects for discussion in a Nationalist meeting. There existed further some personal differences among the membership of the club which made harmony a much-desired element; and while there was at no time an open rupture between the membership, it was thought best for the interest of the movement and the members to separate. Those who resigned will at once form a new club.

"Mr. C. F. Burgman declares for Cator and Reform." If I were domiciled in Mr. Cator's district I would vote for him. In the advocacy of advanced ideas I think him head and shoulders above his opponents. That is as far as I have gone into politics this election. As for having joined the "Reform Democracy," well, no, not at present; the company is too mixed.

Yours fraternally, CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

HERBERT SPENCER will contribute the opening article for the November number of the Popular Science Monthly. It is on "The Origin of Music," and extends the discussion in his essay on "The Origin and Function of Music," opposing Darwin's view that all music is developed from amatory sounds. A criticism by the late Mr. Gurney is also replied to in this article.

COLONEL INGERSOLL was refused the use of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia to deliver his lecture on "Art and Morality," for the benefit of the veteran poet Walt Whitman. The managers declared that the place could not be used by Infidels or Atheists. The colonel will speak in Horticultural Hall, October 31.

A MONUMENT to Horace Seaver was unveiled at Forest Hills cemetery, Roxbury, Mass., September 30. The structure is of granite, fifteen feet in height, and was erected at a cost of nearly \$1,300, contributed by the many friends of the deceased editor.

Remsburg's Lecture Appointments.

J. E. Remsburg left Kansas on his tour to the Pacific coast, September 15. He will reach California about the last of this month. His appointments for this state, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Colusa.....	Oct 30	Snelling.....	Nov 13
Sacramento.....	Oct 31	Hornitos.....	Nov 14
Michigan Bluffs.....	Nov 1, 2	Easton.....	Nov 15
Grass Valley.....	Nov 3	Fresno.....	Nov 16
Stockton.....	Nov 4	Hanford.....	Nov 17, 18
Santa Rosa.....	Nov 5	Tulare.....	Nov 19
Ukiah.....	Nov 6	Los Angeles.....	Nov 20
San Francisco.....	Nov 7	Fallbrook.....	Nov 21
San Miguel.....	Nov 8, 9	Bernardo.....	Nov 22
Monterey.....	Nov 10	San Diego.....	Nov 23
Gilroy.....	Nov 11	San Bernardino.....	Nov 25 26
Merced.....	Nov 12		

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THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION CONGRESS.

In response to an invitation which we extended to the editors of the American Sentinel and to the officers of the National Religious Liberty Association, we are happy to announce that we may expect to have the pleasure of an address from Prof. J. O. Corliss, corresponding secretary of the National Religious Liberty Association. We need not remind our friends how persistently the above organizations are protesting against Sunday laws, and, in fact, against the whole scheme of the National Reform party. It is true that the American Sentinel and the National Religious Liberty Association are swayed by different motives from ourselves. They observe Saturday as Sabbath—although they would not enforce its observance upon others. Their impelling motive is to uphold their Christian doctrines, while ours is to uphold the principles of Freethought. But, in the matter of total separation of church and state, we stand shoulder to shoulder. Why should we not therefore join forces? Our Constitution provides for the admission of societies auxiliary to the American Secular Union, where they pledge themselves to uphold the Nine Demands and to co-operate with us; and it leaves them perfectly free otherwise.

Whether the National Religious Liberty Association will see its way clear to becoming such an auxiliary to the American Secular Union, remains to be seen. At all events, we bespeak for Professor Corliss and for what he has to say to us, a cordial welcome from all true Liberals. In union is strength. And, since his association and ours are working toward the same end—religious liberty—it does seem as though we ought to help each other, however our respective isms may differ.

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec'y A. S. U.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1890.

PROGRAMME—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

While we are not prepared to give an exact list of the exercises at the coming Congress, we herewith furnish some information that may be of interest to our friends.

The Congress will assemble on Friday evening, October 31, 1890, in the Grand Opera House at Portsmouth, O. President Westbrook will call the meeting to order, and announce certain committees. An address of welcome will be delivered by J. L. Truthart, president of the local Union, and an original poem will be read by Lawyer Searl on the same subject—to both of which President Westbrook will make a reply. The secretary's report will then be read, at the close of which she will deliver an address on organization. This will be the keynote of the Convention; and it is very desirable that our friends be present on this occasion.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, the election of officers and other business will claim the attention of the Congress; and on Saturday afternoon there will be a general discussion of the best methods of promoting the objects of the American Secular Union—a discussion which will consist of short speeches. This, of course, will be open to all. Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook will read a short paper on "Common Sense." On Saturday evening an address will be delivered by Mrs. M. A. Freeman on "The Battle for Bread;" and another address will be delivered by Judge C. B. Waite, probably on "God in the Constitution." Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the "Open Court," and Lawyer Geeting, of Chicago, will also deliver short addresses.

On Sunday morning, addresses will be delivered by Rabbi David Philipson, of Cincinnati, and by the well-known lecturer,

W. F. Jamieson. On Sunday afternoon President Westbrook will deliver an address on "The Bible in Public Schools," and will be followed by the well-known New York lawyer and philosophical writer, T. B. Wakeman. On Sunday evening addresses will be delivered by L. K. Washburn, of the "Boston Investigator," on "The Sunday Question," and by Charles Watts, of Canada, editor of "Secular Thought," on "The Church and the Throne."

Other addresses will be made by various speakers whom we are not yet prepared to announce; and the above programme will be subject to alterations and emendations, should it be found necessary to transfer any speaker or speakers from one evening to another, etc. We have not yet received answers to the invitations given to Dr. McGlynn and Professor Adler.

Fine musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, will be furnished at each session, through the enterprise and liberality of our Portsmouth friends.

We are sorry to announce that Colonel Ingersoll will not be present. He has not delivered a lecture for nearly five years; and the present state of his health, as well as his business engagements, will not permit him to make the journey to Portsmouth.

Through the efforts of our friends in Portsmouth and Chicago we have succeeded in obtaining reduced rates on railroads running to the Congress; and these reductions are obtainable by all who attend the Congress, whether members or otherwise.

Friends leaving Chicago for the Congress will find it to their advantage to go by the B. & O., as this road charges but \$14.75 for the round trip, and does not compel those purchasing tickets at this rate to go all at the same time on one ticket, as other roads do, but will sell separate tickets, so that members who may be delayed to a later train can still have the advantage of the reduced fare. Those who wish to get their tickets at this reduction should consult Mr. A. M. Freeman, 402 West Madison street, Chicago, by mail or in person.

Our Portsmouth friends inform us that the Eastern, Central, and Southern railroad lines (the Western Passenger Association has declined to enter the pool) will grant us a reduction of two-thirds the regular fare on our homeward tickets, provided we comply with the following conditions:

1. Each person desiring the reduction must purchase a first-class ticket Portsmouth, Ohio, for which he will pay the regular fare; and upon request the ticket agent will, at the time he buys the ticket, give him a printed certificate of purchase properly filled up and signed by said ticket agent.
2. If through tickets cannot be procured at the starting-point the traveler must purchase to the most convenient point where through tickets can be obtained, and repurchase through to Portsmouth, requesting a certificate from the ticket agent at the point where the repurchase is made.
3. Tickets for the return journey will be sold by the ticket agent at Portsmouth, O., at one-third the highest limited fare, only to those holding certificates (referred to above) signed by the ticket agent at the point where through ticket to Portsmouth was purchased, and countersigned by Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, certifying that the holder has been in regular attendance at the Portsmouth Congress.
4. It is absolutely necessary that such a certificate be procured by each traveler, as it proves that full fare has been paid for the journey to Portsmouth, and that the purchaser is therefore entitled to the excursion fare returning. It will also determine the route via which the ticket for the return journey should be issued.
5. On some of the roads tickets for the return journey will be furnished only on certificates procured not more than three days before the meeting assembles, nor later than three days after the commencement of the meeting, and will be available for continuous passage only; no stop over privileges being allowed on tickets sold at less than full fares. Certificates will not be honored unless presented within three days after the date of the adjournment of the Congress.
6. Ticket agents will be instructed that the excursion fares will not be available unless the holders of certificates are properly identified, as above described, by Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union, on the certificate.
7. These certificates are not transferable.
8. The reduction on the return journey will apply only to the point at which the traveler's through ticket was purchased to Portsmouth on his way to the Congress.
9. (Very important.) No refund of fare will be made on any account whatever because of failure on your part to obtain a certificate. Should you neglect to obtain a certificate as the above conditions provide, you will be obliged to pay full fare both ways.

10. Last, but not least, it is recommended that those who wish to obtain certificates shall arrange to be at the ticket office a half hour before trains start, in order to receive proper attention from the ticket agent.

Several hotels in Portsmouth have reduced their rates for those attending the American Secular Union Congress. The Briggs House will charge two dollars per day, and several of the other hotels will charge only one dollar per day.

We hope that our friends everywhere will make a special effort to be present at the Portsmouth Congress. This Convention will be a turning-point in our history; and it behooves all good Liberals to strengthen the hands of the A. S. U. Congress, either in person or by representation through delegates. With the more thorough and widespread organization which this Congress, it is hoped, will secure, Liberalism can accomplish wonders this coming year; without better organization than we now have, we may as well resign ourselves, with closed eyes and folded hands, to be pushed to the wall by the encroaching ecclesiastical party.

Which shall it be, dear friends? It all depends on yourselves, whether the cause of intellectual and religious freedom shall be helped or hindered for the coming year. With your aid—financial, personal, or by special delegation—we can make this a red-letter Congress in the annals of the American Secular Union. Will you not one and all help?

R. B. WESTBROOK, President A. S. U.
IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec. A. S. U.

Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1890.

THE CAUSE IN WASHINGTON.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—While a carefully prepared presentation of the law and the facts, backed by arguments, and appeals to their sense of justice, have resulted in the cessation of religious exercises in most of our public schools; yet there are a number of places in the state where the school boards are wilful, stubborn, defiant, and in some districts the teachers have resorted to every mean, petty persecution of the children of those parents who have made protests against the injustice of forcing their children to daily repeat the Lord's prayer.

To end this, a case must be decided of sufficient moment to be generally commented on by the press throughout the state; failing in this a test case before the courts is an absolute necessity.

The directors of the Washington Secular Union have decided that appeal shall be made to the school board of this city (Seattle), as we have discovered that one of the teachers compels the children to recite the Lord's prayer in concert. We desire to resort to every laudable means to, if possible, avoid litigation. If this city school board refuse our request then we have no resource but the courts. But we are hopeful of their compliance with right, justice, and the law, and that the publicity we can give their decision will induce all the law-defying teachers to reform.

SUNDAY LAWS.—Rev. Wilbur Crafts, the able, fanatical secretary of the National Sabbath Union (with abundance of funds—for the fanatics back up their opinions with their cash), has been in the state making his headquarters in Tacoma. He is very subtle, and sends out instructions to his emissaries in all the cities of the state, how to use underhand schemes to favor their designs, realizing it is contrary alike to the letter and spirit and constitution to make religious laws, they make catspaws of the barbers and store clerks; the cry is, Oh, dear no! it is not a religious movement, religion has nothing to do with it, it is merely to insure to the poor tired workers the needed rest on the Lord's day.

We are now in the midst of a big fight. The barbers, finding they could not obtain the passage of an ordinance by the city council to enforce Sunday closing, fell back (at dictation of Crafts' emissaries) on an old territorial statute. They arrested three barbers for keeping open shop on Sunday. Two of them were scared into paying \$25 and costs. Mr. Samuel Christopher, a Liberal and member of the Washington Secular Union, fought the issue, and as in duty bound the Union resolved to defend him in his constitutional rights.

Our president and Mr. McDivitt appeared before Justice Miller, changed venue to Justice Rivers's court, and entered de-

murrer and motion to discharge the prisoner; first, because under the complaint he had not committed any offense against the laws; second, that the statute under which the complaint was made was repealed by the adoption of the constitution which guarantees "absolute freedom of religious sentiment, belief, and worship to every individual, and no one shall be disturbed in person or property on account of religion."

On Thursday the case was argued, Mr. Richard Winsor making a most able, eloquent, and convincing speech. On Monday, Judge Rivers, who had reserved his decision, gave judgment in our favor and Mr. Christopher was discharged, it being decided that the wording of the statute did not apply to a person following his trade, craft, or avocation, but only to opening places of business for trade, that is, sale or barter.

Rage filled the hearts of the goody-goody, pious bigots. On Monday the members of three leading clothing firms were arrested. One of them, H. Hershberg, is a member of our Union. All declare intention to fight the case. We have the three most able and eloquent lawyers of the city retained for the defense: Richard Winsor, Jas. H. Lewis, and Gen. J. B. Metcalf. They moved to dismiss the complaints on three grounds: First, Because the Sunday closing law is contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Second, Because it is contrary to a clause of the constitution, which expressly exempts this law from being in force. Third, Because cases of this kind must be founded on an information filed by the prosecuting attorney the same as if they were before a grand jury.

Judge Miller set the trial for next Friday, at 3 p.m. There is very great interest manifest in the case. We have law, reason, right, common sense, justice, all on our side; but we have the bitter prejudice and fanatical zeal of Sunday devotees in opposition. They are united, well-organized, have pledged ample means and generous support to the district attorney in conducting the prosecution (persecution) and have provided, at their own cost, able associate counsel to assist him.

We are repelling the malignant onslaught of the enemy, not in behalf of individuals only, but principle; not alone to secure free exercise of our constitutional rights in this city of Seattle; but of all people throughout the state.

Never was the necessity of earnest co-operation and efficient organization of Liberals made more apparent. What are you going to do about it?

C. B. REYNOLDS,
Secretary Washington Secular Union.

THE RELIGIOUS STATUS OF CANADA.

In a letter to the late Secularist Convention at Toronto, E. M. Macdonald, editor of the "Truth Seeker," wrote:

From the standpoint of an outsider, I should say that, religiously, the dominion is about twenty-five years ahead of its position some four years ago, when you located there, and I congratulate you. Even the Roman Catholics of Quebec are growing in Secular grace, and will soon be "on praying ground and pleading terms," as the Methodists—of whom you have too many with you—are wont to say. A friend of mine who was born near the city of Quebec, and who was educated for the priesthood, but left the church to become an inventor and a business man—a true type of a Secularist—revisited his boyhood's home recently, and when he returned to New York he told me this story. In the parish where live his relatives the people have begun to criticize their priest, and to question whether all his acts are of infinite wisdom. Among other things they wanted to know recently was what became of all their money. The tithes which the law gives him he could have, they said; but he was constantly demanding more, and the expenditure of this surplus it was their right to examine. So they elected two of the boldest of the questioners to the Board of Trustees, which is supposed to supervise the financial affairs of the church. These embryo heretics asked for the account books, and were refused. "The trustees," said the priest, "have always accepted my statements, and so must you." The trustees instituted law proceedings. Then the priest preached a sermon on "ingratitude," and violently denounced the two meddlers. They gave him the alternative of retracting or standing a libel suit. He retracted.

Then he called upon them and told them that unless they ceased their "persecution" he would call down upon them the wrath of God, and hinted at anathemas and curses and excommunication. At this the trustees actually laughed, and told him that he was some years behind the times; that God was not now the servant of the priests, neither was the priest the dispenser of heaven's displeasure. The priest appealed to the bishop, and the bishop wrote little pastoral letters to his recalcitrant children. But the trustees persisted, finally obtained the books, found that the priest had used the parish funds to build stables for his horses and for other private purposes, and made him refund.

This happened in the year of the Lord 1890 in French Canada, near Quebec! What will happen in the next century, when Upper and Lower Canada may be sovereign states in the American Union?

THE NEW "ORDER OF JESUS."

We had occasion to remark, a few weeks ago, that there were Freethinkers who regarded the Salvation Army as a vulgar copy of the Order of Jesus. Allowing for the differences in doctrine, the Booth organization is modeled on that of Ignatius Loyola. Even the "social" successes (real or delusive) of the Salvation Army are more than paralleled by those of the Jesuits, who managed to drill anarchic savages into order and decency in several parts of the world. What "the Army" lacks, and is ever likely to lack, is the learning of the Jesuits. Voltaire himself, to say nothing of other great heretics, was educated in one of their schools; and although he afterwards fought their creed with matchless skill, he never failed to praise the superior education they imparted to their pupils.

For a striking proof of our estimate of the Salvation Army, we refer the reader to the "Orders and Regulations" issued by Booth in the form of a penny pamphlet. This singular publication will convince any one open to conviction that the "general" feels he has his cattle well in hand, and can not only drive them where he pleases, but flick them smartly on any part from ears to hoof with his long-reaching whip. His aim is to subject them absolutely to his personal despotism. Every part of their lives is to be regulated. Not only the public, but the private—not only the religious, but the political, social, and domestic—conduct of his followers is to be rigorously and minutely determined for them. He is to be the head, and they are to be the tail.

First of all, as with the Jesuits, the Army is to be everything to its soldiers. They must court and marry within the ranks. "No soldier," says Booth, "should commence courting with any one who is not already a soldier, or unwilling [he means *willing*] to become one." He goes to the length of dictating: "Should a soldier become engaged to an officer who afterwards gives up or forfeits his or her commission, the soldier would be justified in breaking off the engagement." Personal honor and plighted troth are to be trampled under foot for the good of the Army. The dearest affections are to be governed, or even killed, by "orders and regulations." It is evidently the purpose of General Booth to breed Salvationists from Salvation fathers and mothers, and he zealously guards against any cross breeding.

According to the Apostle the faithful are to "salute one another with a holy kiss." But Booth is superior to the inspired writer, and the Bib'e, like everything else, must give way to his requirements. No Salvationist is to "kiss anyone of the opposite sex unless it is a relative or some person to whom he is engaged." And perhaps the order is a wise one. The general may know the inflammability of his soldiers, and remember the liveliness of the "all-night meetings" they once indulged in. Religious and sexual excitement are very closely related; and a kiss, which to a sober person may be a mere salutation, is apt with others to be the gate of concupiscence. Given a Salvationist all aflame with love for Jesus, and a kiss may send him God knows where.

Salvationists are to wear "wool or merino next the skin all the year round." This is sensible advice, but the soldiers must be very ignorant if they require it. They are also to eat "brown bread and good vegetables" to keep their blood cool, but this is largely nullified by the recommendation of "eggs."

Cardinal Newman, even in his unregenerate Protestant days,

preached that the Christian was only a passenger through the world. Booth inculcates the same idea. "Though still living in the world," he says, the Salvationist "is not of it, and he has, in this respect, no more business with its politics—that is, the public management of affairs—than he has with its pleasures." The Salvationist is not a citizen of this world. He is not to trouble his head about its business. But the general has his own notions, and when he wants them carried out he will issue his manifesto, and every soldier is then expected to "act in harmony with the rules and regulations laid down for him by his superior officers."

This charming aspect of the Salvation Army may partially account for its subvention by wealthy Christians. If half-a-million of working people, who might otherwise be Radicals, are to hold aloof from politics except when Booth orders them to vote solid, their support might be very valuable on particular occasions, and meanwhile they are subtracted from the popular side in the great battle between the "haves" and the "have-nots." Every rich Conservative is a fool if he does not send a yearly check to General Booth.

The Boothites are told to "surrender themselves to the guidance" of their officers, who are all appointed, shifted, and cashiered by the general. They are bidden to "rely on the wisdom and goodness" of these Booth-appointed officers, and to believe that "they have the spirit of God, and will only command what is right." That is, Booth has the spirit of God, and will only command what is right; and as "'tis he himself who says it," who on earth will entertain a doubt?

It appears that the soldiers held meetings for the consideration of business affairs, but this led to "discussions and disputes," and such meetings are henceforth prohibited. "There is no room in the army," Booth says, "for people who want to vote or argue or get their own way." This is on the face of it despotic, but in Booth's eyes it is "compatible with the largest amount of personal freedom." His soldiers have "the fullest liberty to be good," and the judge of what is good is William Booth, who is inspired by "the spirit of God." This spirit also inspires him what to do with all the cash.

Lest the Boothites should take to thinking, the wily general prescribes what they should read. They may "read with profit" the following: "The Bible, the War Cry, and our own publications." These contain all the necessary pabulum for salvationist minds, and as all except the Bible are published by Booth they may be read with "profit" to the general as well as his troops.

Such are the "orders and regulations" of this pious despotism, so far as they interest outsiders. Booth is more than the pope of the Salvation Army. The vicar of Christ at Rome is infallible, but is after all unable to do anything without his holy council of cardinals. The vicar of Christ whose headquarters are at the back of our own office is far more potent within his more limited scope. He is absolute. The elective principle is unknown in his army. He is self-appointed and he appoints everyone else. He holds all the power, all the income, and all the property. Beside him there is none. He is the head of the army in every sense of the word; he thinks for it and wills for it, down to the smallest details of the battle, the bivouac, and the barracks. His followers are his tail. They are all wagged, and by keeping his personal clutch on the property he prevents them from wagging him. The whole thing is a splendid tribute to his power of organization. But after all he does not organize independent men and women, and it is comparatively easy to organize sheep.—G. W. FORTÉ, in the London Freethinker.

THESE are the signs of the times: Rich idlers amusing themselves at Newport and Tuxedo; poor workers burying themselves in coal mines. Young men and women riding across country after a bag that smells like a fox; old men and women picking decayed food out of garbage cans. Lap dogs driving through Central Park to take the air; children stripping tobacco stems in garrets. Clergymen traveling to Europe for pleasure; real preachers of real gospel marching, with lock-step, in the penitentiary. Society women picking up millionaires at watering-places or princes in Europe; street-walkers picking up whomsoever they can along the Bowery. Piety in the White House enjoying

the fruits of bribery; Infidelity in the tenement houses enduring the punishment of uprightness.—Hugh O. Pentecost.

JEHOVAH'S POLITICAL PLATFORM.

Whereas, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, and am steering thee to the land of Canaan; where there is milk and honey; and every man shall have forty acres and a mule; and

Whereas, I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God and opposed to competition in the deity business, insisting upon a monopoly of admiration and worship; and

Whereas, I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and thus get square with the whole family; and

Whereas, In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, including sin and sorrow, and loafed the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and made the saloons close up; therefore be it

Resolved, That thou shalt have no other gods before me, inasmuch as I am the great and only original, and all others are base imitations.

Resolved, That Jehovah vieweth with alarm the constant encroachments of stone gods, wooden gods, mud gods, and little tin gods on wheels upon the prerogatives and perquisites of the big boss God, and therefore declareth that thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

Resolved, That the Sabbath day shall be remembered and kept holy and devoted exclusively to the giving of taffy to Jehovah, who is a vain God and pointeth with pride to his record on the labor question, which lieth in the first chapter of Genesis. As the Lord made everything in a six-days go-as-you-please race with nothing, thou shalt do no work on the seventh day.

Resolved, That the time-honored principles of eternal justice which were recognized by men before the Lord thy God was invented be reaffirmed and included in this platform for the sake of appearances and to give countenance to the preceding resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.

Resolved, That thou shalt not kill; provided, however, that the Lord may suspend this commandment when he deems it advisable to have Philistines, and people who disbelieve in him as the only original God, slaughtered for his eternal glory.

Resolved, That thou shalt not steal; but, for the sake of harmony, the Lord declareth that plundering the Amalekite is not stealing.

Resolved, That thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Resolved, That thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's.

Resolved, That the foregoing platform and resolutions be lithographed and published by Secretary Moses under the title of "Ten Commandments."—Liberty.

CAPTURING A PRIEST.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I rise to explain the denouement of San Diego's latest sensation, to wit: the priest named Carden, who was recently deposed from his "sacred office" by the Catholic bishop of this diocese for contending for the "faith once delivered to the saints," against the Freethought champion, Dr. J. L. York. Having failed to get employment within the Catholic "fold" in Oregon, the said priest telegraphed to the San Diego Liberal Union to know if his services would be accepted to lecture for that organization. The Liberals in reply agreed to give him the net proceeds of one lecture to be given under their auspices, with promise of other engagements, if mutually agreeable.

You may well imagine, Mr. Editor, that this news created a commotion in our city. The Liberals were jubilant; the Cath-

olics overcome with amazement. Such an unprecedented event as a Catholic priest bursting his prison bars was well calculated to excite alarm among the "faithful." Rumors were current that this "stray sheep" would be captured under a writ of *non compos mentis* immediately on his arrival. The president of the Liberal Union, a millionaire, offered to back him with one hundred thousand dollars, if necessary. Four delegates were appointed to meet the fugitive from clerical bonds at the steamboat landing, and escort him to one of the best hotels in the city. We went with an elegant turnout and carried the captive triumphantly to the hotel, where others were waiting to give him a cordial greeting. It was an enjoyable occasion.

When the time appointed for the lecture arrived throngs of people blocked the sidewalk in front of the Louis Opera House long before the doors were opened. The house was soon filled to its utmost seating capacity. The best musical talent in the city had been procured, to add charms to the occasion. The floral decorations were beautiful, and San Diego's "capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry, and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." The awakening came soon. We thought we had captured a priest, and the priest thought he had captured us. He took us for fools, and we had taken him for a gentleman and a scholar, and we were all mistaken. He spoke about fifteen minutes in a stammering school-boy fashion. The burden of his remarks were apologies to his Catholic brethren for being where he was, that the bishops refused to give him employment as a priest, that he was compelled to come to the Liberals or starve; but he had not changed his religion—he was still a Catholic, unappreciated by his bishops. He also said bishops here had too much power over their priests, owing to the nature of our government, the only remedy for which would be the establishment of canon law in America.

As canon law is exactly what we do not want, the Liberals decline to enter into any further engagement with the wily priest. We have learned one lesson, however, that priests, like the festive fleas indigenous to our soil, are not easily corralled. When you think you have got them safe you find they are not there. Educated from childhood in superstition, they know nothing else, and can conceive of nothing else. Truly they are to be pitied.

San Diego, Cal. Yours for liberty, MARY A. WHITE.

THE PUTNAM-JONES DEBATE.

Of the debate at Summerville, Or., between S. P. Putnam and the Rev. Mr. Jones, the Summerville "Annotator" says:

"The controversy on the divinity of the Bible was conducted in a manner creditable to both the participants. The reputation which preceded Mr. S. P. Putnam as an eloquent debater made some feel dubious that Mr. Jones would be able to entertain the Californian to the full extent of the situation. We were agreeably pleased at the ability and earnestness with which Mr. Jones maintained his position. The six nights' debate was attended by a large number of our citizens, with interest and instruction. The contention over the divine origin of the Bible—a theme so sacred and consolatory to so many confiding Christians—could not be investigated and discussed as to its correctness and authenticity, by so keen, able, and aggressive an assailant as S. P. Putnam, without disturbing, perhaps in some instances shocking, the comforting credulity of the Bible-loving people. This religio-mental tremor that those full of faith may have been shaken by, was unavoidable. It was both new and strange to some of them.

"But the affair would have closed without adverse comment had not an injudicious and unwarrantable personal attack been made upon one of the debaters, and had not the indiscreet authors of some ill-advised, and in some instances wholly unauthorized, resolutions, made the closing exercises the opportunity for perpetrating something for which an apology is due both the debaters and the public, whose privileges and rights were invaded, as is conceded by considerate and courteous people who were and are yet opposed to the humanizing of the Bible."

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments.

Fort Bragg, Cal. Nov. 1, 2 Porterville, Cal. . . . Nov. 12, 13, 14
Boulder Creek, Cal. . . . Nov. 9, 10 Tulare, Cal. Nov. 15, 16

THE NEW MODEL "OTTO WETTSTEIN" WATCH!

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Has 16 Jewels, Patent Regulator, Breguet Hair Spring (non-catchable), Beautiful double-sunk paneled dial, and all modern improvements. Is finely adjusted to heat, cold, and position; Stem wind and set, and new model. Made both for hunting and open-face cases and guaranteed a **Perfect Time-Keeper**.
PRICES: In Silverine Cases, \$19; 3 ounce pure Silver, \$22.50; 4 ounce, \$23.50; 5 ounce, \$25; 6 ounce, \$27; 7 ounce, Best dust-proof cases, \$24—no better sold elsewhere for \$35. In Best Filled Gold Cases, guaranteed 20 years, Patent Open-face, Screw Dust-proof, \$27; Hinged Back, \$30; Hunting, \$33; Louis XIV. style, either kind, \$2 extra. All elegantly engraved or plain. In cases guaranteed 25 years, special artistic chasing, \$5 and \$10 more.

In 14 kt. Solid Gold Open-face Cases, \$45 to \$80; Hunting, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$90 to \$100. Sent prepaid with written guarantee, and cash refunded if not entirely satisfactory. No one else in the world sends out or sells so **GOOD AND ELEGANT A WATCH FOR THE PRICE.**

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Three ounce Silverine case, seven jewels, \$7.50; eleven jewels, \$9; fifteen jewels, \$10; do., adjusted, \$16. In three ounce Coin Silver case, \$11, \$12.50, \$13.50, and \$19.50. In four ounce case \$1 extra, and in four ounce dust-proof case \$1.50 extra. In best open-faced, dust-proof, filled Gold case, seven jewels, \$16; eleven jewels, \$17.50; fifteen jewels, \$18.50; do., adjusted, \$24.50; do., hinged back, gold cap, \$3 extra. Extra fine engraved \$1 and \$2 additional. Hunting cases, gold cap, seven jewels, \$23; eleven jewels, \$24.50; fifteen jewels, \$27.50; do., adjusted, \$31.50. In special, artistic engraved cases, \$5 to \$10 more. The latter are rarely seen even in best stores. All filled cases guaranteed twenty to twenty-five years. Beware of others!

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Best filled, seven jewels, \$17; eleven jewels, \$18.50; fifteen jewels, \$25. 14 kt. solid Gold, \$27; eleven jewels, \$28.50; fifteen jewels, \$35. More elaborate and heavier cases, \$2, \$5 to \$10 extra. Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, embossed and enameled cases, \$10 to \$100 extra. **ALL WATCHES ARE STEM-WIND AND SET.** All guaranteed one year, after the expiration of which time they will be cleaned for \$1 and returned free. 10 kt. filled gold cases \$2 less

Diamonds.

I am an expert in this line and guarantee my goods at least 20 per cent below lowest market prices. Rings, Pins, Eardrops, Studs, etc., worth \$35 for \$25; do. worth \$70 for \$50; do. worth \$100 for \$75; do. worth \$200 for \$150; do. worth \$500 for \$375. Sent subject to approval, and cash refunded if not strictly as represented.

Watch-work.

Nine-tenths of the "jewelers" of America are botches, and don't know as much about "handling" a fine watch as an elephant does about a Beethoven symphony. A noted phrenologist once told Wettstein, "If you are not a first-class mechanic the Lord Almighty never made one." Send me your work. Cleaning, \$1; jewels, \$1; springs, \$1. Best work guaranteed and returned free. **LIBERAL EDITORS' AND LECTURERS' WATCHES REPAIRED FREE.**

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I remember going to the British museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forgot which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge, I know—and, before I had glanced half down the list of premonitory symptoms, it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus' dance—found, as I expected, that I had that, too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals" if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then all of a sudden it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it

with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. We will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said: "I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got it."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said:

"You are a chemist?"

He said:

"I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative store and family hotel combined I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

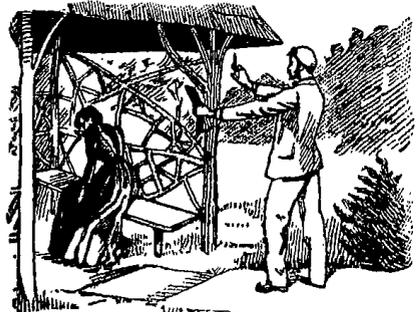
I read the prescription. It ran:

- 1 lb. beefsteak, with
- 1 pt. bitter beer
- every 6 hours.
- 1 ten mile walk every morning.
- 1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand.

I followed the directions with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved and is still going on.—Lawrence K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*.

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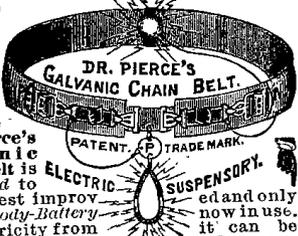
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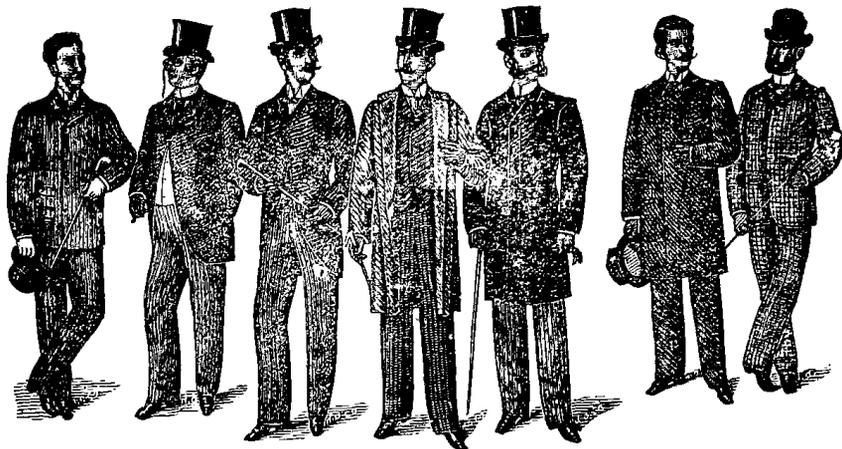
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

In order to make our friends better acquainted and to enable them to patronize one another in trade, we will publish in this column the names of the

How He Resembled Flannel.

There have been a few, a very few, extremely High Church Episcopal clergymen in this country who appeared to think that a studied neglect of the bath was a mark

PROFESSION OF FAITH

OF A SAVOYARD VICAR.

about three hundred tons are taken out daily and shipped to San Francisco. Wm. Campbell, the superintendent, has been here for about twenty years and knows every inch of the soil and the whole lay of the land and coal. I found a hospitable welcome at his house. Both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are good Liberals, and around their fireside there was a happy refuge from the storm. The storm and the sun had quite a battle, and at one time I was willing to bet on the sun, but about sunset the storm was on top, and at the hour for the lecture it just poured. However, Oregonians are not much scared at a storm, and a pretty good number were present, and I was quite well satisfied with the outcome. I feel as if I must come again and that fairer fortunes will prevail. But I could not find a more genial resting-place than with the Campbells, and if I always find such a splendid shelter I can stand the storm and stress of fate.

Jas. H. Cox, H. P. Styppe, D. H. Campbell, and Wm. Campbell are on the roll of Freethought; and this little camp will keep the fires of progress blazing.

Things looked dubious Saturday night. If the rain kept on there was a poor prospect of getting out either by land or sea, and I might be imprisoned for a month. But Sunday morning it was perfectly brilliant. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky, and the delicious and soul-inspiring weather continued until Tuesday morning. When they do have fine weather in Coos county they have the finest. It can't be beat. The sea and sky and the woods just sparkle with effulgence. The air is like wine. It makes the blood flow like music.

I had a good attendance at the lectures. The Liberal element at Marshfield is still in the lead, although it must be confessed that many are indifferent, and I ought to have had audiences twice as large as I did; but the welcome was cordial, and for sociability and good will Marshfield is on the white list every time. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. L. Marks, W. G. Webster, Judge Hyde, Dr. C. Minnis, Mrs. Fannie M. Bates, Miss Blanche Bates, Willie Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Wirth, Mrs. S. B. Cathcart, Wm. Vincamp, Wm. Barkas, the Hutchesons, J. A. Snively, L. A. Tennery, Phil DeMotte, of Roseburg; Capt. Roberts, Hall, Siglin, and Luse, and others—these make a splendid roll-call for the Secular host, and every moment of my time was pleasantly passed.

W. A. Luse is a Radical of the Radicals, who has the courage of his opinions, be they popular or otherwise, and he is as ready to criticise the Liberals as anybody else. But he is a live man, and like Michael Angelo will eventually criticise by creation and show by actual matter of fact what can be done for reform. Like myself, he is in favor of a new party with the Demands of Liberalism as the fundamental platform.

J. D. Garfield, representative-elect, is likewise pushing ahead the material interests of Marshfield. He is building a big hotel which presents an imposing appearance as one enters the city.

I have to thank W. G. Webster for favors and good fellowship which will not be forgotten.

Mrs. L. Mark still supplies the glitter of fashion to those who purchase, but Freethought does not pale its ineffectual fires. I spent the morning with L. Marks. He has been a wondrous traveler, somewhat after the fashion of Ulysses, over the countries of Europe as well as America, and has studied human nature from many a varied and romantic experience.

Anton Wirth is heart and soul in the cause, generous and ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and it goes when such stalwart Liberalism is "on the march."

Mr. and Mrs. Hilborn are in San Francisco, and I had not the pleasure of meeting them. Miss Blanche Bates is about to attend college in San Francisco, and the golden state will welcome a Liberal, bright and enthusiastic. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of the Central Hotel, give the Pilgrim an entertainment that will not make him an "angel" very soon. The good things of this earth prevail.

I was pleased to meet my friend, Lawyer Bennett, who gave me such a jolly good time on my last trip.

I have to record the death of three of our band, good and true men—R. M. Hutcheson, Wm. Hall, and F. M. Garrison. They have been staunch supporters of Freethought, and to the end were courageous and unflinching. Over the grave shall bloom the flowers of memory, and the heroic life shall not pass into oblivion while the bright sea rolls its requiem.

Marshfield looks to the future. The immense quantities of coal and lumber in this country and other resources make this one of the most important and flourishing sections of Oregon. The railroads are coming in, not one, but two or three; and with the factories that must sometime be in operation, it seems as if Marshfield might be the Pittsburg of the coast.

I have hopes of all but East Marshfield, where the chief advertisement is a lonely church building which has such a tomb-like appearance in the midst of ghostly stumps that only a good old-fashioned Christian would think of settling in such a lugubrious place. It has no attractions for the Liberal.

Otherwise, I like the appearance of Marshfield and vicinity; and those who are wandering the wide earth for a location would find it a profitable journey to visit these wooded shores. But like every other place where the boom has fixed its abode there is need of plenty of cash to make the most of the opportunities.

I leave Marshfield on Tuesday for Coquille, with every indication of fair weather, and over the sparkling waters the Express glides and Marshfield disappears in the gorgeous distance with a promise and memory that will bring me back again where such good comradeship makes the work of reform a pleasure.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union is held at Portsmouth, Ohio, beginning on Friday evening, October 31, and continuing to the evening of Sunday, November 2. The Liberals at Portsmouth prepared a fine musical programme, and the Secular Union furnishes a good list of speakers, including Judge Westbrook, Miss Ida C. Craddock, Dr. Paul Carus, editor of the "Open Court," Judge C. B. Waite, T. B. Wakeman, Esq., L. K. Washburn, editor of the "Investigator," Rabbi David Philipson, Charles Watts, and other eminent people. That the Congress of the Union is welcomed by the people of Portsmouth seems to be assured by the following announcement in the Portsmouth "Blade:" "The Secular Unionists meet here next week. Noted men and women of letters belong to it. We may not see as they see, we may not be in accord with their views, but we can show them what hospitality is. That belongs to humanity. It is not bounded by beliefs. It is as broad and as endless as space. It is the noblest attribute of the human heart. Where it is not there is no Christianity. Where it is not there is no love. Where it is not there is no soul. Let us make it pleasant for these strangers. If they preach strange gods, go into the temple as did Paul and dispute

with them. If they desire to give reason for the faith that is in them, give them respectful audience—hear them for their cause. No faith as we see it is worth the having whose bulwarks cannot withstand the most searching scrutiny. To run away from, to ignore argument from whatever source or in whatever disguise the alleged devil may come, is a confession of weakness not creditable to the faithful.”

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The San Francisco Freethought Society will open its meetings for the season with a sociable and dance at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, November 2. The committee has prepared an attractive musical and literary programme with which the evening's exercises will begin. Admission to gentlemen 25 cents, ladies free.

OUR friend, W. F. Jamieson, the well-known Liberal lecturer and debater, is in financial trouble. Some four years ago he settled on some government land in the San Luis valley, Colorado, and set to work to improve it. He expended hundreds of dollars for fencing, irrigating, etc., and ran in debt. During his absence on a lecture tour parties who evidently desired to despoil him of his possessions sued him, got judgment, and attached his farm. Notes which he gave to get money to pay his laborers were procured and used against him, so that now he needs \$750 at once in order to save his home. He asks for loans for five years, at 7 per cent interest, in sums from ten dollars to one hundred. This will redeem his home from debt and break the grasp of the usurers. He will receipt and send a note to each contributor, and when the debt is lifted he offers to give a first mortgage to secure the notes. Express or money orders should be sent to postoffice box 366, Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Jamieson has issued a circular setting forth the exact facts of the case, which he will doubtless forward to inquiring friends, so that they may contribute wisely and intelligently. We would be pleased to hear that Brother Jamieson is out of the toils before the close of the present month.

MOSES HARMAN'S case in the O'Neill matter was called at Leavenworth, Kan., on the 16th ult. and laid over until the second week in November. Meanwhile Mr. Harman is at liberty. The postmaster at Topeka refuses to receive "Lucifer" for transmission through the mails as second-class matter on the ground that it is an immoral publication, but charges third-class rates, or four cents per pound, which Mr. Harman is now obliged to pay. Just where the consistency of this thing comes in is not conspicuously apparent. If "Lucifer" is unmailable at one cent per pound, it is difficult to discern how it becomes any more mailable at four times that rate. An unmailable paper should not be admitted at any price according to the law, but a regular publication that is mailable is entitled to transmission at the rate of one dollar per hundred pounds. There is no middle ground under the law, and in establishing one the postmaster at Topeka has made a fool of himself.

THE "Banner of Light" spirit-message department contains what purports to be a communication from one William Stone, who has formed the acquaintance of Horace Seaver in the other world. Stone reports that Mr. Seaver "is in good condition, is studying the laws of the new life, remembers his old acquaint-

ances and associates with love and regard," but declines to attempt any communication with them. "He can't and won't speak for himself," says Mr. Stone. The Boston "Investigator," of which Mr. Seaver was editor up to the time of his death, entirely repudiates Mr. Stone's message, and thinks that if Horace Seaver ever had a chance to speak for himself he would surely take advantage of it.

M. E. BILLINGS, after having a second trial for the murder of Prosecuting Attorney Kingsley and conviction and again appealing to the supreme court of the state of Iowa, has just had the verdict set aside by that tribunal. So he goes free. It was a queer case. Colonel Billings will be remembered as the author of the "Crimes of Preachers."—"Ironclad Age."

We are informed that Billings has renounced Freethought and gone back to the Christian fold. Possibly this had something to do with his acquittal, but any way we are satisfied. A man who has no higher idea of the mission of Liberalism than the publishing of the derelictions of those who do not agree with him on the subject of religion is not a valuable acquisition to either the orthodox or heterodox ranks.

MR. HIRSCH, our minister to Turkey, has worked himself into a state of wild excitement over the arrest of an American citizen at Constantinople, and though the citizen has been released and an apology tendered by the Porte, Mr. Hirsch demands satisfaction and the punishment of the officers making the arrest. In lieu of such satisfaction he threatens to "make it hot" for the Ottoman empire. It is remarkable how much greater outrage the arrest of an American becomes when made in foreign parts than when perpetrated under the stars and stripes at home.

THE charge is made, and pretty well sustained, that the schools of San Francisco are in the hands of politicians, and are used as pasturage for the lambs of Boss Buckley. It is also charged that the Catholic church has the naming of a majority of the teachers. We understand that Mr. John Sweet, one of the candidates for superintendent of schools, is opposed to political or sectarian teachers, and if that is true his election is to be earnestly hoped for. The schools should not be conducted for the benefit of either the politicians or the priests.

THERE is an editor in Mendocino who aspires to a harp. His name is Heeser, and he lights the county every week with a paper called the "Mendocino Beacon." S. P. Putnam will lecture in Fort Bragg November 1 and 2, and when the gentlemen who are arranging for the occasion applied to Mr. Heeser for advertising space in the "Beacon," the righteous editor declined to permit his columns to be used for such a purpose. The "Beacon," it is understood, sheds only a dim, religious light.

THE discussion between S. P. Putnam and the Rev. Mr. Jones at Summerville, Or., ended several weeks ago, but the discussion about the discussion still proceeds in the locality where it was held. The Summerville "Annotator" contributes this item: "In the Jones-Putnam debate, recently closed in this city, there may be a difference of opinion as to who was the victor, but for courtesy and gentlemanly deportment the advantage was certainly in favor of the Agnostic."

THE Liberals of Oregon, as well as those more particularly known as Spiritualists, will do well to engage the services of Moses and Mattie Hull for lectures. And if there are any par-

sons in the state who are aching for debate, Mr. Hull is the proper man to send out against them. We presume that any communication addressed to these workers, in care of C. Beal, Portland, Or., will reach them.

A MOMENT'S thought will show subscribers the propriety of naming both their old and their new address when ordering the directions on their wrappers changed.

ADVICE to our readers: Get a copy of Lillian Leland's "Traveling Alone" while they are going. It is sent by mail at 30 cents.

OBSERVATIONS.

Somebody has been good enough to Mr. D. Colvin, of Champion, Jefferson county, New York, to send him FREETHOUGHT regularly for a year or so. Mr. Colvin is a pious man; he let the paper come as long as it was paid for, but now discontinues. He writes thus cheerfully:

"I am a Methodist class leader. Wife and I have felt the quickenings of the holy spirit, showing me my very sinful condition out of Christ and helping me to go to him in humility, seeking and finding pardon for past sins, and helping to keep me from sinning any more. Knowing this, you will see how every paper I have permitted to be brought home from the postoffice has cost me heartaches. I have felt your lost and undone condition, also those that support this paper, and hope that you may soon realize your condition and seek forgiveness of your past sins before it is too late. I know there is an infinite God, Christ, and Holy Spirit, three in one, as you have a body, soul, and spirit. God has given you a choice; will you choose to live as you are living? Oh, I beseech of you to remember that you are only a steward; turn to the living God; believe on his name; seek his pardon, and may God grant that we may meet around his throne to praise him forever.

"I am owing you for the paper since May, 1890, but I will inclose some copies of the paper I take, 'The Divine Life and International Expositor; please read them and I will feel that you have the full value for what I owe you."

Mr. Colvin has taken FREETHOUGHT from the office six months and has not paid for it, and therefore owes this company one dollar. He thinks that three copies of a pious Sunday-school magazine printed in 1887 will settle the bill. He says he has felt the quickenings of the spirit showing him his sinful condition, and I am glad of it. No doubt he has been a rascal in his day, but I would like to know what grounds he has for saying that I am in a lost and undone condition, or that I ought to seek forgiveness for past sins. A man living in Champion, Jefferson county, N.Y., is not qualified to prescribe for persons who reside in California. The climate is different and surroundings are diverse. Up in Champion they may have advantages we do not enjoy out here, so that it is easier for a man to be religious there than it is on this coast. An amount of quickening by the holy spirit that would make a Champion, Jefferson county, sinner sit on his bootheels and address the heavens in oral prayer would scarcely phase the impenitent of these parts. Out this way the holy ghost is looked upon as a played-out Eastern product, which our residents do not take kindly to. California is a state of great resources herself, and if we conclude that we want holy spirits we can raise them here. We know there is soil somewhere between Crescent City and San Diego where they will do well, and if we once get the industry started and have the McKinley bill to shut out foreign competition, we shall be sending them East in tanks and on platform cars before the presidential election of 1892.

We are becoming quite accustomed to the commiseration of Eastern people for our want of advantages. They think we ought to have beer on ice, oysters at a cent apiece, and religion on tap. They don't see how we get along without banking up the house every fall, melting snow to drink when the well freezes up, and believing in a good warm hell, as they do in Champion, Jefferson county, N. Y. The want of a competing line that intelligence can travel over at rates the traffic will bear keeps them in the dark about the real facts of the situation, which are otherwise

than they think. Californians do not care to incur the mental strain of believing in hell, because it is so much easier to go to Sacramento during a political convention, while it causes less waste of brain force to visit Oakland or go down into the Santa Clara valley than to grasp the Christian conception of paradise.

These things will explain to Mr. Colvin why we lead the life we do and are indifferent to the consolations he thinks so much of. He will also see now, I think, why I do not care to send him FREETHOUGHT any longer in exchange for back numbers of the "Divine Life."

If anything would cause me to vote for both of the candidates for governor at the next election, I think the course taken by the respective opponents of E. B. Pond and H. H. Markham would have that effect. The charge against Mr. Pond is that he has gained possession of large tracts of land in Oregon; but what enemy of Mr. Pond is there who would not do the same if he could? Beyond the ordinary villainy of land grabbing and land speculation, the accused person does not appear to have gone. How he obtained the title to his land is a question which few real estate speculators would care to raise, since the title to nearly all land, except that of squatters or settlers, is clouded. Grabbing all you can and holding all you get, is not opposed to current business morality.

Against Mr. Markham is laid the accusation that some ten years ago he indorsed the discharge of a gang of men whom he characterized as an "Irish crowd" from his mines and mills at Oro Grande, and permitted them to be replaced with Chinese. For this reason Mr. Markham is thought to be undeserving of the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, particularly the Irish; but it does not appear that the persons who make this plea have urged any of their adherents to vote for O'Donnell, who is running for mayor on a conspicuously anti-Chinese platform. Furthermore, it is charged that Mr. Pond is at present employing Mongolians in his Alaskan canneries, which fact is overlooked by those who object to Mr. Markham's employment of the same class. The truth is, whether generally recognized or not, that if every candidate on both tickets is an employer of Chinamen, he is not a greater offender than nine-tenths of the voters of both parties. It is next to impossible for the citizen of California to escape from patronizing, either directly or indirectly, the so-called coolie. If you take your shirt to the laundry office, the chances are in favor of its going through the hands of a Chinaman before it comes back. Your shoes, if you get them made to order, may be constructed by white labor, but who knows? and if the price and goods are satisfactory, how many ever inquire? Most of our fruit is picked by Chinese hands, and any one who rides over a railroad in the state patronizes the Chinaman who laid the rails or shoveled the dirt. It is probable that the Irish, who are expected to boycott the candidate, are direct employers of Chinese; since many of the Irish are poor and are compelled by necessity to accept the cheapest goods, which the Mongolian manufactures. Everybody hates the Chinaman, but everybody uses him just the same.

There is nothing to be said in favor of the employment of Chinese labor from any but a business point of view. The Chinese are a degraded class, many of them positive slaves. By superior skill, superior industry, or smaller demands for the reward of labor, they obtain the work which white workmen rightfully think should be given to them. The Chinese quarter in this city is the home of crime and unspeakable vice. Nevertheless our larger hotels and our wealthier classes employ them as servants; corporations work them in mines; steamship lines use them for coal passers and firemen; in fact, they are everywhere, on farm and in shop, and people who are in a position to know assert that those who do not employ them are under a great disadvantage in competition with those who do. It is, then, the purest hypocrisy to base an objection to a candidate for a public office on the fact that some corporation or company in which the candidate is interested has them in its service; and everybody knows this to be true. Everybody knows, too, that if Markham or Pond had only committed the offense of discharging a "Yankee mob" or an "American gang" instead of an "Irish crowd," the act would not have been brought into the

campaign at all. There is but one element to be influenced by this sort of demagoguery, and that element is none the less dangerous because it comes from beyond the Atlantic instead of the Pacific.

For saying all of which, may the pope forgive me.

I ran across a Bible story the other day that seems to be prejudicial to the theory of some modern Christians that interest-taking, speculation, and gambling are opposed to divine teaching. The story is in the twenty-fifth chapter of the gospel according to Matthew, beginning with the fourteenth verse and continuing to the thirtieth. It relates that there is a kingdom of heaven which is like unto a householder about to travel into a far country, who turned his real and personal property into cash, and intrusted the same to his servants according to their several abilities. To one he gave five talents, to another two talents, and to a third one talent. A talent, in those days, was worth pretty near two thousand dollars. The book does not say that he left any instructions about the disposition of the coin, but "straightway took his journey" as soon as he had made the divy.

The man who got the five talents, it seems, took them into the street and played policy, or bought stocks, or bet on the races, or invested in a mine. It is likely that he lost at first, and may have gone so near broke that he was beginning to think about getting across the line into Judea before the old man came back; but later on luck changed, so that he recouped himself and doubled his original investment, and Mr. Householder got back ten talents for his five. We do not know whether the servant won more than five talents, but it is possible that when he gave the householder ten he put twenty in his own pocket.

The second man in ability had two talents, as stated, which he undoubtedly invested in lots with a rising tendency. Possibly he violated the ethics of Mr. Pentecost by holding vacant land out of use, or by taking interest, rent, and profit. At any rate, when the traveler returned, the speculator had made money enough to pay back the two talents and the Dutchman's one per cent interest.

The third man had probably never had so much money before in his life, and his first thought, if he was honest, was: "This talent does not belong to me, and I have no right to use it for speculative purposes. I am no gambler. The man who owns the talent is a hard man to please. If I lose his money he will roast me for embezzlement, and I am not going to run any risks." So he puts the coin in a sack and caches it, and when the old man comes back he presents it to the rightful owner with a clear conscience.

But what does this householder, this type of the kingdom of heaven, do? He takes the principal and one hundred per cent from servant number one, and asks no questions about the way the loan has been doubled. He just makes the gambler his partner in business and says, "Well done." He also takes the speculator into the firm, pockets his gains, and gives him a similar testimonial. But when he comes to the only trustworthy man in the outfit, who gives him back dollar for dollar, he calls him a lazy tramp and makes him donate his one talent to the five-talent man, who is already a capitalist. Says he: "Thou oughtest to have put my money with the exchangers [the Shylocks], and then at my coming, I should have received mine own with *usury*." "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." No wonder there was wailing and gnashing of teeth.

This story directly enjoins gambling and speculation by men who have money left in their care. It instructs the treasurer of the Sunday-school not to safely guard his trust, but to invest it. If he loses, he will be prosecuted; if he gives back only what he receives, he will be damned; but if by taking usury he doubles the investment, he will enter into the joy of his lord.

Geo. E. Macdonald

J. E. REMSBURG will speak in San Francisco within the coming week. His subject will be "The False Claims of the Church." Up to the time of our going to press the hall has not been decided upon, but subscribers will be notified by postal card.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The cost of San Francisco's new city hall up to the date of the last report is \$4,445,460, and the structure is not yet completed. —Twenty-four candidates for offices on one ticket are members of the Young Men's Institute, a Roman Catholic organization in this city. —Two members of a co-operative "white labor" shirt factory were expelled by a council of the Federated Trades in San Francisco last Sunday for employing Chinese laundrymen. —Oakland has 10,894 registered voters. —The Krieger Verein celebrated last Sunday the ninetieth birthday of Von Moltke, the Prussian field marshal, and sent the venerable soldier a congratulatory telegram. The Kriegers differ from the other Germans of the coast in still maintaining a sort of sympathetic allegiance to the empire. —A syndicate of Eastern capitalists has been formed to boom real estate at Port Angeles, Wash. —J. L. Sillman, who shot Fiske at Fresno, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and will be imprisoned for life. —The Pacific Coast Laborers' Union has adopted a series of resolutions indorsing Senator Stanford for his action in regard to the land loan measure, and pledging its members to work for his return to the Senate. —The Mechanics' Institute Fair closed last Saturday evening. —Secretary Windom, Attorney-General Miller, and Postmaster-General Wanamaker, who are specially charged by law with the selection of a suitable site for a post-office building at San Francisco, have had another conference on the subject. No conclusion was reached.

In 1833, John Mullanphy, of Ireland, placed a large sum of money in the hands of Bishop Rosetti, of St. Louis, who is now dead. The heirs of one John Walsh were to receive the money, which, it is claimed, amounts to \$5,000,000. Mrs. John Powers, of Maryland, claiming to be the sole heir of John Walsh, will sue the present archbishop of the St. Louis diocese for an accounting. —The New York "Herald" has figured it out that nearly five million dollars was contributed to the relief of the Johnstown flood sufferers, and that only about one-half that amount ever reached the intended beneficiaries. The "Herald" charges unwise and corrupt administration of the fund. —At St. Louis last Sunday night a fakir advertised to expose the tricks of modern Spiritualism. He failed so completely that the audience mobbed him and raided the box-office. —Secretary Blaine made an address at Canton, O., the home of Major McKinley, of tariff fame, last Saturday. Mr. Blaine expounded and defended the major's tariff schedule. —The Rev. Martin L. Fritsch, for twenty-five years a respected minister at Redding, Pa., has been sentenced to three months in jail for pilfering small articles in a hardware store. —Twenty-two Capuchin monks registered in one ward in Milwaukee. They will vote against the Bennett law.

The Catholic bishops of Ireland have issued a pastoral letter expressing sympathy for the poor people of that country, and warning them against the "plan of campaign" proposed by the agitators. —An American subject was recently arrested in Constantinople on suspicion of engraving seals for a secret society. Mr. Hirsch, the U. S. ambassador to Turkey, is making a vigorous demand for satisfaction, although the authorities have released the man and apologized. —The Russian police have discovered and raided a Nihilist printing-office at Odessa. —Gladstone says that disestablishment of the Scottish church will be the leading question at the next general election. —Austria is said to be intriguing with Rome for the destruction of Italian unity and the restoration of the pope's temporal power. —A party of three hundred poles, while trying to reach Prussian territory from Warsaw, Russia, October 24, with the intention of emigrating to Brazil, were fired upon by the Russian frontier guard, whose order to return had been disobeyed by the Poles. Six men, two women, and one child were killed.

THE Freethinkers' Magazine for November contains a portrait of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan and a biographical sketch of his life. The leading articles are: "Aristotle's Agreement with Modern Ideas of Virtue," by Sarah A. Underwood; "God in the Constitution," by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll; "The Sorrows of God," by George Jacob Holyoake. The literary and editorial departments are interesting, in which are communications from

Parker Pillsbury, Lucy N. Colman, Susan H. Wixon, F. May Holland, and other Liberal writers. For sale at this office. Price 20 cents.

OBITUARY.

KATE PARKER.

Mrs. Kate Parker, wife of Leonard Parker, died at her residence near Anaheim, Orange county, Cal., October 16. She was nearly seventy years of age. Mrs. Parker was one of the most intelligent women on this coast. Her knowledge of botany and all kinds of still life was perhaps unrivalled anywhere. She had always been a Freethinker and her last request was that no orthodox minister be allowed to speak over her remains. Mrs. M. W. Alex, of Santa Ana, was invited to deliver the oration at the house. The longest retinue ever seen in that part of the country followed her remains to their last resting-place. Mr. Smithwick, a gentleman of eighty-four years of age, who has spent a life in the Liberal faith, closed the ceremonies with a few appropriate remarks at the grave.

Mrs. Parker and her life-long consort, Leonard Parker, have been known for years as the leaders of the Liberal movement in Anaheim. Some two years ago they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Some months since, Mrs. Parker sustained injuries from an accident from which she never recovered. We shall miss her helpful words and deeds, and her earnest labors in the cause of Freethought.

MRS. H. L. BOYES.

Two weeks ago Mr. H. L. Boyes, of Seward, Neb., gave back to Mother Nature the wife of his youth, manhood, and age. She was 74 years old. The funeral exercises were simple and brief, consisting of music and the reading of poems by Judge Lawley and Mrs. McKillip.

PROGRESS AND POLITICS.

The social condition of a people has been the problem of all time. No matter what the form of government, that was the vital question of the age; all other circumstances yielded to it in importance. Politics certainly afforded a wider and noisier arena for the display of human abilities; but they were always either the offspring or the circumstance dependent on the material conditions of the communities in which they were agitated. Beneath the surface of the manifest existence, there has invariably been forces at work which brought about all the social changes that have occurred in the history of the human race.

As with volcanoes, so it is with the masses—they seem to slumber when actively at work—currents of fire permeate the bowels of earth unseen, gathering volume as they proceed. In the same manner public opinion widens and lengthens its channels, swallowing up everything that impedes its progress. Politics dazzle and confound—they excite the passions of hope, fear, and anger—bringing into play high mental faculties, but they are seldom the power that substantially revolutionizes society. They are merely indices to the actual agent, the material condition of the aggregate people which we moderns have symbolized by the generic phrase—progress. Wars, having for the specific object territorial aggrandizement, may have altered the outward character of a race or people, but the inner remained subject to the slower influence of their mental habits and physical instincts. Violence may destroy, but it can never wear away strong natural peculiarities. War failed to transform the Hun into a Slav, or the Tartar into a Russian. But in this country our unity of interests, of labor, and of rights (if carefully guarded and maintained), is destined to draw all closer together, and promises to ultimately exterminate present distinctions. With this fact patent to our senses, it is astounding that mere political partisanship should be held in esteem. Parties are merely forms or modes of action; the representative of ideas, not creators of them—always very unwilling to learn of a new thought or necessity.

Owing to prevalent stupidity or ignorance on this essential, so many political delusions are current. Political power and material or vital powers are relative opposites. The latter, in this country, is our vast domain, our enormous agricultural products,

our railways, our manufactures, our men, or the grand industrial army; the former is a mere system of rules for the regulation of public conduct. It is only the shadow of the substance, and a very delusive one. The political or party structure is not the human temple itself.

It may dazzle the eye, but its beauties are all superficial. All is fair and noble in appearance. The curtain of party glory is unquestionably a gorgeous one, but the scenes played behind it strongly tend to prove it a mere painted rag and that its great master spirit is of different composition from that depicted on its glowing surface. But, let us hope, this party blindness has had its career, and will be annihilated when the true principle of human government is thoroughly studied and appreciated. Man is an adaptive animal, and accommodates himself to existing circumstances after much the same fashion as he submits to the physical laws of acclimatization. With an intelligent study of morals and politics comes a candid appreciation of the law of change—or progress—being the fundamental law of society. From the earliest times to the present, there can be observed a perpetual transition from one rule of conduct to another; and, by an accurate analysis of the whole authenticated series, there is detected a gradual accumulative superiority in the younger over the older, until leaving the mist of mythology, the simplicity of paganism gives place to the more elaborate fable of Christianity, and that, in turn, is being repudiated by the intellectual world, for a system of ethics based on rational principles.

It is the same with material conditions, and no matter what country we take for an illustration, we shall clearly perceive the tendency of every system to improve on the previous one. Politics, in the partisan sense, affected nothing; they shone lustreously for a time in the plane of life, but were eventually swallowed up in the advancing tide of public opinion.

England, from the Norman conquest downward, exemplifies the truth of this doctrine. The condition of the people dictated the form of government. Under Plantagenet rule, the Lancastrians were the radicals of their day, because favoring innovation, and the people in whom a commercial spirit had taken root desired to be relieved from the oppressions of the feudal tenure. The Wars of the Roses gave the death-blow to feudalism, and it may be said that the system in its entirety received its finishing stroke on the bloody field of Bosworth. With a new dynasty came an improvement in the social condition which gradually forced other changes until the reign of James I., when the last vestige of serfdom disappeared from the soil. Not by virtue of an act of parliament, for none was ever passed, but by a process of sheer exhaustion.

As the people increased in power and capacity under larger combinations and greater co-operation of labor and capital, it was discovered that personal vassalage was the mere parchment submission of the many to the few. As the population enlarged, the necessity for restricting men and women to particular localities vanished, and so the institution died a natural death.

Thus we can observe that liberty has owed everything to social prosperity—or a more diffused prosperity—nothing to what is commonly called politics. So we may readily perceive that any system of privilege or combination, or trust, that interferes with this natural diffusion of social wealth or material prosperity is a barrier to progress.

Now it is necessary, to make these combinations effective, that they receive legal sanction, and to accomplish that these social brigands bribe or pay the election expenses of some political party who, while fingering the coin of these corruptionists, loudly proclaims itself the savior of the people and the dear people—the masses—invariably proved themselves asses.

There are signs, however, that the mistakes of the past will be remedied in the future. People are awakening out of the deep slumber of decided party opinions. They realize that too long have party politics disregarded the rules which preside over the national condition of a people. As the very foundation of this prosperity rests on the health of a community, we are no longer willing to leave facts to the care of chance, nor allow party politics to take precedence over the rules of reasoning.

Exposed to the variations of a climate proverbially uncertain, until recently our politicians absolutely refused to acquaint them-

selves or the public with its influence on the health of the community; while multiplying and extending huge cities, the future workshops of the world, we neglected to investigate the laws by which life and health, death and disease, are distributed with no conjectural average, but with unfailling, intelligible precision.

To our industrial reformers, Illinois owes her beneficent laws on vital statistics and sanitation. We recognize, as a theory at least, that upon the labor of the toilers rests the welfare of society—that we should be informed how they live, how they die, what are their comforts, and what are they denied. These were met by sneers and charges of utopianism, but their operation has silenced the slanderers.

And we look to them more than any other for the permanent welfare of the whole people—the true criterion of power and importance. Vital statistics recognize health as power; sickness as waste. It is a younger science than geology, but many deeply versed in secondary and tertiary strata never give a thought to the social conditions of the present. We know that the duration of life is regulated by definite rules, and that it is within our power to modify these rules by

1. Improving sanitary conditions.
2. Lessening the hours of labor.
3. Raising the standard of living—wages. E. A. STEVENS.

LECTURING.

I read with not a little surprise in a recent issue of FREETHOUGHT an article entitled "Random Notes," by our esteemed friend Will S. Andres, of Portsmouth, O. I will quote but a sentence or two of it. He seeks to persuade the Liberal lecturers to make more moderate demands upon the Liberal public for their services. He pleads with us to travel as the itinerant preachers did in early times, for the sake of the cause. He asks: "Will they tour the country the coming year at lower rates than heretofore? Will they for once travel under the guidance of the American Secular Union and at living and not gilt-edged prices?"

I can answer only for myself, and I will say yes. I shall be only too happy to put myself under the direction of the American Secular Union, to labor at "living" prices. But I should want it understood that if I did so the American Secular Union would hold itself responsible at the end of the year for the "living prices." Will the Union make such a contract? If it does not want to take such responsibility, why should it want me to take all responsibility and it take all the honor?

The material fact that escaped the attention of our good brother Andres is that the lecturers are not getting "gilt-edged" prices for their work. In fact, their pay is not only meagre, but it is very meagre. We make the poorest kind of a living out of it. Speaking for myself, I must say that I make the poorest kind of a living out of lecturing. I have to write pamphlets and books and read proofs, and after all I have at the end of the year no money ahead. I live economically.

It seems strange to me to have anyone talk of "gilt-edged" prices when I have to live more in common with Lazarus than with Dives. And what is still worse is that the lecture business is paying less every succeeding year, while the amount of work is increasing. Like all other work, the demand is more labor and less pay. I have had during the past summer more to do, more expenses to pay, and less remuneration than have fallen to my lot any season during the fifteen years that I have been in the lecture field. Evidently Mr. Andres is not acquainted with the lecture business. He was, however, aware of the fact that he was writing "Random Notes." The painful truth is, they were entirely too "random." Let Mr. Andres change about front and exhort the people to sustain us wherever we go. Let him persuade the rich Freethinkers to do something for Freethought. It is a notorious fact that we have rich Liberals (?) in the country who are doing comparatively nothing for the cause of liberty. Our Liberal papers should all receive generous support from those who have the means to aid. Our wealthy men and women might do a vast amount of good if they would leave something for the papers when they come to die. I should greatly rejoice to know that a handsome bequest was made to

FREETHOUGHT. And why should not our Liberal institutions, such as the Freethought and other papers of progressive character, receive aid in this way? See how the Christians dying leave vast sums of money to support after they are gone what they regard as good and desirable. It does seem to me that as Liberals we are away behind in this matter. Our well-to-do Liberals can do more than they have done, and it is an open shame that they do not come to the rescue of so good and so grand a paper as FREETHOUGHT.

W. S. BELL.
Oakland, Cal.

MRS. STANTON VS. MR. SPENCER.

There died recently in England, says Dr. Foote's "Health Monthly," a Miss Naden, a young woman of rare mental powers, and one whose writings had called forth the attention and compliments of England's most profound philosophers, including Herbert Spencer, but it seems this gentleman regards such manifestations of great intellect in a woman of thirty years as abnormal, as he has spoken of her early demise as a warning that the feminine organization cannot safely bear "the higher education," that woman is too delicate to bear the strain of high scholarship. To this Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton retorts (in the "Woman's Tribune" of Beatrice, Neb.) that Professor Clifford was always in delicate health and died young, that Buckle died comparatively early, before completing his history of civilization, and that Mr. Herbert Spencer himself, though still living, has been long on the invalid list, and incapacitated for the work he has planned. She says "it is a question whether his essays have not been too great a strain on his organization. No doubt if he had worked on a farm and contented himself with the rudiments of education, he might have had a simple life of health and happiness."

She then goes on to give a few names of eminently great women, scientists, novelists, and philosophical thinkers, who have, in spite of their high grade mental work, lived long and prospered, and says: "I doubt whether as many women die annually from writing essays on induction and deduction as from production, and yet no flags of danger are raised on the housetops where mothers of a dozen children languish and die, or in workshops where multitudes of feeble women labor from fourteen to sixteen hours a day."

What Mrs. Stanton objects to is the readiness of some men to lay hold on such unfortunate events as Miss Naden's premature death as arguments against the higher education of women. She has well shown that it is not a fair sort of argument, or that if it is to be used it should be equally employed, and needs to be as much for men as women.

ON August 3, 1881, Mr. Bradlaugh, M. P., was put into the Clock Tower for refusing to submit to the regulations of the House of Commons on the oath question. On March 14, 1888, he carried by a majority of one hundred the second reading of a bill to abolish oaths. By his indomitable pluck and perseverance he thus carries out the prophecy which he made when, addressing the electors of Northampton, he said: "If his life was spared he would one day represent them in the House of Commons and carry a bill to abolish oaths."—London Democrat.

Rensburg's Lecture Appointments.

J. E. Rensburg left Kansas on his tour to the Pacific coast, September 15. He reached California about the last of October. His appointments for this state, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Colusa.....	Oct 30	Snelling.....	Nov 13
Sacramento.....	Oct 31	Hornitos.....	Nov 14
Michigan Bluffs.....	Nov 1, 2	Easton.....	Nov 15
Grass Valley.....	Nov 3	Fresno.....	Nov 16
Stockton.....	Nov 4	Hanford.....	Nov 17, 18
Santa Rosa.....	Nov 5	Tulare.....	Nov 19
Ukiah.....	Nov 6	Los Angeles.....	Nov 20
San Francisco.....	Nov 7	Fallbrook.....	Nov 21
San Miguel.....	Nov 8, 9	Bernardo.....	Nov 22
Monterey.....	Nov 10	San Diego.....	Nov 23
Gilroy.....	Nov 11	San Bernardino.....	Nov 25 26
Merced.....	Nov 12		

TESTIMONY TO THE MIRACULOUS.

Concerning the subject of miracles in general, we may lay down these propositions:

1. That they have never been attested by trustworthy evidence.
2. That the performance of them would be a violation of those uniform human experiences and observations from which have been deduced all the known laws of nature.
3. That they are opposed to the great doctrine of evolution.

We will take these points one by one.

1. No alleged miracle has been attested by sound or trustworthy evidence. The Old Testament miracles are not recorded by eye-witnesses; and even if they were, unless we knew what sort of persons the writers were—whether they were wise or foolish, credulous or careful in the examination of evidence—we could not determine the exact degree of credibility to be attached to their statements.

That Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch is now regarded, by all who are capable of forming a just judgment on the matter, as beyond all doubt. It is equally certain that two or more writers contributed towards the production of the first five books of the Bible, and from the character of their writings we are entitled to say that they were unable to discriminate between the petty tricks of a conjurer and the majestic phenomena of the universe. Of the other writers we may remark that they were either self-deceived, or so credulous that they believed everything they were told concerning extraordinary events that were said to have happened at the time of which they wrote.

Nor can it be said that the alleged miracles of the New Testament are properly attested. Such evidence as is offered for them would be rejected by any magistrate as altogether inadequate. The question then is, What evidence is required to establish the truth of such extraordinary events? In the first place, we need the evidence of eye-witnesses; in the second place, we require the evidence of individuals who were not likely to be deceived; and, thirdly, we want the evidence of persons who were not interested in telling a falsehood to maintain some theory which they believed to be true. In no case have we got such witnesses. Firstly, the alleged writers of the gospels do not pretend that they witnessed the performance of the miracles; secondly, they do not state their testimony with the judicial precision and orderly marshaling of facts and evidences which would entitle them to be considered as competent witnesses; and, thirdly, living in an age and generation to whom miracles were the commonplaces of belief, they must be regarded as highly prejudiced in favor of the supernatural occurrences they recount.

2. The performance of miracles would be a violation of human experience and the laws of nature. By laws of nature are not meant some divine commands which are rigidly carried out in the operations of natural forces, but merely the observed order of phenomena. Human experience gives the best warrant for the belief that nature's laws are uniform in their mode of operation; that each and every event is preceded by some other event without which it could not happen, and with which it is bound to happen; or, in other words, that the phenomena of nature consist of one long chain of causes and effects, which is practically endless. Now, it must be perfectly obvious to any rational creature that, if this be true, miracles cannot happen, for the happening of a miracle would be the disturbance of the whole order of phenomena; and, since all events are the necessary consequence of previous events through all time, the performance of a miracle would involve the undoing of this endless series of phenomena. Feuerbach well expresses it when he says: "Who suspends one law of nature suspends them all."

The study of astronomy and natural philosophy affords us ample proof that the same laws which govern the earth on which we live also govern the stars and other heavenly bodies. Professor Buchner says: "The laws of gravitation—*i.e.*, the laws of motion and attraction—are, in all space reached by the telescope, invariably the same. The motions of all the most remote bodies take place according to the same laws by which on our earth a stone falls, or the pendulum vibrates, etc. All astronomical calculations regarding the motions of distant bodies, and

which are based upon these known laws, have proved perfectly correct. Astronomers have pointed out the existence of stars which were only discovered after being sought for in the spots indicated; they predict solar and lunar eclipses, and calculate the reappearance of comets in centuries to come. The form of Jupiter was deduced from the laws of rotation and was verified by direct observation. We know that the planets have their seasons, days, and nights, like the earth, though they differ in length."

David Hume years ago laid it down that we may accept it as a general maxim "that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish, and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior. When anyone," he adds, "tells me that he saw a dead man restored to life I immediately consider with myself whether it would be more probable that this person should either deceive or be deceived, or that the fact which he relates should really have happened. I weigh the one miracle against the other, and according to the superiority which I discover I pronounce my decision, and always reject the greater miracle. If the falsehood of his testimony would be more miraculous than the event which he relates, then, and not till then, can he pretend to command my belief or opinion."

Raising dead people to life, feeding thousands on five loaves and two fishes, walking on the surface of the sea, opening the eyes of the blind, ascending into heaven through the clouds—these and like events are occurrences which are not in harmony with nature's every-day performances, which contradict human experience, and which, if we are expected to believe them, would require the most conclusive kind of evidence to substantiate. If a man said that he saw another raised from the dead to-day, who would believe him? No one. If he affirmed that he himself was so raised, we should probably get a strait-waistcoat for him. But if he declared that somebody saw a miracle happen hundreds of years ago, when there was no printing-press, when the masses were ignorant and credulous, when every event that was not understood was regarded as miraculous, Christians would say, "We believe it." But if he went on to allege that the said miracle was performed by Mohammed, they would smile and say, "Mohammed! Oh, he was an impostor!" Each religionist denies the miracles of the other: each affirms the other's to have been "mere jugglery;" and the Rationalist denies them all.

3. With the truth of the doctrine of evolution firmly impressed upon his mind, with a clear understanding of the oneness of nature, in spite of her multifarious manifestations, the Rationalist is fortified against delusions of every kind. He knows that in the realm of the cosmos each event forms a link in an endless chain of cause and effect. Nothing absolutely begins in nature, and nothing ends; all is change—a ceaseless unfolding of events, an endless transformation of the one eternal substance. In the cosmos everything is natural. The word "supernatural" in the past has always been the term by which man has separated the known from the unknown, and with the ever-accumulating force of the human intellect the unknown will more and more give way to the known, until the term "supernatural" will remain only as the veil which language throws over the unknowable and unthinkable origin of the universe.

"Evolution," it has been beautifully said, "is not at variance with religion; in its highest sense it is a religion in itself. The evolutionist is humble in the presence of nature; she represents the last phase of the great first cause. Others may scoff at her, the child of their God; he loves her, for she is his companion, his mother and his nurse; she ministers to his pleasures, yet she works for his advancement; awake, he studies her, for she is the mine of his learning; asleep, he dreams on the unseen working of her wondrous laws; he listens, he sees, and ever he wonders; but he worships not, for he has no fear. . . . He cares but as an antiquarian for the book of the Jews. Nobler inducements has he to act righteously than the most learned and pious divine. If he sins, he knows well that the future will be tainted by the deeds he has done. He it is not that does right lest his soul

should forever be lapt in noisome sulphurous flames; he shuns evil that he may leave behind him a purer and a nobler form, that he may hand down to posterity habits that advantage the race as a whole, that he may, however humble his sphere, contribute in some way to the happiness of the future race, and mitigate its inheritance of pain."—From "The Bible and Evolution," by A. B. Moss.

HAS CHRISTIANITY BENEFITED ANYBODY?

Professor Dawes inquires: "Has Christianity benefited woman?" I ask: Has what is styled Christianity ever benefited anybody? The careless one says, "Don't do away with the church or the Christian doctrine. I do not believe any more than you do, but it keeps some from going to the bad through fear." That may be, but where one is restrained through fear ten do wrong hoping through belief in Christianity to be made clean afterwards. This is styled a Christian nation. Legislative halls are opened and closed with prayers that cost about five dollars each, and widows and other over-worked human beings are highly taxed to pay for them. We make our own improvements in cities and towns, and then are taxed to improve church property, said church property paying no share of the burdens. Stop and think, then act. Clergymen in both houses at Washington repeat prayers at opening and closing. Do they do anything to help the over-worked poor? Let's see. Heretofore nearly every luxury was free or low-taxed; then this Congress adds more of the luxuries of the rich to the free list and puts higher taxes on the necessities of the poor. Would that FREETHOUGHT had a mouth of brass and a tongue of iron to reach the hearts and understanding of all the over-taxed and over-worked people. If this is a Christian land, give us a heathen one where they believe in only one God and look upon man as man's brother. Let's stop trying to whittle across the grain. If Christians want fine churches and parsonages, let them bear equal burdens of the state; and if the rich can afford luxuries, let them pay as much per cent certainly as the laborer pays on his coarse clothing and little cottage.

W. A. R.

Puyallup, Wash.

IMPROVING ON CHRISTIANITY.

Some rather curious results attend the attempts of pagans nominally converted by missionaries to improve upon the Christian religion. They sometimes make a strange mess with their admixture of vague Christian notions and pagan ideas.

About twenty-five years ago many of the Maori in New Zealand, who were supposed to be Christians, invented a new religion. Their leaders asserted that most of the Christian religion was false, but that the angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary were gods who inspired their priests and gave them protection. These personages were about all they retained of the Christian religion. They wanted a medium through which they could communicate with the angel Gabriel, and they therefore cut off the head of an unfortunate white man, and the priests pretended to receive inspiration from Gabriel through this head.

Soon after another sect arose on the northern island of New Zealand. Tewhiti, a chief who had grown weary of Christianity as it was taught to him, set up a religion of his own, called himself a prophet, and declared it to be wicked to read any book but the Bible. He attracted a large party and for considerable time gave the missionaries much trouble with his peculiar teaching of their faith. In the end, however, as he did not regard himself as amenable to law, it was necessary to deal severely with him. He was suppressed by the government, and his religion fell with him.

Another sect arose still later in New Zealand, which was a degradation of every good thing taught by the missionaries. These people pretended to have great reverence for the Bible and spiritual things, but the main purpose of the sect was to indulge in the utmost license under the cloak of religion, and it was necessary for the government to suppress it.

In Burmah to-day is a curious admixture of Christianity and Buddhism among one of the Karen tribes. The religion has little semblance to Christianity, except that the Christian Sabbath

is observed and services are held in imitation of those conducted by the missionaries. This form of worship has thousands of adherents, and ignorant people are especially inclined to accept the new teachings.

In India, a while ago, the natives of a district that had embraced Christianity conceived an idea that was identical with that of our Second Adventists. They made up their minds, nobody knows how, that the world was coming to an end on September 29, 1881. It was in vain that their missionaries remonstrated with them. The fanatics declared that the world was surely coming to an end, and a large number of people left their homes and went to the ocean shore, where they awaited the coming of the Lord. They had sold everything they possessed, keeping with them only money enough to buy food and lodging until the fatal day arrived. Most of their time was spent in fasting, prayer, and exhortation, and there was great excitement when the important day at length dawned.

There they were gathered on the beach, and waited all day for the Lord. At nightfall, as he did not appear, they finally decided that they had been deceived, and returned to the missionaries greatly humbled and begging forgiveness.

It is a curious spectacle nowadays to see in Angola, where missionaries nominally converted thousands of the natives to Christianity two or three centuries ago, the poor people telling their beads and kissing their crucifixes without the slightest idea of the significance that Christian people attach to these objects. The meaning of the cross was long ago forgotten by their fathers. All that is left of the old Roman Catholic faith among these natives are the beads and crucifixes, which they regard simply as a sort of fetich that will keep them from bodily injury. Only this remains of the wonderful Christianizing triumphs of the Romish fathers, who two centuries ago were so proud of reclaiming many thousands of African natives from paganism.—New York Sun.

ROMANISM AND CIVIL LIBERTY.

All of Romanism is not inside of the Catholic church.

I am here to-night neither as the representative nor the antagonist of any religious faith, but only as an American to discuss with you principles dear to the genius of our common country. It is a question of intellectual liberty. It is nothing more.

No sooner was religion instituted by man than there entered his brain the monstrous and merciless fallacy that it should fetter every operation of the human intellect and dominate every function of human society.

But its murderous work was not ended yet. It lingered in wars of religious hate; and at the end of two hundred years more, in the face of the sunrise of the twentieth century, its malign and bloody ghost still stalks the highways of the civilized world—in the demand of the church of Rome on enlightened governments to support the propagation of its creeds, in the clamor of Protestant fanatics to convert the free Constitution of this republic into a pack-horse of religious faiths.

Fellow-citizens, let us look into this question. I think we shall reach the conclusion that the government of the United States is not an organization for Sunday-school work. I think we shall reach the conclusion that it is not in disrespect to religion or good morals that it is not such an organization.

There came out from the mists and mountains of Wales into England a man who, lifting up his voice against priests and kings, said:

"The civil power has no jurisdiction over the human conscience. Conscience belongs to the individual, and is not the property of the body politic. All human laws which prescribe or prohibit religious doctrines are damnable and unjust. Magistrates are but the agents of the people; on them no spiritual power whatever can be conferred."

That man was Roger Williams. Down amid the shadows and fogs of his sea-girt land, there had fallen upon this man an inspiration that was to roll back the tide of human hate and fear that had devastated this world for forty centuries.

From that declaration of Roger Williams two hundred and forty years ago was born the American Constitution.

This brave man fled once more from the New England Puri-

tans to the wilderness, and, among the barbarians of the North American forests in the province of Rhode Island, established the first government according religious tolerance ever founded on this earth.

In all the civilized countries of the globe, two centuries ago, there was not enough space for standing room for the man who believed in the liberty of the human conscience. The gratitude of the American people to the North American savages for their aid in establishing religious liberty on this continent should be perennial. Compared with the red men of the woods, the Puritan was the savage. These tolerant gentlemen would occasionally lift the hair of an enemy—provided that he were not baid—or light a little fire or two around the person of an unpleasant neighbor, but they never rose to the supreme Christian elevation of regarding a soul of so much importance that it must be burnt to save it.

One century later than the planting of his colony in the wilderness of Rhode Island that seed of tolerance expanded into the full-blossomed tree of American liberty, throwing its splendor around the world. That century of reflection produced the fathers of this republic. That century, with all the centuries of blood and hate behind it for warning example, gave birth to the Constitution of the United States, "the sole monument of all history embodying the principle established by Christ for earthly government."

Article VI of this Constitution says: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

Article I of the amendments to this Constitution says: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

In a treaty with the state of Tripoli made ten years after the adoption of this Constitution it was declared that the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion.

That treaty was signed by President Washington. It was framed by a Congregational clergyman. That gentleman had evidently studied law before going to a theological school. He had found time to read the Constitution of his country. He knew that the nineteenth century had arrived. He was not a bigot. He probably loved man as well as God and did not believe in burning a human soul to save it. His name should be niched in honor above every Congregational pulpit in the United States.

The fathers of the American Revolution found that the experiment of propagating religious opinions by governments was a failure—that it had produced all crimes. They found that the attempts on the part of a government to descend into a man's conscience and administer to him a religious conviction, as you would administer to him an emulsion from a stomach-pump, was a failure—that it made the man a hypocrite and the government a bloody tyrant. They found that you could not make a man religious by law.

Those wise men believed that opinion should be held sacred. They believed this because they believed by whatever antecedents a man came to hold an opinion, you could not by process of law invade the structure of his brain and exterminate it. They believed this because they believed that there did not anywhere exist between the earth and the heavens on the circle of this planet a power wise enough to authoritatively administer the mysteries of the infinite. They believed this because they believed that that which a man held as a necessary result of the inscrutable processes of his brain, beyond the limits of his will, was not a crime. The Constitution is their work.

It is this august fabric of law, fresh as a revelation, hoary with the wisdom and warning of all the centuries, vindicated now on this continent beyond experiment by six generations of men, that from time to time is being assailed by a foreign power in this nation. I mean the power of Rome in the United States. It is this fabric of law that is being assailed by the hand of Protestant fanaticism in this nation.

Touch not religion with the state. Lay not upon the state the finger of religion. That is the American doctrine—the doctrine of the republic. "The state is the guardian and dispenser of

religion." That is the doctrine of Pope Leo XIII—the doctrine of Rome. That was the doctrine of all the predecessors of Leo XIII since popes set up as vicegerents of divinity on earth in the twilight of modern history. That was the doctrine of the Inquisition.

The doctrine of inquisition into human conscience! that was the stone which the founders of this republic rejected.

"Every man who conducts himself as a good citizen is accountable to God alone for his religious faith, and should be protected in worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

That is what George Washington wrote in reply to an address on the subject of religious legislation.

"All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the constitutions of states and legislatures to be modeled after the principles of the true church." That is what Leo XIII writes to his lieutenants of the papal see. Leo XIII against George Washington! Rome versus the republic! Americans will decide as to the infallibility here.

I speak in no slightest or conceivable bitterness against the Roman Catholic faith. Born under a Protestant roof, I will grasp the hand of my Catholic fellow-citizen more warmly than that of my Protestant neighbor to prove to him my faith that the sermon on the mount and the sentiment of human fellowship are more vital and splendid than all the creeds of history. I make no discrimination of abstract faiths. As affects this question, however, there is a difference. The Protestant churches acknowledge their head as not of this world. The sovereignty of the Roman church is dual—the sovereignty of Rome and the sovereignty of God—a sovereignty of this world as well as a sovereignty not of this world.

With the mysteries of the conscience of the Protestant in his attitude towards the infinite, we, as citizens, have nothing to do. With the mysteries of the conscience of the Catholic in his attitude towards a supreme being, we, as citizens, have nothing to do. Into the greater mysteries of his relations with the temporal head of his church, we do not inquire. But against the intrusion of this temporal sovereignty into the affairs of the American state, this republic, born in civility and clothed in the white garments of religious liberty, has set its face forever and forever!—From the address by William Jackson Armstrong before the Portland Convention.

THE GENEROUS WORD AND DEED.

The list headed with fifty dollars by S. P. Putnam and by him christened the Editorial Salary Fund, is growing promisingly. The object of this fund is to guarantee living expenses to Mr. Macdonald, the office editor of FREETHOUGHT, who, like the rest of us, needs something more to sustain him than kind words and a lofty aim. The proposition is to raise him one thousand dollars per year, or as near it as possible, as we feel sure it will be better to retain his services on this paper than to allow necessity to take him elsewhere. The appended letters, with those previously published, seem to assure the contribution of the amount asked for:

To the Publishers of Freethought:

Inclosed please find a \$5 greenback, my donation to the Editorial Salary Fund. I don't give much for promises, but intend to do always the best I can for the cause.

ED. WEGNER.

Sonoma, Cal.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

I have just read FREETHOUGHT of September 20, and I am musing on the situation. I am sorry to learn that Freethinkers on this coast have so little respect for their own opinions as to not maintain the only paper in which they are allowed to express them. I have always believed that Freethinkers in other parts of the state have more self-respect and backbone than those of Eureka, but it seems I am wrong. There are plenty of Liberals here, but only few of them have the moral courage to subscribe to and pay for a Liberal paper; the rest are moral cowards or misers; and it seems the Pacific coast is full of such people. It is hard

for a few Liberals, who would sacrifice pecuniary interest to principle, to sustain, or rather maintain, a paper, while other Liberals, perhaps in better circumstances, look on doing nothing, but willing to share the advantages that a free interchange of ideas must necessarily bring to the nation.

I will inclose \$10 to help the cause along, and then whatever happens, I will have, at least, the sweet satisfaction of feeling that I have done my share to sustain FREETHOUGHT. Hoping others will follow the example, I am
Fraternally yours,
ROBERT GUNTHER.
Eureka, Cal.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

Recognizing your good work in the destruction of priestly superstition and theological imposition, and recognizing also that FREETHOUGHT is a necessity for the promotion of intellectual and moral progress, as well as "a power in the land" for the benefit of the clergy in general—the pope included—I herewith contribute a ten dollar gold piece of the solid mountains, to help defray expenses. I only wish I could send a million dollars, giving you a giant's power in distributing Freethought doctrines for the overthrow of religious error. The curse of this era and age is the vile counterfeit of truth and morality, known as theology and Christianity. There are a hundred thousand priests and preachers in the land imposing these lies upon humanity. They cannot last forever. Truth is omnipotent. The day approaches when God's agents must go with their dead god.
Yours truly,
CHAS. F. BLACKBURN.
Mountain View, Wash.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

I will give \$5 (or more) per year for five years for credit of the Editorial Salary Fund. I hope you will hear from a thousand others that can and will do something.
W. A. CHESS.
Monrovia, Cal.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

Find inclosed \$10—\$2 for my paper, balance to help the cause in any shape you see fit. I will be one that will answer Putnam's appeal and will pay five dollars each year as long as I am able. Hoping hundreds of well-to-do Liberals will respond, I am,
Yours truly,
ALEX. HARDIE.
Lost Valley, Or.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

You may put me down for five dollars to the Editor's Fund.
R. BUTTERFIELD.
Sacramento, Cal.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

Inclosed find five dollars—three dollars for the Editorial Fund and two dollars for subscription to FREETHOUGHT for one year. May FREETHOUGHT long continue.
G. R. WAGNER.
Wagner, Or.

To the Publishers of Freethought:

I herewith send you, to aid in our cause, ten dollars, to do with it as you deem best. I hope the editor will stick to his post and be properly paid for it.
GEORGE COLLINS.
Olympia, Wash.

FREETHOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY: There is no use talking about the necessity or propriety or anything else in connection with letting George go. If he goes, good-bye to FREETHOUGHT. The truth is, he and Samuel must be encouraged to work as they have worked heretofore, and the encouragement must be in something more tangible than wind. Inclosed I send \$10 as my part towards this year. I will give \$10 each year, and if that is not sufficient, I will give more. Now, boys, let us all put our shoulders to the back part of the wagon.

There are plenty of us, and it won't do to let the Freethought ship sink by being too lazy to do our share at the pump. There are plenty of Freethinkers in the United States to carry the balance of power every time, if we could only be all made to see aright, and the only way that I see to bring us to act together is through the dissemination of light by our lecturers and newspapers. So let us look the matter square in the face. Our work is not only for our own personal good, but also for the good of generations yet unborn. With best wishes for the spread of Freethought,
Clinton, Iowa. I remain fraternally,
JAMES A. GREENHILL.

An Absent Member's Contribution.

To the Editors of Freethought:

I send this day by W., F. & Co., \$5, which please hand to Mr. Lemme, of the S. F. F. S., to help along the meetings this winter, and oblige,
Truckee, Cal.,
A. C. Bruhns.

The Church and Progress.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Allow me to advise every reader who wishes to know what the church has really done to help or hinder human progress to read Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." The book also gives so vivid a picture of the low condition of the working class in former times as to form a good answer to all assertions of the failure of modern civilization to benefit the poor.

I wish also to call attention to the very lively and impressive account which Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, in her "Reminiscences," just published by H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y., gives of her labors and sufferings as one of the early anti-slavery and woman's rights lecturers. The facts she gives about the hostility of the church to reform are particularly valuable; and so is her experience of Spiritualism, especially as she had to discontinue telling why she ceased to be a believer, because "so much feeling has been expressed by some of the prominent Spiritualists at some things I have published." Every lover of truth ought to encourage and assist her to go on.
F. M. HOLLAND.

Matter, Infinity, Eternity, and the God Idea.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Common sense repudiates the idea of eternity and infinity ever having been created. Though what are infinity and eternity without the thought of matter as prevailing therein? A vacuum is a nonentity, and therefore an impossible condition as suppositiously prevailing before the existence of matter. And a so-called vacuum, as made by natural agency, exemplified through the void of lightning, etc., or otherwise by some contrivance of man, is but a feeble substitute; it is matter still in extreme rarefaction surrounded by some denser matter, in effect far off from the unthinkable condition of a vacuum. Try by your imagination to form a vacuum of universal space and throw all matter away; and, on the other hand, stretch your imagination in the endeavor to eliminate but a small fraction of that universal matter, and you will find, space being not thinkable without matter, that you would have curtailed infinity and deducted a moment from eternity just in proportion to that fraction. Matter, therefore, through its universality and indestructible character, being equal to infinite and eternal existence, appears to be the all-absorbing factor in the universe, and infinity and eternity are seemingly reduced to but incidental conditions as evolving through the existence of that infinite and eternal matter. Such overwhelming grandeur, then, as matter, in virtue commanding infinity and eternity, existing without the fiat of creation, why not some lesser wonders or grandeurs in the universe without a special creator? In fact, the very existence of that indestructible and universal matter, *i. e.*, infinity and eternity, negatives the thought of the possibility of a creator. A being supposed to be infinite and eternal cannot very well exist outside of infinity nor live a shorter time than eternity, and when, therefore—so to say—inside thereof, infinity and eternity being interchangeable in meaning with matter, or, better said, but conditions expressed through matter, such supposed being becomes conditioned to matter for his very existence. Thus, in being subjected or conditioned to matter, he can not very well be the author or master thereof, nor can he be an independent infinite power, deity or creator. Not finding a personal creator, nothing apparently remains but that in the potency of that most wonderful matter we have to seek for the forces of creation of all the phenomena, conditions, or life as existing and as are witnessed in the universe.
Sautauquin, Utah.
ROBERT NAGLER.

If subscribers will send us the names of Liberals they are acquainted with we will forward sample copies of FREETHOUGHT. This is an effective way of increasing the circulation of the paper.

S. P. Putnam's Lecture Appointments.

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 There was melody entrancing
 In that

Plunk!
 Plunk!
 Plunk!

What she played, I think, was "Dixie;"
 Or perhaps 'twas "Auld Lang Syne."
 There were trills exceeding tricksie—
 But the music was divine.
 Though the chords were oft erratic,
 Each one dropping in a chunk,
 There was harmony ecstatic
 In that

Plunk!
 Plunk!
 Plunk!

—Philander Johnson in Washington Post.

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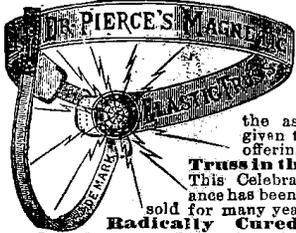
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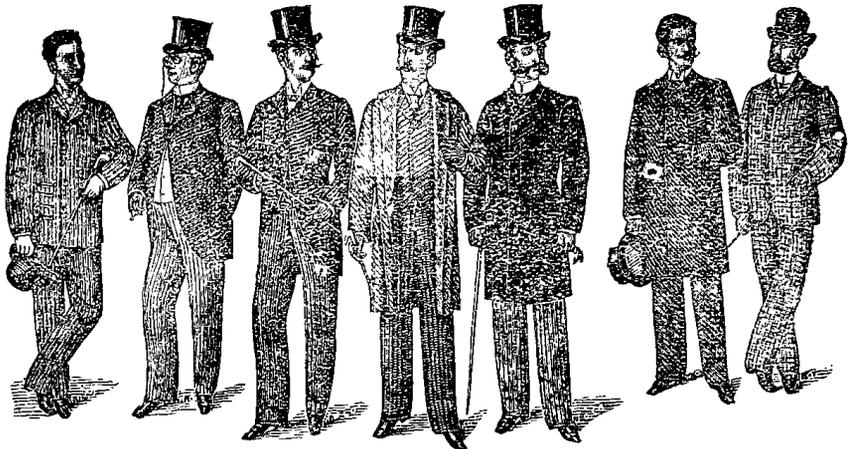
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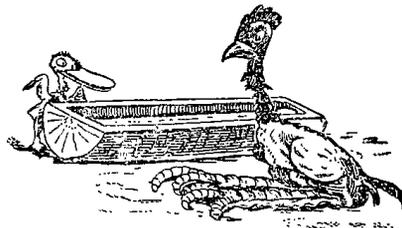
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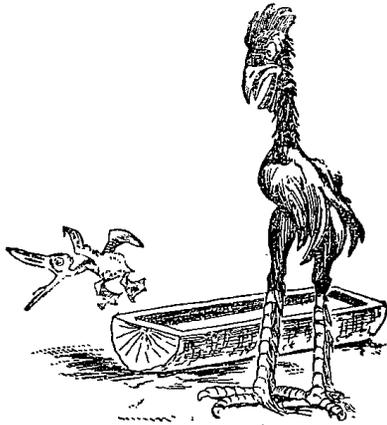
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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER 8, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The first to meet me as I landed at Coquille, was Judge Low, of Bandon, who does not miss any Freethought lectures if he can help it. He is a genial companion for the frontier, and can tell stories and elucidate philosophy by the hour around the sparkling camp-fire.

The traveler finds a good welcome at the Olive House, and life's journey is punctuated with good things. Cheerful comradeship is here also.

H. H. Nichols leads the "forlorn hope." Coquille is quite orthodox. The evangelist is always on hand, and revivals flourish. As fast as Nichols puts up the notices of my lectures they are torn down with Christian zeal. That is the way they fight for the Lord—keep the people in ignorance.

I was sorry to find our splendid worker T. C. Nichols among the invalids, but the spirit is unbroken, and the look is forward. I hope for health again to this gallant soldier who never shrinks from labor or quits the flag.

I didn't have much of an audience at Coquille, but there are enough here to keep blazing the line, and I don't intend to surrender this place to the black flag of orthodoxy. There is promise still.

I met Jim Laird, always at lightning speed. He runs the mail from Roseburg to Empire City, and puts the traveler through in handsome style.

J. Henry Schroeder was up from Arago, and, after my night's sojourn in company with Judge Law, I go with him over the Coquille river, in the splendid sunshine, to Jack Laird's, where we gather around the hospitable table. Like his brother, our host gives the philosophy of real life in original fashion. He works but doesn't pray.

In the afternoon we all go over to Schroeder's and the Pavilion. The Pavilion is empty, but we "bate no jot of heart or hope" as we pass the genial afternoon at the fireside of the Schroeders.

Thursday we go over to Myrtle Point, a whole team of us. There is a good gathering there. The band discourses music. E. Bender leads the inspiring fellowship. With such support the world must move to Freedom's goal.

I was pleased to meet with Lathrop, formerly of Baker City, where the Thomas Paine Mine and George Haines make the golden stream of progress.

Smith, of Arago joins FREETHOUGHT and gives the Secular Pilgrim a mountain bouquet of "huckleberries" which lasts all the way to Roseburg.

Midnight I start for Roseburg. The moon sails away into a mist, and the glimmering lantern again lights our way through the mighty forests and the winding canyons. Early morning finds us at Teters, where appetite and breakfast coincide with refreshing zest.

The day dawns beautifully, and through the splendor of the morning and afternoon, along the river banks, through the woods, over the plains, amid the hills that roll away in the blue distance the stage coach bears us to the locomotive.

At six o'clock in the evening we arrive at Roseburg. I was pleased to meet G. W. Majory, formerly of Myrtle Point, who is now located here and keeps hotel in a style that commands success. He also takes FREETHOUGHT and purposes to open the way for future work.

At two o'clock in the morning I resume my journey. It is Saturday, but I find it difficult, traveling day and night and sleeping at odd spells, to keep track of the time.

However, I have a good rest on Saturday under the glowing forehead of Wagner Butte. I come to the home of W. J. Dean. No storms this time. It was a fairy-like day. The air was golden, the sky perfectly blue. I couldn't find a better place to pass the Bible Sabbath. I think I was about as tired as God was when he got through creation. I followed his example and blessed and hallowed the seventh day with delicious laziness.

Sunday, I went to work again. I lectured at Talent in the morning and in the evening at Ashland. There was not a great number present at Talent, but it is a pleasure to speak to people here, for they understand things and are responsive. I had a fair audience at Ashland in the new hall which is quite elegant, and I expect sometime that it will be filled with Freethinkers, for Ashland is quite progressive.

Roque River Valley is lovely at this season of the year, and the drive from Talent to Ashland in the day time was exceedingly delightful. Not a cloud was to be seen. At night there was a splendid full moon flooding the valley and the surrounding hills with radiance, and making an entrancing picture as we journeyed home.

And thus ends my Oregon trip, with as happy and as bright a close as I could desire. Good weather, good friends, and good prospects for the future.

The Goddards, the Andersons, the Breeses, the Beasons, the Deans, the Terrels, the Robinsons, and others at Talent make the material for advancement, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the orthodox side.

Miss Rosetta Waters is back from the sea shore after a sum-

mer's sojourn, and it looks as if she enjoyed the Pacific breezes.

J. S. Miller at Ashland, City Marshall Mayfield, H. S. Evans, secretary of the Secular Union; Mrs. E. DePeatt, L. M. Eagon, J. W. Burriss, J. B. R. Hutchings, and Mrs. Hutchings, A. Bish, and others are on the Freethought roll. H. S. Evans and W. J. Dean have been doing some good newspaper work the past year against orthodoxy. One valuable result has been achieved—the Bible is no longer read in the public schools of Ashland. Monday morning I continue my journey to California, over the Siskiyou by daylight, and through the Sacramento valley in the gorgeous moonlight.

During the months of December and January, I shall be in Texas, returning in time for the state convention and Paine anniversary the last of January.

En route to San Francisco, I met Dr. Burke, of St. Helena, of the Advent Sanitarium. He represents that side of the house which is doing such effectual work for state secularization, and chipped in five dollars to help us in our line of work. That is good fellowship.

A pleasant visit with R. F. Grigsby, of Calistoga, is good greeting for the California work. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

SUNDAY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The New York "Truth Seeker" has prepared a petition asking for the opening on Sunday of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Following is the text of the petition:

To the World's Columbian Exposition Commission:

Learning that there is an organized movement among the more conservative church people—manipulated by a "Sabbath" organization—to induce your honorable body to close on Sundays the World's Fair, to be held in 1893 in Chicago, the undersigned respectfully put in this counter petition, and ask that the fair may be open to the public on each Sunday of its continuance. We ask this for the following reasons:

1. That the American principle of separation of church and state may be maintained.
2. That public morality may be subserved by providing a substitute for the immoral places to which men may resort when no moral amusements are available.
3. As a matter of justice also to the people of Chicago who have given of their means to make the Fair possible, tens of thousands of whom can visit the Fair only on a general holiday; and as a matter of justice also to the visitors to the Fair, whose time or means may be limited, and who certainly are entitled to great consideration at your hands.
4. For the public good. The opening of the Fair on Sunday will be for the benefit not only of Chicago, but of the whole country. The rights of no one are infringed, the happiness of no one disturbed. Those who wish to attend can do so; those who do not can otherwise spend the day. This is a solely humanitarian question, a question of human relations and human welfare, and, therefore, the only standard by which you can decide is that of the public welfare.
5. It will benefit the Fair, attracting a much larger attendance, interesting more people in it, and increasing its receipts.
6. To the objection that Sunday opening of the Fair will destroy the day as a rest-day, we affirm that the tendency would be exactly the opposite. The more beautiful you make Sunday, the more attractive, the more noble and varied in its pleasures and instructions, the more difficult it will be to change its character, the less danger there is that employers will ever have the power to transfer it from its present position to the days of toil. With choice of Sunday occupation restricted to attending church or visiting a saloon, the average workingman would choose to keep on laboring.
7. Finally: Opening the World's Fair on Sunday will harm no one but the keepers of immoral places, while it will benefit the Fair itself, the people of Chicago, and the visitors to the Fair, thereby conducing to municipal prosperity, individual education, public morality, and the development and good of the whole country.

Readers may cut this petition out, paste it at the head of a blank sheet of paper, and secure the signatures of all who are in favor of the movement. The sooner the work is begun, and the sooner these petitions begin to flow toward the commission having in charge the matter of opening the exhibition, the greater will be the effect. The Sabbatarians are active and unscrupulous, and are using every argument, no matter how dishonest, to influence the commission to close the exposition on the only day a majority of the people can attend without loss of valuable time.

Petitions when filled may be sent to this office or to the office of the "Truth Seeker," whence they will be forwarded to the members of the commission.

THE CZAR AS A RELIGIOUS FANATIC.

The action of the czar of Russia in expelling and persecuting the Jews is sometimes attributed by Christians to the commercial prejudice against the Jewish race; but it appears that it is religion, and religion only, that is behind all these outrages.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Tribune reports that the official crusade against the Jews goes steadily from bad to worse. At first the persecuted people hoped that the ukase of the czar would be only partially enforced, and that after a time matters would settle back in their accustomed channel. But they now find all such hopes a vain delusion, and their worst fears more than realized. The decree of oppression and exile is being enforced to the very letter, without a single touch of mercy. True, the government diligently sends forth denials that any persecution is in progress, and its denials are officially accepted as truth by other European governments. The fact is, however, that the most gloomy and tragic accounts that have been published of the anti-Jewish campaign have failed to express the full measure of its atrocious inhumanity.

Apart from the almost incredible violence and outrage daily practiced upon the Jews, by the soldiery, civil officials, and the populace, a number of most stringent laws are about to be put into execution, the effect of which will be to make every Jew in Russia an outlaw. For example, the law of 1865, granting Jews permission to live and engage in business in the interior of the empire, is to be repealed. It is said that every provincial governor in the empire urges such action, and the formal proclamation of the repeal is daily looked for. The result will be the practical extermination of at least two hundred thousand Jewish families. For then they will be absolutely forbidden to trade in any of the chief commodities of the country, such as grain, provisions, cattle, lumber, and spirits. Moreover, the majority of them who are settled in the villages will be driven from their homes and their property confiscated. This fate will befall at least half a million. Besides these, all the Polish Jews in the provinces of Russian-Poland will be expelled, and the three hundred thousand Jews who in virtue of a ministerial order in 1880 were allowed to settle and trade in the interior of the empire, where they enjoy a degree of municipal protection, will likewise be forced to leave their habitations.

While such deadly blows are struck at the Jews in their homes and business, other discriminations are being made against them. For example, it has long been the law of Russia that an only son, on whom the family is dependent for support, is, whether Jew or Christian, exempt from military service. But it is now proposed to deprive the Jews of this and other military exemptions when occasion arises for the completion of a given number of recruits. The relatives of Jews who escape the conscription are to be fined

three hundred rubles, and it is proposed, in every case of Jewish desertion, to levy a fine of six hundred rubles on the community to which he belongs. Thus the Jews are to be forced to defend with their lives the empire that outlaws them.

The question is often asked, says the "Tribune's" correspondent, Why does the present czar, who is personally a good man, so cruelly persecute these people? The answer is easily given. He is a religious monomaniac. He has inherited the sombre fanaticism that characterized his unhappy mother, and added to it by brooding over his perils in the solitary confinement of his bomb-proof palace. Thus he has become convinced that Nihilism is permitted to afflict him to punish him for the empire's laxity of faith. He believes that his father's death and the attempts that have been made on his own life are just so many dispensations of providence, sent as judgments because of Russia's tolerance of heretics. To suppress Nihilism and restore peace and security, therefore, it is only necessary to stamp out heterodoxy. So he has set his face like a flint against all who do not bow the knee to the orthodox Greek church. Upon the Jews his hand falls heavily, but not more so than upon the German Lutherans, and upon the Old Believers. The latter are merely a division of the Greek church, and are distinguished for the purity and piety of their lives. But for years past the government has been sending them to Siberia by thousands for no other reason than their religious belief. In the provinces on the German border there are many Germans, or descendants of Germans, who cling to the faith of Luther. To these the Russian government officials address themselves and attempt their conversion by every means of chicanery and threatening which they have at command. Those of the colonists who cannot resolve to abandon the faith of their fathers are subjected to every conceivable annoyance and debasement, until, driven to distraction, they desert their homes and flee to distant lands. During the first seven months of this year more than fourteen thousand Germans have thus left Southern Russia, where life has become intolerable, and embarked at Odessa and other Russian ports of the Black sea. The emigrants have sold their farms for much below their real value in their eagerness to escape from so inhospitable a country.

There are, of course, many instances of so-called "conversion," but, as a matter of fact, these unfortunates are simply persecuted into submission. There have been hundreds, aye, thousands of cases in which Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and Jews have been seized bodily or dragged by main force to the baptismal font of the Greek church or have been driven there by virtue of bayonet prods administered by Russian soldiers.

It is gratifying to learn that all this pious zeal against the enemies of the church does not seem to bring prosperity to the empire, however. Indeed, there is now an actual financial crisis. Money is scarcer than it has been for twenty years, and prices of grain and other products are frightfully low and still falling. Meanwhile the czar is away amusing himself at hunting on the game preserves from which he has expelled the rightful owners. Perhaps when he finds that his course is affecting the royal income, when commerce is paralyzed, and farming interests ruined, he will ask whether himself and his brutal government, rather than the wrath of any offended spook, are not responsible for the state of affairs. He had better do this ere the people learn that, as Swinburne puts it, "night hath but one red star—Tyrannicide," and conclude to take that star for their guide.

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THE NEW ERA LYCEUM.

A Liberal Lyceum has been organized at New Era, Oregon, with the following officers: president, Miss Katie Kehm; vice-president, Mrs. Anna Batchler; secretary, Mr. Henry Hougham; treasurer, Miss Alice Clark; librarian, Mr. W. W. Jesse; conductor, Mr. Carl Batchler; assistant-conductor, Mr. Geo. Johnson.

We have now in the library about one hundred and fifty volumes, besides hundreds of periodicals and papers. A donation in the shape of a Bible will be thankfully received.

Thus the good work goes on; it is upon the establishing of these children's Lyceums that the success of Freethought depends.

KATIE KEHM.

LECTURE BY REMSBURG.

John E. Remsburg, who is so favorably known throughout the country as a lecturer and writer, speaks Friday evening, Nov. 7, at Grand Central Hall, corner Market and Sixth sts., subject: "False Claims." Admission free.

THE proprietor of the Maison Riche, a high-priced restaurant in San Francisco, where wealthy rakes were in the habit of dining with fast women, has just died, and the attorneys for his estate are settling his accounts. Among the names of men who owe the estate for dinners at the Maison Riche is that of the Rev. Charles D. Barrows, against which is set an item of seventy-seven dollars marked "N. G." Dr. Barrows was pastor of the First Congregational church, and when accused of keeping bad company he pleaded that his association with lewd women was for the purpose of reforming them. Some of his friends are now ready to admit that ten-dollar dinners and "sundries" made the succoring of unfortunate females too expensive to be prudently undertaken even by a clergyman with a four thousand dollar salary.

OBSERVATIONS.

A whole hall-full of young people, and a number of older ones, attended the Freethought Society's sociable last Sunday evening. Some of the musicians and speakers who were expected to help out in the entertainment could not come, and the literary and musical part of the programme was seriously shortened; but Miss Lenont gave a piano solo, Miss Palanca recited, Mr. Lenz played the flute, Vice-President Eastman read selections, Miss Arper sang sweetly, little Miss Bailey gave a neat recitation, and the hour passed pleasantly away.

It seems to be a fact which must be recognized, however regrettable, that a sociable and dance attracts more young ladies to the meetings than the most able lectures and discussions have thus far proved competent to do. I sometimes doubt whether the girls really care much for the vital questions that come under the head of religious, scientific, economic, and historical subjects, and the young men are open to the same suspicion of indifference to the solution of great problems. On some occasions, when a lecture has been announced by an able speaker on "Our National Destiny and the Causes Which May Lead to a Resumption of Friendly Relations between General Wanamaker and the Postmaster at Milpitas," or a cognate subject, I have extended invitations to a score of young people without inducing any of them to attend; while last Sunday evening, without extra pressure, I was able to secure the presence of about a dozen, and others whom I have since met are sorry they did not go—a thing that has not happened, to my recollection, when the entertainment consisted of a lecture.

Brother Owen, of the "Golden Gate," has come to the conclusion that Materialists and Freethinkers are so egotistic that if the angels possessed a sense of humor these people would be the subjects of their merriment. Our spiritual contemporary says:

He who ridicules prayer, devotion, and spiritual aspiration, as something unworthy or unbecoming an intelligent being placing himself as first in the scale of intellectual importance in the plan of the universe, eclipses conception with the magnitude of his vanity. If angels were given to deriding the follies of mortals, they might well stand aghast with astonishment at the monumental presumption of such an egotist. A monkey on his hind legs, on one of the least of the millions of worlds that people space; an intelligent bug that buys and sells, that drinks rum and defiles his body with tobacco; the mere prophecy of an immortal soul; a spiritual tramp that lies and steals, and eats the bread of idleness, at the head of the universe! Can it be possible! Such have not been the great thinkers of the world, the geniuses of history, who were modest if not always wise. That presumption was left to the materialist and so-called Freethinkers of modern times.

I have never met a Materialist or Freethinker who professed to be at the head of the universe, though most of them had a higher conception of humanity than is expressed in Brother Owen's description of man as a spiritual tramp, an intelligent bug, or a monkey erected on his hind legs. It strikes me that nothing could be more modest than the attitude of Materialists and Freethinkers toward the unknown. They do not profess to foretell events about whose antecedents they know nothing. They do not claim to be *en rapport*, as the cant phrase is, with the spirit world. They do not pray to God, because they are not sufficiently egotistic to imagine that a power great enough to govern the universe could be in any way affected by their whims.

Mr. Owen's real grievance against Materialists and Freethinkers is that they decline to agree with him on some minor points such as the existence of God, a future life, and spirit communication. Perhaps he is right and they are wrong on these questions, but in the matter of egotism, I hold it is much more modest for a man to confess ignorance, and even to doubt the knowledge of others than to assume the attitude of the theologian who grasps the umbilical cord of the cosmos in one hand and expounds its philosophy with the other.

TWO CRANKS.

I have just received from London several copies of a monthly journal of mystical interpretation called "Psyche." Leo Michael is the editor of it, and the ex-reverend and ex-irreverent Mr. George Chainey is a valued contributor. An article by Mr. Chainey in the March number entitled "Episodes in a Life of Religious Adventure" is quite entertaining. The writer tells how pious he was when a boy, how he began to preach hell and damnation at the age of seventeen, and how he saw the greatest skeptics of that period tremble before his eloquence. Later on he became a Unitarian and rattled the desiccated bones of orthodoxy with equal success. While occupying the pulpit Mr. Chainey says he wrote many beautiful compositions, but he made the fatal error of trying to fertilize his mind by reading the fallacious works of Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer, which left him at the bottom of the Infidel soup. His advent among the Materialists, he tells us, was creative of great enthusiasm, and he at once assumed a position second only to that occupied by Col. R. G. Ingersoll in the hearts of American Infidels. He soon had a paper with a circulation of three thousand copies, and everything was hilarious. While pursuing this work he had a change of heart, and saw that he was not making the world any better. He therefore determined to go upon the stage and achieve fame as an actor. It was at this important point that the mother of Mr. Chainey's soul produced her offspring, and our writer became a Spiritualist. He says he was more surprised himself than his friends were at the sudden change, and I believe the statement to be true; because those of us who had come to know Mr. Chainey real well were not likely to be surprised at anything he did.

When Chainey got Spiritualism he got it bad. He "saw with other eyes, heard with other ears, was fed from an invisible source, enjoyed exquisite odors, and felt the touch and thrilling presence of unseen forms." These phenomena occurred at a camp-meeting, where there would have been less remark if the form whose presence thrilled him had been unseen by others as well as Mr. Chainey. He also began to see visions, felt a great shaft of light rushing down upon him and was much braced up thereby. Several times when he needed money, he says, this descent came upon him, "and without apparent thought or sense

of fatigue," he "wrote that which brought the necessary money." The reader is here left to decide for himself whether Mr. Chainey wrote for the press and received remuneration therefor, or whether when thus inspired he could the more successfully negotiate a loan. Mr. Chainey was finally "caught up into a great joy," and a star came from heaven and located on his forehead, thrilling him through with "undescribable ecstasy." He had a vision in which he was directed to go to the Holy Land and receive clearer inspiration. This vision came to him in Australia, whereupon he returned to America; but he had got no farther toward Palestine than Boston, Mass., when he had a dream in which he was transported to Doremy, France, the birthplace of the lamented Joan of Arc. Forthwith Mr. Chainey packed his valise and went to Doremy, France, whose people undoubtedly set him down for a lunatic, as he wandered about the little settlement "in a state of joy bordering on ecstasy," ending up the first day by kneeling at an altar in the local Catholic church dedicated to the immortal Joan. In this place he tells us, apparently without realizing he will be set down as untruthful, that an angel and a "woman clothed with the sun" appeared to him and shed the light of their countenances upon his favored person. All these experiences convinced Mr. Chainey that Jeanne d'Arc was sent direct from heaven to save France, and that he has a mission, five hundred and fifty years later, to write her biography and show that she was a daughter of God and full sister to Jesus Christ. He has, I understand, written the book, which is published in France.

When Chainey gets money enough he will go to Palestine and work up his ideas of scriptural interpretation. Through his subjective illumination he claims to have discerned the true meaning of the symbolism of the Christian religion and the Holy Land, so that nothing but the incidental expense prevents him from laying the whole truth of the universe before a perishing world. Since I read the history of Don Quixote I have not heard of a more absurd person than Mr. George Chainey has become.

There is another crank to whom attention might be drawn. He was first known to the public as Cyrus Romulus R. Teed, and he lived at Moravia, N. Y. He is now called simply Cyrus. He resides in the city of Chicago, and publishes a paper called the "Flaming Sword," copies of which are scattered about the floor as I write. Teed is a more original lunatic than Chainey, and has larger scientific attainments. If you take his word for it, he is John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, and several other divine incarnations combined. Teed is the fulfillment of a prophecy found in Isaiah, xi:

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his root, etc.

His father's name was Jesse, therefore Mr. Teed claims to be the rod and the branch aforesaid. But if that were not sufficient, the mention of Cyrus by name in another part of Isaiah settles the question:

Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut.

Teed was also foretold by Daniel, and his birthday set. He is therefore a voice crying in the wilderness announcing the millennium, whose advent is only waiting Mr. Teed's recognition as a messiah. While Chainey holds that the Bible is a book of symbolism, Teed maintains that it is a work of remarkable accuracy, containing everything necessary to be known. Thus all history is outlined and recorded in the Bible, whose characters correspond to the various members and organs of the human body. Noah, for instance, is the diaphragm of history, while the twelve apostles are its duodenum.

In the matter of astronomy, too, Teed is original. According to his system, which he calls Koreshan, and which is destined to supplant the erroneous conceptions of Copernicus, we are not living upon the convex surface of a globe but inside a hollow sphere. What we call the sun he disposes of as an electric light; the moon is only a mirage or optical illusion, and the stars, instead of being great worlds, are trifling focuses of light. The as-

tronomers also have been fooling us about the immense distances of the planets. The sun is not farther off than New York from San Francisco, and the moon is a still nearer neighbor.

Teed's religious scheme is complex, though less mythical than Chainey's. The Koreshans are people after Tolstoi's own heart, being not only communists but celibates. Furthermore there is to be a new genus of beings neither male nor female, but with all the advantages of both and without the failings of either. Mr. Teed holds that Jesus was the archetype of this new genus, the "united sex," and that all are capable of attaining the sexless state. Whether Mr. Teed has himself reached this ambiguous condition, which he calls the highest type of manhood, he does not say, but when he last spoke to me on the subject in New York five or six years ago he was confident that he would, and that he should then be immortal in the flesh. He explained that the pineal gland, located at the base of the brain, was the only drawback, and if this gland could be either removed or paralyzed, the distinction of human beings as to sex would be obliterated and death become a thing of the past. The *cult* of Teed, or Cyrus, as he now calls himself, is very near Materialism. He does not affirm a soul at all as that work is generally understood. Instead of going to heaven and praising God forever, we are going to live here, and the gods will come and settle among us.

Like other religions, Mr. Teed's system goes along smoothly until somebody arises and asks what reliable evidence there is to prove it true; then, like other systems, it falls down. In one respect, however, Teed is more admirable than Chainey. He courts argument and challenges refutation of his claims on biblical grounds, while Chainey declines to discuss at all, claiming that controversy is a fatal error, and that evidence is no test of truth. Both these men are afflicted with what alienists term the prophetic mania. Just for fun I will here quote a passage from one of Chainey's prophecies. It occurs in a vision he enjoyed in France:

As I listened entranced with joy, Lo! a soft light began to glow behind the figure of the angel and of the woman, penetrating their forms, and I saw that they were transparent and presented no resistance, until they glowed with a wondrous brilliancy and intense whiteness, and yet soft and pearl-like. Then, O joy unutterable! the light fell from them upon me, and I felt it glowing in every cell and fibre of my being, filling me with a sense of some mystical relation to the angel and the woman on whom I gazed with all the ardor of which I was capable, when suddenly I knew that they were alive, and cast upon me a living smile, the memory of which remains in my veins like liquid fire, filling me with a sense of almost omnipotence.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Chainey suffers from the same form of mental lesion that afflicted Swedenborg and Mohammed. I have not at hand so good an example of the vaticinations of Teed, but he belongs to a different class of cranks from Chainey, Mohammed, and Swedenborg. Here is the way *his* mental lesion manifests itself:

The sons of God were begotten spiritually over eighteen hundred years ago. They have been passing through the process of gestation during the past nearly nineteen hundred years. The process has involved the principles of both retrogressive and progressive metamorphosis. They are now to come forth at the end of the age as the natural born of God, the first fruits of the resurrection. The new genus about to spring forth is the product of the direct planting of the God-man or seed-man, Jesus. The modeler of the perfect natural and heavenly kingdom in the earth is the woman, vivified by the fecundating potency of Jehovah God through the overshadowing to be effected in the theocrasis of Cyrus.

No honest man who had all his senses about him would write either of the above extracts, because he would know he was talking about things which are not. These authors would make most interesting subjects for the students of mental peculiarities. The first question to be asked, though, is whether both are not conscious humbugs who take advantage of the superstitions of people in order to effect some object that is unworthy.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Grand Hotel, at Market and New Montgomery sts., this city, was destroyed by fire last Monday morning at a loss of \$500,000. —Registrar Smiley estimates that the cost of the election in San Francisco is \$134,000, or somewhat more than \$2 for each voter registered. —James A. Herne, the well-known actor, lectured in the Bush-street theatre last Sunday afternoon on the

Single Tax, of which he is an advocate.—There were 117 deaths in San Francisco last week, which is exactly the number recorded for the same period in 1889.—Charles J. Hirsch, editor of the "Evening Post," is under arrest charged with libeling a politician.—Mr. and Mrs. Stein gave an exhibition in a San Francisco theatre last Sunday night, purporting to be an exposure of Spiritualism. They succeeded in duplicating the phenomena, but the Spiritualists claim that the Steins are themselves mediums and work their wonders by spirit aid.—The Lick Free Baths were opened to the public on Monday, the 3d. The cost of the building and furnishing was \$85,000; lot and street improvements, \$37,500; total cost, \$122,500. The lot is valued at \$32,500. Adjoining it is also a vacant lot, also owned by the baths, valued at \$75,000. The unexpended cash amounts to \$27,000. The increased value of the investment is placed at \$70,000, making \$220,000 as the total value of the property, for which \$150,000 was expended. It is thought it will cost about \$500 a month to run the baths.—Several men who were post-office officials under Cleveland have been indicted by the grand jury of this county for levying assessments on employees for campaign purposes.—The private character of T. V. Cator, nominee for Congress from the fourth district, was vilely attacked by his political opponents just before election. It seems he has been divorced and remarried. His former wife published a card vindicating Mr. Cator's honor.—John Harvey, a native of England, was committed to the Agnews insane asylum the other day. He had twice attempted murder, and asserted that the Lord told him to kill somebody.—A loathsome contemporary calls attention to the fact that M. H. de Young, proprietor of the "Chronicle," owns \$1,312,500 worth of real estate in this city and county, but pays taxes on only \$522,725.

Dillon and O'Brien, the Irish fugitives from England, have reached New York.—The nurse who takes care of President Harrison's grandson, Baby McKee, is on the pay-roll of the White House as a skilled laborer, and draws \$75 a month from the public funds.—About seventy lives were lost in a collision between the schooner Cornelius Hargraves and the Spanish steamer Vizcaya off the coast of Delaware Oct. 30. The steamer was sunk.—The Rev. James Butler, of the Methodist church at Dunlap, Tenn., is in jail. He stole a parishioner's horses and eloped with his young wife.—The postmaster at Leavenworth, Kan., last week threw out the mail edition of the Leavenworth "Times" because the paper printed a list of Catholic fair raffles. The "Times" has sued the postmaster for \$10,000, making the claim that no law can forbid an American newspaper printing the news.—The census shows that the United States has a population of 62,480,540.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says the Czar has been deeply irritated by the advice and interference of the foreign press and preachers in behalf of the Russian Jews, and that his majesty, who is personally in favor of rigorous enforcement of the anti-Jewish decrees, has given directions that no leniency shall be shown, and that officials shown to be remiss shall be reported for reprimand or punishment.—The king of Holland is a lunatic.—Cuban advices report that the McKinley law has already had a baneful effect on Cuba. Forty of the smaller tobacco factories have closed and a large number of operatives are idle.—In Matehuala, Mexico, Oct. 30, a church roof fell, causing the death of three people and wounding four men, including a priest.—It is stated that in a farewell interview with Cardinal Lavigerie the pope said he no longer hoped for anything from Austria. He would place all his trust in France to secure the restoration of his temporal power.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM has told the story of his life, that is, his religious life, in a small volume called "My Religious Experience," Freethought Publishing Company, San Francisco. The son of an orthodox Christian minister, he passed a joyless childhood filled with gloomy thoughts, and believing that "joy was sin, and anything delightful was devilish." The long and dismal Sundays were to him days of trial, and waking at night in terror at the thought of hell-fire caused him untold anguish. His unbelief as a child, his conversion, three years passed in theological studies, after which he graduated and was ordained to the ortho-

dox Congregational ministry, the change from orthodoxy to Unitarianism, and finally his abandonment of all religion, form a very interesting account of his religious experiences. Mr. Putnam says: "I do not know why religion has not been as much of a reality to me as to the most earnest Christian that ever lived;" and again: "I state my honest convictions when I declare that religion is absolutely worthless. I believe that it has done vastly more injury than good to the human race." Mr. Putnam's life is full of interest. He does not rail against religion as too many Freethinkers do, but tells his story with great feeling and dignity, and in a manner that should not shock or pain any one.—*Twentieth Century.*

MR STEPHEN MAYBELL, author of "Civilization Civilized," has published a new work on the money question which he calls "Land Currency: A Brief Treatise on the Subject of No Tax." Mr. Maybell's central idea is to base a currency upon the real estate of the country instead of upon its metal solely, and he argues the question out in a way that will convince many who do not now agree with him. The book (56 pages octavo) may be ordered from this office; price 25 cents.

A STATUE to Horace Greeley has been unveiled before the Tribune office. The ceremonies were begun with a prayer by Bishop Potter. It's a wonder, if spirits can make their presence manifest, that Horace did not hit the bishop a whack alongside his head. Think of the incongruity of praying for the memory of the first president of the Manhattan Liberal Club.—"Truth Seeker."

W. F. JAMIESON gave lectures in Menominee, Mich., recently. He will make engagements for lectures and debates in Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. He desires to spend the winter in Kansas, but will accept calls for lectures and debates in Missouri and Iowa. Address him at Des Moines, Iowa.

METHODS OF WORK.

The difficulty of getting Freethought (I prefer the term "Infidel") argument before the people is a serious one. Very few Christians and many of the "unchurched" will not read anything Liberal as soon as they find out what it is. A book, newspaper, pamphlet, or any such thing bearing the name of any prominent Liberal writer or speaker or publishing house will be rejected as soon as that fact is discovered. So if a lecture is announced, all the orthodox keep away and induce others that they can do so. Hence many who could be won over to our side are kept away, and many who would think and study are kept in ignorance. Secularists should work against this everywhere.

A good plan is to encourage lyceums, debating clubs, literary societies, and kindred organizations. Many a time Freethought ideas and teachings may be got in at such places, often without the knowledge of the recipients. Steady work in this manner will tell. Avoid giving offense, but be fearless, good-natured, and persistent.

Take an interest in the public schools. Visit them; see what is taught there. And if your children are being taught what you believe to be error or falsehood, superstition, or immorality you have a right to interfere. You have a right, as a citizen, to require a school-teacher to be impartial and not humbug your little ones whom you intrust to his care. If you are unable to prevent objectionable teaching, you may do very much to disabuse your children's young minds by explaining these matters to them yourself at home: and then protect them from being browbeaten or frightened by their teacher in school. And to do this effectively the parent needs to be well informed.

Many other ways may be used as occasion arises, but the judicious circulation of Freethought literature and encouragement of speakers should not be neglected. The methods of "our friends, the enemy," are often admirable. They are the result of much study and zeal on the part of those who have secured bread and butter, yellow-legged chickens, soft beds, and much petting thereby. I commend them. If Infidels would show half as much zeal, energy, and self-denial in behalf of the truth as religionists do to

promulgate superstition and fraud, the battle would soon be won.

Infidels should look forward to the time when we will have schools, colleges, libraries, and institutions of learning, and social and literary organizations in every town and hamlet in the land, where the truths of science shall be taught and civilization advanced, and the minds of men and women relieved from the superstitions and degrading fear of an angry God and a burning hell. This is something worthy to work for. Let us not weary in well doing.

F. S. MATTESON.

Aumsville, Or.

BATTLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS IN WASHINGTON.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Mr. Samuel Christopher, a member of the Washington Secular Union, who keeps a barber shop in Seattle, in whose case Judge Rivers (police justice) decided the Sunday closing statute, under which arrests were made for violation of Sunday sacredness, did not apply to trade in the sense of work at mechanical labor or handicraft, but the word trade was used only in the legal sense; that is, trade, barter, sale of goods or merchandise. The brilliant argument of our president, Richard Winsor, so fully sustained by a mass of legal authorities, calling forth the compliments of the court for its learning and research so far as the constitutionality of the statute was concerned was not passed on. But under the ruling of the court, our demurrer was sustained so far, that that statute did not apply to working at lawful handicraft or mechanical work. Prisoner was discharged, and last Sunday nearly all the barber shops were kept open.

The animus of the fanatical bigots, and underhand work of the National Sabbath Union, is manifest in the fact that the wealthy clothing merchants, who were arrested for actually selling goods and merchandise on Sunday, although keeping open and doing a big business were not molested. Since we obtained change of venue, the whole matter has slumbered, no action been taken; but Mr. Christopher, the hard-working, industrious citizen, because a Liberal, has been singled out as the victim of their malicious persecution.

He was arrested again last Wednesday—no other barber was complained of. In the same building, the very next door to Mr. Christopher's bath-house and barber shop, is a store for the sale of notions and gents' furnishing goods, open all day long every Sunday, yet no complaint made.

Mr. Christopher was arrested and taken before Judge Humes, of the Superior court, to answer for an offense for which he had already been arrested, his case argued, and he discharged, the court declaring he had committed no offense against the law. Our counsel was out of the city. Mr. Christopher called attention of the court to his previous arrest and discharge. Nevertheless, he was compelled to furnish cash bail. The case is set down for next Thursday.

We shall fight the old puritanical relic of barbarism they call the Sunday closing statute, by every possible legitimate means to the very end. It is just as well the matter has been (even though unjustly and illegally) brought before the higher courts. We shall now force decision of the question as to the constitutionality of the statute.

We will carry the war into Africa, without fear or favor. If the Superior court, swayed or intimidated by the fanatics, the pagan sun worshipers of the National Sabbath Union decides against us the Washington Secular Union will enforce the law rigidly. We will make no attack on the poor, the weak, or defenceless, but cause arrest and press to conviction every newspaper publisher who sells newspapers on Sunday, and all editors and employees who do necessary work on Sunday to get out Monday morning edition.

If all work and business is prohibited, it shall not be enforced against Liberals of the Washington Secular Union alone. Work in the power houses of cable and electric cars must stop. No more street cars can run on Sunday. All restaurants must close. We will keep sharp lookout for mayor, chief of police, and all other high public officials. The statute reads:

"Sec. 2070. Any public officer who shall refuse or wilfully

neglect to inform against and prosecute offenders against this chapter shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25, nor more than \$100, and the court before which such officer shall be tried shall declare the office or appointment held by such officer vacant for the balance of his term."

By the time the case reaches the supreme court the legislature will have been driven to repeal the obnoxious statute.

A case of a Mr. Boreman, proprietor of the Bee-hive store at Spokane Falls, was tried last week in that city. The jury quickly agreed on a verdict, acquitting the prisoner.

We are delayed in preventing religious exercises in one of the public schools in this city (Seattle) on account of change of the school board. Election will be held Saturday. We must await action of new board before appealing to the courts.

Have another case of compulsory Bible-reading and recitation of the Lord's prayer, at Coupeville, Island county. The school-teacher published a bombastic rejection of the written and oral requests of citizens for its discontinuance. I have just returned from delivering lectures there, and have written the county superintendent and await his reply.

The law of the state is all on the side of right, but the arrogant assumption, the law-breaking proclivities of priests and parsons, renders necessary an appeal to the higher courts to enforce obedience to its just requirements. No other remedy is left us.

Once we obtain a decision of the supreme court, all religious exercises and instruction in public schools in Washington will cease forever. And so with rigid Sunday-observance laws, only the fight may be fiercer.

The necessity of organization is imperative, if we would not become slaves of the church and priestcraft. That Liberal of Washington who fails to give earnest, active sympathy and support in this fierce contest for right and liberty is unworthy of recognition by those who actually defend the grand principles of Liberalism and practice its ennobling teachings.

C. B. REYNOLDS,

Secretary Washington Secular Union, 2104 Sixth street, Seattle.

P.S.—The Knights of Labor (all the assemblies of the city) have, under the secret manipulations of the emissaries of the National Sabbath Union, issued a manifesto proclaiming themselves advocates of the Sunday law. For ways that are dark and schemes of deep craft, commend me to the Reverend Crafts, of the National Sabbath fanatics. But this makes our work harder, the contest fiercer, yet right shall win.

"MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE"—ITS ONE DEFECT.

From a Letter addressed to the author by Miss Ida C. Craddock, Secretary of the American Secular Union.

I received your "Religious Experience," and I have delayed acknowledging its reception, not because I was indifferent to its merits, but because it has swept me off my feet, so that almost the only criticism I could make would be one of praise. It seems to me like an echo of the best thoughts of us all; and, as I read, I became conscious of a curious sensation—a sensation which, I think, always comes with the reading of those works of true genius which touch our hearts. The ideas on the printed page did not seem an extraneous presentation to my eyes; they seemed, instead, to leap forth from the depths of my own living soul.

I have said that almost the only criticism I could make would be one of praise. I have one fault to find with your "Experience"—it does not go far enough. It brings us only to your present standpoint of brave and cheerful resignation; it does not prophecy for us what you will be—or, at least (to my mind) what you ought to be in the future. You have not yet reached your goal—the goal to which you are evidently tending—that preaching of co-operation in industrial and social matters to which most earnest thinkers to-day feel themselves sooner or later "called." When such co-operation shall be finally established (and I think that the signs of the times indicate it to be close at hand) the kingdom of heaven will be right here on earth. You doubtless smile at this enthusiasm; but you will believe in it some day, for you are evidently getting there as fast as you can.

For my own part, I could wish that your great powers for effective work would be thrown on this side. But I recognize the fact that the individualistic work of Anarchy is going to be quite as important in the final adjustment of our economic and social relations. I think I foresee the time when a compromise will have to be effected between the Nationalist centralizers and the Anarchistic individualizers, such as made between the Federalists and the Democratic-Republicans a hundred years ago, at the adoption of the United States Constitution. And it is right that this should be so; it is only imitating nature in her balance of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. Yes, your "Religious Experience" lacks its final chapter—a chapter which shall deal still with your "religion"—your "binding together again" of your old-time hopes, your poetical ideals, your intellectual energies in the atmosphere of a newer and more beautiful enthusiasm than any that you have yet experienced. And the close of that chapter which you are yet to write will not be chanted in the minor notes of resignation; it will ring with the pæan of assured victory. For you will know then, beyond the possibility of doubt, that even death is by no means a dreadful thing, whether followed or not by annihilation; you will see that universal helpfulness, universal happiness, universal tenderness—in short, the kingdom of heaven on earth—are not only possible but probable—and this, not by any radical change of heart, but by using our common selfishness and self-interest as the lever. I await that final chapter of yours. Yours very truly, IDA C. CRADDOCK.

Y

One of Bierce's Stories.

I heard a rather interesting anecdote the other day. Late one night some years ago a prominent Jewish physician, now of this city, was aroused from sleep and beseeched by a wretchedly-clad Irishman to accompany him on a professional visit to his family. There was evidently no fee in it, but the benevolent physician cheerfully complied, and was piloted to the most miserable part of the city, where, in an environment of indescribable squalor, he found his patient, the wife of the man who had summoned him. The poor woman was suffering from a terrible contagious disease, and was about to give birth to her first child. Beside the pile of rags upon which she lay was a priest of the Roman Catholic church bravely administering the consolations of religion. What a spectacle for instruction of the cynic! In that palace of indigence and stronghold of terror, where one might almost feel the presence of anguish and almost hear the footfalls of Death, Man's love of Man had entered to medicine alike the body and the soul. About that couch of misery was no room for race hatreds and the warfare of creeds. The Angel of Mercy stood there invisible, and in the divine compassion of his eyes immemorial animosities melted like barriers of ice. The Jewish physician and the Catholic priest, no longer lightning calculators of their long accounts, were false to the traditions of their fathers and forgot to abhor one another. But that is not what I was going to relate.

When the poor woman had become a mother, when the physician had prescribed and the priest had prayed, and both were about to withdraw, the priest approached the physician, took his hand, lifted his eyes reverently toward heaven for a moment, then, lowering them, said: "My son, I thank you in the name of the Father." "And I, sorr," said the patient's husband, with a sidelong glance at the new babe, "in the name o' the rest o' the family."—Ambrose Bierce, in the "Examiner."

Rensburg's Lecture Appointments.

J. E. Rensburg left Kansas on his tour to the Pacific coast, September 15. He reached California about the last of October. His appointments for this state, as far as arranged, are as follows:

San Francisco.....Nov 7	Fresno.....Nov 16
San Miguel.....Nov 8,9	Hanford.....Nov 17, 18
Monterey.....Nov 10	Tulare.....Nov 19
Gilroy.....Nov 11	Los Angeles.....Nov 20
Merced.....Nov 12	Fallbrook.....Nov 21
Snelling.....Nov 13	Bernardo.....Nov 22
Hornitos.....Nov 14	San Diego.....Nov 23
Easton.....Nov 15	San Bernardino.....Nov 25 26

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

BY WALLACE COBB FENDERSON.

Whoever has had an opportunity of studying the trend of modern thought on the subject of religion, in the course of their investigations must have been profoundly impressed at the widespread secession from the public religious faith.

A few years ago it was dangerous or exceedingly impolitic to refer in any way to this subject. To doubt the so-called "Evidences of Christianity" or to institute any investigation concerning the most vital question, entailed upon the investigator, at one time, the penalty of death, and a few years later the odium of social ostracism. But times have changed. Intellectual advancement is the motto of modern civilization. The tidal wave of unbelief, unimpeded by the barriers placed in its way by superstition and ignorance, has swept with a mighty force over the civilized world, and lashed the structure of Christianity with such terrific fury, as to cause it to tremble to its very foundation. Skepticism, the child of science, has within the past few years attained such alarming proportions, and exerted among thinking people such a potent influence, that the church may well put the question to itself and civilization, Whither are we drifting? Alarmed at the tendency of modern thought, shrinking beneath the touch of meek-eyed science, bitterly realizing that she was fast losing her influence upon the public mind, the church sought to avert the catastrophe which seemed inevitable by reversing creeds, and erecting upon the ruins of the old theology a structure consistent with the spirit of the age.

She clearly perceived the slough of disrepute into which the ancient doctrines had fallen, and, though usually blind, was now forced to the conclusion that intelligent men and women would no longer cling to creeds which forbade all investigation and depended for support upon faith alone. She unwillingly discovered among her former supporters, her most ardent adherents, a strong disinclination to accept many of the Biblical theories, prominent among others, the theory of "verbal inspiration," the story of creation, and the vulgar fable of "immaculate conception." The number of earnest and well-meaning theologians who have earned from the bigoted brethren the title of heretic, for attempting a revision of the creeds of the Christian church until they should no longer be repugnant to intelligence; will attest the bitterness, and stubborn resistance which church reforms have always met, and will always meet, so long as a portion of humanity wear the cankering chains of superstition.

The existence of Christianity can be accounted for in exactly the same manner as the other forms of worship which have preceded it, and which presumably will come after it, and in attempting to direct other religions, Christianity has laid the foundations of its own destruction. It was impossible for them to continue an attack on other and older forms of belief, without proving to the world that their own could be destroyed. They examine the account of the miracles of Buddha, and at once declare it to be without foundation in fact and yet Buddha has more followers than Jesus Christ. Why are we asked to believe that one performed miracles and to scoff at the other, when the claims of both to authenticity rest precisely on the same evidence? Why is not the argument which Christianity uses against Buddhism equally applicable and forcible when used against Christianity? If the question of age is involved in the argument, and is to be used as criterion, then Buddhism should take precedence for it has the superior warrant of many centuries.

All religions have been born of fear. Every honest investigator untrammelled by custom, and seeking truth, illuminated by the cold light of reason alone, will admit it. The intellect and every element in nature combine in a demonstration which cannot be refuted. Man fears the destructive and pain-producing elements of nature, and seeks to defend himself against their cruel ravages. He considers the condition of humanity and realizes that there must come an end to all things; that he himself and every living form must perish and go down to darkness and mystery; that some time he must plunge into that unknown, unfathomable abyss called death. Knowing this he asks himself the question, Shall I live again, or is this the end? His heart, theology, and its dogmas, made sacred by immemorial custom,

answer him, No, this is not the end; believe and you shall enjoy a spiritual existence blissful beyond comparison with your life on earth.

Thus does Christianity hold out to susceptible humanity this magnificent scheme of salvation, the splendid dream of immortality. Believe and you shall know, says the Theist; but the Atheist would reverse this, and says, Know and you must believe. After all, it is purely an achievement in morals, and refuses to receive any light from the intellect, for the orthodox would not only exclude every form of analysis, but every faculty capable of investigation.

Believe; do not analyze. Believe blindly and implicitly, and the truth of what has been accepted shall be revealed by an emotional process, by the dictates of the heart, for here alone is to be found the secret of creation and the destiny of the human race. The cruel fact that demonstration cannot yield anything like a clear conception of the question makes no difference to the believer, for he asks no proof, save that afforded by sentiment, on whose shifting and treacherous sands it is unsafe to build; for to assume that sentiment ever discovered a truth or maintained a fact is to place blind emotion on the throne of reason. Submission to such a despotism might soon convert the world, but would act as an insurmountable barrier to intellectual progress. The question of religion, like all other questions of great import, belongs essentially to the head and must be considered by the intellect. It is not safe to trust this matter to the heart, for here it becomes shaded with sentiment and defiled by prejudice, the legitimate inheritance of superstition, and made almost universally sacred by the fear of death.

As religion is emotional, so it is indisputably a selfish emotion, and it is the very epitome of selfishness, and herein it differs from morality, which is social and not individual. Religion considers only self; while morality, broader in its scope, more refined in aspect, and liberal in thought, considers the whole society of humanity. One binds the human mind with cords of selfishness; the other, asking no rewards for self outside the altruistic ends it seeks to attain, sees only the universal good. One appeals to human reason; the other to fear; and on this ground is to be fought the battle of the future between science and religion, for they are at war, and looking back over the record of the church—a record stained and polluted with blood and error—who can doubt the issue of the conflict?

MARY MAGDALENE—WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

Those who worship Jesus as a God present him to us as a model for our imitation. They claim he was perfect in morals, a saint in habits, and God in fact. If these allegations are true, he is worthy our adoration.

According to the biographies of Jesus, those who knew him best, they who met him in the every-day walks of life, charged him with consorting with publicans and sinners. (Matt. ii, 16; Luke v, 30).

"A man is known by the company he keeps," is a maxim as truthful as it is old. But the best of men are frequently slandered. A God ought to be exempt from the revilements of bad men. Was the charge against Jesus false, or does it appear to be truthful? We rely for authority on those who wrote of his adventures. In whose company do we most commonly find the hero of our faith, the exemplar whose doings we are taught to copy?

Is there any name more frequently mentioned among the associates of Jesus than Mary Magdalene? If the occasions are noted where she is mentioned as Mary, without the description of her person—magdalene—and where she is referred to as "the woman who was a sinner," we find this almost constant companion of Jesus, "the first at the cross, and the last at the grave," more frequently mentioned than any other person, not even excepting her whom the Catholics honor with the title, Mother of God!

If the word "magdalene," the Alexandrian Greek term used in the gospels, had been correctly translated into English, as it should have been in every instance where it occurs in the New Testament, there would have been no misunderstanding as to

the real character of this almost constant companion of "our Lord." As it is we are compelled to associate her name with other events in the divine narrative to ascertain her true status. Luke vii, 37, 38, says: "A woman in this city which was a sinner . . . kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment." The Pharisee, whose guest Jesus was, said: "She is a sinner." The historian and the Pharisee agreed in designating her by a term of reproach the church well understands. John xii., 3, chronicling the same event, mentions "the sinner" by name, and calls her "Mary," which we take for granted was the magdalene; for we find no intimation that "the other Mary" was a sinner. True, Luke, viii, 2, states "seven devils" went out of Mary Magdalene, but he failed to state how many others were left. It is urged that she was reformed, "born again," we suppose churchmen would say. However pure the magdalene's life in the immediate future may have been, it is believed such an associate in public and private was not a proper companion for one whom churchmen represent as posing for a God, and who was to serve as an example for the countless millions of humanity who were to come after him. Dr. Adam Clarke, in his commentaries on the last event referred to, after a labored effort to make it appear poor Mary was slandered, and that Catholics and Protestants alike had defamed her, by naming a certain class of hospitals and societies after, says:

It would have been contrary to every rule of prudence, and every dictate of wisdom, for Christ and his apostles to have permitted such a person to associate with them, however fully she might have been converted to God, and however exemplary her life at that time might have been.

Now that is exactly the point we make; and we believe common fame has affixed the correct definition to the term "magdalene," hence we insist that her constant companionship reflects prejudicially on him we are taught to designate as "God," and to whom we are asked to bend in worship.

As it is only truth we seek, will not some scholarly Christian satisfy an inquiring mind by stating who the "harlots" were that Jesus said (Matt., xxxi, 32) "believed on him;" and in the preceding verse had said, they will "go into the kingdom of God before you," addressing the chief priests and elders? There were more than one, it seems by the quotation. The commentators consulted have failed to furnish the coveted knowledge, though Scott, in remarking on this identical scripture, says: "Publicans and harlots received his testimony, and as true penitents embraced the gospel." If it was not these women we find almost constantly in the company of Jesus, washing his feet with their tears, and drying them with the hair of their heads; if they were not Mary, the magdalene, the other Mary, and Martha, who were they? The Greek word *porne* here used by the inspired writer in the plural, signifies "to hire." Wonder if during the next century, perhaps with another translation of the sacred volume, the term will not be capitalized, and a city or country somewhere be found by the name of Porne, doing by it exactly as was done by the word "magdalene" on a former occasion, and thus account for "our Lord's" harlot converts?

Modern clergy have made an important discovery. They locate a city on the western coast of Lake Gennesareth, which they call Magdala, and Mary Magdalene, they say, derived her name of bad odor from this city from which she "probably" came, and they quote Matt. xv, 39, where Jesus "came into the coast of Magdala in support of their probability. To this claim we beg leave to state, that we question if there is a single instance in the "holy scriptures" where a person is described by the town or city from whence he came. We have Jesus, the anointed, as the Greek word *christos* following his name should have been translated; John, the dipper, in place of the anglicized, but not translated, *baptisias*; Joseph, the carpenter; John, the son of Zacharias; James, the son of Zebedee, and so on through the book. This, of itself, is almost conclusive evidence that the theologians are at fault in their new rendering of this unsavory name.

Christian geographers "supposed" a city named Magdala formerly existed on the eastern coast of the celebrated lake of Galilee. Though the most thorough search has been made by modern explorers, yet not the slightest trace of an ancient city, village, or hamlet answering the description was found on that coast.

They then "searched the scriptures" the more diligently, and concluded the city must have been on the western coast; so in recent maps of Palestine the reader will find a city marked on the west side of the lake, to accommodate the needs of sacred history.

The Greek term *magdala* signifies a tower, or castellated rocks. As the bed of Lake Gennesareth is of volcanic origin, with hills and towering cliffs on the west, it is presumable this may have been known as "the coast of towers," just as the Bible writer stated, had the original been correctly rendered. Smith, in his "Dictionary of the Bible," honestly says:

The name Magdala does not really exist in the Bible. It is found in the received Greek text, and in the authorized version of Matt. xxv, 39, only; but the chief manuscripts and versions exhibit the name as Magadan. . . . By the Jews the word megaddela is used to denote a person who platted or twisted hair, a practice much in use among women of loose character."

The writer is well aware of the zeal, vast labor, and great learning which have been employed by theologians to remove the deep-seated prejudice which very generally prevails in regard to at least one of "our Lord's" most constant companions, and on whose statement the resurrection of "our Lord" rests; see John xx, where the details of that event are recited. So generally does the correct meaning of this name prevail in most metropolitan cities, very worthy reformatory organizations have sprung up, known as Magdalene societies and Magdalene hospitals, with a large membership of women, from which both Webster and the Imperial dictionaries have prefixed to the real definition the word "reformed," an addition no way connected with the original meaning.

After the destruction of Jerusalem, in the year 70, it is said, there was a Jewish seat of learning located at Magdala, and it is claimed mention of it is made in the "Jerusalem Talmud," said to have been compiled at Tiberias. Possibly this is true. Now a small Moslem village, located on the lake, bears the name of Mejdal; but even if it bore the name of Magdala it would not prove a city bearing a similar cognomen existed there at the time of the Roman conquest.

And even if a city had existed bearing the name of Magdala, at the time credited to Jesus, where is the evidence that Mary Magdalene derived her *descriptio persona* from a city in which it is not known she ever resided, and, as already stated, contrary to the uniform custom of the age in which it is claimed she lived? —G. W. BROWN, M.D., in the Investigator.

JESUS AS A LABOR REFORMER.

II.

In consulting the revised version of the New Testament, we find that wherever the word servant is used, without qualification, it means bond-servant, and Webster says that a bond-servant is a slave. Thus we have Jesus continually in the midst of slavery, and drawing his moral lessons and religious instructions from that institution, but never rebuking those who practiced it. On the contrary, like all other forms of tyranny, oppression, and wrong, it was like the kingdom of heaven. Jesus said: "Ye are my slaves if ye do whatsoever I command you." Let us, in the following quotation, substitute the word slave for servant as we are authorized to do by the strict meaning of the words employed.

"But who is there of you, having a slave plowing or keeping sheep, that will say to him when he is come in from the field, Come straightway and sit down to meat; and will not rather say to him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken, and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank the slave because he did the things that were commanded? Even so ye also, when ye have done all those things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable slaves." (Luke xvii, 7, 10).

First we observe the utter want of logic in the inferences which Jesus draws from his premises. That master did not have to thank his slave, not because he did not deserve thanks, but because the slave was in his power and could not help himself. If the slave, thus situated, were to say he was unprofitable he would be telling a syncopantic lie. He was producing his master's

food and then cooking it and feeding him, and receiving for himself only the crumbs which were left. And Jesus's idea was that the slave, under such circumstances, should not kick but should get down and crawl and apologize to his tyrannical master.

Of course you are unprofitable slaves when you try to serve God. He don't need your services. You cannot help him. Let that be understood, and the logical inference is that you should not work for God. All the priests and preachers, from Jesus to Sam Jones, have been putting up a job on the people. The gods do not eat or drink or wear clothes or live in houses. Work for someone you can help. Labor for those who will at least thank you for your services. Don't be unprofitable servants. Don't work for a man who wants you to turn grindstone with nothing to grind. The gods, if they exist, are old enough to take care of themselves. If they want anything let them say so. Take no second-hand statements as to the wants or desires of gods. Let them talk English and furnish their autographs before a notary.

D. PRIESTLY.

Milwaukee, Or.

NEW YORK LETTER.

In my last I said, "the political pot is simmering." To-day it is boiling. I termed doubtful a union of forces against Tammany. I did not believe that the cold and cynical Wheeler Peckham, the queer Father Duceg, the elegant Newton, the scholarly Dr. Crosby, could bring together the citizens, the Republicans and Counties, but they have done it, and I am no prophet. The ticket presented is a hybrid, composed of Jews and Gentiles; Republicans, Democrats, Mugwumps, and Socialists, Yankee, Dutch, and Irish, Protestant, Jew, and Catholic, Protectionists, Free Traders, and Single Tax. The Counties are crazy for it, the Republicans, lukewarm; the working men are chattering like magpies for and against it. It looks as if it might win, but Tammany is a well-organized army, and its power for years depends on victory. Defeat means political death to most of its leaders. I hear the very best things of Scott. He is a force wherever he is placed, brainy and honest. New York hung its head when Bill Wickham was mayor, because he was so small intellectually, but he was a giant when compared with Grant. "Hughey" is the most illiterate man ever elected mayor of this town. You might as well compare a tallow candle to an electric light, as to compare Grant to Scott. The candidates for mayor, controller, and district attorney, on the combine ticket are Democrats (Counties) the Republicans get a few crumbs, coroner and sheriff for instance. One of the judges ran on Henry George's ticket four years ago. Here is a chance of men "paying their money and taking their choice." I have no choice, therefore shall not vote. When Mayor Grant removed Coleman, the commissioner of cleaning the streets, I expressed the opinion that it would be impossible not to improve the service. I was wrong. Commissioner Beatte is no improvement. He is spending \$1,300,000 a year, and there is not a clean street in New York to-day. The Fassett committee has reached that department, but has unearthed some queer things in the Excise Board, in the sheriff's office, and at this time is looking into the workings of the tax office. It is to be hoped that some things may come out of this investigation, for the benefit of the city. We are a patient people. It costs \$35,000,000 a year to govern this town. London, with three times the population, I understand, spends only £5,000,000. Englishmen govern that city; Irishmen rule this. The former may be niggard, of that I know nothing. I think the latter are a trifle extravagant.

The coming and going of Comte de Paris has excited little or no public interest. It has given a coterie of snobs an opportunity to parade themselves before the country. A man, who could conspire with Boulanger to throw France into confusion and bloodshed, ought not to expect a warm greeting in America. He did come here, it is true, at the outbreak of the rebellion and enter our army, so Louis XVI. aided our fathers in the Revolutionary war, not because he wanted to see a republic here, but because he thought he could hurt England more by such aid than in any other way. Emperor Louis Napoleon had thrown all his influence in favor of the South; the Bourbons, from ne-

cessity, were obliged to favor the North; hence, the coming of these princes. The dinner given to the comte at the Plaza hotel, was a brilliant affair. The irrepressible Butterfield presided.

The Kendals are at the Fifth Avenue theater, and are packing the house as never before filled. They seem even more popular than last year. They brought along with them J. H. Banner (handsome Jack). He is well-known here, having played with Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson. Agnes Huntington is meeting with splendid success at the Broadway. She is a favorite here as she was in London. Her voice wins her way wherever she goes. "Poor Jonathan" is filling the Casino. No manager mounts his plays with more care than Aronson, with the possible exception of Daly. Jonathan is said to be simply gorgeous: I have not seen it, so can only give hearsay talk. The Casino has always been a popular resort, because the tone there has always been good.

Young William W. Astor is tearing down the home of his late father, John Jacob, on the corner of Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue. He is going to erect a large hotel in its place. The character of the avenue is rapidly changing from a street of residence to a shop street. The demands of business are driving the nabobs out. No locality in New York has been selected to take its place. West End avenue (the continuation of Eleventh avenue) is ambitious for the honor. The west side is gaining in popularity, and will in time be the swell part of the city. This is natural, as Broadway is the great natural artery of this island.

New York, Oct. 24, 1890.

EUDORUS.

REMARKS

MADE BY THE HON. A. SCHELL AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. JERUSHA JENNINGS, AT OAKDALE, CAL., OCT. 24, 1890.

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS: We have come hither to perform the last rites of the dead. Within the deep, still chambers of our hearts we will cherish the individuality, independence, and womanly virtues of our deceased friend. Society is in a transition state, for we behold here to-day a funeral without the presence of a clergyman or priest. The deceased desired none of them to say prayers or mass over her. She had no need of their assistance in the hour of dissolution. There was no spectre, no ghost in the air, or anywhere else, to haunt her in her last moments. She was not afraid to die. Death to her was eternal rest; it was but the philosophy of nature.

Deceased was 72 years of age at the time of her death. She was honest, industrious, and virtuous. She respected the rights of her fellow-men and did unto others as she would have others do unto her, and thus secured the confidence and good will of all who knew her. These were her passports at the portals of death.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a question asked by Job, but he never answered it. As to the future, who is there to reply? Across the line separating this world from the next no traveler has ever returned.

What we believe cannot affect our future condition. In all cases the believer is influenced by geographical facts over which he has no control, and therefore cannot be held responsible for his belief. But in comparison with what was supposed to be known and believed of God, the important fact has come to the front that we have learned some grand and glorious things that have revolutionized our opinions and beliefs, and that we need not believe any longer in such a God as the clergy have preached to us. No inquisitorial guillotine awaits our want of belief. We can now unhesitatingly believe that God is not what the church says he is. He is not a selfish Egotist planning for our fall and ruin "for his own glory."

Nay, further, we feel confident we are dealing with regular, orderly, universal forces, whose laws we can study and whose movements we can calculate, so that our position and belief, founded on experience, is unspeakably better and more comforting than all the knowledge of the old creeds.

It is said that "death entered the world by sin." This cannot be, for death is inherent in all organized matter. Many species of animals came upon this earth, lived their appointed time, died, and became extinct long before man made his appearance—long before sin began. Death is the result of law. Life is a mystery; death is a mystery. By virtue of natural law life came; by virtue of the same law death followed. Whence did man come? Has he always been man, or is he developed from some lower forms of life? What is life? How long has life been on this planet?

All these are questions men still discuss, and upon them they are divided. Whatever the truth may be in regard to these subjects, one thing is apparent, and needs no argument to prove, that an instantaneous adult or man is a physiological impossibility. Man attains his majority by the slow process of growth or development; and that he primarily descended from lower forms of life is now the paramount belief of the age.

But whatever our ignorance may be, we have wrought out by experience a knowledge of right and wrong, of how to live so as to attain something of good and happiness. After all we can say upon these things, "how blessed!" is this ignorance as compared with what we thought we knew before the light of Liberalism and Freethought illumined our superstitious minds! At least this we know: We are no longer mere subjects for the "fires of perdition" throughout an endless eternity.

It was once believed that our sickness and death were judgments on our sins and punishments for our wickedness—perhaps for loving our children and friends too well—to weaken our attachments to this life and make us willing to die; that this death was the result of original sin committed in the Garden of Eden.

We know now that pain and sickness and afflictions are the result of broken law, and that death is the seed planted in the body at the beginning of life. If we are wise we will not attribute death to any supernatural agency or to the wonderful and mysterious ways of an overruling providence.

We learn to recognize the fact that life, pain, and death are all under natural law. We ought to learn these laws and to regulate our conduct as to make the forces in nature help as much and hurt as little as possible. We know many times the best often suffer the most because of inherited ills, or from circumstances over which they have no control.

Why do the churches have so slight a hold upon the faith and reverence of men and women? Why do so many thousand neglect them? Why do so many of the best men and women feel that they are no longer essential to their highest and noblest life? Why is this funeral here today without the presence of a priest or clergyman? We might as well face the fact—the churches might as well face the fact—it is because free-minded, well-informed people no longer believe in any "fall of man." Our deceased sister did not believe it, for she requested that her funeral should be conducted by Liberals.

It is demonstrated beyond all intelligent question that no such fact as "the fall" ever occurred in the history of man. What follows? Why, this follows as inevitably as day follows night, that if man is not "fallen," then he is not "lost," and, in that case, he does not need to be "saved." Take away the fall of man, and there is no need of the scheme of redemption, no need of a supernaturally-inspired revelation, no need of an incarnation, no need of an infallible church, no need of a trinity, no need of an old-time heaven for the chosen few, no endless hell for the doomed many. All these doctrines found their reason in the supposed fall, and with it they pass away.

In conclusion, let me quote the beautiful language of Colonel Ingersoll:

"There is, after all, something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young and beautiful. But when the duties of life have been nobly done, when the sun touches the horizon; when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past, and the future; when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished day, then, surrounded by friends, death comes like a strain of music—it is a welcome relief. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn."

The duties of our deceased friend have been nobly done. Her sun on earth touched the horizon at mature age, and although the day may not have been very long, the road has been weary. She stopped at the wayside inn to which we are all traveling.

And now let the remains of our sister—all that is mortal of her on earth—be taken to her last resting-place. Man is taken from the general mass of matter which surrounds him—at death to that general mass of matter he is again restored; therefore matter unto matter and dust unto dust we consign all that is mortal of her on earth to her last resting-place, and there let her have eternal sleep.

Rensburg in Oregon.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your correspondent attended the lecture of J. E. Rensburg, at Silverton, yesterday. A fair-sized audience was there, many coming from a distance. Few Christians were present. They adopt the tactics of always having something on hand in their churches, at the same hour that the Secular Union does, and thus endeavor to keep the faithful away, so that they may not hear what the Secularists have to say. In the same way, all books and papers on Secular subjects are tabooed, or avoided. Evidently our Christian "friends" (?) are afraid that their dupes will "hear the truth," and hearing, will receive it. Their fears are well-founded. Many a time I have induced a Christian to read something Secular, by concealing from him the nature and authorship of the proffered literature. By being thus "crafty," I have "caught them with guile."

Mr. Rensburg is a pleasant, intelligent, cultured gentleman, of medium size, black hair, brown eyes, brilliant and expressive. He speaks readily, in a pleasant, well-modulated voice, and is a very pleasant speaker to listen to. He rounds out his sentences well, is impressive, but not very forcible. His style is that of the cultured East, and might be improved for audiences here, by a little more of the muscular and masculine vigor of "the wild and woolly west." But he is perfectly at

home with his subject, and may the good Lord have mercy upon the Christian preacher who ever tackles him. Freethinkers should welcome him. Such men are of more use in the world than all the expounders of the gospel in existence.

Let no one be discouraged. Freethought is progressing steadily and surely. Superstition retires, fighting as it goes, but retiring all the same, and every man or woman who loves to be mentally, morally, and physically free from priest domination should aid our cause as ability permits. "He, who would be free himself, must strike the blow."

Aumsville, Or.

F. S. MATTESON.

BEEN TO CHURCH.

Yes, I have been "sold" again. A new preacher who was heralded as a publisher, editor, and a know-it-all came to enlighten us Snowville folks. So I thought I would go and get my share of mental food.

Well, I received about as much information as if he had recited the alphabet over and over. Not one new idea or even an old one presented in a new and attractive guise.

There was the paltry story of the "converted Infidel." The Infidel pronounced Christ the greatest imposter the world had ever produced, and the preacher floored him by asking why it was that this greatest imposter had given us the best code of morals the world had ever produced. As if there could possibly be an intelligent Infidel in this enlightened age who does not know that were the code of Christly morals once adopted as a rule of action the world would soon be depopulated and morals be nowhere. Read the "Kreutzer Sonata," and you will learn that no true Christian could become a parent, and therefore the first wholly Christian generation would be the last of human kind:

To sell all you have and give it to the poor would make vagabonds and tramps of every one.

To take no thought of the morrow would have the same result.

To command that your enemies be brought before you and slain is far from moral.

To put out the offending eye or cut off the offending hand is Christian morality.

To give to all who ask and go at the beck and call of anyone, if compelled to go fifty miles to go five hundred, if sued for five hundred dollars to let five thousand go, is a Christian command.

To love those who most hate and persecute and annoy you, no matter how repulsive or intolerable they are, is Christian morals.

To do good to an enemy out of revenge and thus "heap coals of fire on his head" is Christly advice.

We must be able to scold the winds, bring the dead to life, make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, if we live out Christian morality. Also to eat arsenic and play with deadly cobras and rattlesnakes, and receive no harm.

We must make innumerable false promises, solemnly affirming that this generation shall not pass away till they be fulfilled.

Call all who will not accept your pet doctrines "thieves," "robbers," "vipers," "cursed," "Satan," and all manner of other opprobrious epithets.

Help yourself to a horse, or to grain, whenever you wish, and say, "The Lord hath need of them."

Aid people in getting vengeance on their enemies if they "importune" or "trouble" you long enough to make it an object to get rid of their pleadings.

Oh, yes, a truly lovely Infidel! Convincing code of morals, indeed! Isn't it a wonder conversions are not the rule instead of the *rara avis* they now are?

Here am I waiting for proof of a God and a future, willing to live on a thousand years if life be as pleasant in the "promised land" as it is here, and yet no powerful preacher ever convinces me with knock-down arguments. I see nothing in the vaunted Bible better than I find in other books. Nothing in the lives of Christian believers superior to that found in the lives of unbelievers. Jesus taught some good things, but not nearly so many as our Ingersoll does, nor is his code of morals as good as that of Theodore Parker, Elias Hicks, or lots of other modern thinkers, but doubtless it was the best his age could formulate.

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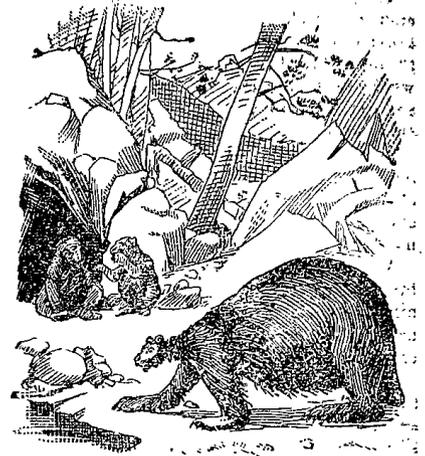
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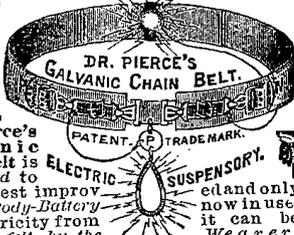
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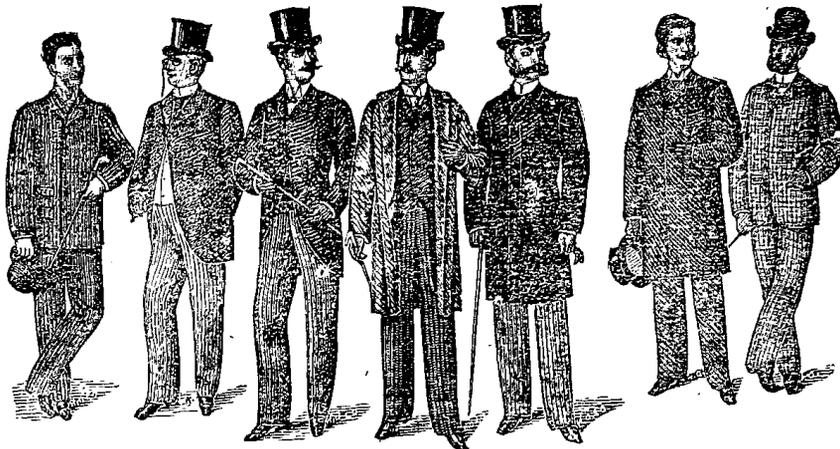
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"Pause!" sternly commanded the footpad, pointing a loaded revolver at the head of the belated pedestrian. "Suspend progress immediately, or with the index member of the digital extremities of my dexter manipulatory organ I communicate motion to the small metallic lever on the nether side of this weapon and release the mechanism it holds in check, thereby permitting the resultant concussion to explode the detonating fulminate contained in the rearward portion of the cartridge, vaporize the combined product of nitrate of potash, sulphur and pulverized carbon with which it is in immediate contact, and impart a sudden propelling impulse to the elongated leaden projectile, to secure the propulsion of which with adequate velocity this mechanical device originally was brought into the sphere of action."

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"Is it something to eat you want?"

"That is the summum bonum of my ambition—the ne plus ultra of my hopes."

From a basket on his arm the belated traveler took out a cylindrical package. He gave it to the footpad, who held it up where the flickering rays of a dim street lamp fell upon it, gave one glance at the printed label, shrieked deliriously, and fainted for joy.

It was a can of baked beans.—Chicago Tribune.

He Destroyed the Hat.

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk—cloak rooms being at a premium—announced that the next article of that kind placed there would be destroyed. For some days all went well, until the professor was called for a moment from the class room. A student slipped into his retiring room and emerged with the professorial hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled. The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending thing to pieces, the while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.—Chatter.

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Mistress—Mary, what are you doing with that clock?

Mary (with the servants' bedroom clock under her arm)—Plaze, mum, Oim takin' it to a watchmaker's. It's all out av order, mum. Ivery morning at foive o'clock it goes all to paces, an' makes such a racket Oi can't slape.—New York Weekly.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER 15, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On arrival in Ukiah I was surprised to find Alf Burgess & Bros. on hand, having a three weeks' entertainment for the cure of the body and not of the soul. The Burgess company make a lively team, and believe in the morality of a good laugh; and if, as somebody says, religion is indigestion, then they are arrayed against religion as well as theology. A healthful mind in a healthful body is about as near to paradise as one can get in this world or in any other. What is a golden crown worth if one has the headache? Along with the Burgess company, I had the pleasure also of meeting Friend McCowan, who doesn't seem to grow old in the atmosphere of this delightful country. Of course, I always have a warm feeling for Ukiah, since it was in the court house here that the kerosene lamp went flying by my heretical head. However, I escaped the "crown of martyrdom." I don't want the golden harp yet. I like this world better than any other, and am glad that the Christian's modern fagot dashed blazing out of the window.

I had a fine drive from Ukiah to Mendocino City. At this season of the year, with the roads in good condition, it was a luxury. At first, we climb the mighty hills of the Coast Range in the mellow splendor of the afternoon sun. We ascend, slowly winding around vast circles, three thousand five hundred feet. The scenery stretches away in wonderful variety and magnificence of endless forest. It is like an ocean upon ocean of verdant glory. Deep down gulfs appear—dark recesses, shadowy caves, thousands of feet below. As the evening sun grows golden, sending a thousand shafts along the arching trees, and the horses speed swiftly over the inclined plane, it is a most dazzling panorama that, from point to point, unfolds from the picturesque woods. The darkness increases and the brilliant lamps are lighted, one on each side of the rattling coach, and over the four prancing steeds and into the gathering mist and smoke they fling their splendid beams. The forests are on fire. Through the vast spaces flash the advancing flames. Sometimes they glitter right over the road, and we have to fly by to avoid the heat. A giant cedar is burning to its very heart, and is almost toppling upon the highway as the fiery daggers pierce its century of life. It

must fall soon, but we don't wait to see it. Perhaps it may fall to-morrow. A bridge is destroyed and in order to pass we must hug the embankment, a precipice of a hundred or more feet above, while it drops hundreds of feet further down to the bottom of the ravine. An inch or two less of space and the coach might roll over; but the skillful driver knows just where to go, and if I didn't trust in the Lord, I had to trust in the driver. If I had been alone, I certainly never should have gone over that precipitous route. All these varied experiences give one a tremendous appetite; at least, they did me, and when I got to the half-way house, I could eat with a relish. There were twenty-three miles yet of travel before me to Mendocino City, which is fifty-two miles from Ukiah. After supper, I have the most magnificent drive of all; in fact, I never had any stage-coach ride quite so inspiring as that. It was six miles down the mountain to the next station. It was dark as pitch, or "seven cats," as the driver said. There was no moonlight, or starlight, even, for the mist was gathering from the mountain top to the valley. The only light was the flame of the lanterns, tossing and heaving over the horses and leaping into the darkness as if so many demons were jumping from the rattling harness. Dark depths, unfathomable, were all about us, and the weird forms of trees were towering and making a roof of wondrous tapestries, a hundred feet above our heads. Those four grand horses, how they did scamper, and wheel, and whirl, and prance. It now seemed as if they would rush right upon the sides of the mountain, but in a twinkling they would turn, almost galloping, and speed around the curve. It was not a straight line we went, but round and round, on one side the mountain, and on the other the impenetrable darkness, and between these two, with the lanterns almost alive with fiery glee as they hurled their splendor into the night, we rushed, and over that six miles swept in just thirty minutes. Fortunately, I was the only passenger and had the front seat, and could enjoy this delicious ride to the utmost. It made the blood tingle. It was almost like a journey through the air. I felt that if the coach did plunge off, wings would sprout at once, and we should sail off through space, with no possible chance of disaster. In fact, there was a feeling of absolute safety, although I could not see beyond the horses' heads, and every moment it looked as if we were tumbling over into immeasurable blackness. But the horses knew every foot of the road, and the driver also, Ackerman by name, and I was really just as safe as if I was in a drawing-room in an easy chair. I wouldn't have missed that drive. There is nothing like it in the world. These California dashes down the mountains with four horses, or six horses, are one of the luxuries of travel that may soon be extinct, as the railroads span the country, but a ride in the best palace car is not to be compared with these magnificent stage coach drives at the rate of twelve miles an hour, circling the mountain side round and round, and down and down.

At ten o'clock p. m. I arrive at Mendocino City. In the morn-

ing, about the first one to give me greeting was C. C. Johnson, or Charlie Johnson as they call him, one of the pioneers of the country; and through his activity and the co-operation of Mr. Wilson, proprietor of Tivoli Hall, arrangements were made for lectures at Mendocino City, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Saturday afternoon, I go up to Ft. Bragg. I find Liberalism still in the front. The Bucholtz brothers, Harry Houston, with all the rest whose names are enrolled upon FREETHOUGHT, are ready with good greetings. Times are a little bit dull at Ft. Bragg now. The woods are not so lively as they were a year ago; the mills are running on about half time. This is only a momentary lull, but some of the comrades of a year ago I do not see.

However, the lectures are well-attended. Saturday evening the house was about full, a good five hundred being present. The orthodox minister thought that only a dozen would attend, but as he peeked into the door he retired with a different impression. After the lecture there was a dance and sociable, in which the young folks enjoyed themselves until midnight. I lectured Sunday afternoon and evening. In the evening, the number was as large as on Saturday. So the churches, although they make many revivals, do not seem to have the vantage ground. Through changes the flag of Freethought still floats, and I thoroughly enjoyed my visit here and the work. The Pavilion outshines the steeples. There is the inspiration of good fellowship of those who believe that this world can be made brighter and better.

One of our noble comrades has gone away into the unknown, where the star of hope shines—Comrade Gallagher, Pat Gallagher, as they call him, a whole-souled man of education and ability, but a worker because he wanted to be an independent man. He was a Freethinker by simple and honest conviction, although born into the church and destined for the priesthood. He could not accept the old creeds. The light of reason was too strong. Bravely and truly he lived, and bravely and grandly he died. He was respected by all, and his loss is deeply felt. Humanity and reform have been deprived of a loyal supporter, a gallant and generous ally. He died without fear, thinking only of those he might help by living. Upon his grave shall the flowers of memory bloom. He shall not be forgotten while truth lives and humanity advances. The sky and the sea mingling their glories, and earth with its promise of spring and summer, and the flowers and harvest gold shall keep the memory of this comrade, whose truth, manhood, and devotion are a precious legacy which death cannot destroy.

So, with the memory of all those who live and work, and those who die but whose spirit breathes, I leave this field of labor, with the music of the sea about it and the sunshine on the broad forests, and hope is in th heart, and the future brightens.

At Mendocino City my generous friends C. C. Johnson and the Kidwell brothers have arranged for the lectures, which are well advertised, and, although the city is quite orthodox and Freethought is something of a stranger, there was a fair attendance. On the first evening there were no ladies present, but on the second evening about a third of the audience were ladies. I think a good start has been made at Mendocino City, and that this will be a good point for future work.

In spite of much conservatism there is a Liberal element here, and now that Freethought is beginning to be understood, it will be a growing power. I am under great obligations to Mr. Wilson for the use of the Tivoli Hall. J. B. Kidwell intro-

duced me on the first evening, and Mr. Harvey, a Paine Freethinker, on the second evening.

I found many other good friends at this place, but nowhere have I struck hands with any more earnest or enthusiastic friend than C. C. Johnson. I expect to lecture at Caspar, Greenwood, and other places on my next tour, and I think that quite a line of Liberal camp-fires can blaze along this coast.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Higgins, as on the last occasion, beautifully decorated the Pavilion with flowers. On the added roll of Freethought are H. M. Foye, H. A. Weller, Ross, Charles Thamer, Copsey, and Gallison, C. J. Wood, J. P. Nelson, and I hope to see the list increased. The hospitality and enthusiasm of the Bucholtz family are long to be remembered on the pathway of the Secular Pilgrim. Through storm and sunshine these are welcome allies.

On Wednesday morning I take the steamer. The wind blows brightly from the north and the sea rolls magnificently beneath the sun. I can hardly keep my seat at times, and when I sit down to dinner the dishes fly in every direction. But I manage to keep hold of the table and eat, without paying any tribute to Neptune. The view over the boundless Pacific is sublime. The immensity of waters seems to be rushing to devour one. How cold and cruel the mighty billows appear, and how little seems the barrier between us and the swelling mountains of foam. The picturesque shores glide by in the glittering atmosphere. Sunset comes upon the vast scenery with wonderful brilliance, clouds of gold in the dark-blue sky reflected in the surging depths. Sea, sky, and land in the advancing gloom, with the great star of the lighthouse burning in the centre, make a scene of infinite loveliness and desolation, and I could not help wondering in these strange moments where I was and whither I was drifting beneath the motionless sky and over the restless sea, whose thunders would not let me sleep. Through the gates of midnight, jeweled with stars, draped with black clouds, we pass over the white-crested, billowing path of the musical waters, and the white dawn flutters its flag over the bay as we anchor by the bustling city. The dream is over and action comes. We are in the world again.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

GROWING IN GRACE.

We watch with interest, not to say solicitude, the advance which our good brother, J. J. Owen, editor of the "Golden Gate," is making toward the kingdom of heaven. The "Golden Gate" is a Spiritualist paper, and Spiritualists, as a rule, do not go much on religion; but therein they differ from Brother Owen, who does. He remarks:

"Our friend Dawbarn is reported as saying, in one of his Summerland lectures, that 'only inferior and cringing minds ever indulge in prayer.' (We sincerely hope that he is not reported correctly.) Was there ever a noble soul that did not pray, at times, and seek for spiritual guidance from some power beyond himself? In the dark days of the rebellion our noble Lincoln prayed, and we have no doubt he received a sustaining strength thereby. Stonewall Jackson was a praying man; so were Washington and Adams. So were nearly all the great men of history who have left their mark upon the world. They had the modesty to believe that there might possibly be some overshadowing influence or intelligence in the universe greater than their own."

It may or may not be true that the men above mentioned performed their incantations before some imagined influence. We know that many eminent heathen have bowed down to wood and stone, but it is not recorded that any valuable scientific results were thereby attained. Some of them doubtless prayed

for deliverance from eternal punishment, which sort of nonsense Brother Owen does not believe in. Here is his rebuke to friend Dawbarn:

"So-called spiritual lecturers or teachers who ridicule prayer, and persistently insult the devotional sentiment in human nature, by ribald allusions to the higher spiritual influences that lead the race onward and upward, are not the kind to uplift humanity, or make the world better. Such false teachers should unite themselves with Materialism outright, as in Spiritualism, and in presence of sensitives, they open the way to the ready coming in of those crude and undeveloped spirits which often bring ruin and wretchedness to their mediums. It is in the devotional and aspirational features of mediumship that our sensitives find their strongest protection. A devout medium is generally a good medium, and always protected, by safe and trustworthy guides, from all evil influences."

Of course it would not do to let the Freethinkers escape. Belöw is their dose:

"Ridicule and denounce, as the alleged Freethinker and Materialist may, the religious thought of the world, and the forms and usages of the Christian church, yet all purity of life and conduct, all honor among men, all aspiration for the higher life, all respect for goodness, are held in that thought and embraced within that church (that is, the religious thought and church of to-day). Not that some professed Christians are not whited sepulchres, and some ministers of the gospel wolves in sheep's clothing (for they are but human, and subject to the weaknesses of poor mortality)—and not but that the teachings of Christianity contain many errors and crudities, and may even in past ages have been a serious bar to the advancement of civilization—yet, notwithstanding all this, and more, it is to-day the hope and incentive to a better life for millions of the human race."

We have no especial reply to make to this, except to enter a general denial that the church contains all that is of value to the human race. The Christian church is founded upon supernaturalism, which is a mischievous fallacy, and, being false, can furnish only an unstable basis for human relations. We would be pleased, however, to know what those men and women who, as a distinguished believer once remarked, are Spiritualists without forfeiting their intellect, have to say of Brother Owen's growth in Christian grace.

WHEN TO BE THANKFUL.

Lest our readers should not know when to return thanks or when to assemble for worship, we reproduce a proclamation that has just issued from our most distinguished public servant at Washington, D. C., President Harrison, to wit:

By the grace and favor of almighty God, the people of this nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year which has been full of the blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty. Bountiful compensation has come to us for the work of our minds and our hands, in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of the present month of November, to be observed as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, and I do invite the people, upon that day, to cease from their labors, to meet in their accustomed houses of worship, and to join in rendering gratitude and praise to our creator for the rich blessings he has granted to us as a nation, and invoking the continuance of his protection and grace for the future.

I commend to my fellow-citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless, and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity and gracious acceptance of our praise.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and fiftenth.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

All who feel like it are at liberty to follow Mr. Harrison's advice as regards worship, but it would be agreeable to know who gave him the authority to issue invitations for church meetings. He has no such authority, and there are many who know that he is exceeding his functions when he exercises it. In the first place, the most religious body of people in the country, that is to say, the Catholics, do not recognize the president's proclamation of a religious day. The Catholics, it is true, will observe thanksgiving, but they know it is a religious observance, and they will take their instructions from their priests, who will issue a separate document. In the second place, the Freethinkers, who do not care to be prompted by either priests or politicians, will not thank Mr. Harrison for advising them to attend church. They regard his proclamation as to this extent an impertinence, and demand that the appointment by the president of the United States, and by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

EXPENSIVE SOULS.

The Rev. Dr. Rice, of the Presbyterian church, has prepared and turned in a report of the cost of saving the souls of Californians and others. He presented his statistics to the Presbyterian ministers' meeting in San Francisco last Monday. As a preliminary he stated that the conversion of foreign heathens costs on an average \$262, and native Americans, the country over, \$200. Citizens of this state came higher than elsewhere, and in some localities souls are exceedingly expensive. For instance, according to Dr. Rice's figures, a comparison of the sum spent and the work accomplished in Sacramento demonstrates that conversions there run as high as \$300, while in San Jose the figure is still more exorbitant, as a Santa Clara Valley sinner comes to repentance only after an outlay of \$328. This is the top notch, and San Francisco exhibits the lowest for the state, as \$262 here often suffices to convince the most obdurate that Christ died for him. It may be said with regard to San Francisco, that the large number of heathen citizens, who cost less than native sons, greatly reduces the average expense. A good able-bodied Chinaman, if allowed to retain his queue, would sign any church roll in the world for ten or twelve dollars net.

These figures should cause the Presbyterians to hesitate and inquire whether the results are commensurate with the outlay. It may appear after all that a citizen of California converted at an expense of \$250 is not actually any better after regeneration than he was before. Old-time proselyters were warned that they compassed earth and sea for one convert, and that when they had got him he was ten times worse than before.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

A meeting for lecture and social will be held by the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, November 16. The lecturer announced is Mrs. Dr. F. Winzell, who will speak on the subject of "Electro-Therapeutics, or Electricity as a Remedial Agent." Free demonstration will be given by Dr. Winzell and assistant.

Admission to the lecture is free. The meeting closes with a social and dance; gentlemen participating in which will be charged 25 cents.

It is rarely that an election is so satisfactory to all concerned as the one held last week. The Republicans are jubilant over California, which went their way, while the Democrats cannot

make noise enough to express their feelings over the result in the East. Reform Democrats in San Francisco did not elect anybody, but they defeated several bad men, and therefore find reason to rejoice. Mr. Cator, their candidate for congress, thinks his friends did splendidly by him, and he is glad he went into the fight. The Nationalists have discovered that in some way the result achieved by the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas is a Nationalist victory, and they celebrate accordingly. Major McKinley, of tariff fame, recognizes the superior perspicacity of California in catching on to the beneficence of his bill, and gives it the credit for the Republican sweep on the coast. The Democrats, on the other hand, declare that the clean-up in the East is a condemnation of McKinley. Meanwhile, as a leading factor in all political contests, the "sack" holds first place with no challengers.

At length we are permitted to know the nature of the unpardonable sin, and the information comes from a woman. The unpardonable sin, saith the woman, whose name is Baeyertz, and who is a converted Jewess, is unbelief in the son of God. The above was imparted to a San Francisco audience last Sunday night by its author, whose argument is as follows: All men are by nature sinful, but pardonable through Jesus Christ. The said Christ being the only mediator through whom pardon may be obtained, the rejection of him is necessarily unpardonable. Nothing could be plainer, except the proposition that Mrs. Baeyertz probably does not know the truth of anything she states as a fact. The Hebrews have a pleasant story which they relate about converted Jews. One of the converted ones came to his rabbi and said, "Master, I have experienced a change of heart, and have joined the Christian church." And the good rabbi answered him, saying, "Son, go thy ways; but if you don't make a better man as a Christian than you have been as a Jew, may the Elohim have mercy upon you."

A WRITER in the "North American Review" addresses himself to the task of pointing out the difference between religion and superstition. The former, he explains, relates to faith or belief in the supernatural, while the latter finds its object in things of this earth which are capable of demonstration. Belief in the unlucky nature of the number thirteen he calls a superstition; so are the fear of spilling salt, breaking a mirror, or seeing the new moon over the left shoulder. He is obviously clear thus far, but he is unfortunate in referring to the superstition attaching to Friday as an unlucky day. He evidently believes that the observance of Sunday is a religious act; yet the worst that can happen to an enterprise begun on Friday is temporal disaster, while the violation of rules prescribed for Sunday is supposed to be visited with spiritual pains of prolonged if not eternal duration. From a logical point of view the Sunday superstition is as much greater than the Friday superstition as the pains of eternal fire are worse than ordinary ill luck.

THERE will be no county in Kansas large enough to hold the Vincent family when the extent of their importance strikes them with full force. They led the Farmers' Alliance movement in their state, and having won the fight, they are credited by the Greenbackers, by the Socialists, by the Democrats, by the Nationalists, and by the Labor forces with carrying the state for each. It was indeed a famous victory.

WE want about two thousand of our readers to set themselves at work to get two thousand more readers. There should always

be activity in this matter. If you find a man who professes to be a Freethinker, stop him on the spot and make a subscriber to FREETHOUGHT of him before you let him go. Keep before him the truths that every conviction worth holding is worth promulgating and supporting, and that indifference is mental stagnation. Give him a copy of FREETHOUGHT, and ask him if there is any reason why he should not subscribe. One copy one year, \$2; two copies one year, \$3; three copies, \$4; and four copies, \$5.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, has not so elaborate a plan for readjusting human relations as that proposed by Edward Bellamy, but he is eminently practical. He has set himself at work to raise a million pounds sterling, which he proposes to apply to erecting homes for the outcast and poverty-stricken of London. His method is to build small houses to be rented at nominal rates, the occupants to become owners when the cost of the house has been paid in the form of rent. The Salvation Army is the forlorn hope of the Christian world; it is the only branch of the church that really has any excuse for existing.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD'S "elixir of life" having been accorded a chance to prove itself a failure, Dr. Koch, of Berlin, now comes forward with a "specific" which he claims, or somebody claims, is a cure for consumption, especially tuberculosis. With regard to consumption, it is generally held that if the disease is cured it was not consumption but something else; and this notion will probably prevail against any claims for the virtues of Dr. Koch's specific. Nevertheless if the patient's health is restored, the technical nature of the malady is not of so much account.

MR. THOMAS SMITH, of Cleveland, Ohio, who held that the traitor Judas was necessary to the crucifixion of Christ, and therefore to the salvation of the world, was not so insane on that point as his disappointed heirs would have the court believe. Except for Iscariot's timely treachery, supplemented by the bigotry of the Jews, Christ might have been alive to-day, and the Christians would be compelled to take the consequences of their own acts; something that is undesirable for them to contemplate.

THE strictures of the Freethinkers on the attitude of the church toward woman are taking effect, and the Methodists are voting upon the proposition to admit women as lay members at general conferences. The privilege thus being offered to women is not a valuable one, any more than the right to vote in political elections, but it is a step in the direction of human equality, and as such is worth mentioning.

THE closing of the Catholic Cathedral bazaar contemporaneously with the closing of the polls was to be expected. The fair was organized to bleed the candidates, and now that the candidates are either elected or defeated they are no longer available for blood-sucking purposes.

THE election being over, there is no further interest among American politicians in the poor of Ireland, and the appeal for funds has been withdrawn. Sympathy for the Irish and hatred for the English will now be laid away until another election shall recall them into activity.

S. P. PUTNAM will arrange to lecture in Perris, Cal., Nov. 19; Leon, Nov. 20, and San Jacinto Nov. 22 and 23. Liberal friends please take notice.

OUR New York correspondent, Eudorus, gives Mayor Grant

the distinction of being the most illiterate man that ever won the mayoralty contest in the metropolis. Naturally so, since the Catholic church, through its political organization, Tammany Hall, elected him.

WE have the "Freethinkers' Pictorial Text-book" for sale, price \$2. Patrons ordering the work by mail or express will please inclose 25 cents extra for cost of transmission.

SECULAR UNION CONGRESS.

The following press dispatch furnishes all the information we have received concerning the Congress of the American Secular Union, which appears to have been a great success:

PORTSMOUTH, O., Nov. 2.—To-day was culminating day in the American Secular Union Congress. Excursions were run on all the railroads, bringing big crowds from Columbus, Cincinnati, Huntington, Maysville, Ironton, Gallipolis, Jackson, etc. The opera house was packed, and many people were turned away. The morning session was opened with a brilliant address on "Religious Liberty" by Rabbi David Phillipson, of Cincinnati. Judge Waite, of Chicago, followed with a powerful talk on "God in the Constitution." Professor Corliss, secretary of the National Religious Liberty Association, then spoke on "No Union of the Church and State." His talk was masterly and effective.

The afternoon session consisted of music and oratory. Addresses were made by L. K. Washburn, of Boston, on "The Sunday Question;" Thaddeus B. Wakeman, of New York, on "The Natural Sciences," and John Charlesworth on "Secularization."

Charles Watts lectured in the evening on "The Church and the Throne." His effort met with storms of applause. Miss Voltairine de Cleve closed the Congress.

Later.—A card from Miss Ida C. Craddock brings the intelligence that the following officers were elected: President, Dr. R. B. Westbrook; secretary, Ida C. Craddock; treasurer, F. C. Mende; directors, T. B. Wakeman, E. B. Foote, jr., T. Morris Perot, and J. A. Bentley—the first two from New York, the last from Philadelphia.

OBSERVATIONS.

J. E. Remsburg spoke in a hall at 977 Market street, this city, on Friday evening of last week. Notice of the lecture was so short that only a few knew when and where it was to be delivered. I myself took special pains to see that this paper containing an announcement was placed in the mails early Friday morning, so that all city readers would know about the event, but the postoffice foiled my good intentions by delaying delivery until Saturday.

The result was a little parlor gathering of some sixty persons in Temple hall to listen to what was perhaps the best discourse any of those present had ever heard. Remsburg is gifted with ideas rather than oratory, but, although he makes no effort to be rhetorical, he is eloquent enough. He went through the list of claims upon which the Christian church bases its right to exist, and showed that they were unstable. He forgot nothing, and left no point until it had been made perfectly clear. He has a full and pleasing voice, a presence that commands attention, and he satisfies both the ear and the eye.

Remsburg's stay here was brief. He reached the city at six o'clock, spoke at eight, made a call on new-found acquaintances at ten, visited FREETHOUGHT office at eleven, returned to his hotel at twelve, and went away south the next morning at half past seven. If all the good fortune he deserves goes with him he will never know the complexion of ill luck.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To E. M. MACDONALD, Editor of the Truth Seeker, *My Dear Brother*: You will remember that about a dozen years ago you had the goodness to make an uncle of me, and that I promised you at the time to return the courtesy at the earliest available op-

portunity. I now take my pen in hand to apprise you that the debt is discharged, the obligation fulfilled, and the promise kept. The subject of these remarks became a resident of California on the eighth day of the present month of November, and, I am informed, favors its father in the matter of sex. He was too late for the election this year, but will vote in 1912, provided he is not himself a candidate for some high office. This Native Son of the Golden West was recognized at once as Eugene Leland Macdonald, although he has so far declined to acknowledge his identity. The mother is happier than she ever was before. She is also in her right mind, and I would that I could say as much for the father, who has been in a state of wild excitement since the eighth. In acquiring a son I fear that I have lost many cherished friends among my male acquaintances on account of my inclination to thrust information upon them about the said son. When they see me coming nowadays they make haste to get upon the opposite side of the street or to conceal themselves where I cannot find them. Even my friend Burgman, the tailor, with whom for many months I have been accustomed to exchange theosophic thought, now turns upon me a cold ear and a deaf shoulder, says good-bye, and skips around the corner at my approach. Putnam hoorayed as I did at first, but he has now departed for Texas, and the time is near at hand when I shall have to howl alone or hire somebody to shout with me. I shall be pleased if you or any of the boys in the Truth Seeker office will kindly make a little noise on my account. When you see Counsellor Sherman and Harry Thomas, convey the tidings to them. We were young together ere wives and families had set their seal upon our brows. When we all have scant white soap-locks above our ears we will meet again, and refer casually to the halcyon days of youth. With a paternal aspect, GEORGE.

If Hugh O. Pentecost does not burn up the police of Newark, N. J., in the forthcoming number of the "Twentieth Century" it will not be because they have given him no reason to do so. On the evening of November 7 a number of persons were announced to meet in a hall in Newark to commemorate the names of five men who died in Chicago three years ago. The proprietor of the hall, when he learned the object of the meeting, refused admission to the persons who had hired the building for the occasion. The crowd submitted, and a woman named Lucy Parsons attempted to speak from the steps of the edifice. Thereupon the police captain informed Mrs. Parsons that she would not be allowed to address the assemblage, and when men in the crowd protested they were "laid senseless upon the ground" from blows dealt them by the officers. Mrs. Parsons, the San Francisco "Chronicle's" account states, was "hustled" into a reserve wagon, while two men named Graham and Horner were "thrown" into another and taken to the police station. The police made a charge on the crowd, "and as a result there were many cut heads and torn coats." Eight of the more "aggressive" were arrested.

The account of the affair is written up for the press in a highly sensational manner. It is called a riot, and the crowd is spoken of as desperate and violent, but the description closes with these suggestive words: "Notwithstanding the free use of clubs and canes, the police escaped with a few slight bruises and soiled uniforms." The use of the word "escaped" in this place is certainly the height of sarcasm, since the police made the attack and were the victors. They might have avoided the bruises and soiled clothes by simply letting the people alone. From the report I infer that Mr. Pentecost was expected to address the meeting, as was also Mr. John Most, two men whose styles of preaching Anarchy are as different as the styles of the cultured clergyman and the Salvation Army howler are different from each other. Pentecost preaches non-resistance; Most advocates exactly the opposite, and each supports his method with argument, it being noticeable that while Pentecost practices what he preaches, Most does not. The authorities are taking exactly the wrong course to break up the influence of these men, and the men are taking the wrong course to placate the police. If the authorities desire that Most should sink into comparative quiet, they have only to let him have his say; and if Most desires to hold his meetings undisturbed, let him apply to the courts for

protection, and thus fight the devil of authority with its own fire. The courts are organized to protect the citizen, the police to suppress him. If he suffers from one, there is no reason why he should not avail himself of the benefits of the other.

Perhaps two years hence I shall be ready to offer my services again as a judge of elections in the Eighth Precinct of the Thirty-third Assembly District, city and county of San Francisco, but for the present I have had enough. On the morning of Tuesday, November 4, at daybreak, I took in hand a register of the precinct aforesaid, and industriously checked off voters until the close of the polls at five o'clock P.M. We had the ballot box on a little stand at the window of the cottage, so that the sovereign electors could come up on the piazza and offer their suffrages. Two hundred and forty-five citizens, of nearly all foreign nationalities, with a sprinkling of Americans, took advantage of the opportunity and threw in a vote. All was serene up to the time the polls closed, and then chaos set in. The disorder inaugurated resulted first from the fact that with the closing of the polls the saloons opened; and second because the populace seemed imbued with the idea that the fate of the universe hung on the result of the vote. The populace was also free with the opinion that the election board was composed of a lot of "skins" who would delight in thwarting the will of the people by a fraudulent count. The drunker the populace got, the more importance it attached to a correct count, and the more thoroughly convinced it became that the board was not right.

Readers of California papers may have heard mentioned a system of recording ballots known as the Story plan, which was adopted by the last legislature. This plan consists, briefly, of crediting each candidate with the full vote of his party, and then debiting him on the total vote to the extent that his name is scratched, and crediting him to the extent that his name is substituted for that of other candidates. Nothing could be more simple in theory. Anybody of ordinary intelligence must admit that he comprehends it at a glance, just as all of us admit the beauty of Bellamy's society as described in "Looking Backward." Trouble begins when the attempt is made to realize the dream. My criticism of the Story plan is that it covers too much space; it spreads over some twenty-four pages, each page as large as four pages of FREETHOUGHT, and the poll clerk must explore all this surface before he can find the name of a candidate in order to credit him with a vote or to deduct one from his score. The broad expanses of intricately-ruled paper are neither paged, indexed, nor numbered. Then the California ballot, which I accord the credit of being the clumsiest in the world, co-operates with the Story plan to fill the asylums with insane clerks. Instead of being divided into state, congressional, city and county, judiciary, and so forth, the ballot consists of a strip of paper six inches wide and eighteen long, and contains this year a string of candidates seventy-one in number. On a presidential year it would be still worse. When these ballots are scratched, as more than two-thirds of them are, the clerk must wander all over his twenty-four big pages in order to tally them, and at least nine-tenths of his time is wasted in looking for the names. If the ballot were divided so that all the names on one ballot could be found on one page of the tally-sheet, the work that consumes an hour could be done in a few minutes. Furthermore, with the divided ballot the result in each division could be announced separately, whereas under the present system the whole of the seventy-one candidates come out of the box together. They have the divided ballot in the East, and we knew how New York had gone twenty-four hours before we found out anything about the local election.

Our clerks were intelligent men and understood arithmetic as far as fractions, but the Story plan overcame them. They tallied and scratched from midnight until morning; and from morning until toward noon they endeavored to strike a balance and count the vote. Then human endurance failed; the clerks laid down their pens and struck. Then the inspectors, the judges, the supervisors, and the marshals gathered up the ballot box, the tally sheets, and all the stationery, and went to the registrar's office at the city hall. Here we put the whole business on the registrar's counter, and told the clerk he would find the returns from our

precinct somewhere among the daybree. The registrar spurned our offering, and we appealed to the mayor. The mayor whacked his desk with his fist and inquired what in the name of the immortal gods we had brought all those things to him for. "Go back to your precinct," said he, "and stay there until you can return a correct count to the registrar. The very devil," he added fervently, "is to pay all through this election." The next day's "Chronicle" contained this item:

The clerks of the Eighth Precinct of the Thirty-third District went completely astray, and after puzzling over the law and their instructions for an hour, gave up in despair and consigned the Story system to the districts of Iblis. A police officer was sent to the polling-place to save the ballots from destruction.

The item is not strictly true, as none of us knew what the districts of Iblis were, but if they are a place where things are burnt in everlasting fire, we wished the returns were there.

The mayor called a two-horse hack, and we returned to the precinct in style, accompanied by two expert clerks from Registrar Smiley's office. While we were absent word had got about that we had stolen the ballot box and run away with it, without making any count. Our return quieted the rumor, but it wasn't an hour before we received intelligence that a mob was coming to clean out the board. The inspector telephoned to police headquarters for protection, which appeal was answered by three officers with great silver stars blazing on their breasts. The mob arrived shortly afterwards—one of the hardest gangs I ever saw, composed of pugilists, hoodlums, firemen, and a general assortment of toughs. One conspicuous member carried oysters in his pocket, and cracked and opened them like peanuts. Another was the champion heavy-weight slugger of a local athletic club. The mob was led by a member of one of the county committees, and at his direction they went away until the force of police had got tired of standing around, clubbing nobody, and gone back to headquarters. Then the gang came in again. A recount was in progress, and I had the job of calling off the ballots. The man with oysters in his pockets ousted one of the city hall experts, and said he would attend to "dis tallyin' business" himself. I declined to read names for him to tally, which thwarted his intent while it ruffled his temper. The one police officer left on duty cared more to keep his solidity with the gang than to keep the gang quiet, so that there was more confusion than anything else. Finally it was discovered that both the experts, both the inspectors, both the marshals, and myself were appointees from the same party, which discovery resulted in my being bounced and the other judge put in my place. Then I went out into the night to get a little fresh air, and fell among the Philistines. It cost me eighty cents to make peace with them, the amount mentioned going to enrich a neighboring hostelry.

Time had flown until now it was two o'clock in the morning, and I had been forty-four hours without sleep. The gang were also getting sleepy, and when we returned to the polling-place they lolled their intoxicated forms over the shoulders of the patient counters of votes, and insulted them with coarse jibes. The counters never said a word, but went wearily on, tallying with integrity the votes that their persecutors had cast on election day. The judge who occupied my place nodded over the ballots, calling out "Scratch Bacigalupi" until he ran the words together; and "Scratchigalupi" fell thickly from his tongue. The hoodlums slept at last, and were aroused, to be gently escorted outside the door and pointed toward the lights that glimmered from a saloon across the way, whither they staggered drowsily, stumbling over their own feet.

At five o'clock Thursday morning the count was finished, the returns signed and sealed, and dispatched to the city hall. Such was the election in the Eighth Precinct of the Thirty-third Assembly District, city and county of San Francisco.

Geo. E. Macdonald

If subscribers will send us the names of Liberals they are acquainted with we will forward sample copies of FREETHOUGHT. This is an effective way of increasing the circulation of the paper.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Thanksgiving day is appointed for Thursday, Nov. 27, by President Harrison.—Whalers are coming in from the north. A good season is reported.—Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, a defeated candidate for mayor of San Francisco, declares that he was counted out and that he will wade through blood to secure his rights. He has already cried havoc, and will let slip the dogs of war as soon as he can find any that are willing to fight.—One citizen of San Francisco jumped into the bay last Sunday, another beat a bass drum for about twenty-five blocks, and a third pushed a wheelbarrow a considerable distance, in payment of election bets.—Sarah Bernhardt, the distinguished French actress, will probably visit San Francisco and play an engagement at the Grand Opera House.—By request of citizens all the Chinese residents of Aberdeen, Wash., left the town Nov. 8. There was no violence.—One hundred and twenty-four persons died in San Francisco last week, 24 more than during the same period last year.—The Methodists at Spokane Falls voted to admit women as lay delegates to the general conference. The question is being voted upon by Methodists throughout the country.—A large portion of Truckee, Cal., was destroyed by a conflagration last week. The loss reaches \$100,000.

The New York Society of the Archeological Institute of America proposes to purchase about 35,000 acres of land in Greece covering the site of ancient Delphi. The Greek government wants \$80,000 for the land.—Bishop Walker of the diocese of North Dakota has built a church on wheels to be run over the railroads for the alleged benefit of small towns where they have no house of worship.—The American committee for the relief of famine in Ireland has issued a statement announcing the temporary withdrawal of its appeal to the American people. The British government promises to take care of its subjects.—The will of Thomas Smith, of Cleveland, O., is to be contested. He had a large amount of wealth which he bequeathed to his grandson and granddaughter. His other heirs declare that Smith was insane because he spent much of his time reading the book of Revelation and figuring out the value of the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem. Judas Iscariot was his favorite character, as he held that if Judas had not betrayed his master, Christ would not have been crucified, and we should all be damned.—Robert Lincoln, U. S. minister to England, has asked to be relieved of his mission. He desires to return to Chicago and resume his law practice.—The Catholic church claims another victim in the person of Mary Abel, a wealthy woman of Baltimore, Md., who is about to take the veil and turn over her money to the church.—The police broke up a meeting of Anarchists in Newark, N.J., last week, and several attendants were fined \$10 each. Four of the speakers, including Mrs. Parsons, were remanded to appear before the grand jury. The authorities declare that the meetings of the Socialists and Anarchists must be prohibited.—Burtzell, the New York Catholic priest who was disciplined for expressing sympathy for Dr. McGlynn, is reported to have made his peace with Rome.—Dillon and O'Brien, the Irish agitators, had a reception in Philadelphia last week. Nearly thirteen thousand dollars was raised for their benefit.

A French surgeon has discovered that men may receive injury from working too near an electric light similar to sunstroke. Workers in mines are the chief sufferers.—Aristocracy and the English church both approve General Booth's scheme to raise a million pounds for the purpose of building houses for London's poor.—The Swiss Federal Council has decided to expel Mormons from the republic. Petitions in favor of the expulsion have been signed by tens of thousands of the working people, who cannot tolerate the Mormon doctrine. In several instances the Mormon missionaries have been subjected to personal violence. They have been making numerous converts.

THE Greeks observe Monday as a day of rest; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday; the Christians, Sunday.

ACCORDING to the statistics of illiteracy that have been gathered in Louisiana the percentage of colored voters who are unable to read and write is less than that of white.

THE LECTURE FIELD.

I left San Francisco on the steamboat October 29 for Stockton, and thence to Knight's Ferry by rail and stage. Near the latter place I found the home of the Hon. A. Schell, where I was most cordially welcomed and kindly entertained for several days by Mr. A. Schell and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Herrick Schell and family, all residing under the same roof and feasting at the same table. A guest at this house is treated in fine style and everything is done to make one happy. I was sorry when the time came for me to leave. But perhaps it was best, for if I had remained longer and fared sumptuously every day where the land teems with wine, honey, and cream, not to speak of figs, grapes, peaches (November 2), and other good things to satisfy the inner man, I fear that when I returned to Oakland and had to come down to skim milk and water—Oakland water invigorated with sand—I should have been a very badly disgruntled man.

Mr. A. Schell, as many readers of FREETHOUGHT well know, has been a very active man, a Liberal in sentiment, and a patriot in the hour of the nation's peril. Every one who knows anything at all about him knows that he is a Freethinker and a Republican.

A few weeks ago a very estimable woman, a Freethinker, died at Oakdale, twelve miles from Knight's Ferry, and Mr. Schell was invited to deliver the address at the funeral. He cheerfully complied with the invitation, and I was informed by those who heard the discourse that it was very fine and admired even by those not calling themselves Agnostics. It was the first time in their lives that many who gathered around the coffin on that occasion had ever heard such appropriate and thoughtful remarks made at a funeral.

Mine was the first Freethought lecture ever given at Knight's Ferry. To my surprise and to the great satisfaction of all our Liberal friends we had a very good-sized audience for so small a place, and an exceedingly attentive one. On my way home I stopped one night at Oakdale and was invited to lecture by Dr. Endicott, A. J. Mann, and others. I spoke in the Independent church, and so great was the enthusiasm over the first lecture that I was most cordially invited to return and give a course of lectures just as soon as I could make it convenient. Of course that will be very soon.

W. F. JAMIESON'S FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

Our good friend A. Schell read aloud to me the paragraph in FREETHOUGHT relating to Mr. W. F. Jamieson's financial embarrassment. He became interested in the lecturer's troubles and said to me: "Brother Bell, I wish you would say through the Liberal papers to the Freethinkers of the country that I am ready to help Mr. Jamieson and that I will loan him \$250 at six per cent interest if several others will loan him the \$500. This way of raising it will save time and risks of his losing his property, and also relieve him of a vast deal of worryment."

This offer was made spontaneously, and is so magnanimous, that I have no doubt others of our good Liberal friends will see this case in the same light as Brother Schell does.

Ample security will be given to those who come to the rescue. The address of the Hon. A. Schell is Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus county, Cal. Mr. W. F. Jamieson's address is Box 366, Des Moines, Ia.

W. S. BELL.

Box 109, Oakland, Cal.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS IN TEXAS

A few dates are left vacant along this route. Those who desire lectures for the dates not included in this list will please communicate with S. P. Putnam at El Paso, Texas, where he will be November 30.

El Paso.....	Nov 30	Gainesville.....	Dec 23 24 25
Burnett.....	Dec 3 4 5	Trenton.....	Dec 27 28
Goldthwaite.....	Dec 6 7	Denison.....	Dec 29 30
Norse and Clifton.....	Dec 8 9	Forney.....	Dec 31 and Jan 1 2
Walnut Springs.....	Dec 10 11 12	Reagan and Martin.....	Jan 3 4 5
Stephensville.....	Dec 13 14	Columbus.....	Jan 8 9 10
Alvarado.....	Dec 15 16 17	Flatonia.....	Jan 11 12
Ft. Worth.....	Dec 18 19	San Antonio.....	Jan 13 14 15
Sunset.....	Dec 20 21		

TESTIMONIAL TO WALT WHITMAN.*

Let us Put Wreaths on the Brows of the Living.

Of all the placid hours in his peaceful life, those that Walt Whitman spent on the stage of Horticultural Hall last night must have been among the most gratifying, says the Philadelphia "Press" of October 22. To a testimonial, intended to cheer his declining years, not only in a complimentary sense, came a thousand or more people to listen to a tribute to the aged poet by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, such as seldom falls to the lot of living man to hear about himself.

On the stage sat many admirers of the venerable torch-bearer of modern poetic thought, as Colonel Ingersoll described him, young and old, men and women. There were white beards, but none were so white as that of the author of "Leaves of Grass." He sat calm and sedate in his easy wheeled chair, with his usual garb of gray, with his cloudy white hair falling over his white, turned-down collar that must have been three inches wide. No burst of eloquence from the orator's lips disturbed that equanimity; no tribute of applause moved him from his habitual calm.

And when the lecturer, having concluded, said, "We have met to-night to honor ourselves by honoring the author of 'Leaves of Grass,'" and the audience started to leave the hall, the man they had honored reached forward with his cane and attracted Colonel Ingersoll's attention.

"Do not leave yet," said Colonel Ingersoll, "Mr. Whitman has a word to say."

This is what he said, and no more characteristic thing ever fell from the poet's lips or flowed from his pen:

"Only a word, my friends, only a word. After all, the main factor, my friends, is in meeting, being face to face and meeting like this. I thought I would like to come forward with my living voice and thank you for coming and thank Robert Ingersoll for speaking, and that is about all. With such brief thanks to you and him, and showing myself to bear testimony—I think that is the Quaker term—face to face, I bid you all hail and farewell."

THE LECTURE.

In the year 1855 the American people knew but little of books. Their ideals, their models, were English. Young and Pollok, Addison and Watts were regarded as great poets. Some of the more reckless read Thomson's "Seasons" and the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. A few, not quite orthodox, delighted in the mechanical monotony of Pope, and the really wicked—those lost to all religious shame—were worshipers of Shakespeare. The really orthodox Protestant, untroubled by doubts, considered Milton the greatest poet of them all. Byron and Shelley were hardly respectable—not to be read by young persons. It was admitted on all hands that Burns was a child of nature of whom his mother was ashamed and proud.

In the blessed year aforesaid, candor, free and sincere speech, were under the ban. Creeds at that time were entrenched behind statutes, prejudice, custom, ignorance, stupidity, Puritanism, and slavery; that is to say, slavery of mind and body.

Of course it always has been, and forever will be, impossible for slavery, or any kind or form of injustice, to produce a great poet. There are hundreds of verse makers and writers on the side of wrong—enemies of progress—but they are not poets, they are not men of genius.

At this time a young man—he to whom this testimonial is given—he upon whose head have fallen the snows of more than seventy winters—this man, born within the sound of the sea, gave to the world a book, "Leaves of Grass." This book was, and is, the true transcript of a soul. The man is unmasked. No drapery of hypocrisy, no pretense, no fear. The book was as original in form as in thought. All customs were forgotten or disregarded, all rules broken—nothing mechanical—no imitation—spontaneous, running and winding like a river, multitudinous in its thoughts as the waves of the sea—nothing mathematical or measured. In everything a touch of chaos—lacking what is called form as clouds lack form, but not lacking the splendor of sunrise or the glory of sunset. It was a marvelous

collection and aggregation of fragments, hints, suggestions, memories and prophecies, weeds and flowers, clouds and clods, sights and sounds, emotions and passions, waves, shadows, and constellations.

His book was received by many with disdain, with horror, with indignation and protest—by the few as a marvelous, almost miraculous, message to the world—full of thought, philosophy, poetry, and music.

In the republic of mediocrity genius is dangerous. A great soul appears and fills the world with new and marvelous harmonies. In his words is the old Promethean flame. The heart of nature beats and throbs in his line. The respectable prudes and pedagogues sound the alarm, and cry, or rather screech: "Is this a book for a young person?"

A poem true to life as a Greek statue—candid as nature—fills these barren souls with fear.

Drapery about the perfect was suggested by immodesty.

The provincial prudes, and others of like mold, pretend that love is a duty rather than a passion—a kind of self-denial—not an overmastering joy. They preach the gospel of pretense and pantalettes. In the presence of sincerity, of truth, they cast down their eyes and endeavor to feel immodest. To them, the most beautiful thing is hypocrisy adorned with a blush.

They have no idea of an honest, pure passion, glorying in its strength—intense, intoxicated with the beautiful—giving even to inanimate things pulse and motion, and that transfigures, ennobles, and idealizes the object of its adoration.

They do not walk the streets of the city of life—they explore the sewers; they stand in the gutters and cry, "Unclean!" They pretend that beauty is a snare; that love is a Delilah; that the highway of joy is the broad road, lined with flowers and filled with perfume, leading to the city of eternal sorrow.

Since the year 1855 the American people have developed; they are somewhat acquainted with the literature of the world. They have witnessed the most tremendous of revolutions, not only upon the fields of battle, but in the world of thought. The American citizen has concluded that it is hardly worth while being a sovereign unless he has the right to think for himself.

Men of talent, men of business, touch life upon few sides. They travel but the beaten path. The creative spirit is not in them. They regard with suspicion a poet who touches life on every side. They have little confidence in that divine thing called sympathy, and they do not and cannot understand the man who enters into the hopes, the aims, and the feelings of all others.

In all genius there is a touch of chaos—a little of the vagabond; and the successful tradesman, the man who buys and sells, or manages a bank, does not care to deal with a person who has only poems for collaterals—they have a little fear of such people, and regard them as the awkward country man does a sleight-of-hand performer.

In every age in which books have been produced the governing class, the respectable, have been opposed to the works of real genius. If what are known as the best people could have their way, if the pulpit had been consulted—these provincial moralists—the works of Shakespeare would have been suppressed. Not a line would have reached our time. And the same may be said of every dramatist of his age.

If the Scotch Kirk could have decided, nothing would have been known of Robert Burns. If the good people, the orthodox, could have had their say, not one line of Voltaire would now be known. All the plates of the French Encyclopedia would have been destroyed with the thousands that were destroyed. Nothing would have been known of D'Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, or any of the Titans who warred against the thrones and altars and laid the foundation of modern literature not only, but what is of far greater moment, universal education.

It is not too much to say that every book now held in high esteem would have been destroyed, if those in authority could have had their will. Every book of modern times, that has a real value, that has enlarged the intellectual horizon of mankind, that has developed the brain, that has furnished real food for thought, can be found in the Index Expurgatorius of the papacy,

*From an authorized report in the New York Truth Seeker.

and nearly every one has been commended to the free minds of men by the denunciations of Protestants.

If the guardians of society, the protectors of "young persons," could have had their way, we should have known nothing of Byron or Shelley. The voices that thrill the world would now be silent. If authority could have had its way, the world would have been as ignorant now as it was when our ancestors lived in holes or hung from dead limbs by their prehensile tails.

But we are not forced to go very far back. If Shakespeare had been published for the first time now, those divine plays—greater than continents and seas, greater even than the constellations of the midnight sky—would be excluded from the mails by the decision of the present enlightened postmaster-general.

The poets have always lived in an ideal world, and that ideal world has always been far better than the real world. As a consequence, they have forever roused, not simply the imagination, but the energies—the enthusiasm of the human race.

The great poets have been on the side of the oppressed—of the downtrodden. They have suffered with the imprisoned and the enslaved, and whenever and wherever man has suffered for the right, wherever the hero has been stricken down—whether on field or scaffold—some man of genius has walked by his side, and some poet has given form and expression, not simply to his deeds, but to his aspirations.

From the Greek and Roman world we still hear the voices of a few. The poets, the philosophers, the artists, and the orators still speak. Countless millions have been covered by the waves of oblivion, but the few who uttered the elemental truths, who had sympathy for the whole human race, and who were great enough to prophesy a grander day, are as alive to-night as when they roused, by their bodily presence, by their works of art, the enthusiasm of their fellow-men.

Think of the respectable people, of the men of wealth and position, those who dwelt in mansions, children of success, who went down to the grave voiceless, and whose names we do not know. Think of the vast multitudes, the endless processions, that entered the caverns of eternal night—leaving no thought—no truth as a legacy to mankind!

The great poets have sympathized with the people. They have uttered in all ages the human cry. Unbought by gold, unawed by power, they have lifted high the torch that illuminates the world.

As a matter of fact, the questions of origin and destiny are beyond the grasp of the human mind. We can see a certain distance; beyond that everything is only indistinct; and beyond the indistinct is the unseen. In the presence of these mysteries—and everything is a mystery so far as origin, destiny, and nature are concerned—the intelligent, honest man is compelled to say, "I do not know."

In the great midnight a few truths like stars shine on forever, and from the brain of man come a few struggling gleams of light—a few momentary sparks.

Some have contended that everything is spirit; others that everything is matter; and again, others have maintained that a part is matter and a part is spirit; some that spirit was first and matter after; others that matter was first and spirit after; and others that matter and spirit have existed together.

But none of these people can by any possibility tell what matter is, or what spirit is, or what the difference is between spirit and matter.

The Materialists look upon the Spiritualists as substantially crazy; and the Spiritualists regard the Materialists as low and groveling. These Spiritualistic people hold matter in contempt; but, after all, matter is quite a mystery. You take in your hand a little earth—a little dust. Do you know what it is? In this dust you put a seed; the rain falls upon it; the light strikes it; the seed grows; it bursts into blossom; it produces fruit.

What is this dust—this womb? Do you understand it? Is there anything in the wide universe more wonderful than this?

Take a grain of sand, reduce it to powder, take the smallest possible particle, look at it with a microscope, contemplate its every part for days, and it remains the citadel of a secret—an impregnable fortress. Bring all the theologians, philosophers, and

scientists in serried ranks against it; let them attack on every side with all the arts and arms of thought and force. The citadel does not fall. Over the battlements floats the flag and the victorious secret smiles at the baffled hosts.

Walt Whitman did not and does not imagine that he has reached the limit—the end of the road traveled by the human race. He knows that every victory over nature is but the preparation for another battle. This truth was in his mind when he said: "Understand me well; it is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

This is the generalization of all history.

There are two of these poems to which I have time to call special attention. The first is entitled, "A Word Out of the Sea."

The boy, coming out of the rocked cradle, wandering over the sands and fields, up from the mystic play of shadows, out of the patches of briars and blackberries—from the memories of birds—from the thousand responses of his heart—goes back to the sea and his childhood, and sings a reminiscence.

Two guests from Alabama—two birds—build their nest, and there were four light green eggs, spotted with brown, and the two birds sang for joy:

Shine, shine,
Pour down your warmth together, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.
Two together—
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day comes white, or night comes black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together.

In a little while one of the birds is missed and never appeared again, and all through the summer the mate, the solitary guest, was singing of the lost:

Blow, blow,
Blow up, sea winds, along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

And the boy that night, blending himself with the shadows, with bare feet, went down to the sea, where the white arms out in the breakers were tirelessly tossing; listening to the songs and translating the notes.

And the singing bird called loud and high for the mate, wondering what the dusky spot was in the brown and yellow, seeing the mate whichever way he looked, piercing the woods and the earth with his song, hoping that the mate might hear his cry; stopping that he might not lose her answer; waiting and then crying again: "Here I am!" And this gentle call is for you. Do not be deceived by the whistle of the wind; those are the shadows; and at last crying:

O past, O joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved! loved! loved!
Loved—but no more with me—
We two together no more.

And then the boy, understanding the song that had awakened in his breast a thousand songs clearer and louder and more sorrowful than the bird's, knowing that the cry of unsatisfied love would never again be absent from him; thinking then of the destiny of all, and asking of the sea the final word, and the sea answering, delaying not and hurrying not, spoke the low delicious word "Death!" "ever Death!"

The next poem, one that will live as long as our language, entitled: "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," is on the death of Lincoln.

The sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands.

One who reads this will never forget the odor of the lilac, "the lustrous western star" and "the gray-brown bird singing in the pines and cedars."

In this poem the dramatic unities are perfectly preserved, the atmosphere and climate in harmony with every event.

Never will he forget the solemn journey of the coffin through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land, nor the pomp of inlooped flags, the procession long and winding, the flambeaus of night, the torches' flames, the silent sea of faces, the

unbared heads, the thousand voices rising strong and solemn; the dirges, the shuddering organs, the tolling bells—and the sprig of lilac.

And then for a moment they will hear the gray-brown bird singing in the cedars, bashful and tender, while the lustrous star lingers in the West, and they will remember the pictures hung on the chamber walls to adorn the burial house—pictures of spring and farms and homes and the gray smoke, lucid and bright, and the floods of yellow gold—of the gorgeous indolent, sinking sun—the green leaves of the tree prolific—the breast of the river with the wind-dapple here and there, and the varied and ample land—and the most excellent sun so calm and haughty—the violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes. The gentle soft born measureless light—the miracle spreading, bathing all—the fulfilled noon—the coming eve delicious and the welcome night and the stars.

And then again they will hear the song of the gray-brown bird in the limitless dusk amid the cedars and pines. Again they will remember the star and again the odor of the lilac.

Walt Whitman has dreamed great dreams, told great truths and uttered sublime thoughts. He has held aloft the torch and bravely led the way.

As you read the marvelous book, or the person, called "Leaves of Grass," you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions become petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost.

The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of Nature. Creeds, theories, and philosophies ask to be examined, contradicted, reconstructed. Prejudices disappear, superstitions vanish, and custom abdicates. The sacred places become highways, duties and desires clasp hands and become comrades and friends. Authority drops the scepter, the priest the miter, and the purple falls from kings. The inanimate becomes articulate, the meanest and humblest things utter speech, and the dumb and voiceless burs into song. A feeling of independence takes possession of the soul, the body expands, the blood flows full and free, superiors vanish, flattery is a lost art, and life becomes rich, royal, and superb. The world becomes a personal possession, and the oceans, the continents and constellations belong to you. You are in the center, everything radiates from you, and in your veins beats and throbs the pulse of all life. You become a rover, careless and free. You wander by the shores of all seas and hear the eternal psalm. You feel the silence of the wide forest, and stand beneath the intertwined and over-arching boughs, entranced with symphonies of winds and woods. You are borne on the tides of eager and swift rivers, hear the rush and roar of cataracts as they fall beneath the seven-hued arch, and watch the eagles as they circling soar. You traverse gorges dark and dim, and climb the scarred and threatening cliffs. You stand in orchards where the blossoms fall like snow, where the birds nest and sing, and painted moths make aimless journeys through the happy air. You live the lives of those who till the earth, and walk amid the perfumed fields, hear the reaper's song, and feel the breath and scope of earth and sky. You are in the great cities, in the midst of multitudes, of the endless processions. You are on the wide plains—the prairies—with hunter and trapper, with savage and pioneer, and you feel the soft grass yield under your feet. You sail in many ships, and breathe the free air of the sea. You travel countless roads, and countless paths. You visit palaces and prisons, hospitals and courts; you pity kings and convicts, and your sympathy goes out to all the suffering and insane, the oppressed and enslaved, and even to the infamous. You hear the din of labor, all sounds of factory, field, and forest, of all tools, instruments, and machines. You become familiar with men and women of all employments, trades, and professions—with birth and burial, with wedding feast and funeral chant. You see the cloud and flame of war, and you enjoy the ineffable perfect days of peace.

In this one book, in these wondrous "Leaves of Grass," you find hints and suggestions, touches and fragments, of all there is

of life, that lies between the babe, whose rounded cheeks dimple beneath his mother's laughing, loving eyes, and the old man, snow-crowned, who, with a smile, extends his hand to death.

PREMONITIONS AND WARNINGS.

The intimacy of my friends C. and L. was of the closest kind. Associated in business, sharing the same bachelor apartments, and having much in common, they were like brothers. When L. died, his death affected C. deeply, its suddenness adding greatly to the shock. About two years after it occurred C. married. Mrs. C. had known L. The honeymoon was to be spent in a trip to Niagara. The wedding took place on Thursday, and the newly-married couple were to start on the 10:30 A.M. train on Friday. They drove to the station and, as C. opened the carriage door, he saw, or thought he saw, L.'s figure standing in the station entrance. Mrs. C., following the gaze of her husband, saw it too. As C. alighted from the carriage the figure disappeared into the station, and though he searched among the throng of passengers, he could discover no trace of the apparition, if apparition it were. Now, C. is not a particularly superstitious man, but Mrs. C. has a certain amount of superstition in her nature; indeed, she had objected somewhat strongly to starting on Friday. So when C. returned from his search in the station, his wife could not be induced to take the 10:30 train for Niagara. They returned to the hotel at which they had been stopping, Mrs. C. fully convinced that the train would be wrecked or that something awful would occur. Saturday's papers were eagerly scanned for an account of the accident to the 10:30 train. Nothing was found. No accident had happened.

An analysis of this case leads to a solution of those numerous cases of premonitions and warnings that constantly mystify mankind. Of course C. and his wife did not see L., but they undoubtedly saw some one who closely resembled him. The Friday start and the discussion upon it probably aided in the deception. If an accident had occurred to the 10:30 train—and the chances of it some statisticians could figure to a decimal—C. would have been firmly convinced all his future life that he had seen L.'s ghost. The warning that Mrs. C. would have claimed to have had against starting on their honeymoon on a Friday would have been recorded as genuine; Friday would have received another black eye, and another supernatural, ghostly warning would have been added to the many "well-authenticated" ones already extant.

Now, this case of C. and his wife is not a unique one. It is as natural an occurrence as happens in every-day life. The human mind is so constituted as to fear injury and death. Fear is one of the most powerful of the mental emotions. It is because of our intuitive recognition of this fact that courage is the human virtue most admired, for courage in man is the result of the will conquering fear.

Fear is the parent of superstition.

It may be taken as an axiom that no man enters upon any undertaking involving known danger without a premonition of disaster. The reaction of the free-born premonition upon its parent fear exaggerates the latter, and tends to distort mental impressions, not infrequently to such an extent as to produce an hallucination or a delusion.

This mental operation is, I believe, a very common one. Few men exist who have not at some time in their lives experienced it. The following rather remarkable example occurred to an acquaintance of mine, a reporter connected with a well-known news agency and a man of more than average intelligence: Late one night while returning to his home he was startled at seeing the cupola of a neighbor's house in flames. The fire appeared to have just broken out, and was curling out of a window, licking the cornice and roof. He listened for the alarm bell in a neighboring engine-house, and distinctly heard it ring and the noise caused by the engine horses as they rushed to their places. Some smoke borne on the wind from the fire entered his nostrils. All this took place in a few seconds of time. He hastened into his own house, found his wife awake, told her of the fire, exhorted her not to be afraid, and went to the window. The neighbor's house was in full view. No fire was there.

Here was a brave man, apparently in perfect health, deceived by three of his senses. The train of thought that led to the deception was started in this way: The reporter had been recently engaged in reportorial work connected with several large fires, and had feared that a fire in his own neighborhood would seriously affect his wife, who was in delicate health.

I have frequently seen medical students suffering from delusive symptoms of a disease that they were studying:

How often are we startled by a coincidence? The coincidence is as common as it seems remarkable; in fact, the words remarkable and coincidence are almost inseparable. A coincidence may be defined to be a concurrence of related events. When we recollect that a man's life is composed of an infinite number of events, and that all these events are caused by factors taking different periods of time to effect their results, it does not seem strange that related events should frequently occur coincidentally.

Now, join one of these ordinary, "every-day" occurrences to a premonition or to an hallucination, and, presto! the result is as astonishing as the conjurer's production of ink from the combination of two white liquids.

The coincidence reveals the premonition and the warning. Unless the former happens, the latter is never told.

The genuine, authenticated cases of premonitions and warnings are fathered by fear and mothered by coincidence.—Cyrus Edson, M.D., in the North American Review.

THE RED MAN'S MESSIAH.

The Indians of the interior of the country have evidently come to the conclusion that belief in a messiah is in some way responsible for the supremacy of the white race, and they have therefore adopted the delusion of the dominant peoples.

General Miles, commander of the division of Missouri, stopped at St. Paul on his way East from a Western tour. Regarding the causes and nature of the religious craze existing among the Indian tribes, he said:

"I have been in Utah, Montana, and the Cheyenne reservation investigating this craze. You have doubtless heard that the Indian tribes believe that the messiah has come who is to restore them to their former glory, bring back the buffalo, and drive the whites from the land. I have learned that this belief exists among the various tribes of Sioux, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Shoshones, and other tribes. In all, the craze extended to sixteen tribes, the Snake Indians being the only ones to repudiate it.

"There is no doubt that many Indians holding this belief in the Indian messiah are sincere, and a few have certainly seen some person whom they took to be the messiah. Several small parties of Indians have gone westward from their tribes to some point, which, as near as I can locate, is in Nevada. There they have been shown somebody disguised as a messiah and spoken with him.

"I am inclined to believe that there is more than one person impersonating the messiah, as when the Sioux have spoken with him he replied in the Sioux language, to the Blackfeet he has spoken their tongue, and so on with the representatives from each nation or tribe, speaking their own language to each."

"Who do you think is responsible for this imposition upon the Indians?"

"I cannot state positively, but it is my belief the Mormons are the prime movers in it. This is not a hard statement to believe, for there are 200,000 Mormons, and they themselves believe in prophets and spiritual manifestations. They even now claim to hold intercourse with the spirit of Joe Smith. Besides, they have had missionaries at work among the Indians for many years and have made many converts."

"Do you think this new belief of the Indians will lead to an outbreak and bloodshed?"

"I do not think so; but when an ignorant race become religiously fanatical it is hard to tell just what they will do.

"It is noteworthy, however, that this so-called messiah tells the Indians that when he comes to rule over them, firearms will no longer be used or necessary. He tells them also that with his coming the dead Indians will all be raised to life, the buffalo re-

turn, and he will then draw a line, behind which he will gather all the Indians. Then he will roll the earth back upon the whites. This has naturally excited the Indians, and large numbers have accepted the new belief. Among those who have done so none are more ardent than Sitting Bull, who is intensely an Indian in all his ideas."

"Do you think the person who is impersonating the messiah is a white man or an Indian?"

"Those who have seen him say he was muffled up and disguised so they did not see his face, but I believe he is a full-blooded white. The argument the Indians use in discussing the matter is: The whites have had their messiah and the Indians will now have theirs. The situation now is not alarming in any way, and I do not know whether any action will be taken by the government regarding the matter until after I have made my report."

Bell in Stanislaus County.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have had Prof. W. S. Bell with us. He came like a ray of light from darkness. Hon. A. Schell, of Knight's Ferry, a short time ago informed us that he was expecting a visit from the professor, and thought it possible for us to secure him for a lecture here. Acting upon the suggestion, we made the effort and succeeded in securing the lecture and audience of one hundred and fifty-three persons, quite a number of whom were church people. All seemed well pleased and pronounced the lecture good and the effort a success.

Inclosed find introductory remarks made by Dr. J. M. Endicott.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We respectfully invite your attention to the remarks to be made by Prof. W. S. Bell, formerly of Chicago, now of Oakland, this state, on the subject of "Liberty and Morality."

His remarks will in many respects differ from those that you are accustomed to hear upon the subject. They will doubtless appeal to your reason and intelligence and to lessons found in scientific truth.

The great cataclysms of earth will be viewed as the results of natural causes incidental to the ever-changing conditions of matter, and not as the products or results of supernatural agencies. The grand, but awful, upheavings of earth occasioned by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes and the life-destroying cyclones will have behind them no spectre, no angry ghost of frightful mien, with death-dealing shafts in his mighty grasp, as a beneficent reward for man's supposed disobedience in the Garden of Eden and the fruit of the forbidden tree.

It is written by the orthodox teachers that "whatsoever ye seek ye shall surely find." Let us make a practical application of this teaching. Seek truth through science and intelligent reason, and whatsoever you find will be worthy of preservation.

Truth born of science is as much a fact in darkest America as in darkest Africa. No convert of truth and justice born of science ever thought it necessary to put to death a witch or a wizard with the fagot or a silver bullet, or burned at the stake a Servetus or a Bruno.

The doctrines offered on the present occasion are not compulsory. You can accept or reject them, as may appear best, according to your own sense of reason, and, too, without fear of damnation.

Belief not born of knowledge and reason is but the offspring of mental slavery. Liberals reject slavery of the mind as well as slavery of the body. They prefer the noonday sun of "liberty for man, woman, and child."

Belief having its foundation in Rationalism requires not the deafening roar of the cannon, nor the pitiless crash of the musket or cruel thrust of the sword, to establish its propaganda. Seated on the throne of reason, with intelligence for its guide, the broad light of science for its creed, it would find no place for eternal punishment of the many, or flowery beds of ease for a chosen few. All could worship at its shrine without fear and without credulity.

We invite you to lay aside all prejudices of the past and go with us into this new field of thought, and to examine with the critical aid of science and modern scholarship that which is known before accepting or rejecting it.

Oakdale, Cal.

J. M. E.

Rensburg's Lecturo Appointments.

J. E. Rensburg left Kansas on his tour to the Pacific coast, September 15. He reached California about the last of October. His appointments for this state, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Hornitos	Nov 14	Los Angeles.....	Nov 20
Easton.....	Nov 15	Fallbrook.....	Nov 21
Fresno.....	Nov 16	Bernardo.....	Nov 22
Hanford.....	Nov 17, 18	San Diego.....	Nov 23
Tulare.....	Nov 19	San Bernardino.....	Nov 25 26

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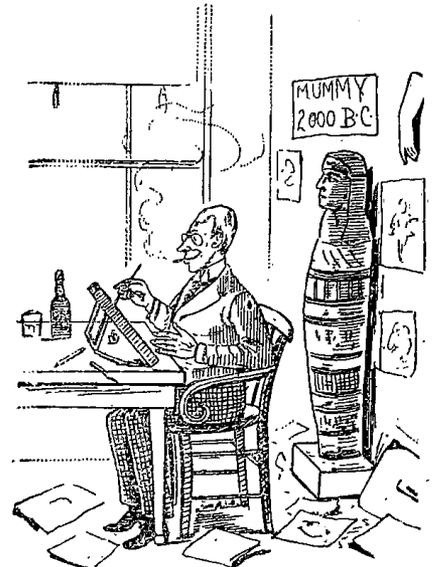
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Jagers—Did you kill it?

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Jagers—Suicide! How?

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persistently insult the devotional sentiment in human nature, by ribald allusions to the higher spiritual influences that lead the race onward and upward, are not the kind to uplift humanity, or make the world better. Such false teachers should unite themselves with Materialism outright, as in Spiritualism, and in presence of sensitives, they open the way to the ready coming in of those crude and undeveloped spirits which often bring ruin and wretchedness to their mediums. It is in the devotional and aspirational features of mediumship that our sensitives find their strongest protection. A devout medium is generally a good medium, and always protected, by safe and trustworthy guides, from all evil influences."

"Of course it would not do to let the Freethinkers escape. Below is their dose:

"Ridicule and denounce, as the alleged Freethinker and Materialist may, the religious thought of the world, and the forms and usages of the Christian church, yet all purity of life and conduct, all honor among men, all aspiration for the higher life, all respect for goodness, are held in that thought and embraced within that church (that is, the religious thought and church of to-day). Not that some professed Christians are not whited sepulchres, and some ministers of the gospel wolves in sheep's clothing (for they are but human, and subject to the weaknesses of poor mortality)—and not but that the teachings of Christianity contain many errors and crudities, and may even in past ages have been a serious bar to the advancement of civilization—yet, notwithstanding all this, and more, it is to-day the hope and incentive to a better life for millions of the human race."

We have no especial reply to make to this, except to enter a general denial that the church contains all that is of value to the human race. The Christian church is founded upon supernaturalism, which is a mischievous fallacy, and, being false, can furnish only an unstable basis for human relations. We would be pleased, however, to know what those men and women who, as a distinguished believer once remarked, are Spiritualists without forfeiting their intellect, have to say of Brother Owen's growth

he is exceeding his functions when he exercises it. In the first place, the most religious body of people in the country, that is to say, the Catholics, do not recognize the president's proclamation of a religious day. The Catholics, it is true, will observe thanksgiving, but they know it is a religious observance, and they will take their instructions from their priests, who will issue a separate document. In the second place, the Freethinkers, who do not care to be prompted by either priests or politicians, will not thank Mr. Harrison for advising them to attend church. They regard his proclamation as to this extent an impertinence, and demand that the appointment by the president of the United States, and by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

EXPENSIVE SOULS.

The Rev. Dr. Rice, of the Presbyterian church, has prepared and turned in a report of the cost of saving the souls of Californians and others. He presented his statistics to the Presbyterian ministers' meeting in San Francisco last Monday. As a preliminary he stated that the conversion of foreign heathens costs on an average \$262, and native Americans, the country over, \$200. Citizens of this state came higher than elsewhere, and in some localities souls are exceedingly expensive. For instance, according to Dr. Rice's figures, a comparison of the sum spent and the work accomplished in Sacramento demonstrates that conversions there run as high as \$300, while in San Jose the figure is still more exorbitant, as a Santa Clara Valley sinner comes to repentance only after an outlay of \$328. This is the top notch, and San Francisco exhibits the lowest for the state, as \$262 here often suffices to convince the most obdurate that Christ died for him. It may be said with regard to San Francisco, that the large num-

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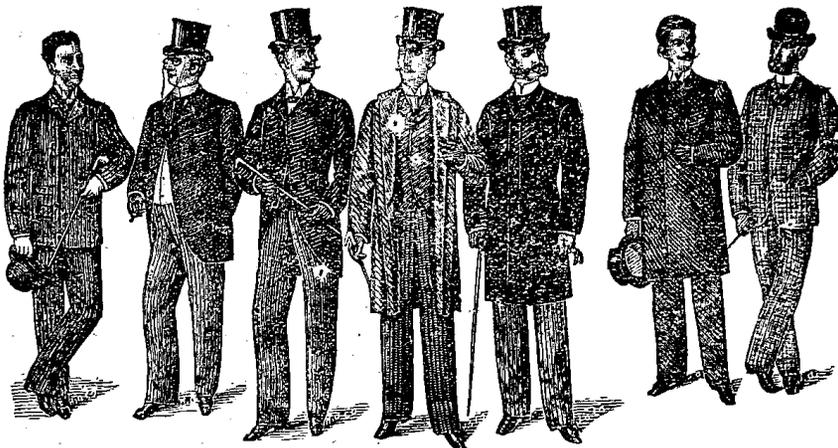
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A countryman stops an omnibus, and wishes to mount to the interior.
Conductor—All full inside, but there is plenty of room on top of the omnibus.

PROFESSION OF FAITH

OF A SAVOYARD VICAR.

in Christian grace.

WHEN TO BE THANKFUL.

Lest our readers should not know when to return thanks or when to assemble for worship, we reproduce a proclamation that has just issued from our most distinguished public servant at Washington, D. C., President Harrison, to wit:

By the grace and favor of almighty God, the people of this nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year which has been full of the blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty. Bountiful compensation has come to us for the work of our minds and our hands, in every department of human industry.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of the present month of November, to be observed as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, and I do invite the people, upon that day, to cease from their labors, to meet in their accustomed houses of worship, and to join in rendering gratitude and praise to our creator for the rich blessings he has granted to us as a nation, and invoking the continuance of his protection and grace for the future.

I commend to my fellow-citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless, and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity and gracious acceptance of our praise.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

ber of heathen citizens, who cost less than native sons, greatly reduces the average expense. A good able-bodied Chinaman, if allowed to retain his queue, would sign any church roll in the world for ten or twelve dollars net.

These figures should cause the Presbyterians to hesitate and inquire whether the results are commensurate with the outlay. It may appear after all that a citizen of California converted at an expense of \$250 is not actually any better after regeneration than he was before. Old-time proselyters were warned that they compassed earth and sea for one convert, and that when they had got him he was ten times worse than before.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

A meeting for lecture and social will be held by the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, November 16. The lecturer announced is Mrs. Dr. F. Winzell, who will speak on the subject of "Electro-Therapeutics, or Electricity as a Remedial Agent." Free demonstration will be given by Dr. Winzell and assistant.

Admission to the lecture is free. The meeting closes with a social and dance; gentlemen participating in which will be charged 25 cents.

THE CONGRESS.

The editor of the "Truth Seeker" reports a rather unpleasant incident at one session of the Congress of the American Secular Union recently held at Portsmouth, Ohio. Mr. John R. Charlesworth, of New Jersey, who had been unanimously recommended as a field lecturer and organizer for the Union, was introduced by the president and proceeded to speak upon the subject of "Secularization." He pointed out that the present is an age of theological decay, when old beliefs are no longer satisfying to the enlightened mind; that people are now more interested in human happiness than in supernatural problems; that man's responsibility to man is of greater importance than is man's responsibility to God, and that prayer is coming to be looked upon as a useless abasement of the intellect. Mr. Charlesworth had not spoken more than five minutes before he was interrupted by the president, who inquired, "Is that the Nine Demands? What has that to do with them?" The speaker replied: "I am sorry if my remarks are not pleasing to the president, and I think I should retire," and forthwith left the stand, to the evident dissatisfaction of the audience, who at once rose to leave the hall. Mr. T. B. Wakeman, who was on the program as the next speaker, checked the departure of the audience, and moved that Mr. Charlesworth be recalled. "The burst of applause which greeted this motion from both stage and house," says the Truth Seeker, "showed that the audience was with Mr. Charlesworth, and the president at once invited him to go on with his address, which he did.

Mr. Charlesworth then explained that his purpose had been to point out the objections to the popular creed, in order that the people might be warned against accepting it as a portion of the law of the land.

President Westbrook defended his course in calling the speaker to order by saying that distinguished members of religious sects were present, referring to Rabbi Phillipson, of the Jews, and Professor Corliss, of the Seventh Day Adventists, who were likely to be offended by attacks upon their creeds. The matter was then dropped and the regular proceedings resumed.

Dr. Westbrook seems to us to have been right, under the circumstances, although the circumstances were greatly to be regretted. Rabbi Phillipson and Professor Corliss were invited guests, and notwithstanding one took advantage of the occasion to defend Judaism, and the other to defend the Bible, neither of which was under discussion, it was proper that their opinions should be respected. On the other side, it was hardly fair to the Liberal speakers in attendance to handicap them in this way. The American Secular Union is composed entirely of men and women to whom the secularization of the state is a political issue and nothing more. Besides being Secularists they are Freethinkers, and they believe in destroying the Christian superstition as heartily as they believe in keeping its hands off the state. They are the ones who support the Union, they pay the expenses of its Congresses and the salaries of its officers, and are entitled to at least as much consideration as the members of religious sects who may after all be tolerant because they are weak rather than because they sincerely believe in religious liberty. It is well for a Jew or Christian to be a Secularist, but better if he can become a Freethinker. One who is merely a Secularist in politics rather than a sectarian may go over to the other party as a Democrat may become a Republican, but a Freethinker is fairly on the safe side and will stay there.

The old Liberal League began to hedge when it changed its name to the American Secular Union, and inserted the words "as such" in the demand for the abrogation of all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality. The total excision of this eighth demand marked a further surrender to respectability. Then "simple" gave way to "solemn" as descriptive of the affirmation demanded in place of the oath; and the rigid demand for the repeal of all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath is so softened that a Sunday may, by implication, be enforced upon physiological grounds, which is giving the day over to the doctors and prohibitionists instead of the ministers. It now looks as though things were entirely out of joint when at a congress of the Union a speaker may be called to order for introducing a little heresy into the exordium of an address on "Secularization."

The Freethinkers will continue to stand by the Secular Union and to support the organization, because it is doing a work that they believe in, but there is an undisguised sentiment that its method should be just a trifle more radical.

A BELLAMY COLONY.

The latest experiment in Bellamism is that inaugurated by Mrs. Olive T. Washburn in Santa Clara county, this state. Mrs. Washburn, who is a convert to Nationalism and a believer in Spiritualism, has established a community on her farm, to be run on the lines laid down in "Looking Backward." It costs one hundred dollars to join the colony, and four persons are reported to be already permanent members. Mrs. Washburn stated to a reporter the other day that everything looks forward to success. Said she: "The few deserters who accused me of misleading them have quieted down and are causing no more trouble. We are erecting a number of buildings and have completed a handsome cottage, which is occupied by Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter, Charles Johnson, and Mr. Tillson, four persons who have become colonists. They are working the ranch and express themselves entirely satisfied with the arrangements. I intend to conduct this affair my own way and by the advice of departed spirits. I am a Spiritualist and have my plan, which I have not made known to the world as yet. I will not permit the organization of any stock company, nor do I intend to deed the property to a board of trustees. It shall remain in my own name. If any person joins the colony and wishes to withdraw I will return the \$100 initiation fee, upon a notice of three months. My hope is to place twenty-five or thirty families on the ranch, allow them to manage it themselves and have a world of their own, as it were."

The name of the new enterprise is the "Justice Home Co-operative Colony." Applicants for membership must answer favorably the following questions:

- Have you maintained yourself in a creditable way for the last year?
- Are you industrious, frugal, and saving when you work for yourself?
- Are you wasteful of anything that is useful to man, such as food, clothing, time?
- If so, do you pledge yourself to commence this day to be parsimonious of time, saving of food, and careful of your clothing?
- Do you use tobacco in any form as a habit, or intoxicating drink of any kind as a beverage?
- If so, will you promise to discontinue their use by the aid of medical treatment [for these vile habits have their seat in disease]?
- Will you faithfully attend to your own particular business and in no case attempt to interfere with the business of others?

Do you know that \$10 must accompany this application for membership?

Do you know that any valuables that you may bring to the colony, such as horses, cows, sheep, Angora goats, pigs, chickens, furniture, books, etc., you will be allowed full value for, and be credited on your Life Membership with their appraised value?

Do you know that you will receive thirty cents an hour in time checks for labor performed?

Will you always conscientiously strive to make harmony, preserve order, keep the peace, avoid tattling, news-carrying, eaves-dropping, and do all else and whatever can be done to promote the love, harmony, peace, and prosperity of our commonwealth?

If you see in others what you sincerely believe to be wrong, and to the detriment of the colony, will you present the same in writing before the court of arbitration, and abide by the decision of that court?

Finally, do you think that you understand integral co-operation sufficiently well to espouse in a practicable way that cause?

The reference to "integral co-operation" in the last question of the foregoing catechism gives the scheme a sort of Topolobampo flavor, as that is the kind of co-operation advocated by A. K. Owens, founder of the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa. Mrs. Washburn is a lady of considerable wealth, and she has had the good sense to start her colony inside the limits of civilization instead of going out of the world for land. Her expressed determination to seek the guidance of spirits in the conduct of the colony's affairs will probably have the effect to draw Spiritualists into the company, but, judging from the experiment at Summerland, the ghostly believers are very practical people, so that this will be no drawback to the success of that enterprise.

At this time when the Topolobampo colony is a demonstrated failure, and while the Kaweah concern is broken with internal dissensions that threaten its existence, some experiment like that being made by Mrs. Washburn is necessary to keep strong the faith of those who believe in practical Nationalism. And if Nationalism is all that is claimed for it, no one can help hoping that a thousand colonies may be established and carried to success.

ABOUT THIS TIME.

About this time the friends of FREETHOUGHT should be looking for new subscribers to send in when they renew their own subscriptions. We want to largely increase our subscription list for the coming year, and to do that the co-operation of our present readers is necessary. It is a fact demonstrated by the experience of all who have tested it, that no paper which advocates unpopular ideas can exist without the active support of those who are in sympathy with its cause. There must be more than a commercial interest. If FREETHOUGHT were an orthodox paper, if it tried to be popular and confirm people in their errors, political and theological, it might be perfectly independent financially. If it cultivated every popular craze and turned this way and that like a weather vane, the shekels would roll in. But it is not that kind of a paper. It does not offer its columns for sale to every man with an ax to grind. It swerves neither to the right nor to the left for the sake of patronage, but keeps straight on the undeviating line of opposition to theology and superstition, and it asks for encouragement from all who believe it is on the right track.

Almost any present reader could, we think, with a little exertion find at least one new subscriber. Many can find more, and we ask each to make the endeavor. Try everybody; subscribers may be obtained where least expected.

We send FREETHOUGHT to any address in the United States

one year for \$2; we will take two new subscribers for \$3; three for \$4, or four for \$5. Sample copies will be sent free to any address. Now let there be a grand pull all together.

THE Rev. D. L. Munro of the First Presbyterian church of Stockton is reported to be showing symptoms of insanity. If the newspaper reports are true he is either insane or an idiot, or possibly he has been reading Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata." Last Sunday he confessed from his pulpit, in the presence of his congregation, that prior to his marriage, ten years ago, he had improper relations with women. Since his marriage he had lived an upright life in the eyes of the world, but he had been sinful and debased at heart. He had lusted after various women, whose names he proceeded to give, and he illustrated, with details, his unholy yearnings. He told how on one occasion he had attempted to detain a young lady in his study, and on another occasion he had squeezed a young lady's hand on a boat. His impious thoughts came to him frequently while escorting lady members of his congregation home from prayer meeting. He added that God had instructed him to speak as he did. Such a confession as this is neither useful nor startling, except for its novelty. Had the Rev. Mr. Munro denied these things instead of confessing them, it is likely that the majority of his congregation would have felt that he was lying to them. Sensible men and women know the way of the world, and that clergymen are not exempt from it, and confession is totally unnecessary. Of course Dr. Munro's declaration that God inspired him to tell his faults is a delusion, but if there were no worse men in the pulpit than he proclaims himself to be the pulpit would be a great deal better than it is. Before condemning himself let him await the confession of the Rev. Dr. Barrows, formerly of the First Congregational church of San Francisco.

A NEW Christian Alliance has just been organized at Chicago with Professor Swing as president. The constitution sets forth that, believing that better and more spiritual interpretation of Christianity is everywhere needed, and that there ought to be more-fellowship and union in spiritual work among liberal Christians, the association is formed for the purpose of promoting those ends. It is to be undenominational. Its basis is to be undogmatic Christianity, or the right of private judgment in the interpretation and right of private conscience in action and religion. It shall in no way disturb either the independent or existing denominational relations and the affiliating denominations of the churches. The association invites the fellowship of all in sympathy with its ends.

THERE is in Naples, Italy, a Catholic convent known as the "Convent of the Buried Alive," which has just been investigated by the authorities. It seems to have been used as a prison-house for young women whom it was desirable for anybody to get rid of. The Naples police have obtained an important witness against the directors of the convent in the person of Sister Mary, a young girl who says that her father, a wealthy man, put her in the place against her will because she intended to be married to a poor artist. The girl will be called upon to testify for the prosecution in the proceedings pending against the institution.

"Too much Christian Science" is the laconic verdict of Coroner Tucker in the case of a man who died at Olean, N. Y., last week under the ministrations of a faith healer. Perhaps there was not quite enough science and too much Christian.

GOVERNOR WATERMAN of California is probably too busy to find time for a long Thanksgiving proclamation, and the people of the State will have to be satisfied with this short one:

In accordance with custom I hereby appoint Thursday, November 27, 1890, as a day for thanksgiving and prayer for all the blessings enjoyed during the past year.

R. W. WATERMAN, Governor.

Our respected governor was never cut out for a literary man, and he never says what he means. He did not intend to instruct his fellow citizens to pray for the blessings of the past year, because there is no sense in praying for what they have already enjoyed. But one Thanksgiving proclamation is as good as another. They are all senseless.

R. M. KING, a Seventh-day Adventist in Obion county, Tenn. some time ago was convicted of violating the "Sabbath" by plowing on Sunday. The State Supreme Court sustained the decision, and an appeal was taken to the Federal Circuit Court. Judge Grant has granted a writ of *habeas corpus* returnable on the 24th inst. The National Society of Adventists has retained ex-Postmaster General Dickinson as counsel to test the right of Adventists to work or amuse themselves on the Christian Sabbath as they choose.

THE Farmers' Alliance in Kansas elected to the bench of the district court a man named McKay, who has never been admitted to the bar, and who has never attempted to practice law. If people who have cases in his court will co-operate with him by acting as their own counsel or engaging laymen to conduct their cases, there is a fair chance that justice will be administered.

REVEREND, Doctor, or Professor Joseph Cook was announced to lecture in Metropolitan Temple last Tuesday evening, and a few people went to hear him. Before it was time for proceedings to begin he had quarreled with his agent and declined to appear. The audience were not losers, as, in lieu of a lecture on "Ultimate America," they got their money back at the door.

PARSON RAINES, the Texas mail-robber, should have remained in the church. From reports received from Boston it is learned that under the name of W. R. Colby, Raines is now practicing as a medium in Boston and bringing the cause of Spiritualism into disrepute.

If anybody wants the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Tolstoi, we will mail it for 25 cents. The principal merit of the the book is that it has got the better of Wanamaker.

"How to Make Marriage a Success" is an instructive work, edited by a physician, which may be obtained at this office, post paid, for 80 cents.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
 Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
 And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
 Still gazing at them through the open door,
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted
 By promises of others in their stead,
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
 So nature deals with us, and takes away
 Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
 Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
 Being too full of sleep to understand
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know

—Longfellow.

OBSERVATIONS.

There was never any doubt in my mind that Helen Gardener would sometime produce a good and useful novel, though I have held privately, up to the present time, that she had failed to do herself justice. She is a girl—I believe I have a right to speak of her as such, since she is not as old as myself—with a head full of all sorts of bright and unexpected ideas, and I have thought her more entertaining as a talker than as a writer. Her "Men, Women, and Gods" struck me as a reflection to some extent from the pages of Ingersoll, and much else she has written seems to get more or less of its light from the same luminous orb. I do not think that Miss Gardener ever realized this, and it may be an optical illusion on my part.

In the present work, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" the light and brilliancy are all Helen's own. The plot is new, the characters are unique, the motive has not been touched by any novelist that I know of, and the style is so original that the personality of Helen shows through it as plainly as her face looks out from the full-page frontispiece. The book, as I view it, is all the better on this account.

The publishers display a knowledge of human nature in their circular announcement, which contains the statement that the work is shocking to conservative people. Evidently the writer of the circular knew that conservative people like to be shocked. Having read it myself without a shudder, I conclude that I am not conservative. The lesson of the novel is that the man who degrades a woman degrades himself equally, and that she is as fit to move in good society after the fact as he is.

Somebody might do valuable work by searching out and revealing the reason why at present men are forgiven offenses that condemn a woman to lasting disgrace. And such a person would have to apply to women for the explanation, for it is woman and not man who puts up the social fence against women. I have never yet known a man, except it was a minister, who would cross the street to avoid meeting a divorced person. Several years ago the fact that a candidate for the presidency, though unmarried, was not a celibate, was used against him as a campaign argument. It was then that Henry Ward Beecher made the assertion, which all recognized as true, that if every man in New York who had broken the seventh commandment should vote for Cleveland he would carry the state by two hundred thousand majority. Men, as a matter of fact, are not particular about the virtue of anybody except their own wives and daughters. It was a man, according to the story, who said to the woman, "Go, and sin no more." It was another man who said to the outcast female, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." If the women could contemplate their mistaken sisters without being doubled up by spasms of holy horror, I do not believe that men—that is, men with brain and backbone—would draw the line so close as it is now cinched in high society. Of course there are some men, continent because too mean or ill-favored to be otherwise, who make a specialty of detecting and advertising the independence of others, but these should properly be counted with the opposite sex. If we will for a moment take off the mask of hypocrisy, so that we can look squarely into one another's eyes, none of us will have the face to deny that the man or woman guilty of an indiscretion in hot blood, and regretting and repairing it afterwards, is a more admirable person than the man or woman who uses that indiscretion to the injury of the one who commits it. Women can put woman on an equality with man in this regard whenever they choose to raise the boycott against her. The men are so culpable themselves that they cannot consistently object. Supposing that the pastor of some fashionable church should say to the male members of his congregation: "Brethren, as an experiment to see how we all stand on the question of morality, let each of you next Sunday bring to this tabernacle all the women with whom you have been guilty." And supposing the male members should accede to the proposition on condition that the pastor should seat all of his Delilahs in the pulpit. Who can doubt that pulpit and pews would be crowded?

The facts to be learned from observations of current morality and immorality are not instructive or suggestive as touching other

departments of human life. We know that many men and women who violate the canons of morality are good people, and that many against whose virtue nothing can be said are otherwise very undesirable people to associate or do business with. Sentimental morality is as far below par in the market as is emotional religion, and no one will take it as collateral security for the fulfilment of any obligation. Still there are some features of current morals that have an actual economic basis. For instance, it best for a young fellow to keep the society of virtuous females and to be like them, because vice is expensive and ruinous; and it is best for young women to be virtuous, because the other course leads to unpleasant results. It is economical for a man to have but one wife, for the reason that wifely devotion has a sustaining influence in time of trouble, and two women will rarely devote themselves to one man. Marriage in early life, with fidelity and faithfulness, leads to the happiest results, because the man or woman who does not marry early is seldom able to marry at all, desirably. A young man, if not of repulsive aspect, may at the age of twenty-five or thirty capture a nice girl, who will stay by him for good or ill through life; but if he waits until he is fifty, the chances are against him; and it is the same with a woman. It is said that when a man and a woman travel the path of life together, neither sees the effects of age upon the other any more than they recognize it themselves in their own persons, while those with whom they are not so intimately associated show painfully to them the marks of time. This, I think, is true; and being true, should be provided for. The sentiments are poor guides in these matters, but a line of conduct pointed out by experience is likely to be a safe one to follow.

In discussing the question whether a certain so-called offense is greater in a woman than in a man, Miss Gardener and those who think she is right should take under consideration the question whether woman can, with the same impunity that men enjoy, break the moral law. If the consequences are no worse, if they can afford it as well as men, and if they can come out of the trial equally unscathed, they are justified in demanding equal opportunities. If they find, however, as they probably will, that what is sport for the man is a very serious matter for the woman, then, as I look at it, they will have to admit that men possess certain advantages that women can not hope for.

Society seems to apprehend this, if it does not comprehend it; and because the result of woman's immorality is so much more disastrous to herself than man's, society makes the discrimination of which Miss Gardener complains.

I recognize that much here said is irrelevant to the book under notice. I hate to get drawn into a discussion on morals, because it is so difficult to say what is true without losing subscribers; but I hope not to have given offense in the foregoing. I would invite those who are so inclined to contribute to this journal in a short succinct way their ideas of what is the actual basis of morals, and to say whether in their opinion we have at present a system of morality that should be practiced regardless of consequences.

Miss Gardener's new book has two hundred and fifty-seven pages, and in paper cover sells for fifty cents.

I have received from my old acquaintance, Herr Moses Oppenheimer, the following note:

New York, Nov. 11, 1890.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD: From the Atlantic coast a cry for help goes out to the Pacific. Vera Sassulitsh, for more than twenty years one of the bravest of the brave, is now in poverty, stricken and suffering from consumption. Our committee thinks that some money might be raised out your way if you could and would open a subscription in your bright little paper—or ought I to say immense paper? But if you cannot do that, please give this matter one of your best paragraphs, and write it as warmhearted and wholesouled as you can.

Hoping that you will do your best, I remain your quondam target of Manhattan Liberal Club memory. Fraternaly,

MOSES OPPENHEIMER.

Vera Sassulitsh is the "Russia heroine of liberty," and lives in enforced exile. With her history I am not acquainted, but I find upon the committee organized for her relief the names of Mrs. Marguerite Moore, Mrs. Hugh O. Pentecost, Mrs. James Redpath, Miss Lebuscher, T. B. Wakeman, and Augustus Le-

vey, which names are a guarantee that the cause is a worthy one. It is hoped that Vera Sassulitsh may be reclaimed from her poverty and exile and placed at the seashore in some sunny clime. Donations to this end should be sent to Moses Oppenheimer, in care of the Radical Club, 9 St. Mark's place, New York city.

I presume that Vera Sassulitsh is a Nihilist—no one who possesses heart or brain should be anything else in Russia. It is probable that her protest against the tyranny of the czar has sent her into exile, and American friends could do no worthier act than to recall her to some genial place like California, for instance, where she could have the benefit of a less rigorous climate than that which she now suffers from.

A discourse on "Electro-Therapeutics" did not draw a large crowd to the meeting of the Freethought Society last Sunday evening, but those who attended report that the lecture was a valuable one as regards matter, though delivered by an inexperienced talker. The sociable was an enjoyable little dance, as usual. I was not present. Instead of going out to enjoy myself I sat at home, in a darkened room, surrounded by glasses with teaspoons in them, and held converse with the youngest scion of my race. He is not a bright talker now, and he is small and absurd. But, says the poet,

What am I?—
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

So I did not get to go, as we sometimes say in the West. Next Sunday evening Professor Bell speaks on the evolution of religion, and I shall shirk other duties in order to hear what he has to say.

I extract the hereunto appended matter from the "Golden Gate," which is a Spiritualist paper:

A QUEER HANDLE TO THE COSMOS.—Brother Macdonald, of FREETHOUGHT, criticizing our comments on the egotism of the Materialist who regards himself as the highest intelligence in the universe, says: "Mr. Owen's real grievance against Materialists and Freethinkers is that they decline to agree with him on some minor points, such as the existence of a God, a future life, and spirit communion. Perhaps he is right and they are wrong on these questions, but in the matter of egotism, I hold it is much more modest for a man to confess ignorance, and even doubt the knowledge of others, than to assume the attitude of the theologian who grasps the umbilical cord of the cosmos in one hand and expounds its philosophy with the other." It is not the modesty of the confession of his own ignorance to which we object, but rather the assumption that other people are as ignorant as himself.

And what follows is from the "Reconstructor," another Spiritualist paper:

Save me from those who know. When one only believes, he is likely to have a reason for the faith that is in him; but if he knows, his assurance cuts off investigation, though his assumptions are without a sustaining fact or argument. But there are those who believe a positive man without a reason rather than a modest one whose reasons are demonstrations. The dogmatist has followers, and the Mormon prophet builds up a church while the philosopher has only here and there a listener.

The glory of literature and the power to say severe things have not departed from this coast. Up in Umatilla county, Oregon, is a paper called the "Freewater Herald." Also present in Umatilla county is a clergyman named Spencer; and thus does the "Herald" pay its respects to that man of God: "Spencer says he is going to quit. After diving to the remotest depths of all the cesspools in Milton and floundering in the gutters and wallowing—as a swine wallows in the mire—in all the mud and filth which a keen instinct—trained to dirty work—fitted him to ferret out; after insinuating himself into the good graces of all the lowest dregs of sinful humanity residing in these parts; associating himself with and contaminating them by his evil example, teachings, and contact with his foul personality; and becoming a co-partner with them in the—to them—delectable pastime of mud slinging at people who at least try to do right, this hooting, lying hoodlum, under the guise of a follower of the 'lamb of God,' takes his reeking carcass into the pulpit, dedicated and consecrated to the most holy God, and there with brazen audacity which should strike his hearers with dumb amazement, he covers the

ghastly hideousness of his putrid soul with the garb of innocence, and presumes to point out to the wandering sheep the way to him who invoked divine love upon all human kind except the Pharisee and blasphemer, whom he cursed." It is now in order for the Rev. Mr. Spencer to either quit under fire, or go to the office of the "Herald" and lick the editor.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

It is intimated that the ground occupied by the Grand Hotel on Market and New Montgomery streets may be chosen for the site of San Francisco's new post office building.—The baseball season at the Haight street grounds ends next Sunday.—The election returns in this city are so muddled that a total recount may be had. It is not thought that the general result will be changed.—Nine officers and 150 men to man the new cruiser San Francisco arrived here from New York last Saturday.—Collector Max Pracht, at Sitka, reports through the "Alaskan" that the Indians of Alaska are being supplied with liquor from Honolulu by the captains of whaling vessels.—Scarcely one of the 140 passengers on the train that was wrecked by the fall of a trestle near Lake Labish, Or., on the Southern Pacific road, escaped injury. No mails have as yet come over the road from Coos county.—The retail clerks of this city are making a strong fight for early closing. Firms that refuse their demand are boycotted vigorously.—J. Jordan, the Boston dry goods man, has purchased fifty acres of land on Point Lobos avenue, in this city. The price paid was \$430,000.—About 1500 wealthy Chinamen have left San Francisco for China in order to celebrate the Chinese new year in their native land.—At a meeting of the regents of the State University last week, Chairman Phelps read extracts from a number of letters from distinguished European astronomers, complimenting the work of the Lick Observatory in high terms and predicting great things from it in the future.—Last week, at Eugene, Or., the Rev. I. D. Driver, who is quite a noted infidel smasher, was tried before a justice for beating a nine-year-old boy who had been stealing apples in his orchard. On this charge he was acquitted. He then complained against the boy, who was tried and acquitted. During the trial Driver and the attorneys engaged in an altercation and the justice called the sheriff to restore order.

The "messiah" craze continues to spread among the Sioux Indians in North Dakota. A virgin Mary is the latest accession to the heavenly outfit.—The bank of Weitzel Bros. at Athlon, Kan., was entered by burglars last Friday night, the safe blown open and \$10,000 cash and some valuable papers stolen. Some time during the night the wife of John Weitzel, the leading member of the firm, eloped with R. T. Hanlon, leader of the Methodist church choir. Mrs. Weitzel was also a member of the congregation. Hanlon is supposed to have been in league with the burglars.—P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, is sick with pneumonia and likely to die.—Twenty-five or thirty converts to Mormonism, who lately left Pennsylvania for Utah, have got sick of their new home and returned to the East.—Dr. Harcourt, the clergyman who got two heretical for his congregation in San Francisco, is now preaching for the Park Avenue Methodist church in New York.—O'Donovan Rossa's paper, the "United Irishmen," published in New York, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

The Italian Clerical party is making the most earnest preparations at home for the municipal elections, which occur on December 14. The policy of the Vatican is said to be to obtain control as far as possible, of the municipalities, with a view of using the advantage thus acquired in strengthening the clerical faction in the national election, with a view to restoring the temporal power of the pope.—Parnell, the Irish leader, is not making any defense in the divorce case in which he is co respondent. The testimony introduced by Captain O'Shea's counsel, if allowed to stand undisputed, leaves no doubt of the truth of the main charges against Parnell. The London "Times," publishes the case verbatim.—Professor Koch's specific for consumption promises to rank with Jenner's vaccine as a medical discovery.—The next Parliament will be asked to pass an act to incor-

porate a body styled "The Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace." The intention is to transfer to this body the property now vested in the corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, including the Shakesperian library, museum, and funds held by its trustees.—Prince Bismarck has written a book, the proof-sheets of which he declines to submit to the emperor. His work will probably be denied circulation in the German empire.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

"What Shall we Do with the Dago?"—a question that seems likely to take rank with the Chinese problem—will be discussed in the December "Popular Science Monthly" by Mr. Appleton Morgan.

A name familiar to the literature of reform for the past half century, and more lately to Spiritualistic literature, is that of Giles B. Stebbins now of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Stebbins was born in Massachusetts, and lived there many years ago. He was acquainted with the reformers in religion, with the anti-slavery agitators, the originators of the temperance movement, and with the experimenters in new economic enterprises. He was on hand, too, at the birth of modern Spiritualism, and accepted the phenomena as of supermundane origin. Mr. Stebbins has now, at the age of seventy-three, written a book, which is published by the United States Book Company, successors to John W. Lovell Company, entitled, "Upward Steps of Seventy Years." The work is "autobiographic, biographic, and historic," and this far is valuable and interesting, but the author's conclusions as to spirit communion, slate-writing, and other "psychic" feats are not likely to commend him to the Freethinker. Spiritualists, however, will be pleased with the book. The author's remark that "sooner than we imagine the time is coming when a godless science will be an unscientific absurdity" will attract the attention and claim the conviction of many simply because of its vague unmeaningness. The fact that science can never recognize God, because God is unknowable, is too plain a proposition to deserve attention, while an assertion of the opposite is quite attractive to those who care more for misty ideas than for the cold, unvarnished truth. Mr. Stebbins says: "Affirm Deity, Duty, Immortality as primal truths of the soul, and the liberal faith grows stronger, its great work still greater, its firm pathway free from quicksands and fogs." And yet deity, duty, and immortality are all enveloped in fog and founded upon the shifting sands of credulity and caprice. The first does not exist to our knowledge; the second may lead us right or astray, and the third is a question that cannot be settled between time and eternity. Nevertheless Mr. Stebbins has given us an interesting book. If his opinions are not sound, his facts are beyond dispute, and his reminiscences are valuable. As an earnest sympathizer with progress and a worker for it, his "Upward Steps of Seventy Years" should be encouraged by a wide sale at the price, \$1.50 per copy, which his publishers have put upon it.

THOMAS PAINE.

The Freethought Publishing Company has just issued a good-sized pamphlet entitled, "Thomas Paine: Was He Junius?" by Col. W. H. Burr, of Washington, D. C. Besides dealing with Paine as Junius, the writer also discusses the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, and cites such evidence as exists that Paine had a hand in the drawing up of that immortal document. The price of the work is ten cents; three copies for twenty-five cents.

Rensburg's Lecture Appointments.

J. E. Rensburg left Kansas on his tour to the Pacific coast, September 15. He reached California about the last of October. His appointments for this state, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Hornitos	Nov 14	Los Angeles.....	Nov 20
Easton.....	Nov 15	Fallbrook.....	Nov 21
Fresno.....	Nov 16	Bernardo.....	Nov 22
Hanford.....	Nov 17, 18	San Diego.....	Nov 23
Tulare.....	Nov 19	San Bernardino.....	Nov 25 26.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

BY WALLACE COBB FENDERSON.

There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
 To punish those who err; earth in itself
 Contains at once the evil and the cure.
 All suffering nature can chastise
 Those who transgress her law; she only knows
 How justly to proportion to the fault
 The punishment it merits.

—SHELLEY.

Morality in the theological and scriptural sense, and in the most common acceptance of the word, is used to indicate a doctrine or system of moral duties, in conformity to a divine law, which necessarily implies that the motive for such acts or duties is drawn from a desire of obedience to a divine will. The orthodox finds no beauty or consolation in a morality which does not emanate from such a desire, and turns with horror from a code of ethics not founded on a belief in a supernatural being, and largely from this fact springs the wide-spread confusion of the two words—morality and religion. Such a confusion leads many an honest soul to the conviction that the words may be used synonymously. So far from such a use, it would seem that one is the very antithesis of the other, for the former considers immutable humanity, and the other an immutable deity. One is founded on the fear of vengeance from a supreme being, the other upon the needs, relations, and duties of the whole society of humanity here below, and draws its vital force from the principle of the brotherhood of man.

It has always been the aim of religion, as elucidated by her devotees, to inculcate in the human mind the principle of right doing solely from the fear of eternal damnation. The proclamation of the church to erring mortals, upholding the appeasing of the wrath of their God by presents, prayers, and sacrifices, is clearly a subversion of the true principles of morality, for the fact that a pardon can always be readily obtained for the asking is surely a license to revel in sinfulness. The ties which unite men, and on which the structure of human society is founded, are weakened in proportion as ideas associating God's forgiveness of human errors are extended. Is there anything more liable to encourage meanness and embolden crime than to teach humanity that there exists a king of kings with full power to pardon all the injustice and perfidy which they may inflict upon society? Is it reasonable to suppose that the fear of an invisible being holds humanity to the post of virtue, when for each deviation a pardon is readily granted? This fear, the very warp and woof of theology, converts in many minds the base tone of this dismal science into lucid and harmonious principles, and envelops in a halo of love its glaring and damnable inconsistencies. Love God and keep his commandments or he will burn you. From the dust of the earth he made you in his own image. He made you weak and liable to err, and expects you to improve upon his work by making yourself invulnerable to sin. He watches over you with infinite love and mercy, but allow the passions which he has implanted to assert themselves and he will torture you in a fiery furnace.

In this system of palpable contradictions and culpable absurdities, another *modus operandi* is discovered by the heaven seeker, the boon of forgiveness and conversion, which grants to the skillful operator the greatest freedom here below, permits him to give free rein to his base passions and evil propensities, allows him to revel in perfidy, cruelty, and injustice, incites him to deeds of destruction and murder, and yet in the end insures him a happy home in paradise with this infinite being whose laws he has so grossly violated. Of all the paths to glory made clear to humanity by theology, this is the one most easily trod; for on this road superstition has placed no barriers, and entailed upon the traveler no restraint. He may be a criminal of the deepest dye, he may have sought and taken human life, and steeped his little world in blood and tears. He may have heaped upon the Christian's God the foulest imprecations, and tortured in his wild revolt the followers of truth and reason. He may have been the embodiment of iniquity, the foe of every virtue, the friend of every vice. His course at last is run, and humanity's enemy stands upon a platform, erected by justice to avenge a cruel wrong. This craven murderer fears death. Thoughts of "the breathless

darkness and the narrow house" thrill his mean soul with terror and despair. He grows sick at heart, not at the thought of his evil deeds, but rather at the mysterious depth of the yawning gulf into which he is about to leap.

Beside him stands a black-robed priest, a pupil of the Roman pontiff, vicerent of God, chanting superstition's lie. He tells the criminal that he has but to utter a few words and an invisible being will forgive all his transgressions; that he will be received in heaven by a troop of angels and be happy forevermore. The condemned is at once convinced of the "reality of religion." His soul is "bathed in a flood of light." He is "washed clean in the blood of the Lamb." The trap falls and he stands in the presence of his maker. If he is a Catholic his soul undergoes a certain cleansing process in purgatory before it reaches the throne. If a Protestant, it reaches heaven by the most direct route, but in either case it eventually reaches paradise. Our murderer here gets a crown and a harp and is assigned to a place in the celestial choir.

Thus does the church dispose of a taker of human life, whose whole existence was an example of moral depravity, and thus have nearly all criminals been provided for. The question naturally arises, When is this man punished? To convince a theist that he has been punished all through his miserable life, that all who deviate from the course of right are whipped by nature, that everything in this great universe is arranged for virtuous deeds, moral action, and that it contains no crack or crevice wherein the traitor can safely hide, would be to convince him that all punishment is here below, a conviction hardly consistent with the idea of an after life. The believer will accept no such argument, and here again theology conflicts with all human experience, for they tell us with great gravity that the wicked are successful here below, but are punished hereafter, while the good are reconciled to a life of misfortune and persecution here in consideration of the happiness to be found above.

The fallacy of such a doctrine is apparent and needs no demonstration. It lies in the great concession that the bad are successful, and that justice is not meted out here below.

Our murderer has been given a place with the angels by the church. Now let us see what disposition they will make of his victim. If the person who lost his life to satisfy the animal propensities of "our angel" happened to be a "child of God" at the time of his death, it is of course evident that he preceded his slayer in the celestial kingdom, and perhaps acted on the reception committee which welcomed the latter to the "home of the blest." But let us suppose that he had been unable to accept the dogmas of theology; that in his search for truth he had carefully and consistently examined the tenets of Christianity and found them to be a mass of contradiction and absurdities. Let us suppose that though an unbeliever he was still a moralist; that he had lived a pure life, been a true friend to humanity, and to society a great moral example, a credit to himself and his country. How will any of the various and warring creeds of the Christian church dispose of this man's soul? Will they give him a crown and a harp, and the angelic society of his murderer? No. They will consign his soul to eternal torment, and hiss as he staggers beneath their burden of fear and superstition: "Morality never saved a soul, and never will."

THE "Political Correspondence" publishes the following from Rome: The recent pastoral letter of the Irish bishops, condemning boycotting and the plan of campaign, was issued in compliance with peremptory orders from the pope himself, who desired proof of the absolute submission of the Irish episcopate to the decisions of the curia. This is practically a contradiction of the report that the Irish bishops are determined to support the league.

A METHODIST church at Lowell, Mass., has decided to use water instead of wine in the communion service. One of the members who has been a drunkard, according to his own statement, and had twice returned to his old habits through the temptation placed in his way at the communion service, was the cause of the change. The minister said he could never pass the wine to him again, and the church unanimously consented to use water instead.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

CONTRIBUTIONS DURING OCTOBER, 1890.

W. H. Pepper, Petaluma, Cal., \$10; Chas. de la Baume, Uintah, Utah, \$1.30; Rousseau Hess, Ft. Custer, Montana, \$5; Converse Close and wife, Grattan, Mich., \$2; James H. Handy, Cotuit, Mass. (new member) \$1; Capt. Horace M. Bearse, Centreville, Mass., through James M. Handy (new member) \$1; James Wardwell, Emmett, Idaho, \$5; Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill., \$10; C. M. Buck, E. Milton, Mass., \$1; W. B. Clark, Worcester, Mass., \$1; S. L. Hogan, Ben Hur, Cal., \$1.60; R. R. Gurley, M. D., Washington, D. C., \$1; Newark Branch of the American Secular Union, through John R. Charlesworth (charter fee) \$5; C. K. Hardy, Worcester, Mass., through W. B. Clark (new member) \$1; Albion Secular Union, Idaho (charter fee) through A. Burstrom, \$5; Theodore W. Stauffer, Phila., \$1; Andy Derming, Oakland, Cal., through FREETHOUGHT, \$1; Channing Burnz, New York City, \$5; John L. Moore, Quincy, Ill., \$2; Wm. Fray, Verona, Pa., \$1; Mrs. Lizzie Fray, Verona, Pa., \$1; James A. Greenhill, Clinton, Iowa, \$10; John Simmons, Philadelphia, \$1; Charles B. Hobbie, Hudson, N. Y. (new member) through J. A. Smith, \$1; W. F. Freeman, Stockton, Cal. \$1; E. A. Stevens, Chicago (for life membership) \$25; John Turner, Philadelphia, \$5; Jos. Rhody, Coalport, Pa., \$1; T. Morris Perot, Philadelphia, \$5; C. M. Powers, Greenwich Village, Mass., through Truth Seeker, \$2; B. Sugenhimer, Winnsboro, N. C., through Truth Seeker, \$1; P. F. Spencer Evansville, Wis., through Truth Seeker, \$1; L. Wolfes, Martinsburg, W. Va., through Truth Seeker, \$3; Mrs. H. Bobda, Martinsburg, W. Va., through Truth Seeker, \$5; John D. Power, Woodstock, Vt., through Truth Seeker, \$20; Wm. Wilcox, Warrensburg, N. Y., through Truth Seeker, \$1; W. B. Orchard, N. Boothbay, Maine, through Truth Seeker, \$.75; W. S. Wood, Shawano, Wis., \$1; John A. Jost, Ogden, Utah, \$2; Phoebe A. Cook, Greenwood, Wis., \$1; Mrs. P. W. Farmer, Cureall, Mo., \$.16; Charles Lownd, Minneapolis, \$5; Joseph Wenzell, Wayland, Mich., \$1; Almond Owen, Milwaukee, \$10; W. B. Young, Mackinac Island, Mich., \$5; N. F. Griswold, Meriden, Conn., \$25; John Winn, Nantucket, Mass, through Investigator, \$2; Contributions previously acknowledged through Investigator, \$2; Joseph Lee, Fresno, Cal., \$3; J. V. Stafford, Canyon Ferry, Montana, through Truth Seeker, \$1; Bruno Monument Fund Subscriptions through J. B. Elliot, Philadelphia, received after subscriptions closed, and voted by subscribers to American Secular Union, through Truth Seeker, \$5.50; Charles Dunn, Owen Sound, Ontario, \$1. Total. \$209.31. F. C. MENDE, Philadelphia, Oct. 31, 1890. Treas. American Secular Union.

SPECIAL CALL FOR GUARANTEE FUND.

The Congress of the American Secular Union, recently held at Portsmouth, Ohio, directed the officers to make, through the Liberal papers, a call upon the friends for the pledge of five thousand dollars (\$5000) to enlarge and carry forward the work of the society. This money is needed to sustain the business of the general office in Philadelphia, and to pay the salaries and traveling expenses of at least two field secretaries, who shall go out to organize auxiliary societies and otherwise labor to promote the cause.

That this is an important movement in the right direction must be obvious to all. Never was there a time when the work of our society was so much in demand; and our one need is the money to carry on that work. Will our friends respond to this call liberally and at once, that we may know what to depend upon?

The president, besides his gratuitous daily work in behalf of the society, offers to be one of twenty to contribute one hundred dollars (\$100) each for this object. Will nineteen others respond to this proposition at once?

How many can pledge \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$1? Let every friend of the cause inform us as soon as possible what he or she is willing to pledge.

Let all Liberal societies, whether auxiliary or not, take up this matter promptly, and inform us what they are willing to do.

The pledges will be published in the "Truthseeker," "Investigator," FREETHOUGHT, and "Secular Thought" each month. It is understood that the subscriptions may be paid during the coming year at the convenience of the subscriber, and, if desired, in instalments. All responses to this call should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

We see no reason why the sum named should not be secured by pledges within thirty days.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,
F. C. MENDE, Treasurer,
IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec.

Office S. E. Cor. Broad and Columbia avenues, Philadelphia, November 11, 1890.

THE SECULAR UNION CONGRESS.

Compiled from a report in the New York Truth Seeker.

The Freethinkers of Portsmouth, Ohio, deserve a great deal of credit for their efforts for the fourteenth annual congress of the American Secular Union. The Portsmouth Secular Union is young, but its energy has been fully demonstrated. Its secretary, W. S. Andres, is what the Westerners call a rustler, and, aided by the president, Mr. J. L. Treuthart, he gave the speakers the largest audiences that ever attended a Secular Union congress, except the audiences that greeted Colonel Ingersoll whenever he was able to be present. The Opera House in which the sessions were held is a large building and a thousand people barely fill it. At the evening sessions, when speeches were on the programme, it was crowded, as it was all day Sunday. The stage was prettily decorated with flags and bannerns and portraits of prominent men—Grant, Garfield, and others—a portrait of Colonel Ingersoll occupying the central position. The music was excellent, and the local press was respectfully friendly, the "Blade" was only and the "Times" discreetly so. With the exception of the ministers, and the proprietor of the Biggs House, where the visitors made their headquarters, who gave the delegates more spiritual than material food, the citizens of Portsmouth greeted the Secularists very cordially, though they didn't quite understand what the heretics were driving at. However, they found that out before the Congress closed.

When the Congress opened on Friday evening, besides the life members and delegates present there were visiting Liberals from many points. S. W. Devenbaugh, of Brimfield, Ind., and John Downs, of Steubenville, Ohio, were on hand, as they have been for many consecutive congresses. Valtairine de Cleyre and Paul Carus, editor of the "Open Court," came from Chicago. D. H. Smith and R. G. Smith, of Alliance, Ohio, were present to take L. K. Washburn in tow and keep him busy lecturing for a week when the Congress closed. G. B. Van Ess dropped in from Mechanicsburg, Ohio. S. M. Bower came down from North Baltimore, and there were also Mrs. Ames, of Chicago, W. W. Wilson and daughter, of Spiceland, Ind., J. M. Shank, of Hurricane, W. Va., S. S. Dean, Mrs. F. D. Dean, and Miss A. M. Dean, Ralph Taylor, Geo. E. Light, president of the Eureka Heating and Ventilating Company, with a friend who looks at Heston's pictures every week; S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich., Mrs. Lyndall, and a great many others.

The first thing on the programme Friday evening was music by Miss Sarah Stevens, a young lady of beauty and skill, and Messrs. White and Miller, who possessed the same attributes with variations. Throughout the Congress they made harmony for the delegates, and sometimes it was badly needed.

The hall was well filled to hear their townsman, J. L. Treuthart, welcome his fellow-Freethinkers. He began by paying compliments to the president of the Union, and the president's home city, and referred to the secretary in a graceful way, as became both parties. The Portsmouth Union, he said, welcomed the Congress as the child receives a visit of a parent. There was also a large public sentiment favoring the objects of the Union, foremost in promoting which were the newspaper men. This sentiment was an indication of the progress of the age when newspapers can afford to tell the truth. The business men of the town also realized that Portsmouth was outgrowing the narrowness that might have been once charged to it. He also welcomed the Union on behalf of the school children, who were entitled to know that facts never contradict truth. For two thousand years the astronomers had been making almanacs, and calculating eclipses and other movements of the heavenly bodies. What would become of astronomy, he asked, if some Joshua could take hold of the spokes of the wheel of time and stop the revolution of the earth?

At the conclusion of Mr. Treuthart's address, Judge F. C. Searl, of Portsmouth, read a poem. The judge is a pantheistical Deist. When he had finished, President Westbrook thanked the Portsmouth Union for its splendid welcome. When he reflected that the local Union was only six months old he was astonished at its energy. In Methodism, new converts were placed on probation, but he thought the Portsmouth Secular Union could be

taken at once into full connection. In response to the compliments paid his city he referred to Girard College, and said the case against the Christians who are now perverting that magnificent charity is under way. The sixteen hundred orphans there were not getting the kind of education Girard intended they should. They were to be taught the principles of the purest morality, but instead were indoctrinated by lay Christians who went there to preach. The Secular Union was engaged in preparing a manual of morals, and the thousand dollar prize for the best book on the subject would probably be awarded about Christmas.

The Congress had not met to discuss theology, but to protest against the union of church and state. The Union had a great variety of membership—Spiritualists, Materialists, Agnostics, Deists, Atheists, but all united in opposing the connection between the government and the church. He thanked the Secular Union, the press, and the people of Portsmouth for their hospitality.

President Westbrook was followed by Miss Ida C. Craddock, corresponding secretary of the Union, who said:

At this time the American Secular Union is confronted with two distinct lines of policy from which to choose. One is the policy which it has steadily maintained during the past year, of strict non-partisanship in religious matters, and open-handed hospitality to all who believe in total separation of church and state, whether the applicant for membership be Deist or Atheist, Freethinker or churchman.

The other policy looks further than the mere separation of church and state. It demands perpetual and unflinching hostility to the Christian religion, and an aggressive warfare whose aim is finally to cripple the church, if not to kill it entirely.

One important means of extending our work has been agitated considerably in the Liberal papers of late—the formation of a lecture bureau.

Another matter which I hope to hear discussed to-morrow, and to which I can spare but a brief passing notice, is the idea of a mutual aid society among Liberals, under the auspices and fostering care of the American Secular Union, and pledged in turn to spread our principles everywhere, to circulate our literature, and to win fresh recruits to our ranks. Such a society, if properly managed, could be made a powerful engine for the good cause.

Another method of extending our work is by securing alliances with organizations which are striving for religious liberty; and this is something in which all Liberals should help, no matter how those other organizations may differ from us in the matter of greater conservatism or greater radicalism. Our constitution provides a welcome for all auxiliaries who will accept the Nine Demands, no matter what principles they may hold in addition. Among others, there occur to me two societies whom I should like to see our allies, the Woman's National Liberal Union and the National Religious Liberty Association of the Seventh Day Adventists.

But my great concern is: How shall we reach the young? How shall we save them from falling into that religious superstition which puts the cross higher than their moral duty as good citizens, and which teaches them to consider what the church sneeringly calls "mere morality" as of little account in the sight of the deity whom they worship? How shall we fire them with the desire to make a heroic stand against the iniquitous union of church and state? How shall we fit them to take the vacant places in the Liberal ranks—places left vacant almost monthly by the death of our gray-haired veterans?

One means of reaching the young, it seems to me, is through our Liberal papers. The Truth Seeker has already made a move in this direction, with its bright and pleasant "Children's Corner," so ably conducted by Miss Susan Wixon. I have noticed in this department more than one crude, childish letter, evidently written in an outburst of youthful Liberalism, which has received, in a footnote by Miss Wixon, a few judicious and kindly comments which cannot fail to strengthen the chain between the child's heart and the Liberal cause. The Investigator, too, has a warm spot in its heart for the children, and never fails to remember them with well-chosen and effective selections. But even these, with some scattered efforts by other papers, are not sufficient. They are a beginning; but we need more.

Another means—which at first may seem insignificant—is the adoption of a universal badge by all Liberals, old and young—a badge which shall be simple, inexpensive, easily obtained, and which can be made as conspicuous or as modest as the taste of the wearer may dictate. The Freethinkers of France have already adopted the pansy as a symbol of Freethought, and they propose to recommend this at a coming international conference of Freethinkers. The word "pansy," as you are doubtless aware, comes from the French word *pensee*, which means thought, and there thus seems a fitness in its adoption as a symbol of Freethought. It is a flower which is easily raised in pots or window-boxes; it occurs in a variety of colors; it is effective as a decoration on ribbons or banners; and last, but not least, it has been duplicated in all sorts of tiny and inexpensive pins, suitable for gentlemen's badge-pins—some of them retailing as low as three cents in the trimming stores. Were the pansy adopted by Freethinkers as a universal badge, there is no reason why

the poorest of us might not display the Freethought symbol at all times in a suitable and modest way. Think what it would mean to our ecclesiastical opponents to meet the pansy at every turn, as they certainly would, for the people in the United States who do really believe in freedom of thought, vastly outnumber the church people.

When Liberals can present something like an organized, united body to the world, we shall be surprised to see how the influential men of business will hasten to ally themselves with us. And, as one means to a common open testimony of our principles, I recommend the adoption of this badge which I am wearing to-night, the pansy. I hope the time when the seal of the American Secular Union, which is now stamped on a gilt paper cut to resemble that old Christianized pagan symbol, the sun, shall be stamped, instead, upon the background of a huge golden pansy, and affixed to all charters issued to our auxiliaries. The great seal of a corporation which upholds total separation of church and state, backed by the symbol of Freethought—that would indeed be something to be proud of!

To recapitulate: As means of reaching the young, I have suggested the establishment of Freethought Sunday-schools, supplemented by plenty of stirring music and by a series of international lessons; and, as another means of reaching the young, attractive stories and essays inculcating the principles of Freethought, to be published in a special department in our Liberal newspapers; and last, and most important of all, the Freethought Lyceum for girls and boys in their teens. So much for the work among the young. A second means for extending our work would be a mutual aid society for Liberals which shall at the same time be a missionary society for Freethought and a recruiting ground for the American Secular Union. Fourth, overtures to secure alliances with other organizations who are working along the same line as ourselves, *i.e.*, total separation of church and state, even though they may be more radical or more conservative than ourselves. Fifth, and finally, the adoption of the symbol recommended by the Freethinkers of France, the pansy, as the universal symbol of Freethought and of the American Secular Union as well.

The following committee on credentials was appointed: Leonard Geiger, Lucy N. Colman, E. M. Macdonald.

Miss Craddock then read her report as corresponding secretary, the principle parts of which were these:

The first of the points intended to be emphasized this year—the taxation of church property—has been met by the publication of a pamphlet on "Church Taxation" by Dr. R. B. Westbrook. This pamphlet is now in its third thousand; but this represents but a small part of its circulation, as several newspapers have published it entire (among them, one of the Philadelphia law magazines), so that its readers have reached up into the tens of thousands. It has been well received everywhere, not only by Liberals but by many orthodox Protestants; and in many cases within the secretary's personal knowledge it has proved to be an entering wedge for the promulgation of our principles. Through the generosity of William Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., we were enabled to print the third edition; but this edition is nearly exhausted, and we shall soon need more. We hope that some other friend will be equally generous in providing for the fourth edition of this most valuable missionary pamphlet.

The second point—the secularization of the public school—will be probably met by the publication of a pamphlet, also by Dr. Westbrook. We have not attempted to deal with the question of Sabbatarian laws this year, owing to lack of funds.

The manuscripts for the prize manual are all in, and are being examined by a committee consisting of Dr. R. B. Westbrook, chairman, Dr. D. G. Brinton, Prof. Felix Adler, Dr. Frances Emily White, and Ida C. Craddock. Owing to the scattered condition of the committee during the summer, and the fact that one of them is not expected back from Europe until this week, we shall be unable to make the award until about Christmas at the earliest. Among the many excellent manuscripts sent in, we have already found several of an exceptionally high order; and we feel that the American Secular Union may congratulate itself upon being able to lay before the public a book which shall show beyond a doubt how morality can be taught in the public schools without religious dogma, and without the slightest irritation of either Christian or Agnostic sensitiveness.

The policy of strict non-sectarianism in religion, which we have zealously striven to maintain during the past year, is already bearing good fruit, notwithstanding the gloomy prophecies of some few of our more radical friends throughout the country. By adopting a moderate and persuasive tone, we have succeeded in getting our principles advertised prominently in several of the leading Christian papers of the country, thus bringing our ideas before thousands of church people who would not otherwise have known how very reasonable are the demands we make; and we have some more work of the same sort in hand now, of which we are not at liberty to speak.

The lack of funds has hampered us seriously during the past year. Three separate months have seen a deficit in the treasury. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. There should be a guarantee fund of \$2,000 raised at the beginning of each fiscal year, to meet expenses of office rent, secretary's salary, publication of missionary pamphlets, and the principal outlay of the next Congress, so that we may not be compelled to trespass unduly on the generosity of the city which invites us as delighted as they may be to do everything in their power for us. With

uch a guaranty fund, the American Secular Union could move forward along something like a definite line of work; and the stray dimes and dollars that come in during the year would do twice as much good as they do by the present skimping, hand-to-mouth way of providing for our current expenses.

We feel that we cannot close this report without a passing tribute to the generous hospitality of the city within whose gates we are now gathered, and especially to the untiring zeal of the local auxiliary here which has made this Congress possible. And so I close this report by saying, "All hail to the banner auxiliary of the United States, the Portsmouth Secular Union!"

The treasurer's report for the fiscal year, ending Nov. 1, 1890, showed that the total receipts were \$1,777.26, and the expenditures \$1,735.32; balance, \$41.94.

Dr. Westbrook said that wishing to give the Liberals of the country due credit for their generosity, he had made inquiries of the various Liberal editors and others, and had received replies from all but the Washington Union. Besides the money sent the Union he found that the Freethinkers had given over seven thousand dollars to various public enterprises. Referring to the Prize Manual, Dr. Westbrook said that though some might think him slow, he had got it well along. The money was on deposit, drawing two and a half per cent interest, and the award would be made shortly. It was too great a work to be done in a few weeks. He had over a hundred manuscripts by college professors and presidents, superintendents of schools, and others. It was hard to get a competent committee of examination. Himself and Miss Craddock had read all the manuscripts, and he was astonished at the ability shown by the writers. They have exhausted the subject, and the problem is finally solved of how to teach the purest principles of morality with no reference to religion. The former secretary, Mr. E. A. Stevens, had rendered very important service to the project by collecting the funds.

President Westbrook further reported that he had obtained a charter for the American Secular Union, so that donations could be legally held and used. Concerning the Girard College contest, he had the campaign blocked out; his failure to move was largely because of the enforced delay in the matter of the Prize Manual. When that was out he could show the officers of the college how to do what Girard wanted done. He would then draw the papers in the case and engage able counsel to prosecute.

An election of officers, which was the next thing on the programme, resulted as follows:

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT,
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

R. B. Westbrook, President, 305 2d ave., Ashbury Park, N. J.
E. B. Foote, Jr., Vice President, 120 Lexington ave., New York
T. B. Wakeman, Vice-President, 93 Nassau st., New York
T. Morris Parot, Vice-President Philadelphia, Pa.
J. O. Bentley, Vice-President Philadelphia, Pa.
Corresponding Secretary, Ida C. Craddock, S. E. corner of Broad and
Columbia ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Treasurer, F. C. Mende 1814 Green st., Philadelphia Pa.

Among the papers read and addresses given at the Congress were: "Common Sense," by Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook; "Shall the Bible be Read in Public Schools?" by R. B. Westbrook; "The Battle for Bread," by Mrs. M. A. Freeman; "The Sunday Question," by L. K. Washburn; "Secularization," by J. R. Charlesworth; "Freethought Principles," by Charles Watts; "The Standards of Morality," by Voltairine de Cleyre, and "The Natural Sciences," by T. B. Wakeman. Other addresses were by Rabbi Phillipson, of Cincinnati; Judge Waite, of Chicago, and Professor Corliss, secretary of the National Religious Liberty Association. The discussions were participated in by the officers of the Union, and by Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, Dr. G. A. F. de Lespinasse, Samuel D. Moore, Dr. Paul Carus, E. A. Stevens, W. S. Andres, and others. Dr. Westbrook's address on "The Bible in the Schools" is especially valuable, and we shall endeavor soon to find room for it in FREETHOUGHT. The editor of the "Truth Seeker," in closing his report, says: "The last session of the Congress was marked by some unpleasant occurrences, but in the main the delegates and visitors thought it was good to be there, taking leave of each other regretfully and expressing hopes to meet again next year."

SAVING JAMIESON'S HOME.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Permit me to thank you for so promptly calling attention to our endangered home. I have not yet seen the other Liberal papers, to know whether or not they have given notice of the dilemma in which the money sharks have placed me, or, rather, in which I foolishly placed myself. I do not mean to say that all money lenders are sharks. Some of them are, as I have reason to know from bitter experience; and from the money lenders, as a class, I expect no help, and of them ask no favor.

One omission in your generous notice might mislead: \$750 is the amount I need forthwith. The \$700 mortgage, which I mention in my circular, gives me no trouble as long as I pay the interest, 10 per cent, which I have thus far paid promptly every six months. My offer is to secure friends by note and second mortgage. The 160 acres, with four shares of canal stock (value \$500 for the water) is worth \$3000. Unless I raise \$750, it will all go to the greedy holder of claims against me, and representing a total loss to me of \$1500. The bulk of the money I borrowed went to pay day laborers to whom I pledged my word for payment. By paying them I involved myself. If I can shake off this viper by raising \$750, I have chances to derive income from the cultivation of the farm that will enable me to easily pay interest and a portion of the principal each year. By my own three-years' hard toil I put the value into this land, aside from the rapid settlement of the country.

On Monday I received a letter from the man who is trying to wrest our property from us, with this ominous sentence in it: "Send me \$150 or \$200 by return mail, or I will advertise your place for sale."

If I cannot obtain the amount at seven per cent, will some brother Freethinker loan me \$500 at ten per cent per annum for three years? I would, of course, prefer \$100 each from five persons at a lower rate of interest; but my preference is of minor importance in a case like this. I will pay ten per cent for the use of the money, rather than fail. I hate to lose that farm. It is the fruit of my pioneer toil. The investment is perfectly safe. The value of the land and water is over two dollars for every one dollar against it. Send bank draft to me at Des Moines, Iowa, and I will send note, signed by self and wife, and secure by second mortgage as soon as I pay off the claim, this \$750.

I will pay for insertion of this letter cheerfully in some satisfactory way when I am extricated. Already two friends have shown their good will. Mr. Shepard is eighty years old, and writes me that if he had known it a few days earlier he would have helped me. Mrs. Portia Gize, Vineland, N. J., sends one hundred dollars at six per cent; J. S. Shepard, same place, five dollars. If I cannot obtain the whole amount I will return these friends their money.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Des Moines, Iowa.

"SIDNEY," BY MARGARET DELAND.

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and with life; the perfect expression of that sympathy in language delicate, bold, and passionate; the exquisite description of the awakening day and an awakened soul, is an artistic and an intellectual triumph.

We Agnostics are often blamed for the hardness and coldness of our no-creed. Beauty, tenderness, and affection, we are told, have no place with us. Our after-world is a void, and our present one is only law and force. The heart—the heart that loves—is repelled and horrified, and would rather accept the unreason of Catholicism than the terrors of an unconscious future that knows nothing, not even love.

In the reaction of reason and knowledge against Christianity there has been, no doubt, a certain bitterness of denunciation by those who have been imposed upon and hurt by the cruelties of orthodoxy. That has been but natural, the expression of an unappeased indignation. That wrath still cries out, and will for years to come. Calmer souls—the same souls when calmed—look with opened eyes upon the world and life; weigh its pleasures and its pains; look beyond death, not through the rose-colored glasses of a deceiving faith, but with naked and clear eyes, and say, We do not know. We do not know the reason of the pleasure and the pain—so much, so much of pain—nor whether we shall have aught of pleasure or of pain hereafter; we think, from all we can discover, there will be none of either. This, in simple words, is the Agnostic attitude, the no-creed which seems to many so bare and harsh, but to him simply true—sometimes bitter, sometimes comforting, but always true.

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This is a book that goes beyond "Robert Elsmere" in intellectual thoroughness, and will take its place by the side of "An African Farm."
H. M.

Rensburg at Ukiah.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Notwithstanding my precaution in writing to Mr. Rensburg at Tacoma, Wash., as well as to yourself, stating the impossibility of obtaining a hall for his lecture per announcement on the 6th inst., we were taken by surprise—after becoming reconciled to our fate—to find Mr. Rensburg in our midst, ready for work. As you are aware, Freethinkers are prohibited the use of our court house for lecturing purposes. As a last resort Mr. John McGlashan, Mr. Noble Hamilton and myself, in company with Mr. Rensburg, visited the hall in which the Burgess Brothers were holding their exercises evenings and dispensing their medicines during the daytime. After making our case known, the brothers unhesitatingly granted us the use of the hall on the forenoon of the 7th, when, in spite of all unpropitious providences, we succeeded in getting one of the grandest and most exhaustive lectures ever given in Ukiah, on the subject of "False Claims of the Church."

Owing to the excitement of election season and the unfavorable time of day, we had a rather small but appreciative audience, most of whom, I presume, were not in need of very great argument to satisfy their minds on this subject. Less than two years ago I heard a Catholic priest proclaim from the altar that persecution is necessary for the purification of the church, and the same evening heard a Presbyterian minister proclaim from the pulpit: "While 'Black Bart' [the noted highwayman] robbed men of their money, those who reject the Christian religion rob God." Who needs any additional argument on this proposition to demonstrate the status of the church at the present day?

In 1841 the first public temperance lecture I ever heard was replied

to by a Baptist minister in severe criticisms and denunciatory terms, and to-day he and three sons, all ministers, are flaming Prohibitionists. This is one sample among thousands showing the duplicity and hypocrisy of the church. After "crossing the last ditch" in fighting every reform until, in spite of her opposition, it becomes popular, the church claims the credit of originating the reform and having brought it about through her instrumentality.

Being an octogenarian, in my eighty-third year, I have had ample opportunity of seeing this verified to the letter—in fact, on up until 1840, ministers in some parts at least, were proprietors of large whisky distilleries; and less than ten years ago, the use of the Christian church of Ukiah was refused by the officiating pastor, for a temperance meeting and lecture. This same minister is now a strenuous advocate for temperance, holding revival temperance meetings in the same church. So we see there is no hesitancy in the church getting on all sides of a question when either money, power, or popularity is at stake, and the denunciation of all those occupying their former position is brought into play with a relenting vigor.
THOS. McCOWEN.

Ukiah, Cal.

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A WAR SONG OF THE FUTURE.

Marching down to Armageddon—brothers, stout and strong!
Let us cheer the way we tread on with a soldier's song!
Faint we by the weary road, or fall we in the rout,
Dirge or Pæon, Death or Triumph! let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorners—love the lovers—hate
None within the world's four corners—all must share one fate;
We are they whose common banner bears no badge or sign,
Save the light which dyes it white—the hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings that all wars may cease:
We are they will pay the kings the cruel price of peace;
We are they whose steadfast watchword is what Christ did teach—
Each man for his brother first, and heaven then for each.

We are they who will not falter—many swords or few—
Till we make this earth the altar of a worship new:
We are they who will not take from palace, priest, or code,
A meaner law than "Brotherhood"—a lower lord than god.

Shall we even curse the madness which for "ends of state"
Dooms us to the long, long sadness of this human hate?
Let us slay in perfect pity those that must not live;
Vanquish and forgive our foes—or fall—and still forgive;

We are those whose unpaid legions, in free ranks arrayed,
Massacred in many regions—never once were stayed;
We are they whose torn battalions, trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph—conquer, while we die.

Therefore down to Armageddon—brothers, bold and strong;
Cheer the glorious way we tread on with a soldier's song!
Let the armies of the old flags march in silent dread;
Death and life are one to us who fight for quick and dead!

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

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Mrs. Blossom—Indeed, I don't, Mr. Blossom, and what is more, I don't intend to have Nelly make a fool of herself because her mother did.—Epoch.

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An Iowa woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.—Exchange.

The old man's name is probably Pete Roleum.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The man who marries into that family will strike oil.—Cape Cod Item.

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"Oh, dear! dear!"
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 "Well, he winked, too."—West Shore.

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Editor (to reporter)—Mr. Pennibs, I must caution you to avoid tautology.
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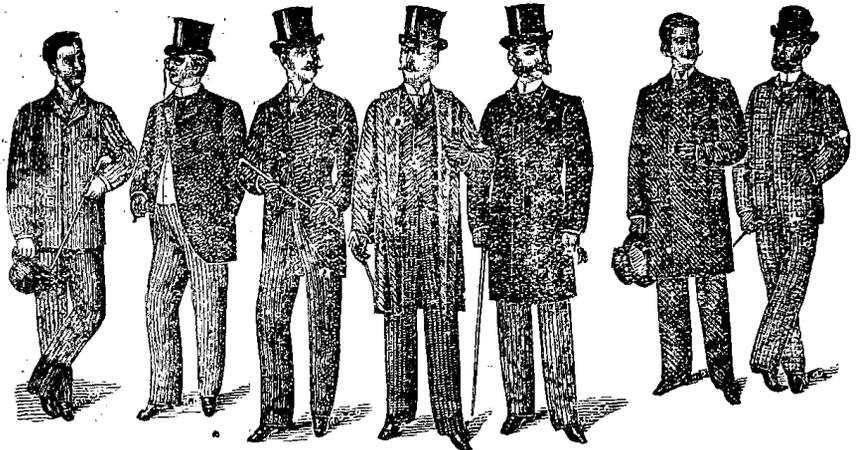
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After Three o'Clock.



He—May I come again soon?
She (looking at the clock)—Yes; but don't come this evening.—Once a Week.

It Reacted.

His Honor—Prisoner, you have been found guilty of atrociously murdering your aged aunt. What have you to say?
The Prisoner—Your honor, I ask the clemency of the court. The means I took to remove my relative have shattered me mentally forever.

His Honor—What were those means?

The Prisoner—I read to her the Burton-Johnson debates.

His Honor—You have suffered enough. Discharged.—Sun and Voice.

Time Works Wonders.

Miss Eligible (whose mother is a she dragon)—You've no idea, Mr. Desirable, how mischievous I was when I was small. Why, mamma, you remember how people used to fight shy of you because I was always sure to be with you and make things disagreeable?

Mr. Desirable—The deuce! Why, the situation is just reversed now, isn't it? That is—I mean—that—a—West Shore.

A Queer Condition.

Somebody challenged Jones to fight a duel.

"Well, it's a go," replied that cheerful lunatic; "but only on one condition. You know how near sighted I am. Well, to make things equal I insist that I shall be placed ten paces nearer my opponent than he is to me, for the fellow's got an eye like a hawk."—Judge.

Very True.

"Mr. McAllister's book is not always grammatical," said Penelope.

"Oh, well, as long as it is interesting," returned Chappie, "nobody cares. We can't expect everybody to speak as we do, particularly a man such as him, whom devotes all his time to pleasure."—New York Sun.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - NOVEMBER 29, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Porterville lies calmly along the hillsides, and Rocky Ridge greets the sunshine. This is an enormous mass of rocks, something of a curiosity as it rises from the green expanses in barren grandeur, while beyond it nestle fruitful valleys where the sun kisses the grapes and the golden orange mellows in the verdant grove.

Liberalism is about the same as when I was here before, and the churches are not ahead either, although several revivals have been put upon the boards with some scenic effects and a few infant converts. There is a good solid element of Liberalism, but the forces are not organic, and there is a large floating element. The audiences were larger than before, and on the whole we can still hope for better things. A thorough organization would accomplish much. One of the great difficulties on the Pacific coast is the changing population, and I scarcely ever meet the same friends again in the same place. Some have pulled up stakes to seek fortunes elsewhere. But while old companions pass, new ones fill up the ranks. I was surprised to meet A. D. Cridge, Jr., whom I met last in Paterson, New Jersey, where I addressed a small audience several years ago. Since then, Cridge has been over the plains with varied experiences, and is a radical reformer still. He and his father are well known in the pioneer corps. He is with E. M. Dewey, of the Monache Tidings and Farm View, a Liberal and independent journal. E. M. Dewey I met when I first came to California, a sailor once, master of a ship, and from the rough experiences of the ocean plunged into the still more rough experiences of frontier journalism, where the bludgeon and the ball play a somewhat prominent part, and muscle is as necessary as brain to a successful career. I think friend Dewey likes the smoke of battle, and he is an ardent believer in the "good time coming," but coming through a tremendous struggle. He is from "old" New England—the Connecticut Valley, where he first learned the art of printing. As I have lived in the Connecticut Valley myself I felt as if we were old-time neighbors. I happened to come across a Springfield Republican in his office, and as I perused its solid columns it seemed as if I were getting tidings from the other side of Jordan. Mas-

sachusetts does seem a good ways off from California, more than the leagues of land that stretch between. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Dewey, and also of Mrs. Upham, who provides the good things for the table. Mrs. Upham is a Massachusetts lady. I had thus quite pleasant reminiscences of the land of my birth, with these genial comrades who keep the best spirit of the Pilgrims and the Mayflower on this Western shore.

Mrs. and Mrs. R. W. Riggs I always find ready to assist and to cheer the way with cultivated intercourse. They always have a pile of books around where the worlds of thought and romance expand, and I take delight in getting hold of new books which these friends have evolved from a multitude of trash, which really give a fresh outlook to the universe of things.

I went out to the ranch of R. A. Maddox, whose little cottage under the spreading oaks makes one dream of rural felicity as the sunshine and shadows mingle, and the children laugh and play. Mr. and Mrs. Maddox are Liberals both of nature and humanity, and a delightful hour I passed in this congenial home.

I lectured two nights, and both nights the hall was crowded—every seat was occupied. I was particularly fortunate to have the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Goeppher, who give us excellent music, and this, of course, helps to attract the people, while it gives inspiration to the speaker. If we always have such supporters for our cause as Mr. and Mrs. Emil Goeppher, we shall never be discouraged no matter how many difficulties confront us. In this case we had to extemporize a hall, as the old hall had been abandoned, and a large empty store was secured and Emil and myself had to sweep it out, provide seats, lights, etc. A fine audience room was thus prepared, but it will be seen that the Pilgrim has to go in on his muscle occasionally, and even wield the broomstick. But this doesn't matter so long as we get there, and have a chance to talk to a couple of hundred people, including a few ministers who never get a chance to talk to more than a fourth of that number. So, along with hard work, there's promise. After the lecture of the second evening, there was a sociable and dance, which closed the labors with agreeable entertainment.

J. W. Main, A. Traeger, W. W. Brown, Grey Oliver, Captain Greer, C. McCabe, G. Burns, C. L. Penhallow, these with others are among the generous friends who are willing to stand up and be counted. Comrade Wheeler I was pleased to meet with again. I leave this camp feeling that something has been done, that the fires won't go out, and that we will rally again.

On Saturday, I have the pleasure of going over to Tulare with friend Dewey in his own rig, and we take it easy over the broad highway in the gorgeous sunshine. It is indeed a lovely day, a cloudless sky bending over wide expanses, with soft blue hills rolling away into grand heights and snowy peaks—the first sentinels of the magnificent Sierra Nevadas. About noon, Tulare, a pretty city of the plains, dawns upon our view, with a country of abundant harvests around. In time for dinner, we land at the

Cosmopolitan hotel where there is good cheer for the traveler. Here I bid good-bye to my veteran friend, E. M. Dewey, who is so constituted that he will always keep up the fight for reform and say what he thinks.

B. G. Parker gives me "all hail" at Tulare, and with him there is exhilarating companionship. The breath of the plains, the wide desert, the vast rivers, the toiling cattle, the rushing Indians, the wild adventurous journey from Arkansas through Texas and Arizona to California, these Parker gives me from his own experience, for twice he has gone over this vast extent of country with wife and children, and surely there is nothing more interesting than the story of "crossing the plains" before the marvelous genius of man had sent the iron horse plunging through the snows of the Sierras, twenty feet deep. Once our friend said he "weakened" when a wide desert spread about him, and he could not see the trail, which the winds had covered up with clouds of sand, and the white bones of cattle and horses were to be seen, but no other sign that man had ever traveled this desolate road. Behind was a waste he could not re-pass, before was the same immense and barren outlook. Water was almost gone; if they were on the wrong track, in a few days all must perish, himself, wife, children, and cattle. With a kind of despair, he turned to his wife and said: "I am afraid we have lost the trail." His wife quietly answered, as if she were at home in her own kitchen: "Oh, I guess not. Let us stop and rest, and I will make a little boiled milk." Boiled milk—milk with a little flour—was the supreme luxury of the emigrants of those days. This was all the little woman said, but in these few simple words there was splendid heroism. They took dinner, and Parker had a good sleep, and then an hour or two after came the welcome intelligence that water was a few miles ahead. It seems that woman can confront fate with a calmness and patience that man does not always possess. In this case the woman kept up the spirits of the whole party, though it appeared for the time as if nothing but death was behind and before amidst these wild and awful scenes. Since that experience, Parker has been a thorough believer in woman's rights.

A little baby has been born in the household of Mr. Parker since I was here, a great-grandchild, and of course it is the prettiest baby that ever was born. I was glad to greet this new comer, who looks so bright and handsome, and if it didn't come from paradise I am sure it is worthy of a paradise here and now. May no shadow of orthodoxy ever rest upon its happy path.

I again enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their family. In this home there is the genial fireside companionship.

I had a pretty good audience at the lecture Sunday evening. But Tulare is a peculiar place, a most peculiar place. I hardly know how to describe it. It is in a sort of a transition state. It has had a boom, and now it has no boom and is almost at a standstill. Yet it has about it the elements of solid growth. One of the finest fruit sections in California is right here. Mr. Parker gave me a drive over the country on Monday morning, and all about are evidences of splendid promise. We visited Page and Morton's ranch. They dry several tons of raisins here every day. Nearly a million dollars' worth of fruit of all kinds has been sold this year from this one ranche. It contains about thirty thousand acres in all. The average this year has been from three to five hundred dollars an acre. One farm, sold last spring, in this vicinity, for \$22,500, produced \$11,000 worth of fruit this season. This is an extraordinary year, no doubt, but I believe that Cali-

fornia, take it all in all, is the garden of the world, and with proper facilities for transportation can supply its markets. I hope that with its material prosperity Tulare and vicinity will advance in Liberalism. But the trouble with California Liberals is that there is too much sunshine. If they had a nipping frost once in a while perhaps they would be up and doing, and realize that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," even in a land of gold.

A. G. Woodward, C. W. Maples, J. L. Batchelder, J. H. Ham, of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and others are among the Liberals of this place, whom I was pleased to meet. Some of our friends here are Spiritualists, but that does not make them any the less Liberal, as I understand that word, which stands for no creed, but simply for the spirit of freedom and progress.

I hardly know where to place Tulare in the line of Freethought, but Remsburg will lecture here next Wednesday, and friend Parker doesn't mean to give it up, and so I will put it on the list of places where orthodoxy will not have full sweep, although there are nine churches here to three thousand people, and Joseph Cook is to lecture in the near future. I think I will try it again some day.

I leave Tulare on Monday evening and travel all night long, and in the morning arrive at Los Angeles. I go the first thing to see J. E. Clark, who is still keeping up the everlasting fight with orthodoxy. Its adherents boycott him, but he is not dead yet, or silenced. He is not one of the kind who surrender. He has had too much experience of frontier life to haul down the colors. His "roughing it" from St. Louis to San Francisco is as full of varied incident as Mark Twain's. A short sketch has been published in the records of the Historic Society of Southern California, and is of romantic interest.

I called upon our venerable and noble supporter of Freethought, Mr. John Riffin, now over eighty years old. The infirmities of age are upon him, and perhaps he will not be with us a great while. But his spirit is as bright as ever. His courage is unswerving. He is absolutely resigned to the inevitable doom, but the glory of his life-long thought is above it all. His own mind is grander than death. It is unconquerable. I may not see my friend again, but his beautiful cheerfulness, his tender devotion to his family, his magnanimous support of Freethought and reform, his staunch and fearless truthfulness to his intellectual convictions, these will make his memory to me like a sweet garden of flowers and sunshine over which is the blue sky in its beauty, and the infinite joy of life.

His last gift, with trembling hands, was for FREETHOUGHT, for the editorial fund. It cannot be possible, with such devoted service on the part of its friends, that this Liberal journal will ever cease to be. It gives me new hope, when our dear friend, passing the boundary of four score years, with still youthful enthusiasm offers this parting gift to the cause he loves so well. Never did I feel more sure of the triumph of glorious truth, immortal and free, than when I said good-bye to this man upon whose brow age hath set its glittering crown.

I had the pleasure also of meeting Col. J. M. Voss and W. J. Foley, founders, with other Los Angeles Liberals, of the Assembly of Progress, an institution for Liberal and beneficiary purposes, which commends itself to many of the Freethinkers. This method of combination may not be unanimously adopted, as Freethinkers have a boundless variety of opinions and ways of working, but it strikes me that there is a large element of advanced thought that desires a Liberal institution, that at the same time shall be sociable and benevolent. Mr. Voss, Mr. Foley, and

other Liberals engaged in this undertaking are earnest workers, and they see much promise of success. Liberalism cannot advance by one way of working, but by many.

I didn't have a chance to see Severance, but I guess he keeps things moving as usual.

Remsburg will be at Los Angeles next Thursday, and will, no doubt, give a splendid impulse to Freethought. I shall lecture on my return from Texas. This brilliant city has not yet got over the hard times, but it is bound to survive, and still be one of the gems of the Pacific coast.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

ANOTHER ABRAHAM.

The sad effects of the messianic craze are not by any means confined to the Sioux Indians in Dakota. They break out wherever the delusion is held. The latest example in this state is the case of Ralph Avery, who lived near Delzura, a place not far from San Diego. He was an industrious man, fifty years of age, highly esteemed, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Not long ago he became a convert to the Seventh-day Advent faith, and talked religion until everybody was bored. Then, his hallucination increasing, he began to fast, and imagined that the mantle of the prophets was about to fall upon him from heaven. On Thursday of last week he came to the house where his wife and child were, shouting frantically that he was the second Christ. The wife rightly judged that he was insane and, taking her child in her arms, started to run for a neighbor's. The fanatic overtook her, and demanded his son, declaring that he was commanded by heaven to spill the boy's blood as a sacrifice. The child was rescued and placed in other hands, and the neighbors took Avery in charge. Upon his person was found a knife which he had sharpened agreeably to the supposed divine command to cut his son's heart out and burn it as an offering to God. Except for the interference of others he would doubtless have followed directions and killed the child. Another hallucination of Avery's was the belief that a ray of light had entered him, giving him a subjective illumination, together with unbounded wisdom.

Avery's case is not a unique one. From the beginning of biblical history down to date there have been thousands of such. Ever since Abraham imposed upon his superstitious tribe the story that God demanded the sacrifice of Isaac, people of weak mind have believed in sacrifices and many have made them. The crucifixion of Christ, with the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice attached to it, increased the evil, until such acts as Avery's now demand only a brief newspaper notice. It is said the man is insane, which is true, all religious belief being a species of insanity intensified by ignorance. But why were Freeman of Poccasset or Avery of Delzura any more insane than Abraham of Judea? If they were insane, why is not Jehovah, who is alleged to have sacrificed his son, open to the same charge? Why should we revere Abraham and worship Jehovah, but imprison Avery?

In disposing of these cases we must treat them as nearly alike as circumstances will permit. The story of Abraham is doubtless a myth. The crucifixion of Christ as an atoning sacrifice was not in pursuance of any divine plan, but was due to the bigotry of the Jews, who believed themselves commanded by God to put to death any who came to them preaching a new religion. When the clergy learn to state the facts as they are and to repudiate and condemn all sacrifice, past and present, whether under the alleged command of God or not, there will be no more Freemans and Averys. While they continue to preach their

barbarous system of religion called Christianity, these bloody deeds will multiply, and the clerical impostors will be responsible for them.

SUNDAY MAILS.

A Western Pennsylvania clergyman has been criticising Wanamaker as an ungodly public servant for allowing the mails over which he has supervision to be carried on Sunday. To this charge Wanamaker has made a reply, in which he repudiates responsibility for the offense and refers the clergyman to Congress as the body with whom authority in the matter resides. He also takes occasion to say that in his opinion Sunday rest for mails in transit is impracticable. To stop the handling of Sunday mails, he says, means to stop the wheels of the railroads throughout the country at twelve o'clock on Saturday. In that event there would be no protection for mails in transit. Hundreds of thousands of dollars pass through the mails every day, and the custody of the mail in a car standing on a track, while crossing the prairie, or even at a small village, would be a serious matter. It would be a great accomplishment for Sunday rest if the mail dispatched from Omaha or San Francisco could lay up at twelve o'clock Saturday night, but what would become of the postal clerks, engineers, and train hands is not clear.

We have not seen the full text of Wanamaker's reply to the clergyman; but he is abridged as saying that if any community, by the petition of a considerable majority of its population, asked for the absolute closing of its office on Sunday the request would receive favorable consideration. Still, he adds, it must be remembered that the postoffice is not a private office, and that it is the duty of its servants to serve according to law; and he admits—which is something surprising, seeing that Mr. Wanamaker is a Christian—that “those who have different views of Sunday-keeping have a right to consideration.”

Mr. Wanamaker's recognition of the truth that the postoffice is not a private office, to be open or closed on Sunday according to the religious prejudices of the postmaster and his fellow church members, marks quite a long step in the direction of sense. Evidently when he ruled out the “Kreutzer Sonata” he had not learned what he now admits, but believed that the office was so near a private one that his personal condemnation of the book was sufficient to exclude it from the mails. He might now go farther, and declare that the postoffice is not a religious office, and that therefore religious reverence for Sunday cannot be regarded as a good excuse for stopping mail trains on that day. People who do not want their mail carried on Sunday should deposit it on Monday morning. It is not practicable for ships to lay-to over the holy day, but mails will go anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific between one Sunday and the next.

AN ECLECTIC PLATFORM.

The Farmers' Alliance, which the recent political revolution in Kansas brought into public notice, has a branch at San Jose, where an organization was completed last week. All persons of good moral character may join it. The object of the Alliance besides being educational and moral, is also political, and its platform is a composite structure made from the good features of many different schools of reform. We give the platform below, with an initial word or two before each plank to show what a large variety of reformers may find in it something that is familiar:

GREENBACKISM.—The entire abolition of national banks and the substitution of legal-tender treasury notes, issued in sufficient quantity to

enable the business of the country to be transacted on a cash system; that such notes be made to rest upon any good security, and be a full legal tender for all debts, both public and private, and bear a rate of interest not to exceed 2 per cent per annum.

NATIONALISM.—Government ownership of all the agencies of public transportation and communication, and that they be operated in the interest of the people at actual cost.

LAND REFORM.—The restoration of all unearned land grants to the public domain, and legal provisions made to prevent the securing or holding of large tracts of land by either corporations or aliens for speculative purposes.

SINGLE-TAX BALLOT REFORM.—The adoption of our next legislature of what is generally known as "the Australian ballot system" of voting to the end that intimidation may cease and the purity and secrecy of the freeman's ballot may be secured.

PROHIBITION.—We hereby approve of the declaration of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union held in the city of St. Louis on December 6, 1889, when it said: "We are opposed to saloons and liquor business in all its forms."

DEMOCRACY.—The election of president, vice-president and United States Senators by a direct vote of the people.

BIMETALLISM.—That while we continue the coinage of gold and silver as money, they shall sustain a perfect equality as to coinage and tender.

EDUCATIONAL TEST—WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—That proper and safe educational qualification for the exercise of the elective franchise should be adopted, but no discrimination on account of sex, and that they shall forever remain non-sectarian.

SOCIALISM.—That our present public school system shall be maintained and its efficiency increased more and more as the exigencies of the county may demand, and that the books used in the public schools be furnished by the state at cost.

MISCELLANEOUS.—That we would recommend such changes in state law that in the event of death the husband and wife has the same right to conduct and carry on the business as the partner has, without the long and tedious course of law usual in such cases.

DITTO.—That we favor a change in the law making taxes payable semi-annually.

Nearly everybody who believes that an affirmative political platform is worth anything will be able to find some plank in this one that he can trust his feet upon. Even the Freethinker may grasp a straw—namely, non-sectarian educational qualifications for voters. The prohibition plank "opposed to saloons and liquor business in all its forms" may not mean legal prohibition exactly; it may mean high license; or the opposition expressed may be merely moral and sentimental.

The election of president by a direct vote of the people, instead of by electors chosen by the people, is not a material change from the present method, since the effect would be precisely the same as now; but to elect senators by popular vote will largely decrease the campaign expenses of the senatorial candidate, for whereas a man with aspirations toward the senate must now buy votes enough to elect the right kind of a legislature, and then buy the same afterwards, under the system proposed by the Farmers' Alliance he will need only to purchase the popular suffrage. There are many who believe that the senate is a superfluous body, much after the fashion of the English House of Lords, and that we have almost as little need for a president in these dull times as we have for a king, but the idea of abolishing both is not now popular enough to materially strengthen a political platform, though it may be some time.

Secularists must not look to the Farmers' Alliance to abolish chaplaincies; it could not consistently do so, having elected a chaplain of its own—Mrs. James Kinnear, of Stanislaus county, who may perhaps be a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

It will be noticed that in this platform, as in most others of a

political character, laws are recommended for the correction of evils that would not exist if the present laws which sustain them were abolished.

EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF FREETHOUGHT.

It is of urgent necessity that those who believe in the principles of this paper, and who wish to see it maintained and its circulation extended, should do all they can to keep their own subscriptions paid up and to secure new subscribers. Indifference in this matter is sure to bring defeat and disaster, as no reform paper can exist unless its friends and sympathizers are active to maintain it.

Therefore renew; therefore get new subscribers; at least send us the names of all the Liberal minded people you know who do not now take FREETHOUGHT, and we will send them sample copies; but send bona fide subscribers if possible. A single subscription is \$2 per year; two, with one remittance, \$3; three at once, \$4; four at a time, \$5.

THE CASE OF JUDAS.

The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry preached last Sunday a sermon on "Judas and Jesus," in which he took the usual clerical view that Judas was an unrepentent sinner, a traitor, an agent of the devil, and beyond doubt was cast into outer darkness, where there are "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

It seems that the Christian world will never learn to look upon Judas for what he was—an instrument necessary to the working out of the "plan of salvation." Christ, they say, came upon earth to die as a sacrifice, and save the children of Israel. It was foreordained that the said children should offer him up according to the programme. It is strange to think of, but they were not sufficiently acquainted with his personal appearance to enable them to take him into custody without identification. Jesus knew beforehand that Judas would give him away, for he said that the man who put his finger in the dish with him would betray him. Judas was the man, and he did not propose to make the chairman of the board of apostles out to be a false prophet. He sacrificed himself to save the world, the same as Jesus did; and more, since he died voluntarily, while the other prayed that the cup might pass from him. The man who dies by his own hand may be said to be fully as sincere in making the sacrifice as is the one who dies unwillingly from violence inflicted by others.

Judas, too, had heard Christ say that if any one denied him before men, Christ would repudiate him before the Father in heaven. Judas was not a coward, like Peter, to deny his master three times before sunrise, and when the authorities asked him to point Jesus out, he did so. If he believed that Jesus was God, it is fair to infer that he did not believe the priests and elders could hurt him. He was simply a victim of circumstances over which he had no control.

The clergy are plainly without warrant in affirming that Judas was unrepentant, in face of the fact that on the following day he sought to return the money he had received, and when his tempters would not accept it, he threw it on the ground, and went away and hanged himself. When a man throws away the price of a job, and commits suicide through remorse, we are justified in concluding he has repented his course.

But whether there was any good in Judas or not, he was a necessity for the consummation of the scheme of redemption, and must be regarded more in sorrow than in anger. The clergy

would do well to let up for awhile on this character, and turn their attention to Peter, who, to save his own neck, repudiated the man who gave him the best appointment held by any of the apostles.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, Nov. 23, will be addressed by MR. THOMAS CURTIS; subject, "A World without a God." Admission is free and a general invitation is extended to the public.

HON. A. SCHELL, of Knight's Ferry, cut from FREETHOUGHT the petition for Sunday opening of the World's Fair at Chicago, and obtained 117 signatures thereto. This is a question which, as Mr. Schell suggests, should be pushed upon the attention of the people. In order that others may do as he has done, we herewith reproduce the petition, as prepared by the New York "Truth Seeker":

To the World's Columbian Exposition Committee:

Learning that there is an organized movement among the more conservative church people—manipulated by a "Sabbath" organization—to induce your honorable body to close on Sundays the World's Fair, to be held in 1893 in Chicago, the undersigned respectfully put in this counter petition, and ask that the Fair may be open to the public on each Sunday of its continuance. We ask this for the following reasons:

1. That the American principle of the separation of church and state may be maintained.
2. That public morality may be subserved by providing a substitute for the immoral places to which men may resort when no moral amusements are available.
3. As a matter of justice also to the people of Chicago, who have given of their means to make the Fair possible, tens of thousands of whom can visit the Fair only on a general holiday; and as a matter of justice also to the visitors to the Fair, whose time or means may be limited, and who certainly are entitled to great consideration at your hands.
4. For the public good. The opening of the Fair on Sunday will be for the benefit not only of Chicago, but of the whole country. The rights of no one are infringed, the happiness of no one disturbed. Those who wish to attend can do so; those who do not can otherwise spend the day. This is solely a humanitarian question, a question of human relations and human welfare, and, therefore, the only standard by which you can decide is that of the public welfare.
5. It will benefit the Fair, attracting a much larger attendance, interesting more people in it, and increasing its receipts.
6. To the objection that Sunday opening of the Fair will destroy the day as a rest-day, we affirm that the tendency would be exactly the opposite. The more beautiful you make Sunday, the more attractive, the more noble and varied in its pleasures and instructions, the more difficult it will be to change its character, the less danger there is that employers will ever have the power to transfer it from its present position to a day of toil. With choice of Sunday occupation restricted to attending church or visiting a saloon, the average workingman would choose to keep on laboring.
7. Finally: Opening the World's Fair on Sunday will harm no one but the keepers of immoral places, while it will benefit the Fair itself, the people of Chicago, and the visitors to the Fair, thereby conducing to municipal prosperity, individual education, public morality, and the development and good of the whole country.

Cut the petition out, place it at the head of a sheet of paper, and ask your neighbors to sign it. When filled, forward it to the FREETHOUGHT office.

SAYS the "American Sentinel:"

"Our Liberal exchanges don't seem to like our 'Lesson from Paine.' FREETHOUGHT and the 'Truth Seeker' both protest that Paine didn't know what he was talking about. The 'Truth Seeker' says: 'Paine

made his point as a Deist, and made a mistake.' We are aware that Paine was a Deist, and that he made many and grievous mistakes, but his estimate of the benign nature of the Christian religion, and of the origin of church and state, was not one of them. An important difference between Paine and many of his modern disciples, is, that, whereas he conceded to others the same freedom of opinion that he claimed for himself, the average 'Freethinker' of the present day is about as intolerant as a Jesuit."

The editor of the "American Sentinel" is hereby apprised that he states that which is untrue. Moreover he is ungrateful, for he must know that the tolerance which permits him to be a Seventh-day Adventist, and in some states to work upon the first day of the week, is not due to the "benign nature of the Christian religion," but to the influence and work of the "average Freethinker," who is in all respects the exact opposite of the Jesuit, with whom the editor of the "Sentinel" is fair enough to compare him. We will, however, absolve the editor of the "Sentinel" from the charge of untruthfulness if he will instance some act of intolerance on the part of an average Freethinker to justify the comparison. As to the benign nature of the Christian religion, we still hold that Paine gave away his case too readily. It was the nature of the Christian religion, benign or otherwise, and of Seventh-day Adventism in particular, that caused Mr. Ralph Avery, of Delzura, to attempt last week the bloody sacrifice of his own child.

ONE McPherson, a notorious ward politician of San Francisco, has been arrested for extorting money from a woman under promise of getting her a position as school teacher. But McPherson has a "pull," and, having got bail, is not in the slightest danger of punishment. His method is the one charged upon the school directors, only the price that girls pay for the job of teaching is not always in money. Some new system for providing teachers, such as the co-operation of parents and guardians in each district, would be better than that the patronage of the public schools should be in the hands of politicians ready to be debauched either by coin or concupiscence.

ONE of the blessings of wealth, according to the belief of Albert W. Fleming, of St. Louis, is that it bridges over the gulf between the living and the dead. Fleming is a wealthy man, and two years ago, when his only daughter died, he engaged a boy medium, at one hundred dollars per month, to keep him in constant communication with her. Somehow or other the presence of the boy raised a scandal, and Mrs. Fleming has got a divorce with alimony, but Fleming has formally adopted the lad and made him his heir. Only the rich can afford the luxury of a private spiritual postmaster.

IN last week's FREETHOUGHT Prof. Herbert Miller drew attention to a new work by Margaret Deland entitled "Sidney." It is a novel, one that sensible people may read without insult to their sense. We have procured the book and have it on sale, bound in cloth, at \$1.25 per copy. And, by the way, we have several copies of "John Ward Preacher," by the same author; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50.

LIBERALS in the vicinity of San Francisco who desire to have a good lecture in their locality should remember that W. S. Bell is among us and prepared to fill engagements. For terms address W. S. Bell, box 109, Oakland, Cal.

IF anybody wants the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Tolstoi, we will mail it for 25 cents. The principal merit of the the book is that it has got the better of Wanamaker.

OBSERVATIONS.

It would be to the advantage of the Liberals of San Francisco to take notice of the fact that meetings are held every Sunday evening at 421 Post street, and addressed by able speakers. Last Sunday evening, Mr. W. S. Bell, of Oakland, gave one of the best lectures I have ever listened to, and there were less than a hundred persons present to hear it, although it was worthy to be delivered before a thousand.

I was not very early at the meeting. Just as I started out I met a man who desired to convince me that the McKinley bill is a beneficent institution, and that protection is worth all it costs if it ruins the country. It took him so long to do this that I was late, and did not hear the excellent recitation with which Miss Lillie Arper prefaced the evening's exercise, and Mr. Bell had got well under way before I reached the hall. I enjoyed the lecture greatly. Bell has a convincing method of presenting an argument, and a neat way of clinching it with an illustration and a good story. He melts his audience with good humor, and they become as clay in the hands of the potter. The lecture dealt with the absurdities we are expected to regard as religious truths in order to be orthodox Christians, and the speaker detailed the phenomena once ascribed to supernatural origin but which are now relegated to the ordinary workings of natural forces.

Treasurer Schou, who is now on a trip to Copenhagen, was missed, but Secretary Lemme passed the hat in a competent manner and received a generous offering from the people. Miss Arper sang a song in a rippling, mellifluous tone that recalled the music of the brook and birds, Professor Bell turning the leaves with accuracy, and Mr. Thomas Arper made some running remarks on the religious teachings of his childhood which he had since abandoned. Vice-President Eastman occupied the chair during the evening, and, by his appropriate suggestions, added to his previous popularity as a presiding officer. At the conclusion of Mr. Arper's comments, there being nothing left to be said, and Mr. Healy not being present to supply the deficiency, as he usually does on such occasions, the meeting was closed.

Next Sunday evening Mr. Thomas Curtis, a very facile and brilliant speaker, will deliver the address. All are invited to take advantage of the free admission and listen to him.

A petition is in circulation for the pardon of Ezra H. Heywood, now serving a two years' sentence in Charleston prison, Massachusetts, for printing what he chose to in his paper, the "Word," and mailing it to his subscribers. The petition sets forth that Mr. Heywood is active if not always judicious in his efforts to promote human improvement; that he has not thrust his paper upon any one; that he is a gentleman of education, a graduate of Brown University, and respected in the town where he lives; and that his intentions are good.

By way of recommending Mr. Heywood to society, the certificate of honesty and character are good, but they are not and cannot be of any effect in law. I am free to say that I have not inquired what Mr. Heywood's record is. There are scavengers enough—he being a poor man, not a politician nor a member of the church—to rake up his record and hold it under the nose of the community, provided it is unsavory, so that if his record is bad I should surely have heard of it.

It makes very little difference, as touching the question of human rights, whether Mr. Heywood's intentions were good or bad. The intentions of many mistaken men are probably good when they commit assaults upon human rights. Mr. Heywood may have been judicious or injudicious; whether he was the one or the other is not my business. In fact, all these explanations and apologies are useless so far as I am concerned. It is enough for me to know that because Mr. Heywood conducted his paper as he saw fit, because he printed what he wanted to and mailed his paper to subscribers who wanted to read it, he has been taken from his business by brute force and detained in prison against his will. Nothing more is needed. He has done exactly what I have done, and I know that if I wish to retain for myself the liberty to think, to write, and to print, I must defend to the extent of my power the right of others to do the same. Leaving sentiment, and patriotism, and spread-eagerness out of the question, mere policy or self-interest ought to guide everybody right

in this matter. I protest against Heywood's imprisonment on any such charge as that made against him. I am willing and anxious to do all I can afford to do to effect his release. I will sign one petition or a dozen, if that will do any good—petitions to the president, to John Wanamaker, or to the warden of Charleston prison. I will address each of them or all of them as your excellency, your worship, or your royal highness, knowing that the salutation will be as appropriate in one case as in another.

Copies of the petition have been sent to this office, and I shall be glad to mail them to any who will sign or obtain the signatures of others.

Mr. Charles Parnell, leader of the Home-rule party in the British Parliament, presents the disheveled appearance of a shattered idol. The report of a trial recently held in England shows that the wife of one Captain O'Shea divided her affections between her husband and the said Mr. Parnell in such an ostentatious manner that the former discovered the fact; and having made so important a discovery, he generously imparted it to the world. As a consequence the world, which is virtuous or nothing, hastens to express its sympathy for Captain O'Shea and to hold Mr. Parnell up where it can hit him with its scorn. As for Mrs. O'Shea, she is given the distinction of having her picture published in the daily papers on both sides of the Atlantic, and is accredited with a beauty and attractiveness not previously considered sufficiently remarkable to entitle her to public admiration. Regarded from one point of view, Mrs. O'Shea, in cultivating Parnell, has performed the most popular act of her life, but the notoriety she has acquired cannot be such as a modest woman would desire to achieve. So far as the O'Sheas are concerned, they have probably lost nothing. He gets rid of a woman who prefers another, and she secures the man of her choice so soon as the law will sanction her marriage with Parnell. The worst sufferer in the affair, as perhaps is just, is the leader of the Home rulers; for those who have applauded him during the past half-dozen years now refuse to let his long service condone his one fault, and totally fail to differentiate his public from his private life. Hence they clamor for his resignation as their leader; Mr. Gladstone, his colleague, says he would prefer an Irish parliamentarian who is not the subject of unfavorable gossip; and the Catholic priests demand a standard bearer who is morally clean, though they have not shown the confidence to recommend one of their own number for the position. In fact, it would be using mild language to say that the devil is to pay and no pitch hot in the Irish camp; added to which a scandal whose details are unsavory has gone, through the press, into every family of English speaking people, to the manifest injury of public morals—all arising from the indiscretion of Parnell, and the inability of Captain O'Shea to control his mouth.

Now, right here in California, a new state, where morality is as yet in its infancy, and where people have something else to discuss besides their neighbors' business, a somewhat similar complication arose not long since, but terminated with a result vastly different, and also more satisfactory, not only to the parties concerned, but likewise to the public weal. Down in Los Angeles county were a capitalist and a literary man, both of whom were interested in the new movement called Nationalism, and both leaders of the same. The literary man started a paper, and the capitalist entered politics, running for Congress on a "let-the-producer-have-all-his-product" platform. During the campaign the wife of the literary man asked her husband if it would pain him to know that she preferred the candidate to the editor—not that she loved him less, but the other more. He replied that it would not, but he had no time to bother with such matters until the campaign was over and the candidate elected. To be brief, the candidate, on so unpopular a platform, was defeated; then the editor laid down his pen for awhile, and remarked that he was now at leisure to attend to that other matter of which his wife had spoken. The lady in the case thereupon went through the formality of procuring a divorce, to which he offered no objection. She was then married to the ex-candidate, the ex-husband acting as a witness. The happy couple went away on a wedding tour, and the editor resumed his pen and completed an article which he had begun before the proceedings above described had diverted his attention. There were no recrimina-

tions, no unnecessary publicity, no reputations ruined by slander, no newspaper reports over which the gossips might gloat.

I hold, of course—and I challenge anyone to show he has a stronger grip on the conviction than myself—that causes of divorce should be avoided at almost any sacrifice; and men and women with employment for their hands and minds are not apt to furnish them; but if those causes exist, and the divorce is inevitable, it is a great deal better for public health that it should be obtained in the California style than after the fashion prevailing in the effete monarchy across the Atlantic. However, my opinion on morality is worth nothing, as I have often been told, or I should have competed for Dr. Westbrook's prize manual; but I have presented the two cases, and would ask the public to look on this picture, and then on that, and see which least offends the moral eye.

When, three weeks ago, I called attention to the Rev. Cyrus Romulus Remus R. Teed as one of two cranks worthy of conspicuous notice (George Chainey being the second), I did not know that he would so soon rise above the horizon of San Francisco. But he is here. The "Golden Gate" of last Saturday brought the intelligence that Cyrus, the founder of the World's College of Life, and of the Church Triumphant, both located in Chicago; the editor of the "Flaming Sword," and the promulgator of great doctrines of Koreshan science, would give a discourse on Sunday, November 23, at Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, on the "Personality of God," or words to that effect. Admission 10 cents. Metaphysical College is a vacant store just across the street from the new city hall. I was there Sunday morning, and Mr. W. N. Slocum, who is a Spiritualist, a Nationalist, and a Topolobampo sufferer, went with me. One hundred persons, three-fourths of them of the opposite sex, made up the congregation. The services opened by a young man with combed hair jarring the keys of a piano in whose interior were located a great number of tin pans of assorted sizes, having communicated with all of which the young man retired and took the beatific vision of his hair away from us.

The chairman introduced Dr. Teed as the renowned founder of Koreshanity. Teed, who looks like a clergyman, or a commercial traveler, or a horse trader, or some other professional person, salaamed and read a chapter from the gospel of John, wherein it is set forth that in the beginning was the word—or logos, as every preacher is in duty bound to learnedly explain—the said word being with God, and God in fact. Following this reading came a prayer, which was more than Slocum could stand, so he grabbed his hat and went out, and shortly thereafter I was wishing he had insisted upon my going with him, for the sermon that came next was the most inconsequent agitation of the atmosphere I ever observed. Teed's hobby is that in some way men and women absorb the deity into their own persons and in that way become little two-legged gods themselves. "Did you ever consider," said he, "what it is to be conceived, gestated, and born of the deity?" Nobody answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Teed, who professes to have been originated in the way described, paused and posed impressively in order that the audience might consider him. Resuming, he said, "Either Atheism is right or it is false. I pronounce it false. Let the church take God by the hand and sweep Atheism from the earth." He dismissed Agnosticism with the comment that taking advantage of ignorance it confessed that it did not know. Thereby Agnosticism got the better of the argument, and was welcome to it. Teed believes firmly in the immaculate conception, which he explains by the theory that he calls "parthogenesis," or virginal propagation. Mary was gifted with both sexes, or a union of the two; so was Christ, so was Adam, and so must the perfect human being become—the man-woman, man-god, self-fertilizing, the amalgamation of Hermes and Aphrodite. Added to these conveniences the accomplished Koreshan will be immortal.

The hundred people, many of whom had intelligent faces, accepted this swash from the platform with evident appreciation. As for myself, I prefer the Salvation Army to Teed, but I should choose a deep and solemn silence, broken only by the hee-honk of a discontented jack-ass, before either.

How long Teed is to be with us is not stated. San Francisco

is quite a paradise for religious freaks, but Oakland, where the inhabitants go insane over the ravings of a functionally deranged woman like Mrs. Woodworth, is a more appropriate place for him.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Rev. Dr. Barrows is to return and resume the pulpit of the First Congregational church of San Francisco. He was indiscreet, and loved wine and women not wisely but too frequently, but his friends think he will not do it again and so will give him another trial.—Statistics recently prepared at the registrar's office give information regarding the nationality of electors who cast their ballots in this city Nov. 4. Of a total vote of 59,714, over 43 per cent, or 26,041 of the voters were foreigners. Ireland was represented by 9,824 voters, Germany by 7,454, England by 2,118, Canada by 1,113, Italy by 955, and Russia by 436. Natives of almost every country on the globe exercised the right of suffrage. There were 7 native Africans, 64 Belgians, 18 Central Americans, 3 East Indians, 27 Greeks, 79 Dutchmen, 21 New Zealanders, 3 Newfoundlanders, 29 New Brunswickers, 39 Nova Scotians, 13 Sandwich Islanders, 4 Turks, and 34 West Indians. All the European countries were well represented. Of the native born Americans, 12,373 were Californians, 5,565 New Yorkers, 2,776 from the old Bay State, 1,227 from Maine, 1,588 Pennsylvanians, and 1,270 from Ohio.—There were 202 deaths in this city last week, as against 127 for the corresponding week of last year.—Mrs. Sarah Althea Hill Terry got Lawyer Coldwell of Fresno convicted of disturbing her peace and he was fined \$20. He appealed the case.—The San Francisco club of baseball players wins the League pennant.

The Sioux Indians of Dakota are wild over the messiah delusion with which they have become indoctrinated. They are reported to be indulging in the worst excesses, discarding all their civilized ways and burning their Bibles and school books. According to their expressed belief there is to be a resurrection of the dead Indians, obliteration of the whites, and the restoration of the virgin prairies to the possession of the aborigines.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker reports a deficit of \$6,000,000 in the accounts of the postal department for the fiscal year. He says the service is burdened by tons of paper-covered books which are carried at newspaper rates, or much less than the cost of transportation. Railroad companies, he thinks, should be forced by law to reduce their charges for carrying the mails.—Jay Gould realized about \$3,000,000 profits from the recent financial panic in the East.—Edward Warden realized \$15,000 this year from a peach farm of thirty acres in Hunterton county, N. J. His farm is not worth more than \$2,000 as land is held in his county.—The new lottery law has decreased the business of the postoffice at New Orleans some \$11,000 per month and caused the discharge of nine employees.—Dillon and O'Brien are already quarreling with the other Irish agitators in New York.—Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, has sued an author for dedicating a book on McGlynn's case to him (the cardinal) without his consent.—Mrs. Alonzo Armstrong, of Keyport, N. J., charges the Rev. Robert Chew, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Clifwood and Jacksonville, N. J., with attempting to assault her. Chew attempted to preach at the church on Sunday, but the trustees shut the door in his face and dismissed the congregation. Chew is a married man.

William, king of Holland, died on Sunday, the 23d. He was 73 years old. He was not what is called a moral man, but he was a good king, as kings go.—Parnell, the Irish leader, has been found guilty of illicit conduct. His withdrawal from politics is demanded by many of his previous admirers. It is said that he will marry the divorced wife of Captain O'Shea.—General Salvation Army Booth's scheme to raise a million pounds with which to build homes for the outcast poor of London promises to be successful, as large amounts are being subscribed to the fund.—The loss by the October fire in Sidney, Australia, amounts to nearly \$3,000,000.

THE Canadian government officials of Napanee, says the Truth Seeker, have seized a copy of "The Freethinkers' Pictorial Text Book" sent to a Liberal of that town.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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WHERE SHALL WE HAVE THE NEXT CONGRESS ?

The Portsmouth Congress of the American Secular Union was a success in every sense of the word. Prominent Liberal speakers, first-class music and plenty of it, furnished without cost to us by the local auxiliary, and a large attendance, both of Liberals and outsiders, not only from Portsmouth, but also from the surrounding country, and from the cities of Columbus, Cincinnati, Chicago, etc., made this assemblage of our people one long to be remembered.

The excellent music rendered at all our meetings, through the kindly foresight of the Portsmouth Secular Union, deserves our special thanks. Official "thrones might totter," Secular discussions wax wrathful or wane to a peaceful sunset, but the talented pianist, Miss Sarah Stevens, was sure to be on hand to soothe with her harmonies. Then there were the welcome trio of guitarists, Messrs. Adams, Rice, and Kennedy, with the mandolinist, Charles Miller, and the violinist, Abe White, who were certain of an encore; and the well-trained colored jubilee singers, Messrs. Shumake, Haley, Woods, and Robinson. But the field-day of the Congress (a "field day" in more senses than one) was Sunday, when Al G. Field, with his minstrel troupe, entertained us with music in the intervals of the speaking. During the afternoon and evening the house was packed, not only with the Portsmouth people, but also with visitors brought thither by excursion trains, so that our Secularist friends were glad to avail themselves of the invitation to occupy seats on the stage, while listening to the speakers and to the splendid music given us by Al G. Field's \$10,000 Challenge Brass Band, led by Todd Hamilton, his Orchestra, led by Ernest Magnani, and his Sextette, composed of Orland Lemon (leader), and Messrs. Diamond, Casey, Gray, Hassel, and Kennedy.

We can congratulate ourselves on having made so good an impression upon the people of Portsmouth, that the local auxiliary have already applied to have us next year. But, when we reflect upon the noble work which this little band of Secularists have already done in raising the five hundred dollars (\$500.) which they pledged toward the expenses, and upon their many kindnesses to us in other directions, it seems unfair to trespass upon the hospitality of these generous people two years in succession. We think it is time for some other city to invite us.

What auxiliary will step forward and pledge an equal amount (\$500.) for the expenses of next year's Congress in their city? If this young, six-month's old auxiliary of Portsmouth can do as splendidly as it has done, surely some of our older auxiliaries ought to do at least as well, if not better. Come, friends, what do you say? Auxiliaries to the front, and let us hear from you promptly!

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec'y A. S. U.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17. 1890.

SPECIAL CALL FOR GUARANTEE FUND.

The Congress of the American Secular Union, recently held at Portsmouth, Ohio, directed the officers to make, through the Liberal papers, a call upon the friends for the pledge of five thousand dollars (\$5000) to enlarge and carry forward the work of the society. This money is needed to sustain the business of the general office in Philadelphia, and to pay the salaries and traveling expenses of at least two field secretaries, who shall go out to organize auxiliary societies and otherwise labor to promote the cause.

That this is an important movement in the right direction must be obvious to all. Never was there a time when the work of our society was so much in demand; and our one need is the

money to carry on that work. Will our friends respond to this call liberally and at once, that we may know what to depend upon?

The president, besides his gratuitous daily work in behalf of the society, offers to be one of twenty to contribute one hundred dollars (\$100) each for this object. Will nineteen others respond to this proposition at once?

How many can pledge \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$1? Let every friend of the cause inform us as soon as possible what he or she is willing to pledge.

Let all Liberal societies, whether auxiliary or not, take up this matter promptly, and inform us what they are willing to do.

The pledges will be published in the "Truth Seeker," "Investigator," FREETHOUGHT, and "Secular Thought" each month. It is understood that the subscriptions may be paid during the coming year at the convenience of the subscriber, and, if desired, in instalments. All responses to this call should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

We see no reason why the sum named should not be secured by pledges within thirty days.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,

F. C. MENDE, Treasurer,

IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec.

Office S. E. Cor. Broad and Columbia avenues, Philadelphia,
 November 11, 1890.

THE BIBLE:

SHALL IT BE READ IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?*

The reading of the Bible as a religious exercise in our common schools is exciting universal interest, and has become one of the live questions of the day. Multitudes of earnest religious people are deeply concerned at the thought of excluding the Bible from the state schools, as a *religious authority*, to be read every day to the pupils, and deem such a proposition as little less than religious treason. Other multitudes are equally strong in the conviction that such reading of the Bible is highly improper, and they insist in the most determined manner that the state schools shall be conducted on strictly secular principles, without any religious exercises whatever.

Now let us formulate our objections to the reading of these sixty-six little tracts, known as the Christian Bible, in our state schools.

We object:

I. *Because there is no common agreement as to what constitutes the Bible.*

The Jews come along with their *thirty-nine* little leaflets, mostly written by nobody knows whom and nobody knows when or where, and say that these, bound together into one book, are the Bible. Orthodox Christians respond in chorus: "Not so; these little pamphlets are only part of the Bible, and while they contain the substance and promise of sacred things, we have the fulfillment and realization in the New Testament. You must accept our *twenty-seven* little leaflets [mostly anonymous and without date] before you claim to have the whole Bible."

Then come the Catholics, and with a tone of authority exclaim, "You are both wrong. You have omitted *fourteen* other little books, and have dubbed them 'apocryphal,' and we insist that the Bible is not complete without these. Moreover, the Bible was never intended to be read by the common people, as it cannot be understood without an authorized interpreter, and the church is such an interpreter, *we* [priests] *are the church*, and you, the people, only *belong* to the church. You must bring in the writings of the *fathers* of the church, and also *tradition*. We do not want even the Douay Bible read in our schools without giving the church a chance to interpret it."

Modern critics make sad havoc with the canon (which means *list*) of both the Old and New Testament books. Only four of the fourteen epistles ascribed to Paul are now admitted to have been certainly written by him, and several of the epistles, the Acts, Revelation, and all of the gospels, are regarded as anonymous. Now, we respectfully submit that, until we certainly know what *constitutes* the Bible, we should cease to clamor for its read-

* From an address by President WESTBROOK before the Congress of the American Secular Union.

ing in the public schools. The *canon* (list) of neither the Old nor the New Testament books was generally accepted, according to Dr. Lardner, until about 556 years after the Christian era. The epistle to the Hebrews, the Acts, the epistle of James, the second epistle of Peter, the second and third epistles of John, the epistle of Jude, and Revelation, have all been doubted as canonical scripture, and by many eminent Christian scholars have been entirely rejected.

The canon of the New Testament is equally defective. The councils that accepted *four* gospels and *seventeen* epistles as canonical, rejected more than fifty other gospels and nearly one hundred other epistles that claimed to be inspired. Besides the canonical and apocryphal books now extant there are sixty-eight New Testament books mentioned or quoted by the Christian fathers of the first four centuries, which are now not known to be in existence. More than fifty other books, written by twenty different authors in the second century, have mysteriously disappeared. Now, we respectfully submit that if only one inspired book is lost, or only one is added without authority, suspicion is thrown upon the whole. What shall we say, then, of the scores, and even hundreds, that are not now extant?

We object further to the reading of the Bible in our state schools:

II. *Because there is no common agreement as to what parts are historical and what parts are allegorical.*

Plato said that he would not have the poems of Homer read in the schools of his republic, because the children could not properly judge between history and allegory. Then, it should be remembered, the Bible is to be read in our state schools "without note or comment." Suppose that the teacher reads the first and second chapters of Genesis. Here we have two distinct accounts of creation, contradicting each other in six particulars, and each of these accounts is absolutely inconsistent with what science teaches in our school-books. Suppose we read of the fall of Adam and Eve, and inquire, Is this a fact or a fiction? Philo and Maimonides, celebrated Jewish writers, say fiction—while the early Christian fathers say the same.

But we object to the reading of the Bible in our state schools:

III. *Because there is no common agreement as to what doctrines are taught in the Bible.*

For about fourteen hundred years we have had these little tracts called the Bible, and men are to-day more uncertain as to what to believe than ever. We have about two hundred different sects, each declaring that its particular doctrines are drawn from the Bible, and each quotes pages of proof-texts in support of its dogmas. At the same time Calvinists denounce Arminians as holding doctrines that are "delusive, dangerous, and destructive" of human souls. Arminians retort that the Calvinists' God is worse than the devil, and say that they would rather be Atheists than Calvinists.

Now, we submit that a book which produces such a medley of opinions should not be read as a religious authority in our state schools.

But we object to reading the Bible in our state schools:

IV. *Because it contains so much that is cruel and obscene.*

The Bible begins with a cruel murder and a bitter curse—Cain and Abel. The flood of Noah, involving multitudes of innocent children, was a most cruel and desperate device. The raining of fire and brimstone on Sodom was a most despotic act, involving the innocent with the guilty, and no wonder that the patriarch expostulated with Jehovah against it. The fate of Lot's wife, when she cast a last lingering look at her home, was cruel in the extreme. Achan and his sons and daughters (and all his dumb animals) were commanded by Jehovah to be stoned because Achan had stolen the wedge of gold. Jehovah is made to sanction the hanging of Saul's seven sons and grandsons because Saul, a long time before, had done wrong to the Gibeonites, after which Jehovah stopped the pestilence! God approved of the cutting off the heads (by Jehu) of the seventy sons of Ahab. He destroyed 70,000 by pestilence because David did what Jehovah told him to do. He directed Moses to exterminate the Midianites, men, women and children—except the 32,000 virgins kept for the purpose of gratifying their lusts. He slew 20,000 Israelites for flirting with the daughters of Moab, and mercilessly killed

50,000 men because they peeped in a little wooden box called the ark of the covenant. But time would fail us to tell of all the cruel and barbarous acts ascribed to Jehovah in the Old Testament. We have not time to speak of the savage wars, and the merciless murder of thousands upon thousands of men by their brothers. It is enough to say that the Bible contains the most disgustingly detailed accounts of cruel and atrocious crimes of any book extant, and it is not fit to be read in the hearing of children.

It is difficult to speak to ears polite in a promiscuous audience of the obscenity of the Bible. There are more than one hundred passages of the most coarse and vulgar description. To print these in a book and send it through the United States mails would put a man in the penitentiary. There are entire chapters that reek with obscenity from beginning to end. I will not specify them, lest I assist the young and vicious in finding them. "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, and the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Tolstoi, are immaculate purity by the side of these passages! Early editions of Shakespeare have been revised and purified, but, though Noah Webster undertook to expurgate the Bible, Christians were so prejudiced in favor of the old book that they could not give up its nastiness. I cannot tell you about Onan, and Tamar, and Lot and his two daughters, and scores of other obscene matters. There are passages even in the New Testament, such as are found in 1 Cor. vii, that cannot be mentioned in the presence of a virtuous woman. If these indecent tales should not be perused by mature persons, should innocent children—mere boys and girls in our state schools—be polluted by them? When I enter a lady's parlor, and see the richly gilded Bible upon the center table, I shudder when I remember the obscenity that is contained between its costly lids. When I see maiden purity tripping along our streets, Bible in hand, I wonder if she knows that she carries more obscenity than Byron ever wrote, than Shelley ever dreamed of, than the vilest French novelist ever dared to print. Shall the children in our state schools be made familiar with all forms of licentiousness and uncleanness?

But it is said teachers will skip these passages. Yet children will be sure to find them, and will laugh at their guides when they blunder on them by mistake. This matter of skipping offensive parts calls to view the fact that only extracts are, in fact, read from the Bible in our schools. If it is infallible inspiration, why not read it all right out? What right has a teacher to suppress God's word? Are not Solomon's Song, and Ruth, and Esther just as sacred as the Psalms or epistles? If only extracts are to be read to children, let us have an expurgated Bible, and let not the extracts be made only from the Jewish and Christian Bibles, but let them be made also from pagan sacred books, in which many things are found as good and pure as anything found in the Hebrew and Christian Bible, and let us have a *Sacred Anthology*, which shall be pure, chaste and beautiful.

We should not read the Bible in our state schools:

V. *Because the moral is so mixed up with the immoral that there is great danger of contamination by contact.*

Some portions of the Old Testament contain beautiful stories and sound moral maxims, but right in the same connection we often have (without condemnation) stories of uncleanness, fornications, adulteries, and incests that the *Police Gazette* would not dare publish. Jael meanly murders Sisera, and is praised for it, while the deceit and treachery of Rahab are commended in the New Testament. The story of Boaz and Ruth is fit only for a dime novel. Solomon's Song is full of lasciviousness. Abram lies. Moses gets mad. David commits adultery, and murders Uriah. Jacob is deceitful, and a trickster—and so on to the end. Polygamy is shown to have been the rule, and not the exception, among Jehovah's favorites. War is everywhere tacitly justified, and slavery is practiced, and not an abolitionist opens his mouth. We go to the New Testament, and he who is called the "perfect one" curses a fig-tree for not bearing fruit out of season; drives out with small cords men engaged in legitimate business, upsets their tables, and uses the most violent and reproachful language toward them. He shows want of respect for his mother, and is ambiguous and evasive in conversation with the woman of Canaan; says he does not know whether he is going to the feast at

Jerusalem or not, and then straightway sets out for the holy city and makes believe by his actions that he is going to one place when he is actually going to another.

We might just as well go one step further, and say:

VI. *We object to the reading of the Bible in our state schools because of its defective morality.*

We are asked, Is there anything defective in the morality of the Sermon on the Mount?

The Sermon on the Mount, in its composition and construction, shows that it is not a connected discourse, but that it is a compilation of well-known and familiar maxims in common use in that day. In many of those sayings we see nothing wise or moral. "Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth," is not good advice, and has never been practiced. "Take no thought for to-morrow," is improvident, even with the unauthorized interpolation of the word "anxious." Turning the other cheek to the smiter, the lending to every borrower, and absolute non-resistance is about as foolish as indiscriminate alms-giving, and could only be uttered by one who believed that the end of the world was at hand and would surely come with that generation. Only a partial keeping of the commands of the Sermon on the Mount would upset every industry, and turn the people into a crowd of tramps and vagabonds.

We want something for our state schools that is more practical, and better adapted to this commercial age. We want a higher morality than is taught in the New Testament. We want higher and more noble conceptions than are given in the parable of the "Unjust Judge," and more just and equitable principles than are taught in the parable of the "Unjust Steward," or the "Laborers in the Vineyard," or the "Ten Talents." We want a morality that relates to this life rather than to the next. We do not want the possession of property held up as a crime, and poverty represented as a virtue entitling one to a seat in the future kingdom. We want good homes to live in now, rather than "mansions in the skies." We do not want a morality that appeals to selfishness only, that discriminates in favor of celibacy, and that only tolerates marriage as a remedy for lust, as taught in the seventh chapter of 1 Corinthians. I repeat that we want a higher morality than the morality of the New Testament.

The Bible should not be read in our public schools:

VII. *Because the teachers can so manipulate it in reading as to favor their own particular views.*

Now suppose we submit to the reading of the Hebrew and Christian Bibles in state schools, "without note or comment." Catholic teachers will read those chapters which speak of Peter as the rock upon which the church is founded, and of priests of whom it is said, "Whoever shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," and many similar passages which seem to favor the Romish hierarchy. Calvinistic teachers will give prominence to the eighth and ninth chapters of the epistle to the Romans, and many other passages which teach election and reprobation, and eternal damnation for a majority of mankind. Orthodox teachers generally will have no trouble in finding chapters which teach total depravity and vicarious atonement. Methodists will have no trouble in finding "free grace and undying love" chapters. Universalists can fairly revel in universal salvation selections, while the Unitarians and Hicksite Quakers will have no difficulty in finding passages going to show that Jesus was a mere man, and not a God. The Bible is very accommodating. You can find authority for anything in it! I knew a very conscientious Trinitarian teacher who told me that she read to her pupils a certain chapter in which occur the words, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." This passage she read over twice every day with emphasis, that her pupils might have no doubt about the trinity. She afterward found out that orthodox scholars admit that that passage is an interpolation, and for this and other reasons she has become a first-class Unitarian, with a strong leaning toward Freethought.

The Bible should not be read in the public schools:

VIII. *Because it would not secure the object contemplated.*

The difficulty is that the mere reading of the Bible in promiscuous selections teaches neither morality nor religion; it amounts to nothing; it is a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," and

this is why the Catholics very wisely object to it, and propose to have parochial schools where they can teach religion. They have a perfect right to do this, so long as they pay for them out of their own pockets, and do not ask the state to furnish the money, not even by asking exemption from just taxation. Let all the sects who want to teach religion do the same thing.

The Bible should not be read in our state schools:

IX. *Because it is a violation of the secular principle of the Constitution of the United States, and of the constitutions of the several states, which forbids the teaching of sectarianism at the public expense.*

The United States government is a purely secular institution. Everybody knows that, and nobody knows it better than the people who want to put God and Christ and the Bible into the Constitution—which would be absurd if they are already there. Several state courts have decided that sectarianism cannot be taught in our public schools, and that no religious exercises should be held, and that the reading of the Bible is a religious exercise, and that even "without note or comment" the Bible is a sectarian book. The danger is not that holy water and the counting of beads will be introduced into our state schools, or that the Westminster Catechism will become a text-book, but that Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and other sectarians will unite in the hue and cry against "godless schools," and go on organizing parochial or church schools, and ultimately demand a *per capita* division of the state school funds, and thus cripple, if not entirely destroy, our common school system. This is the main point we should consider; and we have no time to lose. The question is now upon us, and the promise of votes for demagogues already threatens success. Our only safety is in a general amendment of the federal Constitution, so as to make a division of money raised by taxation for educational purposes in the several states impossible.

MR. BENJAMIN R. TUCKER, of Boston, publishes on Saturday, November 20, the first English translation of Claude Tillier's humorous novel, "My Uncle Benjamin," which has won its author, by its realistic satire, the title of "the modern Rabelais." Of this romance it was said by Charles Monselet that "it has no equivalent in the literature of this century," and by Ludwig Pfau that "it combines the spiritual freshness of Gallic presentation with that German humor that laughs through tears, and is in this respect unique in French literature."

"How to Make Marriage a Success" is an instructive work edited by a physician, which may be obtained at this office, post paid, for 80 cents.

On the Trail.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Before leaving Willapa I rode up on the stage eight miles to the home of Jacob Drissler, one of the stockholders in FREETHOUGHT. I found "Shake" in his cosy "old bach" home, one of the finest locations in Pacific county. Mr. Drissler came here many years ago, and, though still a young man, is head and shoulders above want—unless it is want of a wife. He owns many hundred acres of fine farm and timber lands, horses and cattle, town and city property, stocks, cash, etc. I had a most enjoyable time. As I returned I stopped at the house of his brother Philip, four miles further down the river. Philip also is a square-toed freethinker, with a large and splendid ranch; but, like Jake, is dwelling alone, with no kind and loving heart to beat in unison with his own; no gentle fingers to pull his hair; no tongue to lance him through and through. He must fry his own flapjacks or go without. Philip, like Jacob, is only waiting to be asked, when he will come under the yoke, be a true Benedict, and obey the mandate of nature, to "multiply and replenish the earth."

This Willapa Valley contains the finest farms that I have seen in the state. The land is worth eighty to one hundred dollars to the acre, and even more. A railroad is in course of construction: the "Northern Pacific Short Line to the Sea." There is really no winter here—grass is green the year round; the summers are cool, and fruit grows on forever. Timber, coal, and iron are in inexhaustible quantities. Land is high in this valley; but back in the yet impenetrable jungles of the virgin forest

FREETHOUGHT.

"Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." A "farm" here is no small gift either, for many quarter sections contain from five to ten million feet of the finest timber in the world, pine, fir, spruce, hemlock, etc. These giant woods are full of old bachelors, for there are no roads, and but few women are out in these "wild and woolly" woods.

At Willapa City I met my old friend John, another one of the Drissler family, who completes this radical trinity, for he, like the others, has for his motto, "One world at a time; give us universal mental liberty." John is postmaster and leading merchant of the wide-awake young town, and is on the highway to fortune. This branch of the Drisslers from over the sea, tired of life's lonesomeness, went and committed matrimony, and has an excellent wife and fine boy; so life goes more merry with him.

Bidding all these folks a tramp's farewell—"I will come again"—I boarded the elegant steamer down the river to South Bend. This new town has been laid out only a year, but it extends up and down the river seven or eight miles. The bluffs are high and bold here, and much cutting and grading have to be done. Everything here is being done with a rush, and lots are away up, up, up. Listening to the real estate men here (and every other man is one), you would think South Bend must soon go ahead of San Francisco and Chicago. Fortunes have been made here the last year in buying claims and ranches and cutting them up into city lots. Some of the lots contain timber enough, if sawed into lumber, to fence the ground, build a big house and barn or store, and furnish wood enough to last you for fuel the rest of your life, if you do not live too long. Hundreds of houses are going up in every direction. Boom, boom, boom! is the password, and hammer and saw make the music while the insane dance. These booms, like cyclones, travel all over the country. I was "in 'em" when they were red-hot in Kansas four or five years ago; again I was caught in the same tempest in Southern California three years ago, and staid in each case to see the desolation they left behind them—the mortgaged and then deserted homes, left by thousands who had flirted with the fickle goddess of fortune and lost the hard earnings and economic savings of a lifetime.

I hired Bell's Hall, paid for having it seated, borrowed chandeliers, billed the town, and gave six lectures to good audiences, although it rained hard nearly all the time. No sidewalks or street lamps are here, and mud and slush are without bottom, yet I had good success, and shall long remember the crazy, booming town of South Bend, the supposed-to-be end of the mighty Northern Pacific Railroad, already graded to this city. Two hundred thousand dollars worth of fresh oysters have been spooned up in this harbor the present season, and sold for cash, East and South, and yet millions more are lying on the bottoms of this shallow bay, waiting to be spooned up by oyster farmers now in embryo. There is big money in staking out your claim on the tide mud flats, planting your germs, and then, while you lie around and speculate in "city lots," the little oysters you have sown become big, phat phellows that will bring you two dollars a sack in the city market. Now, man of the "badge pin," if you do throw up your seat in the sanctum sanctorum of FREETHOUGHT, here is the place for you to rear your lonely cabin, stake out your claim for an oyster ranch, and become a bloated capitalist. Oyster "live stock" need no herding—they wont run off; they need no feeding or grooming, not even cultivating; they simply "vegetate" into a good fat pocketbook while you smoke your pipe and dicker in the dirt of these future great trade centers. See your wife about it, and get a move on your corporosity, and you will soon be in the swim.

On to Oysterville by steamer; then on to North Cove, again by steamer; then by stage up the coast to Peterson's Point, twenty miles, riding all the way in the edge of the tremendous breakers that were pounding on the beach as the result of a severe storm at sea. The scene was one never to be forgotten. As far as the eye could reach the usually calm Pacific was a mass of foam caused by the mountain waves that appeared each to outvie the other in its mad leap upon the sandy shore. The earth seemed to tremble in this conflict with the giants hurled up from old Neptune's depths as if to devour the land. Our driver kept along in the water to have hard sand for the team, and often, when a monster wave leaped around us far beyond the others and then rushed back to the arms of the wide-stretched sea, it seemed that we too were afloat, and that nothing could save us from a watery grave. The mighty forests on one side and these foam-capped mountain billows on the other, with the music and roar produced by both, led me to exclaim, "One world

at a time! is grand and sublime enough for me." So I never thought to make the old, old prayer, "O Lord, if thou canst but take care of me, let the devil have the rest."

We soon arrived at the steamer landing on Gray's Harbor, and boarded the "Typhoon" for Hoquiam, where we arrived after a tranquil ride over the silvery waters of this most lovely arm of the sea. Hoquiam is another boom town, only the boom is off, and many empty houses and stores are to be seen. Most of the streets are planked a mile long; the rest are filled up with sawdust, for the city is built on tide lands that are sometimes swept by high tides, so the streets, houses and mills are all on stilts, or rather piles driven deep into the soft mud. Electric lights, water-works, three or four immense mills, a \$30,000 hotel, and a thousand people make up the warp and woof of the future great Hoquiam. No mud or dirt is ever here; the climate is very mild; there are billions of feet of timber in sight in the dark, over-hanging forests; there is a fine harbor, only ten miles from the ocean; the Hunt railroad "is coming sure" with a splendid class of Eastern people, and ocean steamers will run direct to Portland and San Francisco. Surely the prospects are good.

I rented Chase & Ogden's hall, in which I gave six lectures with good success, although there were Democratic and Republican political meetings addressed by the usual whangdoodle orators, candidates for Senators, and all the way down to county committeemen. Political excitement ran very high here in Washington, for this is the state's first vote as a state, and both parties left nothing undone to win the goal of office. So I found it hard to get the popular ear at all; nobly seemed to care for the science or radical thought of ye "little Altitudinarian," yet the "side show" always gets there some way; so, by patience, success crowned my efforts, and I think I drove at least one nail in the coffin of Orthodoxy, and wish it were the last in both the caskets in which might be buried forever both bodies of corrupt church and state, religion and politics. It is disgusting, this fight over the loaves and fishes, glitter and pelf, crosses and offices of our grand commonwealth.

While at Hoquiam I put up at the Gamage House, which is splendidly kept by Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. It is one of the best hotels on the coast, and always full. It is centrally located, more so than any of the others; is lighted by electricity; very clean and orderly—no bar and no drunken loafers around—and the table is *par excellence*. Mr. Gardner is a whole-souled Liberal, very progressive, and knows a good thing when he sees it. His wife is a model of neatness and industry, and makes everybody feel at home. All readers of FREETHOUGHT, when on Gray's Harbor, should make their home at the Hotel Gamage.

I find very few towns of less than 2000 people that are so beautifully laid out and well kept; so orderly, and with streets and sidewalks all perfect; no mud, no dust; and the people supplied with electric lights, water-works, telephones, parks, theatres, hotels, lines of steamers, etc. The town is only ten miles from the ocean, and is backed by an almost inexhaustible forest, with the white peaks of the Olympics and Mount Ranier in the not far off distance. Hoquiam is to be the end of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and will, no doubt, grow to be a great city, for the climate, salubrity, soil, scenery, timber, water-privileges, etc., are unexcelled. One can live here a lifetime, and never know what it is to suffer from heat or cold, dust or malaria, and can dream away life's declining years, watching the god of day at its rising over the snow-crested Olympics and its descent into the briny couch of the old Pacific, while the master hand of Nature reflects the golden shades from a sunset-painted sky, where heaven and ocean seem to meet to kiss time and space away.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS IN TEXAS

A few dates are left vacant along this route. Those who desire lectures for the dates not included in this list will please communicate with S. P. Putnam at El Paso, Texas, where he will be November 30.

El Paso.....	Nov 30	Gainesville.....	Dec 23 24 25
Burnett.....	Dec 3 4 5	Trenton.....	Dec 27 28
Goldthwaite.....	Dec 6 7	Denison.....	Dec 29 30
Norse and Clifton.....	Dec 8 9	Forney.....	Dec 31 and Jan 1 2
Walnut Springs.....	Dec 10 11 12	Reagan and Martin.....	Jan 3 4 5
Stephensville.....	Dec 13 14	Columbus.....	Jan 8 9 10
Alvarado.....	Dec 15 16 17	Flatonia.....	Jan 11 12
Ft. Worth.....	Dec 18 19	San Antonio.....	Jan 13 14 15
Sunset.....	Dec 20 21		

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The sashes (full of pane):
And the myriad voices of the night
Talk nonsense at your brain?
You don't? I do

And the ghostly, grewsome, groaning
And the melancholy strain,
Of that measly, mourning, moaning,
Gurgling, guzzling water main,
Wrap an eerie, iree, ickery, filiacy,
Follacy sort of sound
In the meshes of the midnight,
Which entwine me round and round
My flesh creeps all in heaps,
Finally sleeps;
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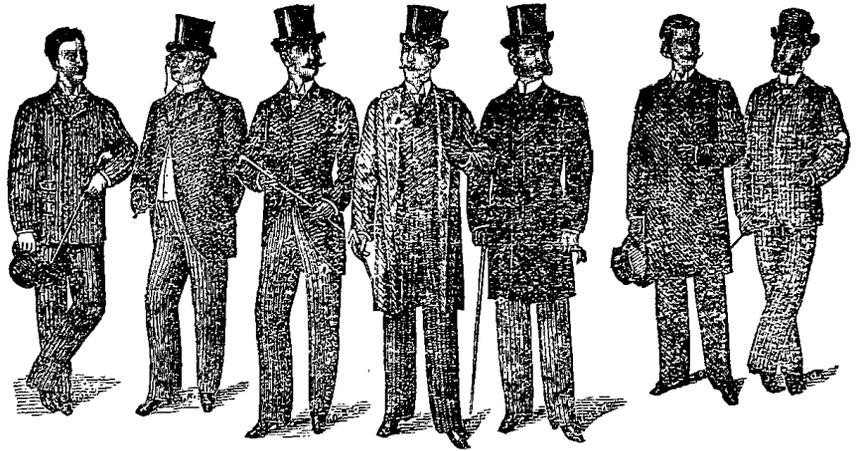
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Forgot Himself.

Father—My son, I don't wish you to be out so late nights. Why, when I was a boy my father made me go to bed at 9 o'clock.

Harry—Humph! He was a nice kind of a father, wasn't he?

Father (irately)—You rascal! He was a good deal better than yours, anyway.—Journal of Education.

Badly Out of It.

Reporter—Can I see Mrs. B.?

Servant—She's out, sir.

Reporter—One of the family, then?

Servant—All out, sir.

Reporter—Well, wasn't there a fire here last night?

Servant—Yes; but that's out, too.—New York Herald.

Overheard.

Absent Minded Party—Hullo, Barkins! How's Mrs. Barkins?

Barkins—Not very well. She's been ill all summer.

A. M. P.—I'm very sorry to hear that. And how is Mrs. Barkins?—New York Sun.

New Burglar Alarm.

Wife (suddenly awakening)—Hark! Horrors! What's the matter? Fido is 'way down stairs, yelping as if he were hurt. What's happened to the little dear?

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Boy—Yes, he's in, but he's out of doors.—New York Herald.

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Waiter—No; I guess not, boss. It's one of dem weather reports.—Judge.

What They Have to Bear in a Flat.



Mrs. Redding (laughingly ill at ease)—Why, Butler, dearest, this is an intrusion. Little But—Mamma, mayn't I take a bath? You know I need it.—Once a Week.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 6, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Perris has an improved look since I was here last. A new school house has been built, and in the school house the lecture was given. A larger audience was present than before. Evidently Freethought is in the air. Perris, in the midst of a beautiful valley, has a bright look ahead. There are gold mines near by, and these have quite a promise for the future. The harvests this year have been plentiful and show what the land can do. The soil is pretty near thirty feet deep and, with irrigation, can produce almost all kinds of fruit.

I found my veteran friend, R. A. Reed. He is a rustler for Freethought. He arranged for the lecture, and advertised it all over the valley. He was struck with paralysis a few years ago, and has had a hard fight with fortune, but he doesn't give up doing his level best.

J. A. Perou, G. F. Hook, J. B. Doran, J. Herbert, H. Pound, and others, are on the roll of Freethought here. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Reynolds, who bring two and three generations into the ranks of Freethought, and are not so very old either. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reynolds furnished music for the occasion. J. M. Hartley, of San Diego, came ten miles out of his way to put in an appearance. He acted as chairman of the meeting. It was a pleasant gathering all round. There is manifest advancement.

Reed left me his little horse, Topsy, for a drive out, Thursday morning, to the ranch of A. L. Reynolds. Topsy is a nice animal, and has not the slightest inclination to an orthodox trot. She goes right along in gay fashion, and seems to enjoy getting over the ground. The day was simply splendid. California weather never put on a more lovely aspect. It was an entrancing picture that glittered on every side—the encircling mountains blue and gorgeous, the foothills, in every variety of undulating and rugged forms, softened in the shining atmosphere, the valley whose surface was like a carpet as it outspread in the dazzling splendor.

A. L. Reynolds has quite a mansion out on the plains, with a veranda all around it so that one can sit in the shade and gaze in every direction upon the vast sceneries. Mrs. Reynolds is one

of the workers of this planet, and can do a man's chores, and a woman's too, with equal vivacity. I found a comfortable sojourn here, and the afternoon was gaily spent. In the mellow evening the double team was harnessed and away we went, in the mingling sunset and moonlight, around the glimmering hills to Leon. Leon consists of a postoffice and the school house, a mile away. E. L. Plath is the postmaster. The little school house was pretty well filled, and about all who were present listened for the first time to a Freethought lecture, and, so far as I can judge, it was unanimously decided that the ideas presented were not only new but true. I was pleased to meet with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Gill, of Elsinore, who are on the roll of Freethought. After the lecture most of the audience adjourned to the house of E. L. Plath, and there was a dance, until about twelve o'clock, to the merry strains furnished by the nimble fingers of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. Old folks, young folks, and the babies all enjoyed the entertainment. Leon is an out-of-the-way place, off the railroad, but the shadows of orthodoxy don't linger much in the minds of the dwellers. There are one or two "holiness" people here, and one family who claim that God comes to see them every day, and they "talk" with him, but seeing that the coyotes still devour their substance, and the rabbits and gophers destroy the crops, I guess they will dispense with this "visiting God" after a while, and depend upon something more tangible. At least, the rising generation doesn't put any trust in this deity.

At midnight we get into the wagon again and take a ten mile ride, through the moonbeams on the mountain's brow, to Reynolds's, where a good supper is prepared, and then we sleep until long after the sun is up and on his way to the mid heavens.

Another splendid day, and little Topsy takes Reed and myself over to Winchester and Diamond valley. At Winchester it is suggested that arrangements be made for a lecture there, and the thing is done. Winchester is quite an orthodox place, but there is some curiosity to know what Freethought is. Hence the venture.

Along in the afternoon we strike Diamond Valley, and the home of P. A. Clark, around whose handsome dwelling, built since I was here, trees of every description do flourish. These are the Diamond Valley Nurseries whose advertisement ornaments the pages of FREETHOUGHT. A little baby, Mabel, has been born into the sunshine of this Liberal home since I was here. Another has gone into the shadow. So the waves of life come and go, now "lending splendor, now reflecting gloom."

There is always a generous welcome for the Pilgrim here. On Saturday morning, in the still brilliant sunshine, we go to San Jacinto. Old Baldy greets us, and the San Bernardino mountains, and the San Jacinto range, in whose bosom are stored millions of gallons of water that will one day make these valleys bloom with wondrous harvests and glittering fruits.

D. W. Perkins is found at his post as usual, and all things are arranged for lectures on Saturday and Sunday evenings, at Henry's

hall. This is quite a pretty and convenient hall, quite an improvement on what we have had to use before, and it was well filled on both evenings: Some of our former Liberals, I am sorry to say, have joined the church, and this is one of those things that I cannot understand; but fashion, popularity, and the way of the world are very powerful motives even with those who are not in conviction with the orthodox faith. However, there is growth as well as reaction. Advance in Liberal thought is apparent.

The San Jacinto and neighboring valleys have not yet been developed, but there is no reason why this should not be one of the wealthiest portions of California. It has great advantages, plenty of wood and water: Along the San Jacinto range immense reservoirs are being built, which will irrigate vast tracts of land. There is wood and lumber enough to supply Southern California for years.

Sunday morning, with D. W. Perkins, I went over to Florida, which is a little town started by the Florida Improvement Company, and has a fine outlook. Its site is about two hundred feet above that of San Jacinto. Oranges, lemons, figs, and all the fruits of Southern California can be produced here. There is an unlimited supply of water from the mountains. I was pleased to meet with Mr. M. G. Stone and Mr. Prince, of the Florida Hotel, who are Liberal-minded gentlemen. It looks as if Florida would compete with Riverside one of these days. Although there is a church here I guess Liberalism will flourish. I did not find much of an orthodox atmosphere amidst the fruits and flowers. It is expected that a colony of three hundred Dunkards will locate near. The Dunkards are good workers, even if they do stick to the Bible, and will probably help to make a paradise here much superior to Adam's.

Sunday afternoon I passed with Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Wright. The doctor is an old-time Freethinker of varied experience. About fifty years ago he was a student in Oberlin College under the ministrations of the famous Dr. Finney, who was one of the smartest and most bigoted men in the orthodox church. He could wield the horrors of hell-fire with the skill of a practiced attorney. A more cruel man never lived, but it was the cruelty of his creed—an awful creed enough to make any man a savage. It was deeply interesting to go back to these old times, and see what a wonderful advance has been made. In the light of today we can scarcely conceive of the stern barbarism of half a century ago. Finney was simply an educated savage. My friend, Dr. Wright, is full of reminiscences, and the afternoon and evening hours, until the lecture, were intermingled with the sombre imaginations of the past, which seem so remote to modern life. Dr. Wright is a thorough student of hypnotism and has had some marvelous experiences, but he thinks that all the phenomena are purely material, to be explained by material laws and forces.

I was pleased to meet again with the Demings, who are "true blue." Miss Martha Deming favored us with music at the lectures. Mr. Deming, the father, has died since I was here. No man was ever more ready to help those who needed help, or was more generous in the support of Freethought. He was one of the representative men of the community, and his noble deeds will not soon be forgotten.

John Vernon and W. D. Clarke don't change any more than the mountains that front the morning sky. They are always ready to do their part. Judge Wm. M. Vawter is a Freethinker on the square, and was unanimously elected to his position by all parties. McCarroll is about the best posted Infidel in the

scriptures that I ever met. He knocks the Christians out with his learned and unique interpretations.

G. W. Thurston, Jr., I guess is a chip of the old block—Freethought to the backbone. Mrs. Thurston and the little baby are also on the broad path to heaven here and now. They send greetings to the original G. W. And Miss Artie Thurston, too, the daughter, who was present.

E. J. Scott and B. J. Inwall are staunch supporters of the cause. James Ryan, John Ryan, and others are ready to be counted. So I find that Freethought is not in the background at San Jacinto, although there has been a big revival the last season.

On Monday I go over to Diamond Valley and give a lecture at the house of P. A. Clark. We are shut out of the schoolhouse now; but the churches are in the same boat. The Christians were scandalized because there was a dance in the schoolhouse. They proposed to forbid such desecration; but the boomerang which they started for this purpose hit them square on the head. The district, after some discussion, voted to exclude everything outside of school affairs. This threw out the Sunday-school and the religious meetings of the churches. The Christians wanted to compromise, and let the dance go on, when they saw the drift of affairs; but it was too late—they had cut off their own heads in attacking the heels of the heretics.

Miss Bonnie Reed and Cal Reed, from Myrtle Point, Oregon, furnished music for our fireside meeting. Chris Lehnerr, their grandfather, was the first one to greet me when I entered Myrtle Point on horseback, about four years ago. He was always a staunch Freethinker, and it was a pleasure to greet his descendants in this valley, and to receive their aid in the Liberal cause. They were assisted by Henry Stewart, who is about to become a resident of Coos county. After the lecture one or two of our orthodox friends and Mr. Pickering put in a few questions upon the subject of the lecture, namely, the Bible. Mr. Pickering is of the Latter Day Saints, of the Joe Smith order, and is pretty near as great a heretic as myself; for he doesn't believe in total depravity, vicarious atonement, or eternal hell. He simply believes in the Bible. I think, however, he is drifting out. He isn't far from the republic of Liberalism. On the whole, the conference was quite interesting, and pretty near an hour was spent in making points pro and con. This parlor meeting was quite a cheerful affair, and the rays of Reason's torch will still flash in Diamond Valley.

On Tuesday I had the pleasure of taking dinner with Mr. Amos Reeves and family in honor of his birthday. Although he was my staunch opponent on the previous evening in behalf of orthodoxy, we met in the most amicable spirit around the festive board, and I hope that our friend will have many a return of the happy occasion. I shall not wish for him a harp or wings, but a long life.

So, with bright memories, I leave Diamond Valley, which is destined to be one of the garden spots of the world. Cal Reed took me over to Winchester, and a good crowd was present at the lecture, mainly through the efforts of my comrade, who had stirred up even the Christians to come and see the Infidel and hear both sides. I am under great obligation to him for this service. It was thought impossible for any Freethought lecture to be given at this place; but the venture was a success, and I shall try it again.

After the lecture, in the moonlight—all the valley flooded with splendor—behind little Topsy, R. A. Reed and myself pursue our way to the Reynolds mansion. Our little mare goes like

a streak of lightning, especially when anybody tries to pass. Topsy don't allow it. She won't take anybody's dust. We wake the Reynolds out of a sound sleep, and soon the fire is blazing, and the teapot is on the stove. We take a midnight lunch.

In the morning, the hills still shining in the blue distance, we take our way to Perris. Our week's work was delightful. The weather was cloudless and beautiful. We had our own steed, Topsy, and traveled at our leisure. We found plenty of friends, good audiences, and promise for the days to come. Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Crane, E. H. Eddy, A. E. Colby, Arthur Beardsley, Geo. McDaniel, G. W. Brown, Charles G. Darby are among the friends of this week's campaign.

Orthodoxy has some queer streaks at Perris. A young lady, respected by all the community, recently died, and the funeral services were held at the church, which was crowded. After the sermon the officiating clergyman took up a collection! I must confess that is the first time I ever heard of a collection being taken up at a funeral. The cheek of that minister is too much even for death itself. Not only do the orthodox make money out of funerals, but out of dances also. Extremes meet. The preacher wanted money. The boys said, "Get up a dance, and you shall have the proceeds." The offer was accepted, and what is more, our Infidel friends, the Reynolds, were asked to give the music free. California piety is a good deal like a "Methodist hammer." (A two-faced hammer in the old country, is called a Methodist hammer.) California piety looks both ways for money—to a funeral and to a dance. They are bound to take the "whole hog," and coin money out of laughter and tears.

But the bright waves of Freethought mingle with the dark tides of orthodoxy. The sunlight and moonlight, the brilliant hills and vales, and hundreds of good friends make these gleaming scenes the gateways of hope.

From Perris, Wednesday, I come on to San Bernardino and shake hands with Remsburg, who closes his brilliant campaign in California, and together we go to Texas. San Bernardino, however, is about the most unlucky place in the world for Freethought. It would take an angel's trumpet to arouse the indifferent Liberals. Still we hope for progress. At San Diego there was a royal welcome. Nearly a thousand were present at Remsburg's lecture, and that shows that the heart of California still beats true.

On Thursday, Remsburg and I have a "red-letter" day, a day of sunshine and glory, with paradise on every hand. Wm. McDonald, of San Bernardino, a staunch Freethinker who would stand all alone if need be for the colors, a pioneer of the coast, takes us with his swift span of horses over to Riverside, through the orange groves, resplendent in the glorious morning. At Riverside, we meet with another staunch Liberal, C. N. Ross, and he has his team ready and gives us a thirty-mile ride over the magnificent country, through Palm avenue, and Magnolia avenue, and other beautiful and shady highways that stretch into the distance like the long colonnades of some immense palace. It is wonderful what these lands produce under the magic touch of water. A few years ago, McDonald says he wouldn't have given five cents an acre for it, and I guess that was the universal opinion, but to-day they are worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand and twenty-five hundred dollars an acre. There are 6000 acres under cultivation about Riverside, and these have produced to the value of a million and a half dollars this year. One grove of twenty-six acres sold ten thousand dollars' worth of oranges. One tree produced twenty-six boxes; boxes sell for \$2 each. This makes nearly \$50 from one tree, more than an acre of grain can

give. As Remsburg says, this is paradise, a heaven on earth. Ten acres of oranges make a nice fortune and a delightful home, as prices now are, and that is better than all the harps in the universe. Of course there are drawbacks; the scale-bug will come, and the "norther" will blow, and the rains will come and spoil things. Ross lost \$4500, just by a few showers when his raisin grapes were drying. To-day, however, was as beautiful as summer's glory. The green trees, thousands of them gemmed with millions of oranges, stretched away to the gray and rocky hills, and in their midst were elegant homes—splendid residences. It was a picture of prosperity. This delightful day spent with our generous friends will not soon be forgotten. All the disappointments of the work leave no trace after such an experience. McDonald in the afternoon brings us back to Colton, and from here I go on to Phoenix, Arizona, and Remsburg to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

"AROUND THE WORLD" AS A PREMIUM.

We are offering as a premium to subscribers to FREETHOUGHT for 1891 "A Woman's Journey Around the World," by Lillian Leland. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, and in that form has heretofore sold at one dollar per copy. We have considered it advisable to furnish no more copies in paper covers at 30 cents—first, because the form is not durable, and second, because there is not a legitimate profit in handling it at that price. Hereafter it will be furnished in cloth covers at 75 cents.

The book makes a splendid premium with FREETHOUGHT, and we invite all to take advantage of the offer. "A Woman's Journey" contains upwards of 350 pages, and, as the Boston "Herald" observes, "it is little short of disgraceful that the condition of the book trade in the United States should necessitate its appearance in paper covers."

On another page will be found a few out of the many well-deserved notices the book has received from the leading journals of the country. As above stated, we offer "A Woman's Journey" as a premium to *new* subscribers; but any of our *present* subscribers who desire it may obtain a copy as a premium by renewing *between the present time and January 15, 1891*. We make this proposition because we need the money to square our accounts at the beginning of the New Year, and because those who stay with us year after year are as deserving of recognition in this way as are new and untried friends.

Please renew at once and receive this valuable premium.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ARIZONA.

Arizona journalism must not be judged by the few extracts from the "Arizona Kicker" that find their way out of the wilderness through the Detroit "Free Press." The real thing is vastly different, as will be seen from the appended editorial published in the "Arizona Gazette."

"We believe that it is a privilege that is given to all, to think as they wish, but we have always noticed that when those Freethinkers are stretched upon the bed of death, when nearing that other shore, the thoughts of God and a hereafter comes vividly before their fading vision—it is no use neighbor, as long as cultivations' winsome glow casts its shadow across this world of ours, as long as love kisses the lips of death and with throbbing heart and tear-dimmed eyes lay their loved ones to

rest, just so long will the human heart turn with love and hope to that home beyond the tomb."

Aside from its deep religious breathing, the foregoing extract unfolds many poetical and grammatical beauties. The assertion that "thoughts comes" must strike the reader at once as a rare specimen. "Cultivations' winsome glow" is too full of pathos to be lightly reprinted, while the shadow of the glow could be equalled only by the glow of the shadow. Love laying "their" loved ones to rest, while the cardiac muscle swells with love, etc., would "melt the heart of a stone," as Anthony Comstock once tearfully expressed himself.

In a country like Arizona, where the petulant pop of the pistol is so frequent in the sanctum, editors are perhaps excusable for turning their hearts toward the home beyond Tombstone before turning their toes toward the daisies.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

An Oregon correspondent desires to know who it was that enunciated the Golden Rule hundreds of years before the beginning of the Christian era. According to history, there were many such. Among them Confucius is the most conspicuous, and our correspondent's reverend friend is quite in error when he declares that Confucius gave the precept altogether in a negative form. Tindal, in his "Christianity as Old as the Creation," gives the rule in this form and credits it to the Chinese philosopher:

"Love your neighbor as yourself. Do to another what you would that he should do unto you; and do not unto another what you would should not be done unto you: thou only needest this law alone, it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

Tindal called himself a "Christian Deist," and he sought to prove from the antiquity of Christian doctrine, that the religion of Jesus Christ began at the beginning of the world, and he succeeded in showing that Christianity was a borrowed system. The Oregon clergyman is respectfully referred to Matthew Tindal, B. A. (1657-1733).

Another author of the Golden Rule was Man (see Williams' "Indian Wisdom," p. 215), who wrote in the sixth century before Christ, and who put it thus:

"Treat others as thou wouldst be treated; Do nothing to thy neighbor which hereafter thou wouldst not have thy neighbor do to thee."

The Rule is likewise credited to Aristotle, 385 B.C.; to Pittacus, 650 B.C.; to Thales, 464 B.C.; to Isocrates, 338 B.C.; to Aristippus, 365 B.C.; to Sextus, 406 B.C.; and to Hillel, 50 B.C. In fact Moses, who the Oregon clergyman thinks taught the Golden Rule to Confucius, appears to be about the only ancient writer of any distinction who did not employ it as a moral guide. The doctrine of Moses was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood. The Golden Rule was too much like Sunday-school literature to suit a man of his judicial nature.

The distinction between the negative and positive forms of the Golden Rule is favorable to the former, which sets forth the doctrine of minding one's own business. It is not always good sense or good manners to do unto another what you might like to have him do to you, because tastes differ, and what would be pleasing to you might be distasteful to him; but all trouble may be avoided by refraining from doing, without invitation or consent, anything that may be disagreeable to yourself or to the object of your attentions. Nine times out of ten a let-alone policy is productive of the happiest results.

There should be no difficulty experienced in proving to any clergyman that the Golden Rule is older than Christ or even

Moses. It is the doctrine of fair play, and must have suggested itself to the first man who discovered that order was promoted by forbearing to invade other men's rights. The Oregon parson is, we believe, the only distinguished scholar who holds that Christ was the originator of the Golden Rule.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

Colonel Ingersoll publishes the following card in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean:"

"A clipping was shown me to-day from your paper, in which it is stated:

"1. That ten years ago I made a prediction that ten years from that time two theatres would be built for one church; and

"2. That Chaplain McCabe had written me a letter calling my attention to the prediction, and stating that the Methodists were building four churches a day.

"There are two mistakes in this article: First, I never made the prediction; and second, I never received any letter from Chaplain McCabe on the subject. With these exceptions the article is correct.

"R. G. INGERSOLL."

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

A lecture on "Egypt," by Herbert Miller, M.A., with stereopticon illustrations by Partridge, is announced for Tuesday evening, December 9, at Pioneer Hall. Admission 50 cents.

Professor Miller is well known to San Francisco Liberals. He is one of the lecturers that we take pride in, and there is no doubt that those who go to hear him next Tuesday evening will do themselves a favor as well as encourage the speaker. Tickets are for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store, 137-139 Kearny street.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

A sociable and dance will be given by the Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, on the evening of Sunday, December 7. Admission for gentlemen, 25 cents; ladies free.

C. R. BENNETT, Anthony Comstock's Pacific Coast agent, is worthy of his chief. In a case before Police Department No. 2 the other day, in which Bennett appeared to be interested, Prosecuting Attorney Mott declared that he would not serve as prosecutor if Bennett was to be allowed in court while other witnesses were excluded. Mr. Mott said to the judge: "I would not believe him under oath. I believe that your Honor, as well as another judge, has expressed similar opinions concerning this person. I do not think he should be allowed to remain in court during the investigation." The prosecutor remained firm in his determination not to conduct a case for Bennett, and the case was continued until other counsel could be appointed. Mr. Mott afterwards said: "I objected to Mr. Bennett because he has been proven to be a man who cannot be believed under oath. Several years ago he arrested a Chinaman and had his case assigned to Department 1. The bail was fixed at \$100. Then he appeared in Department 2 and asked that the bail be fixed at \$50. Judge Lawler fined him \$100 for contempt of court. I think that should be enough to convince any one as to his character."

This item has appeared in several of the papers:

"Colonel Ingersoll," says one of his friends, "keenly realizes the fact that he can never have a career in politics, legislature, statesmanship, and can never hold any important office under the government for which he fought. There is no party that would dare to put up the speech-making

Infidel for office, or that would vote for him in any office, and he knows it. Do you suppose he could be nominated or elected as governor, or congressman, or alderman? All the powers of society would be turned against him if he were put up, as he knows. There are other Infidels in office, but no one who has made his Infidelity conspicuous. Ingersoll could not get a thousand votes in New York, and he knows it."

We do not suppose that Ingersoll really wants any office. The place he has won by his genius is higher than any within the gift of the suffrage, but it is nonsense to say he could not get a thousand votes in New York. If nominated by the party to which he belongs, the Republican, he would doubtless run behind his ticket on account of his known opposition to religious jobbery; nevertheless he would poll a large vote. Freethinkers would like a man in the national legislature, and were congressmen chosen to represent the people instead of a state or district, Colonel Ingersoll could be elected as a representative of Freethinkers the country over by more votes than are now required to place a man in that office. While people vote for candidates to represent their locality instead of their sentiments there will be small chance for Colonel Ingersoll or any other Freethinker to be elected.

SOME of our acquaintances in San Francisco have been drawn into a land swindle in Oregon in a way that would be amusing if it were not so expensive. A few sharpers having an office in this city and an agency at Roseburg, Or., advertised quietly that there were some valuable timber claims in Douglas county which could be taken up at an expense of about \$2.50 per acre, and that the timber would be bought by a syndicate at a figure highly profitable to the settler. People who took the bait went to Roseburg and were shown claims covered thickly with magnificent trees that must scale from ten thousand to twenty thousand feet of lumber each, and were told that these were the claims upon which they would be permitted to file. They therefore returned elated with the prospect, but upon investigation and a comparison of notes it transpires that dozens of people were shown the same beautiful piece of timber, while the land they actually filed upon is in a burnt district covered with stumps. One or two parties discovered the fraud in time to reclaim their money, but the majority are total losers. The swindlers, who operated under a high-sounding title, have left for distant parts.

ONE of the students in a theological seminary in Pennsylvania writes FREETHOUGHT as follows under date of November 27:

"This being Thanksgiving day I hereby render my sincere thanks for your kindness in having sent me FREETHOUGHT. It has had its regular place in our reading-room, so I am not the only one who has been benefited. We are at present over thirty students, and you would be surprised if you should learn that quite a number are regular outspoken Radicals. I do what I can to hasten the steps of progress, but we need FREETHOUGHT here if you can afford to send it. It will be good for the cause and will make us see the justice of the Nine Demands."

We cannot really afford to send this paper free, even to a theological student, as we make no special rates to the clergy; but if the students are unable to pay for it, perhaps some subscriber with a missionary spirit will advance the \$2. All theological students should read FREETHOUGHT.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S message to Congress appeared in print last Monday. After perusing it the reader can only wonder how any man could write so much and say so little. It is throughout a plea for an extension of the Socialistic features of our government; which, as everybody knows, multiply fast enough without encouragement. The president mentions without adverse com-

ment, the "increasing business of our government," so it appears that with us as with the governments condemned by Thomas Paine, "the expenses of them increase in the proportion they ought to diminish." The money drawn from the people by the government during the past year, says Mr. Harrison, amounts to \$450,000,000—which is about \$7 for every man, woman, and child in the country, or \$35 for every voter. It is too much, and yet Mr. Harrison proposes nothing but more legislation and increased expenditure, which means increased taxation. We do not observe that he recommends reform in any direction, or the repeal of any law that invades human liberty. There is nothing to be expected from President Harrison, and probably not from any other president likely to be elected.

SOME of the public philanthropists of San Francisco, who are always suggesting eleemosynary measures for other people to carry out by the process of taxation, want a "hall of worship" to be built at a cost of five thousand dollars for the use of paupers in the almshouse. The movers in this scheme are Messrs. Ira P. Rankin and F. A. Gibbs, who, it has been said, "figure quite conspicuously in leading, if not subscribing to, foreign missionary enterprises. Both these gentlemen are wealthy, and it is proper to suggest that if they really want a "hall of worship" for the paupers, they can best show their sincerity by proceeding to erect such an edifice.

THE wages of candor in the Presbyterian church is dismissal from the pulpit. The Rev. D. L. Munro, who recently startled his Stockton congregation with the confession that he had indulged toward women those inclinations common to all ministers, has been removed by the presbytery and must preach as an independent or not at all. Mr. Munro is slightly recusant in the matter, and says if God commands him to preach in the Presbyterian church he will do so whether the congregation likes it or not.

MISSOURI has come into line with Tennessee, Georgia, Arkansas, and other states of distinguished enlightenment on the Sunday question. According to a letter quoted from the "American Sentinel" William Fritz and Robert Gibb, members of a Seventh-day Adventist church in Howard county, near Armstrong, Missouri, have been indicted and arrested for performing common labor, on their farms, on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday.

A SAN FRANCISCO jury, so strongly opposed to woman's rights that they will not even permit her to be hanged for murder, have just acquitted one Millie Panhorst for killing Samuel Goldberg because he would not marry her before a priest. The woman's attorney made a strong plea for her as a Christian girl victimized by a Hebrew, and it took the jury less than twenty minutes to find that she was justified in taking human life.

IT has been the rule that unless one member of a Jewish family in Russia belong to the state church, none of the family may either do business or work for pay. Now a new ukase has been issued ordering that the whole family must join the church or all starve together. As might be expected, under this pressure many Jewish converts to Christianity are reported.

THE pope, says a Roman correspondent, has been induced to "permit the formation of a Catholic party in the Italian parliament." After the party is formed the pope will no doubt be induced to permit its members to vote as he instructs them.

DR. J. H. GREER sends us from Chicago a glowing account of Mrs. M. A. Freeman's recent lecture before the Secular Union in that city. Mrs. Freeman is reported by the Chicago press to have attracted the largest audience that ever attended the Union's meetings. She is a very eloquent speaker.

DR. E. B. FOOTE, SR., of New York, sent Mr. Jamieson \$25 as a home redeemer loan. Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., also sent \$25 toward the home loan fund. Mr. Jamieson sends thanks to FREETHOUGHT for setting the ball of redemption rolling toward his home in Colorado.

It is understood that Moncure D. Conway, the eminent English Rationalist, has written a life of Thomas Paine, to be published early in 1891.

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Thomas Curtis spoke at the Freethought meeting last Sunday night before an audience not large but made up of the good and solid Freethinkers of the city. Mr. Curtis's health appears better than it has been for some time, and with a bright bouquet in his buttonhole he looked about thirty years younger than he really is. His subject was "A World without God." He took issue with Pope, who said that all discord was harmony not understood, all partial evil universal good. Evil must remain evil, differentiated from that which we call good. Many cats are killed for their intestines, which make violin strings and produce harmony, but that does not mitigate the misfortune of the sacrificed cats, or make less discord among the survivors. We see more evidence of a devil than of a God in the world. Justice, morality, and truth have no relation to God, but to man. The best thing in the Bible, the Golden Rule, says nothing about God, but recommends us to do to other men, not to God, as we would be done by. We get our ideas of good from ourselves and our own experience. Practically there is no God in the world. We must look to nature for all things; and Mr. Curtis declared that his last word should attest his confidence in this source of good.

The lecture was received with hearty appreciation and applause, and at its close the speaker was presented with a fine bouquet by a lady member.

Mr. Eastman, the chairman, when he arose to announce a collection, spoke also of the necessity of all present subscribing for FREETHOUGHT as a means of grace, and recommended likewise the purchase of Professor Bell's "Handbook of Freethought," copies of which were for sale by the author.

Mr. Marshal Wheeler offered some remarks upon the lecture. The great delusion of mankind, said Mr. Wheeler, is the belief in a creator; which delusion the speaker would shortly dispel by the promulgation of his theory of the third motion of the earth, a discovery calculated to revolutionize the scientific thought of the world. Mr. Wheeler, I understand, will take one of the largest halls in the city, and place his discoveries before the people under the auspices of the Freethought Society.

Mr. Robert Nagler corrected some of Mr. Wheeler's statements, and himself and Mr. Wheeler conducted a short debate from the floor. The chair invited the disputants to defer the discussion to some other time and place, in which both acquiesced, and Mr. Curtis closed the literary exercises with a few supplementary observations.

Then there was a business meeting. The resignation of Mr. Schou was accepted, and Mr. Lemme, upon motion of the writer, became secretary-treasurer amid applause.

The chairman announced that the proposition to hold the meetings fortnightly instead of weekly was under discussion. The man with a badge-pin opposed the proposition in a speech of great eloquence, considering its source, and the question was not put to a vote.

Macdonald suggested the leasing of a hall on Market street, where the meetings could be advertised to the passengers on that populous thoroughfare by means of bulletins at the door, after the fashion of the Nationalists, Spiritualists, Single-taxers, and

other people holding absurd notions like ourselves. Messrs. Eastman and Lemme were appointed a committee to take the matter in charge.

Mr. Thomas Curtis moved to expend more money in advertising in the daily papers. Mr. Lemme said that such advertising had never done any good that he could recognize. Macdonald said the only advertising that appeared productive of results was that done through FREETHOUGHT and by communication through the mails, and was opposed to spending money to draw in a public which had no sympathy with the society and fled before the collection hat. Endeavor, he thought, should be centered on the acquisition of new members from among known Freethinkers, so that a strong and self-supporting organization might be built up. Organization and resulting strength would make the society a healthier body than the acquisition of a few uninterested listeners.

Mr. Marshal Wheeler proposed that FREETHOUGHT should be paid for advertising the meetings. Macdonald declined to accept any pay until the society had a surplus. Meanwhile he would contribute something himself. Mr. Wheeler was surprised at Mr. Macdonald's remarks. Mr. Curtis convinced Mr. Macdonald that the latter was talking too much. He insisted on advertising in the daily press, and procured the passage of a motion to spend a dollar a week for a notice in the "Chronicle." Macdonald urged that as good a notice could be had for four bits as for a dollar. It would require considerable diffuseness of style to make the announcement of the meeting cover a dollar's worth of space. Fifty cents could be better employed in printing small dodgers. Mr. Curtis thought himself capable of writing an announcement of the required length, and was made advertising secretary.

Others participated in the debate. Weekly subscriptions to pay for advertising were pledged by Messrs. Giles, Curtis, and Wheeler, and the meeting adjourned.

This business meeting was a most interesting and profitable event. I am in favor of having one every month. The discussion of ways and means arouses the attention of members, and when the debate gets warm enough to bring them to the point of subscribing something to the running expenses, a consummation for which I am devoutly thankful has been reached.

The meeting next Sunday evening will be of a literary, musical, and social character, including a dance.

Let me return sincere acknowledgments to many valued friends who send their congratulations to me on the event which has recently occurred in my family. Particularly would I thank Mrs. Sarah C. Todd, of Forest Grove, Or., for the bundle of knitted and crocheted things, whose recipient has not as yet sufficient command of language to express his gratitude. All these congratulatory letters are carefully preserved by the mother, and make the most improving sort of reading for the sterner parent when, amid the chill watches of the night, as well as the warm precincts of the cheerful day, he turns a powerful-toned infant over and over and end for end, and waits for sleep to come around and do its soothing work. Thus: "I felicitate you," saith a letter in a feminine hand. "W-o-w!" saith the infant in a loud masculine voice. "May he prove a comfort to you," writes another well-meaning friend. "Burr, wang, waup!" saith the comforter. "I congratulate you now," says the editor of the "Truth Seeker," guardedly; "later on, when he wears trousers, I will commiserate you." I thus live in hope.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

A book of poetry entitled "Chips" has been left at this office for review. The author, if it be proper to call her an author who claims to be only an amanuensis, is Mrs. Jennie Rennell. In her preface Mrs. Rennell says that the poems have been written through her hand by unseen forces, and that she herself has no knowledge of what constitutes good poetry. She has often written, she says, what at the time she considered senseless and ridiculous, but found out afterwards that it contained valu-

able thoughts. Through the advice of her spirit friends she now puts forth the present volume

My first impression of the poems is much like Mrs. Rennell's, but her subsequent discovery is one that I have yet to make. No doubt Mrs. Rennell is perfectly sincere in saying that she has no knowledge of what constitutes good poetry: If she possessed such knowledge she would have hesitated, I think, to publish her "Chips," which are very bad poetry. Anyone who doubts it, read:

We do not write for critics,
But to give a thought or two
To the general public—do you see
What 'tis we wish to do?
So, after this, don't dignify
Our poor attempts in rhyme
By the high-flown title "poetry;"
We wish no name so fine.

The force that wrote the foregoing and caused it to be printed was discreet in remaining unseen in a country where people carry firearms.

Another poem, filling about one hundred and sixty lines, was written, the medium says, between 11:30 and 12 o'clock at night. "If anyone," observes Mrs. Rennell, "doubts the fact that it was written through immortal agency, let he or she try to copy." I would add that if anyone doubts that there are writers who don't know the difference between the nominative and objective cases, let I call him's or her's attention to "he or she."

More unseen force:

The morning breaks, the day wears on,
Night falls on land and sea,
And yet, me hears, "take up the cross
And follow after me."

The impersonal verb "me hears" must have been backed by a good deal of force, seen or unseen, to get by the proof-reader.

Inspired epitaph; supposed to be in rhyme:

Write on her tombstone when she is gone,
Here lies a body whose heart was warm.

Close as follows:

Let us but follow heaven's laws
Us shall be blessed like she was.

"Chips" is a book of one hundred pages, containing about seventy poems, all as good as those I have quoted from, and is marvelously cheap at a dollar per copy.

I am much interested in a "special notice" published by the "Commonwealth," the journal of Kaweah Colony. The notice says that the colony is "neither an Anarchist nor a Free Love colony, and persons of that turn of thought are not desired, nor will they be received as members. Kaweah," the notice goes on to say, "is essentially a collectivist enterprise, and distinguishes clearly between democracy and mob-ocracy. The former, our principle, is properly defined as 'administration by the competent;' the latter means a rule by the mere counting of heads."

The Kaweah notion of democracy is original enough to entitle it to be called a discovery. Heretofore people have been so ignorant as to think that the counting of heads, or polls, which is the same word differently spelled, when a vote is to be taken, is a democratic process. We now learn that it is mobocratic, or of the vulgar mob, from which sort of people Kaweah was thought to be free. "Administration by the competent" sounds well, but it involves the prior existence of the competent; and how to distinguish the competent and place them in power without counting heads must make the colony a good deal of trouble. It has been suggested, however, that there is one "head" at Kaweah which considers itself fully competent to decide as to the value of all other heads; and it is an old saying that "one, with God, is a majority."

But this is not a proper time to criticise Kaweah, for I notice that several of the "competent," namely, Burnette G. Haskell, J. J. Martin, H. T. Taylor, and William Christie, are under arrest for cutting timber on government land. Hereby dependeth a narrative, for the investigation now to follow will doubtless disclose, what many people have long known, that the Kaweah colony, as such, has never possessed a clear title to the land on which it is located, and that many who have invested in the enterprise have been kept in the dark with regard to that im-

portant particular. The land commissioners have lately called attention to the fact that a few "misguided enthusiasts," without warrant in doing so, were spoiling the scenery along the Kaweah river in Tulare county. So far as I can see, the Kaweah gentlemen have as much right to the land as anybody else, but so long as their right was not legally recognized it was sinful for them to claim that the title was clear.

The policy of the "competent" who have managed the enterprise since I first heard of it was to advertise the colony as "Bellamy's Dream Realized, and Poverty Abolished," when, in fact, the dwellers on the grounds were the worst poverty-stricken martyrs in the state, according to all reports. Then on the basis of the Dream Realized, they organized branches East and West, at New York, Denver, and San Francisco. The membership fee was placed at five hundred dollars—one hundred in cash and four hundred in work. You paid your cash, but you couldn't work out the balance until the "competent" got ready to let you into the Tulare county paradise. This special notice is kept standing in the "Commonwealth."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Members are cautioned that they *must not* go to the Colony expecting employment, unless distinctly called there in writing by the Secretary. No one else is authorized to say "come," and those who take it upon themselves to come without authority will not be received.

It is noticeable that very few except Mr. Haskell and his friends have been "distinctly called" to Kaweah recently, though membership is still solicited. The "competent" take your hundred dollars, but they are not anxious to see you personally, or to let you realize the Dream with them, or have your poverty abolished. One of my acquaintances in this city saved up a hundred dollars a while ago, and went to Kaweah. He has since returned. He reports that the natural advantages are good, and would make the colony wealthy if it owned the land it claims, and that the society would be all right if there were not so many of the "competent" to boss things. I infer that he was frozen out, and that he mourns the loss of one hundred hard-earned dollars, besides some months of wasted labor.

It appears that others of the residents have found it either too hot or too chilly for them in the colony, and that the land they are on is not colony property, as ten of them have taken up land in their own names and avow intention to look out for themselves hereafter. Still other disaffected persons whom Mr. Haskell calls Anarchists have impeded the publication of the "Commonwealth" by loading the check valve of the press with rubbish, removing cogwheels, and otherwise disarranging the running gear.

Kaweah, therefore, has all the trouble it wants. Its land is under dispute, its competent under arrest, its members kicking, Anarchy in its press-room, Free Love in its tents, and winter coming on. Worst of all, it has an "administration by the competent."

I have received from the publisher of Cyrus Romulus Remus R. Teed's paper, the "Flaming Sword," an invitation to exchange advertisements with him. I do not think that an advertisement of FREETHOUGHT in the "Flaming Sword" would do any good, and I do not see how the publisher of that paper could ask me to advertise him any more than I have been doing lately, except to add that the "Sword" emanates from 3619 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Ill.; sample copies free. It contains some good matter, correctly reprinted from other papers.

The present pharisaical outcry against Parnell is sickening enough to rupture the diaphragm of a horse. Parnell is a politician, and has been conducting a campaign against one sort of landlordism and in favor of another sort that may or may not be worse; but his career has been as honorable as it is possible for a politician's career to be. Just now, because he has had the sand to keep silent when his private affairs were being poked into by the public nose, his professed friends and colleagues are demanding that he shall retire from the leadership of his party. His only reply is a silence that greatly offends those who like to discuss such offenses as he has been charged with.

Parnell might take a lesson from a soldier the Great Universal Preacher was wont to tell of. The said soldier was a brave man,

who never deserted his post or slept on it; always answered the roll-call, and did his duty in such a way as to excite the admiration of everybody who knew him. But it fell out that one day he got drunk, and was yanked before his superior officer for the offense. The officer went on to enumerate all the soldier's merits, and credited him with being a good fellow generally. He then inquired: "Why is it that a man of your character will persist in getting full?" The soldier replied: "Colonel, you don't intend to tell me, do you, that Uncle Sam is mean enough to want all the domestic and military virtues illustrated by one man for thirteen dollars a month?" The Irish party is guilty of the meanness which the good soldier repudiated on behalf of the American republic.

An eminent and able lady of this city, Mrs. Addie Ballou, has applied to Governor Waterman to be appointed a notary public, but Mr. Waterman, being advised by his attorney-general, declines to make the appointment, on the ground that the applicant is not a voter. This objection does not to me appear tenable, as Mrs. Ballou can at once reply that she is ready to become an elector whenever that privilege is extended to her. Governor Waterman should plainly have based his refusal on the sex of the applicant, an objection that I can see no way for her to overcome.

Geo. E. Macdonald

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The "Chronicle" states that 300 persons recently left Dickson county, Kan., for the Topolobampo colony in Sinaloa, Mexico. —The revenue cutter Bear has arrived at this port from the north. The officers say there has been nothing for them to do in the way of protecting seals, which they declare are in no danger whatever. —A mesmerist named Brown has been trying the effect of hypnotism on an opium-eater at the House of Correction in this city with promising success. The victim has recovered his healthy look, together with a good appetite. —The recount of the vote in San Francisco shows that Pond had 211 more votes than Markham in the city, and that the vote for assemblymen was nearly 10,000 heavier than for governor. —Frederick Marriott, proprietor of the "News Letter," is on trial charged with libeling Superior Judge Murphy. He has pleaded not guilty. —St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital in this city is under criticism, and charges of gross cruelty and neglect of patients are made against the managers of the institution. —R. McKittrick, a Roman Catholic priest living near Seattle, committed suicide by taking morphine November 27. He left his congregation in the East on account of a love affair. —Corrected census returns give the United States a population of 62,622,250. —A report was circulated that Mrs. Stanford had joined the Catholic church. The report is untrue.

The Irish envoys now in America have cabled to Justice McCarthy their condemnation of Parnell. —About a year ago a New York lawyer discovered that the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad had overcharged him fourteen cents for a ticket from New York to Morris Park. In conjunction with thousands of others who had paid the same fare he sued the railroad company, which must now pay an aggregate of \$275,000 in fines for the overcharge. —George Francis Train wants to associate with the Italian Succi and fast for one hundred days at the World's Fair in 1893. —Dr. Mary Walker, the dress reformer, is said to be dying of heart failure near Oswego, N. Y. Her disease is due to privations incurred while an inmate of Libby Prison during the war. —August Belmont, the New York banker, is dead. —In his report Postmaster-General Wanamaker says that during the past year mail routes have been extended over 2,000,000 miles of railway, steamboat and stage lines; almost 5,000 new postoffices have been established upon petitions of communities; the star route mileage has been increased over 5,000,000 miles and the railroad mileage over 11,000,000; and the sub-station and stamp agency service, the free delivery and other matters have also been greatly extended during the year. Mr. Wanamaker recommends the establish-

ment of a postal telegraph system with cheap rates, opposes the reduction of letter postage, and recommends the raising of rates on sample copies of so-called newspapers. He would also have paper covered books, now mailed at pound rates, made to pay proper postage. —The national Congress convened at Washington last Monday. —The Rev. Simon P. Anderson, pastor of a church at St. Louis, Mo., has been convicted of forgery and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. —Powderly will call a general convention of Labor leaders in February next. Where the convention will be held is not stated. —Byron Devereux was baptized and joined the Christian church at Boone, Iowa, the first of last week. On the following day he eloped with a female member of the congregation, and the authorities are looking for him. —One day last week the Rev. Mr. Brown, Episcopalian minister at Middletown, N. S., broke the nose and blackened the eyes of a divinity student named King who had accidentally sat down on the reverend gentleman's hat.

A steamer is being built at Glasgow, Scotland, to be taken in sections to Africa, carried overland and floated on Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is said that 5,000 Africans will pack the pieces through the jungle. The vessel is eighty feet long, with sixteen feet beam. —The snowstorm which has been raging in England is the heaviest for many years. In many places traffic is almost suspended. Sheep are dying by thousands from starvation and exposure. The snow is so deep that it is impossible to give them food or shelter. —The German government has invited Surgeon-General Hamilton of the United States Army to send over one of his staff to learn Dr. Koch's treatment for consumption. Dr. Hamilton will send one of his men over next week. He thinks that no lymph will be sent to this country, as it will lose its efficacy in transportation, but the formula will soon be given out and it can be made here. —At last accounts more than \$300,000 had been contributed to Gen. Salvation Army Booth's philanthropic scheme to provide homes for London's outcast poor. —The "Volks Zeitung" reports an outrage by Russian soldiers on the frontier, near Alexandrovo. A party of them raided the house of a land-owner, assaulted the proprietor's wife, terribly beating the man, and carried off everything of value.

TO BETTER THE LABORER'S CONDITION.

Our friend Stevens sums up his admirable article on "Progress and Politics," in a late issue of FREETHOUGHT, as follows: "We know that the duration of life is regulated by definite rules, and that it is within our power to modify these rules by, first, improving sanitary conditions; second, by lessening the hours of labor; and third, by raising the standard of living—wages." It seems to me he is wrong in thinking that any improvement in sanitary conditions would benefit laborers as a body, for it appears obvious that the result of such sanitary betterment must be to defeat both his other conditions; that is, it would inevitably increase the hours of labor, and would lower wages and degrade the standard of living. I do not mean to say that all three of the conditions which our friend mentions may not exist simultaneously, nor that the result of the concatenation would not be to increase the span of life and place the laborer on a much improved footing. What I do mean to say is, that under existing conditions any improved method of sanitation must redound to the pecuniary benefit of employers, as a class, at the expense of the whole body of laborers; and that our whole industrial system must be changed before any considerable betterment in the condition of the laborer can be brought about. Any improvement which tends to prolong life would have the effect I have stated, because it would increase the already redundant number of healthy laborers, and would inevitably reduce wages by increasing the competition for employment.

His second proposition—that of lessening the hours of labor—could not be brought about in conjunction with improved sanitary conditions, because it has been found impossible, by reason of intense competition among workers for employment, to decrease them under present sanitary conditions; and as it is, obvious that any lessening of the death rate must mean the increase of this competition, it follows that the hours of labor can never

be lessened by a system which does not increase opportunities, but does increase competition therefor.

Mr. Stevens's third proposition—the increase of wages—would also fail for the same reason; for it is certain that wages must decline as competition among workers becomes more intense. Therefore, if our friend insists upon having all three of his conditions fulfilled, he should turn his attention to the subject, and, by investigation, ascertain which of existing conditions it is that prevents the consummation of his desires, and what change would probably be beneficial. He may continue to write able metaphysical essays until no man can be found who ever saw or heard of a church, or who has ever been aware that Christ, Mohammed, Schweinfurth, or any other religious impostor was ever seriously believed in, and the hours of labor will not be shortened by anything but decreased (and decreasing) physical ability to withstand the present long hours of labor; nor will the worker be benefited by increased pay to the extent of a dollar a century as a consequence of his literary labors. Men must be physically free before they can be anything better than moral slaves; and men can never be physically free until opportunities are opened to such an extent as will abolish compulsory idleness.

Our system of taxation throws the great bulk of tax burdens on production, and by exempting land values from all but slight taxation, superinduces the forestalling of land, which it is certain can have no other effect than that of rendering the indispensable factor to all production artificially dear, to the consequent diminution of opportunities, and therefore to the decrease of wages and the degradation of the worker. This system must be abolished, and some other substituted which will not tax labor, and which consequently will not decrease opportunities. Labor must be relieved from the necessity of finding an employer, by any system which can be efficacious, and such a system lies at hand in the proposed taxation of ground values to the utter and entire exclusion of all other taxes. When men are rendered free to work, their independence will soon increase to that extent that they will not be afraid to think; and when they are all free workers and free thinkers the occupation of the theological Othellos will be gone, never to return until taxation is again allowed to fall on labor production to the exclusion of land value taxation; at which time the embruting and impoverishment of the people will recommence, and the theological mountebank will again arise from the ashes of intelligence, at which time some other triplex—or perhaps multiplex—divinity may arise and flourish.

Will Mr. Stevens, and Freethinkers (on all but the most necessary subject) generally, turn their attention to this momentous subject before it is too late? From down-trodden Labor goes up the Macedonian cry for help. Shall we, who pride ourselves upon being thinkers, turn deaf ears to the supplications of those who are being trodden into the mire of misery and poverty by unjust and oppressive laws, while we are wasting our energies and efforts in the attempt to abolish religious superstition? Let us make this world fit to live in, and the desirability of the New Jerusalem as a place of residence will become infinitely less desirable in contrast, to the not small augmentation of the chances that victory will crown the efforts of those who, like Jacob of old, think it worth while to try collar and elbow conclusions with Jehovah.

E. O. ROSCOE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SLANDERED BY A PRIEST.

A Catholic who, being a physician, obtained a divorce from his wife and married again, was denounced from the pulpit by a Catholic priest, who declared the second marriage contrary to the laws of the church, and also declared the physician to be excommunicated from the church, and further intimated to his congregation that he would not minister to any one in sickness who was attended by the excommunicated physician. The physician sued the priest for malicious slander in the injury of his business, and obtained a judgment against him for damages. The case was carried by appeal to the supreme court of Massachusetts. The court sustained the verdict. Judge Allen, in delivering the opinion of the court, said:

"These words did not merely instruct the congregation that the effect of a second marriage under the circumstances which existed was to ex-

communicate the plaintiff from the Catholic Church, but they proceeded to impute against the plaintiff that such marriage or such excommunication should debar him from being employed as a physician in the parish, and that patients who employed the plaintiff as a physician could not in their sickness have the ministrations of the defendant as their priest. But the jury might well find that the plaintiff was a suitable person to be employed there as a physician, notwithstanding his marriage and its ecclesiastical consequences."

This is the first time we have seen any supreme court that has had the courage to decide the plain principle of law as applied to the malicious slanders of the Roman pulpit. Continually we hear of "the last consolations of religion" being withheld from the dying Catholic parent who has sent its child to the public schools, or who has performed some act in opposition to the direction of his priest. Roman priests are very much given to the boycotting of souls *in extremis*, and denying them the consolation of religion upon the death-bed. In our opinion, there is no great harm done in refusing "extreme unction" and "last offices" for the dying Romanist, and we do not believe there is any real value received for the payment of masses for the repose of the soul, but when a doctor, blacksmith, butcher, baker, or candlestick maker is boycotted in his trade by a Romish priest, we are convinced that an action will lie at law for damages. The advancing progress of the times indicates that the law is disposing of the absurdities that have grown up within the ecclesiastical phenomenon that has so long been posing in the guise of the Roman church.—The Argonaut.

A DOUBTFUL PROP OF MORALITY.

Very persistent are the attacks of the supporters of an effete philosophy upon those intellectual views which are renewing the life of the world and enabling the human mind to shake off the burden of spiritual tyranny. Some of our readers may remember an article which we devoted a couple of years ago to a novel by a celebrated member of the French Academy, M. Octave Feuillet, the leading character in which was a young woman who had been brought up by a philosophical uncle in complete emancipation from theological beliefs, and who took, in the most natural way in the world—as the direct result, we are given to understand, of her acceptance of modern thought, and particularly of the Darwinian theory—to a career of monstrous and cold-blooded villainy. Her uncle was a benevolent old gentleman; but the evolution philosophy showed its perfect result in the niece, who had imbibed it in her very earliest years. This fine example of a "novel with a purpose" appeared first in the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and to-day we find in the same periodical no less striking an example of a drama with a purpose, the author this time being M. George Duruy, and the title of his production *Ni Dieu ni Maitre*. In this work the philosophical and philanthropical uncle of M. Feuillet's creation is replaced by a father—an eminent medical man—of similar views and similar character, who has brought up his own two children in complete independence of priestly control, and who, in return for all the affection he has lavished upon them, reaps a harvest of selfishness and ingratitude. Without being as utterly depraved as the delightful heroine of M. Feuillet's romance, they are mere creatures of pleasure and vanity, and when their poor father falls into ill-health and comparative poverty, instead of sympathizing with and aiding him, they have nothing for him but complaints and reproaches. The uncle in M. Feuillet's story and the father in M. Duruy's, it is noticeable, are both physicians, these authors paying the medical profession the compliment of thinking that the study and practice of medicine are particularly favorable to a philosophic cast of mind. M. Duruy throws in an interesting minor character in the person of a smart young physician, who had studied under the elder one, and who, in the days of the latter's prosperity, had become engaged to his daughter, but who, having got possession of the lucrative practice which the elder physician, through failing health, had been compelled to hand over to him, throws the daughter overboard without the slightest compunction. This young man, too, is offered to us as a shining example of what Freethought means when reduced to practice. Tricked out as these fictitious narratives are in all the graces of style that literary art can command, they are doubtless adapted

to have an effect on a certain class of minds. Rich devotees of luxurious superstition will be greatly edified by the demonstration that not common sense but ecclesiastical authority is to determine all questions of education and conduct; and timorous souls in general will be glad to find that they are justified in refraining from any independent exercise of their minds upon moral questions. Others, among whom we count ourselves, find more of "purpose" than of honesty in these representations: to us they do not show the true working out either of the ancient or of the modern principles of morality, and we propose once more to show why.

One fact is incontrovertible, let literary or other reactionists say what they will, and that is, that in a moral point of view the world is vastly better to-day than it was centuries ago. The world has had its ages of faith; the world has now its age of comparative reason. If we want poisoners who could outdo the performances of M. Feuillet's young woman in *La Morte*, we go to the ages of faith, we seek them in papal courts amid cardinals and their relatives. If we want filial ingratitude in far more hideous forms than M. Duruy has undertaken to paint, the same society, in the same age, will furnish it. The true middle age is shown in the works it has produced, in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in which lust and superstition walk hand in hand. Charles Reade has also given a powerful picture of it in his acknowledged masterpiece, "*The Cloister and the Hearth*." Let any one compare the condition of Europe at that time with its condition to-day, and then say whether the material, moral, and intellectual interests of mankind have not gained immensely by the emancipation of thought and the weakening of authority.

But if we look at the case presented to us by M. Duruy in *Ni Dieu ni Maître*, we shall see how very ill he conceives the duties of a really enlightened father toward his children. His Pierre Nogaret, a physician in the very front rank of his profession, with an annual income of over a hundred thousand francs, has two children, Maurice and Adrienne, whose mother is dead. Instead of interesting himself in their education, he turns them over to hired teachers, and never asks what progress they are making or how their characters are developing. In a conversation between the brother and sister, the former is made to say: "I have grown up I don't know how; no one has ever told me what is right or what is wrong, and I can't find it out entirely by myself. Papa made me take up the study of the sciences, but he never took the trouble to see whether I learned anything, and now there are moments when I feel that I am not worth a rush." The sister has very much the same account to give of her education; and both brother and sister were brought up, as the story shows, in very extravagant habits. Both were launched into the world of fashion without any effort being made to guard them against the temptations to which they were thus exposed.

Now why, we ask, should this be offered to us as an example of education upon modern principles? Why should a man, because he has embraced, let us say, evolutionary views, allow the education of his children to proceed at hap-hazard? Why should such a man leave his children unprotected against the seductions of a vitiated society? Why should he allow their home affections to be weakened and stunted by a senseless immersion in social gayeties? If a clever writer wishes to do justice to the great question which MM. Feuillet and Duruy approach in so partisan a spirit, let him draw a picture of a man who has discarded superstition because of its demonstrated falsity, who has embraced the principles and results of science because of their demonstrated truth, and whose aim it is to do in his lifetime the utmost amount of good that circumstances permit. Then let this man have in conjunction with these elevated views a certain amount of common sense. If he has children whom he sincerely loves—and such love is not an unreasonable postulate in a father—let him recognize that, if they are to dispense with the conventional aids to right conduct, they must have others in their place, and let him duly cultivate their moral and emotional nature. Let him refrain from placing them, or allowing them to be placed, in circumstances of too great temptation. Let him carefully guard against their becoming the slaves of luxury and idleness. Let him not give them as associates persons whose principles of action are the very reverse of his own. Let him not betroth his

daughter to an intriguing jackanapes who avows himself destitute of every principle save selfish ambition. Let his love for his children be manifested otherwise than by keeping up an expensive establishment. If these conditions be observed, we shall have a man who, point for point, shall do what Pierre Nogaret did not do, and refrain from doing what Pierre Nogaret did do. And then let it be shown, if it can, in consonance with recognized principles of human nature, how such methods of training and discipline lead directly to ill-regulated and frivolous lives on the part of the philosopher's children. Let us see just how it comes about that natural affection dies out in the atmosphere of such a philosopher's household. Let us be made to feel in a powerful manner the chasm that is left in the philosopher's family life by the absence of the priestly element. It is easy to make men of straw and then knock them over or treat them with any other indignity; but the task is not one that is worthy of a literary artist of any ability. In M. Feuillet's romance there was some attempt made to show how the doctrine of the survival of the fittest naturally inspired thoughts of murder in the female mind. We did not think much of the proffered demonstration, but it made at least a decent show of respect for the requirements of logic. In M. Duruy's drama such show of respect is wholly lacking. His philosopher entirely neglects his children's moral education, brings them up in expensive, luxurious, and idle habits, exposes them to all the temptations of a morally worthless society, and then, when they have been—not wholly, but largely—perverted by the evil influences around them, we are asked to lay the whole blame of their perversion upon their father's heterodox views, and to draw a sweeping conclusion as to the ruinous effects on morality of modern philosophy in general.

The unprejudiced reader will not draw any such conclusion. The conclusion that may be drawn is that no set of merely speculative opinions offers any guarantee for satisfactory moral development apart from a careful observance of the conditions on which the formation of sound moral character depends. It is one thing to adopt the Darwinian theory; it is quite another to know how to bring up children; and some Darwinians, or alleged Darwinians, make nearly as poor a business of it as some clergymen. It is not the mold in which a man's opinions have run that makes him a competent moral educator; it is the amount of earnestness he throws into moral questions and the amount of practical good sense that he brings to bear in order to insure that the children committed to his charge shall be well-grounded in sound moral principles and habits. The son of M. Duruy's philosopher tells his sister that if ever he succeeds in capturing a woman with a big fortune and has children, she will see how he will "stuff them with religion." Alas! the recipe is not a new one. How many children have been "stuffed with religion," only to grow up exceptionally bad! The children who do best are the children of parents whose lives bear still more powerful testimony than their words to right principles, and who are not too busy to take a constant interest in their children's education, moral as well as intellectual. To ask the world to go back to mediævalism in order to save morals from destruction is asking too much. That system has been tried and found wanting, and the world is now seeking another and a better foundation for morals. Doubtless many rush forward and grasp at the new opinions without realizing all that they involve and demand. The age is one of unsettlement; but it is one, unmistakably, of progress; and when our methods of education have been adapted to the new truths now in course of formulation, there will be no reason to regret the props and stays and leading-strings that helped to steady the morality of the past.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

The Golden Rule.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your correspondent has taken to attending "Sunday-school," and some proceedings are had a little out of the common. Among others your correspondent denied that the Golden Rule was of Christian origin, asserting that the idea was borrowed. Wide opened eyes! The superintendent took issue, and wrote to a preacher somewhere, and got a reply citing him to some cyclopædia where it is stated that Confucius used the same idea negatively, "What ye would not have others do to you do ye

not unto them," or words to that effect, five hundred years before Christ, and the "reverend" claims that "Confucius undoubtedly received it from Moses;" also that the morality of Confucius' command is negative, while that of Christ's is positive. I replied that the reverend gentleman's letter established my position, namely, that the idea was borrowed; that Moses was neither a statesman nor a philosopher, but simply a fighting man, the leader of an uneducated and semi-barbarous people; that Confucius was both a statesman and a philosopher, and his people civilized, and therefore that it was much more probable that the idea in question originated with him than with Moses.

I also asserted that the Golden Rule was used in a positive sense by some one five hundred or six hundred years before Christ. (Paine says a thousand.) My authority is called for. I have not the book, and no cyclopædia. Can the editor or any FREETHOUGHT reader enlighten me?

The question of the corporeal existence of Christ is now sprung in our "Sunday school," and lively times are anticipated. I appear to be running a home missionary society; wonder if any of the wealthy will donate funds for its support! There appears to be a large field for Free-thinkers to do missionary work in the Sunday-schools. Brethren should embrace the opportunity.

Aumsville, Or.

F. S. M.

Liberal Lectures in Tulare County.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Not seeing any report from these parts relating to Liberalism, I thought it necessary that notice of Mr. Remsburg's coming should be given to our Freethought journal. A man of such eloquence and graceful deportment should have the firm support of every Freethinker in the land, each striving to bring the superficial Christian within the sphere of his logical instruction, as no earthly power in argument can refute his just sayings in appeal for true reform. With what manliness he meets the churchmen upon their own ground—not in denial of Christ as an example, but clearly showing that the "Christians" are not the followers of him they so constantly claim as their pattern and guide.

Mr. Remsburg delivered two lectures here to quite large and attentive audiences. The morning service included a masterly arraignment of the church on the Sabbath question. In the evening the lecture was a vindication of Thomas Paine, and though Mrs. Mary Krekel had favored our people with an eloquent address on the same subject, yet Mr. Remsburg's able defense was listened to with great attention and interest.

On Monday, the 17th, Mr. Remsburg addressed the people of Hanford; subject, "False Claims of the Church." Our sons, Julius H. and Frank B. Fox, Mrs. J. H. Fox, and other ladies and friends, attended his wonderful lecture there, and reported themselves as greatly edified. Some prominent Christians were present in Hanford, but in Lemoore (with the exception of the Adventists, who themselves are persecuted) they drew within cover of their shells more closely than before, beginning greatly to fear that harm will come to their "blessed institution." Those "who will not reason"—how may such hope to learn? How can they attain to a knowledge of wholesome truth?

SARAH G. FOX.

Lemoore, Cal.

SUBSCRIBERS may do us a great favor by sending us the names of known Freethinkers who are not at present subscribers to FREETHOUGHT. We wish to send to such, sample copies of the paper with invitations to subscribe.

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S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS IN TEXAS.

A few dates are left vacant along this route. Those who desire lectures for the dates not included in this list will please communicate with S. P. Putnam at El Paso, Texas, where he will be November 30.

El Paso.....	Nov 30	Gainesville.....	Dec 23 24 25
Burnett.....	Dec 3 4 5	Trenton.....	Dec 27 28
Goldthwaite.....	Dec 6 7	Denison.....	Dec 29 30
Norse and Clifton.....	Dec 8 9	Forney.....	Dec 31 and Jan 1 2
Walnut Springs.....	Dec 10 11 12	Reagan and Martin.....	Jan 3 4 5
Stephensville.....	Dec 13 14	Columbus.....	Jan 8 9 10
Alvarado.....	Dec 15 16 17	Flatonia.....	Jan 11 12
Ft. Worth.....	Dec 18 19	San Antonio.....	Jan 13 14 15
Sunset.....	Dec 20 21		

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SPECIAL CALL FOR GUARANTEE FUND.

The Congress of the American Secular Union, recently held at Portsmouth, Ohio, directed the officers to make, through the Liberal papers, a call upon the friends for the pledge of five thousand dollars (\$5000) to enlarge and carry forward the work of the society. This money is needed to sustain the business of the general office in Philadelphia, and to pay the salaries and traveling expenses of at least two field secretaries, who shall go out to organize auxiliary societies and otherwise labor to promote the cause.

That this is an important movement in the right direction must be obvious to all. Never was there a time when the work of our society was so much in demand; and our one need is the money to carry on that work. Will our friends respond to this call liberally and at once, that we may know what to depend upon?

The president, besides his gratuitous daily work in behalf of the society, offers to be one of twenty to contribute one hundred dollars (\$100) each for this object. Will nineteen others respond to this proposition at once?

How many can pledge \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$1? Let every friend of the cause inform us as soon as possible what he or she is willing to pledge.

Let all Liberal societies, whether auxiliary or not, take up this matter promptly, and inform us what they are willing to do.

The pledges will be published in the "Truth Seeker," "Investigator," FREETHOUGHT, and "Secular Thought" each month. It is understood that the subscriptions may be paid during the coming year at the convenience of the subscriber, and, if desired, in instalments. All responses to this call should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

We see no reason why the sum named should not be secured by pledges within thirty days.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,
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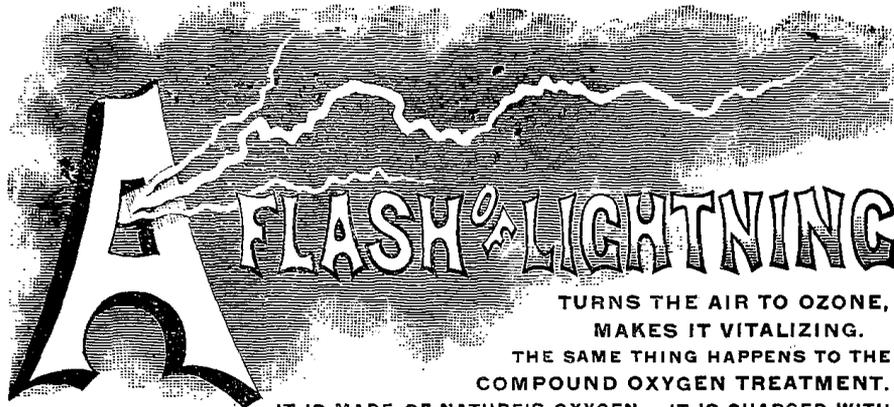
Statistics of Questionable Value.

"Science" for October, 1889, thus discusses the effects of alcohol upon longevity: The British Medical Association appointed a commission to inquire and ascertain the average age of three classes of drinkers, to wit: Total abstainers from alcoholic beverages, moderate drinkers, and sots. The commission reported its observations upon 4,234 deaths, divided into five categories:

1. Total abstainers.
2. Habitual temperate drinkers—those who consume a moderate amount of alcoholic liquors.
3. Careless drinkers—those who do not mean to get drunk, but are simply imprudent drinkers.
4. Free and habitual drinkers.
5. Decidedly intemperate drinkers—sots.

According to this classification, the average age reached by each of these categories is as follows: First class, 51 years 22 days; second, 63 years 13 days; third, 59 years 67 days; fourth, 57 years 59 days; fifth, 53 years 3 days. From this the curious fact is brought out that the teetotalers are the shortest-lived, sots having but a slight advantage over them in the duration of life. The moderate drinkers reach the most advanced age.

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No Use Spending More Money on It.

"There is one thing that we ought to do," said Mrs. Slapson, "and that is to make Bridget stop lighting the fire with kerosene."

"Yes, I guess we may as well. If it was going to blow her up it would have done it long ago, and kerosene costs money."—Washington Post.

Honesty the Best Policy.

It was one of those situations where three are a crowd.

She (blushing)—Why, you took my breath away!

He—Allow me to return it immediately, my dear. I do not wish to be found with stolen goods in my possession.—Boston Times.

Encouraging.

Fwedly (shivering)—Cholly, this is beastly weathah. It makes me feel like blowing my brains out.

Cholly (dodging the fumes of Fwedly's cigarette)—I hope this kind of weather—whew!—will hang on a little longer, old chappie.—Chicago Tribune.

Another View of It

"He is an ungentlemanly fellow. When he rescued me from drowning last summer he hugged me, and I'd never met him before."

"You wrong him, Ethel. He wasn't hugging you. He was only wringing you out."—New York Sun.

Give It Up.

"In cases of wreck, when clothes are 'washed' ashore, who pays for the mangling?"

"You have heard of the 'cradle of the deep.' Is that where the 'squalls' are supposed to come from?"—New York World.

A Dangerous Exploit.

Teacher—Now, Thomas, if Johnnie had ten marbles, and you took four of them, what remains?

Johnny (a particularly hard looking youth, grimly)—You're right—remains!—New York Herald.

At the Club.

Young Cadshore—I say, old fel', saw you at Barnum's circus on Tuesday, but you didn't see me.

Young Van Gawk—Ah! indeed; which cage were you in?—Yenowine's News.

In the Winter.

Father—Why don't you work?

Son—Why, I am as busy as a bee.

Father—You do nothing but eat.

Son—Well, that is all the bees are doing just now.—New York Herald.

No Prospect of It.

"No," said the man, "I can't give nuthin'. Charity begins to hum, you know."

"It will be a long time before your charity is lively enough to hum," replied the collector.—West Shore.

He Was Her Goose.

"Well, your goose is cooked!" exclaimed Snodgrass as he entered his parlor.

"Who has been roasting you this time, love?" asked Mrs. Snodgrass anxiously.—Munsey's Weekly.

Like Other Majorities.

"You ought to go to work now; you have attained your majority," said Mr. G. O'Party to his lazy son.

"Ya-as; but mine isn't a working majority."—Puck.

NOT CONSUMMATED.

A Tale from Arkansaw of True but Timid Love.

During several seasons young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abemleich Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come, and after sitting nearly all day stealing glances at Sookey, old Abemleich's daughter, he would glide out the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.

"Sam," said old Abemleich, "whut's your daddy doin'?"

"Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh, huh."

"Whut's Lige doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone to meet-in' with a gal, uh, huh, huh."

"Whut's your mother doin'?"

"Got sorter behind on her quilt an' is a cardin' uv her bats today."

"Made your plant bed yit?"

"We've made one uv them, but we ain't made the big one whut we 'lowed to make."

"Sam?"

"Yes, sar."

"What's the usen actin' sich a blame fool. You love Sook?"

"No, I don't, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"I don't nuther."

"Yes, you do, an' you wantter marry her."

"I don't now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"Would you give her to me if I was ter wantter marry her?"

"Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.

"What do you want, dad?" she said, entering the room.

"Hold on, Sam, come back, you blamed fool!"

Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack rabbit. Old Abemleich says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fotch to the house."—Arkansaw Traveler.

High Art in the Kitchen.

The genius of fashion is evidently penetrating into the culinary regions. An up town domestic recently informed her mistress of a new wrinkle in her department. She had been reminded that the range needed polishing, and the reminder was the cause of her saying:

"Did you know, Mrs. Blank, that it isn't fashionable now to polish stoves? The correct style is to smear on the polish and leave a dull black. Highly polished stoves are now considered quite lacking in refined taste."—Sun and Voice.

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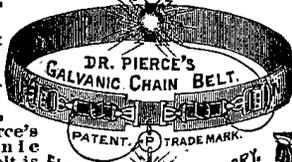
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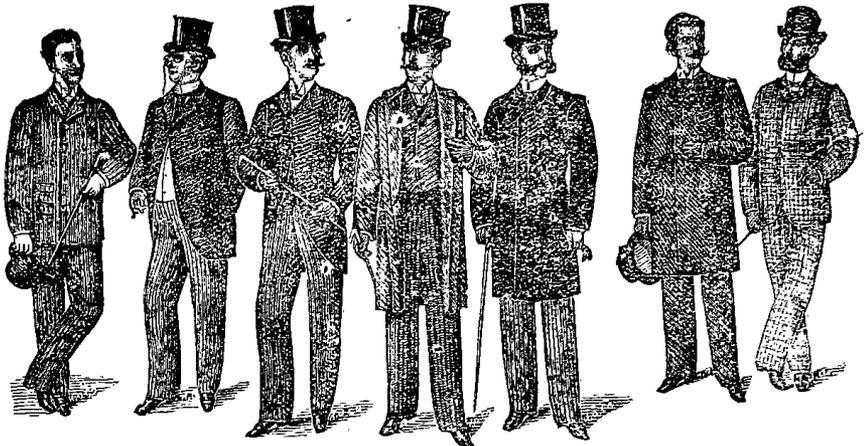
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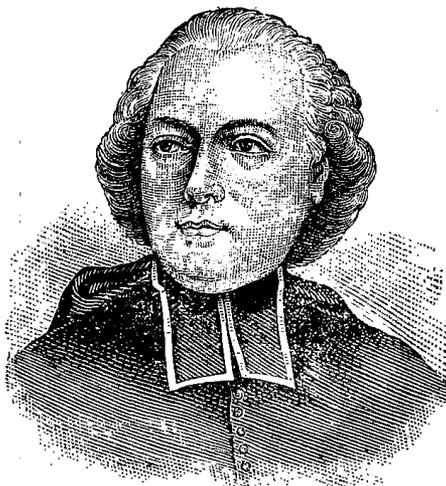
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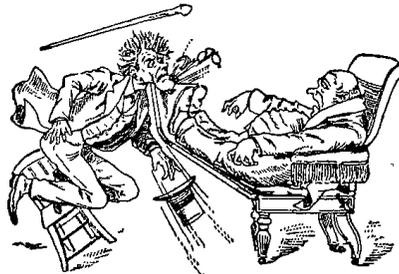
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A book to hold the interest of all.—Boston Times, Feb. 23, 1890.

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A remarkably original and piquant narrative.—Cincinnati Times Star.

It is a very clever, readable book.—New York Journal of Commerce, Feb. 7, 1890.

A bright, unconventional narrative of unusual interest.—Washington Republic, March 8, 1890.

It is an entertaining record of a remarkable case of "globe trotting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer, Feb. 26, '90.

She had eyes for everything of interest, and tells her story in a "chipper" style.—Norwich, Conn., Bulletin, Feb. 11, 1890.

The young traveler's comments upon men and cities and works of art are decidedly entertaining.—New York Tribune, Feb. 14, 1890.

The notes of her journey are presented in a style that is very acceptable, and form interesting reading.—San Francisco Call, Feb. 16, 1890.

She is evidently a born writer, having a light, chatty style, although her observations are very shrewd.—St. Louis Republic, March 11, 1890.

It is as readable as the observations and thoughts of such resolute persons, especially if they are women, are wont to be.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Feb. 16, 1890.

The story is brightly and tersely written, and is given with conversational ease and minuteness of detail.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Feb. 22, 1890.

The author's style is gay, and her airy contempt for tradition in art, religion, and social life is one of her most prominent characteristics.—Newark, N. J., Advertiser, Feb. 15, 1890.

There is a way to make a record of travels popularly entertaining, and this way has been followed by the author of "A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone."—New York Sun, Feb. 15, 1890.

The story of her wanderings is very pleasantly told. It is charmingly truthful in manner and free from exaggeration. In England three volumes and cloth binding, with a second edition in library style, would certainly be awarded it.—Boston Herald, Feb. 10, 1890.

Her descriptions are entertaining, while they sparkle with unique phrases and quaint ideas. The story of her travels is told in that chatty manner peculiar to women, which is particularly pleasing from the tongue or pen of a charmingly pretty woman, such as Miss Leland's portrait shows her to be.—Newark Evening News, March 28, '90.

Freethought.

A LIBERAL JOURNAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

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FREETHOUGHT.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 13, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Reinsburg and myself left Colton, Thursday evening, November 27, traveled all night long beyond Yuma, and the next morning were speeding over the wide sage-covered plains of Arizona, where the cactus grows sometimes a hundred feet high with singular and branching columns; while far along the horizon the desolate peaks with not a shred of green, but brown and gray, surging in a thousand shapes, glitter intensely in the blue radiance that clothes the whole barren scene with surpassing loveliness. It seemed as if there were no place for man or beast to live, and these impressions are confirmed when we sit down to the breakfast table, which presented about as melancholy an aspect as the level sage-brush itself. We waited five minutes for one lonely chicken to present itself to a dozen of us. In less time it disappeared, and it required another five minutes and several calls for the beefsteak to follow, and this was the total menu. It was the smallest breakfast I ever found at a railroad eating-house, and the less the spread, the more time was given to eat it, for the train stopped forty minutes instead of the usual twenty. I suppose that if we had had nothing to eat, the train would have stopped all day in order that we might get plenty of it. The less the food the more amplitude of time. This was at Gila Springs, where the G is pronounced like H. In a country of such pronunciation almost anything might be expected. However, the price of the breakfast was truly Delmonican, and made amends for whatever was lacking in the cuisine. The price convinced me that we must have had a good meal without knowing it.

We survived and pushed on to Maricopa, and here John and I shake hands for good-bye, hoping it won't be four years until we see each other again. I go up Salt River Valley, while he flies eastward. Not being a politician, I have no fears of Salt River; but as I look upon its placid and winding stream, I wonder if this is the original Salt River where so many are wont to congregate. At any rate, for this country, it is a fountain of wealth. It makes these seemingly arid lands wonderfully productive.

Arizona conveys the impression of vast desert lands. Here is Death Valley, and Yuma, the hottest place on the continent, of whose inhabitant, who went to hades, it is reported that he sent

back for his winter overcoat. Arizona is hot and desolate, lurid, without doubt, and yet in the bosom of these desert is uncounted wealth. Right here there will sometime be a brilliant world of fruits and flowers.

Arizona not only looks to the future with glittering hope, antiquity confronts one here with relics of by-gone splendor. Ancient canals and forts appear that must have been constructed by a most civilized people, different from any of the ancient now known. Arizona is a land of wondrous curiosities. Something of the mystery of Egypt, of the vast unknown of man life. There must have sometime been a mighty race and these wildernesses were a garden, and in the luminous atmosphere cities towered. Perhaps here was Bellamy's Eden in the far past. Who knows what might have been ere the floods swept to the mountains, and the winds blew the clouds of sands? Perhaps the garden of Eden was here, and in Arizona the first man walked and woman plucked the apple. It is affirmed by Cushing that this Salt River Valley once contained a population of 300,000. There are remains of dwellings, ten extensive buildings of adobe or sun dried brick. There are charred human bones, pottery, stone implements, tools of a tisan and husbandman, earthenware pots of fine clay, many colors and which resemble the jars of Guadalajara. One of the canals, of which traces remain, is supposed to have been sixty miles in length.

What Arizona was once in these dim ages it will be again with a thousand fold improvements. One can live easy in Arizona, in fact, too easy. Hard work is not necessary. There are three hundred and forty days of brilliant sunshine every year, and a day passes but some blue sky is seen. For three months in the year the heat is extreme, but sun-strokes are unknown. The air is dry and pure. From October to May, Arizona can boast the finest climate in the world. Neither fever nor malaria is common. There are no fogs. Through an area of 100,000 square miles, there are no bodies of standing water, no swamps, and no marshes. The streams all flow to the sea—there are "sinks." The drainage is rapid and complete.

The soil of the Salt River Valley is an alluvial deposit varying from six to twenty feet in depth. The amount of desert land reclaimed to cultivation when the canals now in process of construction are complete will aggregate millions of acres. Millions more can be reclaimed when the flood-water is stored in immense reservoirs in the mountain canyons.

The soil produces every variety of vegetation of the semi-tropical zone, cereals and grasses, textile plants, oranges, lemons, grapes, bananas, figs, peaches, strawberries, olives, etc. The cottonwood and mesquite are the native trees, but the elm and palm and magnolia, with others, have been introduced and grow strong and thrifty.

Phoenix, the capital of the territory, has a population of seven thousand. It is a lively, handsome place. J

FREETHOUGHT.

st-railways and water works, a fine opera house, city court-house. The main buildings are of brick and ne; the brick is manufactured here, and the stone is r Tempe. There are elegant residences and beautiful The Territorial Insane Asylum is located near. The fine trade from the surrounding agricultural region and of Cave Creek, Vulture, etc. It is the most populous Arizona.

x has a noble Liberal element; in fact, the majority of e are in favor of Freethought, although many are not declare openly. Those who do stand by the flag are verous and devoted. It was a great pleasure to meet -hearted and live Western men. Phoenix is a typical It is cosmopolitan in its elements. There is a concen- of life which makes the pulse beat. The people are ntelligent, quick on the move, and equal to any occasion, vel fortune by their undaunted spirit.

W. Jensen, our Freethought comrade, works steadily on, solid citizen. J. D. Martin is an "old timer" and Lib- m head to foot. J. H. Burger is on the same list. He what Arizona can do in oranges, pears, and other fruits of st delicious flavor. He was here from the beginning and in the pioneer line wherever civilization conquers the ess. Judy Woods, R. H. Upton, J. B. Lacy, W. C. Col- the committee of arrangements, and many others gave liberal entertainment. I shook hands with so many that I record all their names, business and professional men, s in society and politics, representatives of a cultivated and ed community.

era House was nearly full on both nights, Friday and

I was advertised for Sunday, but could not remain. se would have been crowded that night. I shall be back ry. The legislature meets then, and an effort will be pass a Sabbath law. One was passed last year, but evi- so unconstitutional that it won't be enforced. It received et veto and its value is undetermined. The contest will ewed. The Liberals must combine and work. The ggs were a success and will undoubtedly exert a great influ- The campaign opens fire triumphantly.

mpé is situated on the south bank of Salt River, nine miles

Phoenix. It is a flourishing place in the heart of a rich ultural and horticultural country. The territorial normal ol is located near. There are fine brick blocks and resi- es. And who should I find first of all at Tempe but Colonel ow Judge—L. H. Hawkins. I was surprised and delighted. had campaigned together at Los Angeles. He lives at ppe, practicing law. He was going to Phoenix to "lend a d" at the Freethought meeting. He was chairman, and made fine opening addresses. Besides, he took me around to about e hundred people," I guess—among them, Ex-Governor Zu- s, Governor Murphy, judges, lawyers, doctors, bankers, mer- ants; and at the end of two hours I was quite well acquainted, id felt at home. I was no longer a stranger. I was pleased meet the editors of the "Republican" and the "Gazette," who n wield the quill effectively, and who possess genuine Western uck. I should judge they are good on the muscle if need be, it with plenty of intellectual force.

The orthodox adopted some very peculiar tactics. Not con- t with preaching against the Infidel, they passed around a hch the signers bound themselves not to go to the ppears that the Christians have very little confi-

dence in themselves. It seems that Infidelity, in their eyes, is something—like sparkling champagne—so attractive that they must take a solemn pledge to abstain from the fascinating danger. Little girls were also sent around to pick up the handbills as fast as distributed. An opportunity was given for discussion at the lectures, but it was not accepted. We are under obligations to our Caristian friends for their unique method of advertising our work.

Saturday Judge Hawkins drove me from Phoenix to Tempe, to see the country and enjoy the wonderful weather, which was simply exhilarating. Then also there was the "barbecued pig," left from the feast of Thanksgiving night. They did "trip the light fantastic toe" at Tempe until dawn, but I missed that good time. Hawkins insisted, however, that I must have a piece of that pig, and I did. But I went to Tempe above all to see Mrs. Hawkins, now upon a bed of sickness, but always at the front in Freethought with pen and heart. I was pleased also to meet Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hayden, who are enthusiastic Liberals with plenty of faith in every good thing, and the bright side of life both now and hereafter. Mr. Hayden is proprietor of the flour mill, store, etc., and is one of the pioneers of the territory. I have accepted an invitation to visit their ranch on my return. This is better than a trip beyond Jordan. I found many good Liberals in Tempe, and shall lecture there in January.

Prof. S. V. Schlesinger, with the band, furnished excellent music for the lectures, and I am under great obligations to him for the delightful strains. I hope he will be ready to give the same again in the near future. I find that the brightness and intelligence of the women of Arizona are in favor of Freethought, and this gives a splendid impulse to the work. The poet can sing of our gathering ranks, "There are fair women and brave men."

Phoenix does remind me of that brilliant bird of ancient fable. It rises from the ashy plain—where once was life—now dead forever. But a new life comes. The bird springs into the air and spreads its glittering plumage. Around it throng the stars of glory, the gemmed flag of liberty and progress. A newer, brighter world flows in shining splendor over those barren sands. Once there were the waters beaming in a thousand channels; and making green fields and vineyards and embowering forests where fruits glisten. The flame and flood of death succeed. The gentle, prosperous people disappear. The homes vanish. The wind-swept desert follows. But the Phoenix was in the luminous air. The wealth of its plumage was in the bosom of the earth, the flash of its eye and the music of its sweeping wing; and that glorious bird will wheel its lofty flight. Beautiful bird, symbol of hope and courage, greeting the western sun, in whose golden beams are the splendid pictures of man's happier destiny.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE FARMERS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The members of the Farmers' Alliance have shown what kind of a body of citizens they are by passing at their Ocala convention a resolution asking that the World's Fair be closed on Sunday. They have thus struck hands with the American Sabbath Union, a body whose only work is agitation for a law to close everything except churches and preachers' mouths one day in seven.

If the Farmers' Alliance knew enough to work for the objects, it was organized to attain, it might do some good.

To "develop a better state mentally, morally, socially, and

financially," which its Declaration of Purposes sets forth as its aim, is one of the best things any organization could do. A "better understanding for sustaining civil officers in maintaining law and order" is doubtless necessary in the South as elsewhere. It is well to "constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will among all mankind;" and no one will object to any attempt to repress "personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, and all selfish ambition."

But how are these objects, or any of them, to be reached by closing the World's Fair on Sunday? Prejudice cannot be repressed by yielding to the prejudice of those who think Sunday amusement a crime. Harmony is not promoted by enforcing religious regulations regarded as oppressive by a large body of citizens. Law and order are not subserved by a course of action which brings them into contempt.

If the agriculturists who compose the Farmers' Alliance think, as many others do, that national banks work injustice to all but bankers, and that Senator Stanford's Land Loan bureau would be a good thing, let them urge the proper legislation looking to that end, and the repeal of such laws as are opposed to it. If they want the government to run the railroads, let them by argument bring to their way of thinking a sufficient number of voters to put the measure through. These are political questions, and find their proper place in a political platform. But Sunday closing of the World's Fair will not give us treasury notes at two per cent. It will not build government railroads, restore land grants to the public domain, bring about the Australian ballot, elect the president by a direct vote of the people, nor place silver on an equality with gold. Even if the World's Fair were closed on Sunday the "liquor business in all its forms" might still flourish, women would continue to be deprived of the ballot, the public school system would be unaffected, relations between the wife and the partner of a deceased husband would remain unchanged, and taxes would be collected but once a year. In fact, none of these things which are mentioned by the Declaration of Purposes of the Farmers' Alliance would be affected either directly or indirectly by the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday.

The case seems to be that this new political party is impressed with a belief in its mission to run the country as a majority of its members may deem correct, regardless of the rights and liberties of others. According to the "Southern Alliance Farmer," the organ of the party, "every Allianceman believes in the existence of God," and the God-in-the-Constitution party may therefore look for the farmers' active co-operation.

The accomplishment of the new party's specified objects will revolutionize the financial system of the country, as well as the system of transportation, communication, and distribution by rail. If the Alliance does this, the people will give it all the credit the achievement merits, even though it should have neglected to protest against opening the World's Fair on Sunday.

VISITATIONS.

With such various headings as "Punished for His Sin," "Stricken by the Hand of God," etc., the following item comes from Paris under recent date:

"A curious incident illustrating with what rapidity sin is sometimes punished has just occurred at Monte Carlo. A middle-aged Russian, with twinkling eyes and dark mustache, was playing heavily, when he suddenly fell dead at the roulette table. The man had one hundred louis staked. The body was removed by the attendants."

If sudden deaths like the above occurred only to people en-

gaged in sinful occupations, the theory that they are the result of divine vengeance would have more to support it than it now has. But how will those who hold that sudden death is a punishment sent direct from heaven explain the following incident which happened nearer home?—

"NEW YORK, December 7.—The services held in Warren-street Methodist-Episcopal church, Brooklyn, this evening were of a sad nature, for every member of the congregation realized with greater force than ever the Biblical warning that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' The cause of sorrow and sadness in the little church was that William Perry, a member of the Board of Trustees and a member of the congregation for over twenty years, had died suddenly in church during the exercises preceding the regular services. He was giving a history of his conversion at what is called the 'testimony meeting.' He had about finished, when he stopped short, and placing one hand over his breast, said, 'I cannot say more,' and then whirling around fell upon the floor. His friends at first believed he had fainted, and they went to resuscitate him, but he was dead."

Or how is this explainable upon the same hypothesis?—

"NEW YORK, December 7.—The Rev. L. M. Dorman, for many years assistant rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Ascension at Fifth avenue and Tenth street, this city, died at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Montague street, Brooklyn, shortly before the commencement of the service last night. At the time Rev. Mr. Dorman was seated in the gallery, and was reading the musical programme. Mrs. Dorman, who sat at his side, noticed that her husband's face wore a pained expression, and when she asked him if anything was wrong he simply groaned and fell forward. The rector of the church, who was in the vestry preparing for the service, was notified, and he was soon by the dying clergyman's side. Dr. Spier was summoned, but on his arrival said that the minister was dead. The body of the dead clergyman was removed to the vestry, and only a few persons knew that the angel of death had visited the church, and consequently there was no excitement. The rector of the church, on returning to the main floor, proceeded at once to the chancel, where he delivered a prayer for those dying suddenly."

When these instances have been disposed of satisfactorily, this additional one is still left to be cleared up:

"NEW BRUNSWICK (N. J.), December 8.—While preaching to a large congregation at the East Millstone Reformed church last night the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. P. Strong, said: 'A man might fall as easy as a star from heaven.' The next instant his face turned ashy pale, he clutched wildly at the pulpit for support and then dropped on the floor in a fit of apoplexy. The horrified congregation was spell-bound for a moment. Then the cooler ones rushed to the prostrate pastor and raised him from the floor. He was taken home and died this morning. He was sixty years of age."

Any kind of heavenly visitation that would infallibly punish violations of law and morals would undoubtedly act as a strong deterrent to crime and sin, but when three men are struck dead in a church, to one visited with divine wrath in a gambling-house, the lesson taught is not favorable to church attendance as a safe practice compared with playing roulette. By and by, perhaps, even religious people will come to their senses, and admit that any providence we know of is too erratic to be relied upon to either punish offenses or reward well-meant actions.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, Dec. 14, will be addressed by MR. ALFRED CRIDGE; subject, "Are Men Better or Worse than Institutions?" Admission is free and all are invited.

If a Freethinker, through a series of years, should carry on forgeries to the extent of thousands of dollars, ruining his partners and those who trusted him; and if after his arrest, trial, and

conviction, a Freethought Society, to which he had for years belonged, should pass resolutions of sympathy and still retain his name upon its list of members, the Christian world would say that as individuals and as a body, Freethinkers were condoners of crime. Yet a Christian of Brooklyn, N. Y., one Albert H. Smith, has been found guilty of the offense named, and while in jail, under sentence, his brethren of Plymouth church vote to "retain his name upon the rolls." This may be Christian charity and Christian morality, but from a wordly point of view it looks like bad policy. For years Smith has been forging and praying, and knew himself to be a rascal and a hypocrite. His repentance should have taken the form of restitution, for his contrition now cannot help those he has robbed. But Plymouth church is wealthy. Why do not its members make good the defalcation of the erring brother and prove their faith in him by their works?

MR. S. PALMER, of Livermore, Cal., procured and left at this office nearly one hundred signatures to the petition against closing the World's Fair on Sunday. D. Cook, Esq., of Greenwood, Wis., sends a list of twenty-five. Following is the memorial, which may be pasted at the top of a sheet of paper for signatures:

To the World's Columbian Exposition Committee:

Learning that there is an organized movement among the more conservative church people—manipulated by a "Sabbath" organization—to induce your honorable body to close on Sundays the World's Fair, to be held in 1893 in Chicago, the undersigned respectfully put in this counter petition, and ask that the Fair may be open to the public on each Sunday of its continuance. We ask this for the following reasons:

1. That the American principle of the separation of church and state may be maintained.
2. That public morality may be subserved by providing a substitute for the immoral places to which men may resort when no moral amusements are available.
3. As a matter of justice also to the people of Chicago, who have given of their means to make the Fair possible, tens of thousands of whom can visit the Fair only on a general holiday; and as a matter of justice also to the visitors to the Fair, whose time or means may be limited, and who certainly are entitled to great consideration at your hands.
4. For the public good. The opening of the Fair on Sunday will be for the benefit not only of Chicago, but of the whole country. The rights of no one are infringed, the happiness of no one disturbed. Those who wish to attend can do so; those who do not can otherwise spend the day. This is solely a humanitarian question, a question of human relations and human welfare, and, therefore, the only standard by which you can decide is that of the public welfare.
5. It will benefit the Fair, attracting a much larger attendance, interesting more people in it, and increasing its receipts.
6. To the objection that Sunday opening of the Fair will destroy the day as a rest-day, we affirm that the tendency would be exactly the opposite. The more beautiful you make Sunday, the more attractive, the more noble and varied in its pleasures and instructions, the more difficult it will be to change its character, the less danger there is that employers will ever have the power to transfer it from its present position to a day of toil. With choice of Sunday occupation restricted to attending church or visiting a saloon, the average workingman would choose to keep on laboring.
7. Finally: Opening the World's Fair on Sunday will harm no one but the keepers of immoral places, while it will benefit the Fair itself, the people of Chicago, and the visitors to the Fair, thereby conducing to municipal prosperity, individual education, public morality, and the development and good of the whole country.

THE experiments of a mesmerist named Brown with victims of the opium habit in San Francisco's House of Correction are interesting in more ways than one. The psychologic influence under which patients reach a state where opium becomes repulsive to them may explain why some men have reformed their

drinking habits through the efficacy of prayer. The controlling influence is about the same in both cases, though mesmerism is generally, by religious people, assigned to the domain of the devil, while the effects of prayer are attributed to God.

THE pope does not have everything his own way in Rome. The "Monitor" says:

"Under the direction and influence of the Masonic body, the warfare against Christianity is being carried on with unrelenting bitterness in Rome. A society has just been established in that city which proposes to erect a statue to our Lord bearing the inscription, 'To the Man Christ.' It is quite possible that the satanic project will be realized, for there are persons high in authority there who are ready to subscribe freely for any undertaking calculated to annoy and irritate their Catholic fellow-citizens."

Perhaps it is just as annoying to a Catholic to hear Christ called a man as it is to a reasonable person to hear him called a god, but why has the one any more reason to complain than the other?

NEWS comes from Chicago that a number of leading Germans have protested against paying their subscriptions to the World's Fair, until such time as they are given positive information as to whether the exposition is to be closed on Sundays or not. They are decidedly opposed to Sunday closing. The Commission should give this matter attention and let the country know what they propose to do about it.

KING KALAKAUA of Hawaii attended an Episcopal church in San Francisco last Sunday, and by partaking of the "holy communion" helped to consume what Episcopalians are pleased to term the body and blood of their redeemer. It is a more refined and religious sort of cannibalism than that prevailing in the islands of the South sea.

AMERICAN missionaries are accused of causing a war between the natives and foreigners in Japan, and the captain of an American vessel has been forced to remove the missionaries from a place called Ponapi to the island of Oulan. In the name of the Prince of Peace, religion carries dissension wherever it goes.

THE Parnellites and the anti-Parnellites will fight out their differences in the coming election in Kilkenny; so says a dispatch. The scene of the fray is appropriate, being the historical battleground of two cats, each of which thought there was one cat too many.

A GOOD Catholic is bound to be an enemy of the public schools. The "Church Progress" says: "When you hear a Catholic say that the public school is good enough for him, you may rest assured that he is on the ragged edge of his faith."

PATRONS ordering the "Freethinkers' Pictorial Text-book" from this office should inclose 25 cents for postage. After paying express charges on the book from New York to San Francisco we have no margin left for the expense of remailing it.

A WRITER in the "Examiner" classes works on religion with fictitious literature. He may possibly have received the hint from Edgar Saltus, the novelist, who when asked what, in his opinion, was the greatest character in fiction replied, "God."

OBSERVE that we offer "A Woman's Journey Around the World," cloth bound, as a premium to new subscribers to FREETHOUGHT, and to all old subscribers who renew before Jan. 15.

THE latest encyclical of the pope condemns slavery in Africa. Times have changed with the infallible one since the successor of St. Peter indorsed slavery in America by expressing his sympathy with the Southern Confederacy.

WE want hundreds of names of Freethinkers who are not taking FREETHOUGHT. To such we will send sample copies with an invitation to subscribe.

OBSERVATIONS.

A correspondent of the Boston "Investigator" asks if church property is taxed anywhere in the United States, and the editor replies that he knows of no such place. I am informed that church property in California is subject to taxation. The churches announce "special collections to pay taxes;" the colored Baptist church on Powell street gave a Thanksgiving dinner for the benefit of the tax fund, and this office has several times been visited by Sisters from the Convent of Unsatisfied Yearnings, who were taking contributions to meet the state's demand on Catholic church property. I do not know where the money they collected went to. As I gave them nothing I had no right to inquire, but it is generally understood that the city hall clerks got it. The assessors in San Francisco are to a certain extent Single-Taxers when church property is under consideration; that is, they assess the land, though usually at about half what it would sell for, and exempt the buildings on account of their moral and religious worth to the community. It may yet become necessary to abolish taxes altogether in order to get secular property on anything like an equal footing with that owned by ecclesiastical organizations. This method would be in a line with my scheme for doing away with corruption in office, namely, abolish the office and let the corrupt incumbent earn a living in the sweat of such relatives and friends as are willing to voluntarily contribute to his maintenance.

A good time was had at the Freethought Society's sociable and dance last Sunday evening. The brief literary and musical exercises consisted of remarks by Chairman Eastman, piano music by Miss Annie Lenont, songs by Miss Lillie Arper, a reading by Lilian Leland, and short addresses by Thomas Curtis and W. S. Bell. Professor Bell, in his remarks, spoke of the problem of life and how to make the best of existence. He had reached the conclusion that no one would get more from the sum total of pleasure than he worked out for himself by following the course likely to give him the greatest amount of happiness. The doctrine of the beneficent results of self-sacrifice was being questioned, for we are finding that in the end it does not pay. Mr. Bell said a kind word to the many young ladies present, and hoped that hereafter they would be as numerous at the lectures as at the sociables.

Mr. Thomas Curtis made some observations on the correct rearing of children, which were quite interesting to me. He closed by exhibiting a phase of his mediumship, causing a cane to stand erect between his knees, and to fall to the right or left in obedience to his directions. A piece of thread passing from one knee to the other, with a turn around the stick, may have had something to do with producing the phenomenon, though it is not my business to go behind appearances.

About forty people enjoyed the dance, and I noticed that whenever a male person desired a partner he was obliged to decoy her from a group in the corner, of which Professor Bell was the effulgent and coruscating center. Mr. Curtis, though no longer young, polkaed briskly with Miss Lilian Andrews, aged 13, whose stories in this paper have attracted attention in the past. Since Lilian won the first prize for a story in a juvenile paper she has fixed a price upon her work which places it beyond the reach of reform journals.

It was quite late when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" came from the corner where the piano is located. As our rural press is in the habit of saying, the occasion was one long to be remembered, and the guests dispersed wishing many returns of the same.

Next Sunday evening lecturing will be resumed, and Mr. Alfred Cridge will discuss the question whether men are as bad as their institutions.

Some publishing house whose managers are not unwilling to deceive the public has recently issued an edition of Rousseau's "Confessions" in a flashy cover, on which is the picture of a lawless looking woman with a serpent and an apple at her side. These emblems are supposed to typify the forbidden fruit, the devil, and the seduction of Eve. The publishers seem to be ashamed of their trick, for they do not put their imprint on the work. I had always thought of Rousseau as more of a philosopher than pander, though I confess not to have read much of what he wrote, and when I saw the present volume I purchased a copy and looked it through. It is the story of his life, and although his confessions are too much like those of the Rev. Dr. Munro of Stockton to make them wholly of value, they contain nothing to justify the libelous cut on the cover page. His adventures with this and that woman, from the street walker to the titled lady, he tells in his straightforward style, without stopping to apologize, though that he should have regarded them as of any interest to posterity is a matter of surprise in view of his reputation for good sense. Perhaps he may have been triflingly afflicted with self-conceit, for he was the most popular man in France, being much sought after at one period by those who wished to honor him, and again by those who wanted his scalp.

The flashy edition of Rousseau's "Confessions" being the only kind procurable in San Francisco, except at an exorbitant price, led me to send East for the work in a more presentable and reasonable shape. I got a supply in cloth binding at \$1.25 per copy, and those who want to get Rousseau minus the objectionable cover mentioned can find him at this office. I write in the interest of justice to Rousseau, and not in a commercial spirit.

My good and venerable friend, the Hon. A. Schell, delivered a lecture last Sunday afternoon in the schoolhouse at Knight's Ferry to an audience that filled the temple of learning until the sides of it bulged outward. He had procured the permission of the Union church trustees to speak in the tabernacle, but the Methodists preferred that the trustees should break their agreement rather than keep it with a man who has more faith in honesty than in hellfire as a means of grace, and the permission was revoked. That is the reason why Mr. Schell spoke in the schoolhouse.

The subject of the lecture was announced as "The Conflict of Law," and Mr. Schell added a *Nota Bene* to his circular, saying that no reflections would be cast on any church or religion; but the shabby deal the Methodists had given him made it necessary that the "N. B." should be overlooked, and it is said that Mr. Schell gave fanaticism and bigotry such a prodding as it had never before received in Stanislaus county. Mr. Schell, as those who heard him speak in San Francisco last winter are aware, places greater stress upon education than upon direct assault on error, and his method is to undermine superstition without saying much about religion, which is the same thing. However, on this occasion he was the injured party, and he is not the kind of person to turn the other cheek. It is not unreasonable to believe the Methodists are now willing to admit that perhaps it would have been just as well, all things considered, to let Mr. Schell deliver his original discourse in the Union church.

At last accounts the smoke of battle had not entirely cleared away. The refusal of the church offended the Knight's Ferry people's sense of justice, so that public feeling is against the bigots. Added to this, some copies of FREETHOUGHT will be handed about town, and several citizens have gone on the list as yearly subscribers. There is a way for fanaticism to overreach itself, as the Methodists may now have discovered. I would mildly suggest some subdued but earnest cheering for this stern old hero of Knight's Ferry, who, though first in peace, is not last in war when Methodist gentlemen think they want it.

In another place in this paper Mr. Frederick May Holland accepts my invitation to discuss the question whether we have a system of morality that should be practiced regardless of conse-

quences. What he has said is a valuable contribution to the subject. The matter of morality has been largely placed in the hands of ministers and priests, who tell us that God has laid down certain rules for our guidance. These ministers and priests of course do not practice the rules themselves, and induce but few of their followers to do so; but clergymen are only human, and like a majority of us they shine much brighter in precept than in example. I think it is safe to say that the clergymen are mistaken in their claim that Christian morality is founded on a revelation from God. It is safe, in fact, to leave them out of the discussion, and to inquire whether the field of morality, as well as that of religion, is not still open for free investigation and further discovery. To say that any line of conduct is forbidden by God is about the poorest excuse any one can give for not following it. To say that it is contrary to the laws of man does not always settle the question, because, taken as a whole, there have been more bad laws than good ones. In breaking a law nowadays a man stands ten chances to one of doing a deed for which future ages will applaud him. Laws are the codified ignorance and prejudice, as well as wisdom, of the persons who frame them. They express what the majority are supposed to think right, but I decline to see how a vote can alter a fact. If a theory is false its nature cannot be changed simply by inducing a large number to believe it true. Therefore, letting the alleged laws of God go as spurious, and realizing that the laws of man are often superfluous and unreliable literary performances, what authority is there left for saying that a certain act is good and another one not so? This is a question to which attention is now being paid by many persons of great thinking capacity. Perchance the preface of Dr. Westbrook's Prize Manual will deal with it and give us a solution. Meanwhile, with suspended judgments, we should endeavor to do what we think is right, renew our subscriptions, and be as good as we are beautiful.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, now in San Francisco, professes to be an Episcopalian. Last Sunday he attended Trinity church and partook of the communion.—The Sunday closing ordinance went into effect at Los Angeles last Sunday and all the saloons were shut up.—Nearly all the trades unions of San Francisco have indorsed the Hon. John M. Days for labor commissioner. Mr. Days has always been active in the labor cause, and is a man of Liberal views. He spoke before the Freethought Society last season.—The Lick Free Baths in this city were opened November 3, and during the following month 11,152 people bathed in the establishment, and there were nearly a thousand other visitors.—Mrs. John F. Miller, widow of Senator Miller of California, died in Washington December 6.—Senator Stanford will make another plea before the Senate for the passage of his bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 in treasury notes to be loaned at 2 per cent to owners of agricultural lands. Senator Stanford denies that he is a candidate for the presidency.—A reporter named Rappley has just reached San Francisco after journeying from New York hither in a canoe. He brought a bottle filled with water from the Atlantic and emptied it into the Pacific.—The iron molders' strike, after continuing for ten months, is still unsettled. The foundries are losing many contracts on account of inability to fill them.—O'Donnell, the defeated candidate for mayor of San Francisco, demands a new count, which he will probably get. He claims to have been defrauded of 6,000 votes.

An English monk calling himself Ignatius is doing a revival business at Chickering Hall in New York. He is a ranter and nothing more.—Joe Coburn, the pugilist, died in the odor of Catholic sanctity at New York last Saturday, aged fifty-five.—In a speech before the Farmers' Alliance at Ocala, Fla., December 6, Master Workman Powderly condemned labor-saving machinery as a fraud which cheated the laboring man out of his right to work.—The secretary of the treasury has issued a circular inviting proposals for sale to the government of \$5,000,000 4 per cent bonds; the funds deposited by the Navy Department to the credit of disbursing officers for quarterly payments, and during the week of December 11 \$21,000,000 will be paid out

on account of pensions. This, together with the \$5,000,000 to be paid for bonds under the above call, will make \$26,000,000 to be put into circulation within the next week or ten days.—The bondsmen of the celebrated painting, "The Angelus," lately imported, must pay \$16,500 duty on the picture.—There is a chance that a copyright law will be passed whereby the works of foreign authors may be copyrighted in this country provided the mechanical work is done here.—A Kansas City preacher named Boaz has been fined \$11 for carrying concealed weapons. The same clergyman was recently acquitted by a church commission of the charge of immoral conduct with a woman.—Louis D. Sanborn, of Saginaw, Mich., a member of the Methodist church, and always considered a most exemplary young man, has left the city, having realized on forged paper during the last ninety days to the extent of over \$30,000. Previous to departure he made an assignment to his mother. His liabilities are estimated at over \$100,000.

The Parnell trouble has split the Irish party, one faction having Justin McCarthy for leader, and the other retaining Parnell.—The lord mayor of London has called a meeting to see if England will not interfere on behalf of the Jews who are so inhumanly treated by Russia.—It is stated that during the forty-nine years of his life the Prince of Wales has drawn \$16,500,000 from the public treasury of Great Britain, and his debts now amount to \$3,000,000.—Emperor William of Germany has been talking on the school question. He says the German schools tend to an overproduction of highly educated people, from whom the ranks of journalism are recruited in the shape of "hunger candidates" most dangerous to society. The emperor declares he will not license any more high schools until their method is changed.

VICTORY FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS IN WASHINGTON.

In the case of Mr. Samuel Christopher, of Seattle, re-arrested for keeping open barber shop, shaving, and cutting hair on Sunday, and taken before the Superior Court, the Sunday fanatics retained the most able counsel they could procure; no expense was spared; every effort being put forth to secure conviction. After argument on demurrer entered by our counsel, Mr. Richard Winsor, the court sustained the demurrer, which was that the Superior Court has no original jurisdiction in such cases—they must be brought before a justice of the peace. The prisoner was discharged.

In the cases of the clothing merchants, that of our member, Mr. Hershburgh, was, after long delay, made a test case before a jury in a justice's court, Col. Jas. H. Lewis and General Metcalf for the defense. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, and all the prisoners were discharged. The victory for the Washington Secular Union was complete, as was the defeat of the Sunday fanatics in their endeavor to enforce rigid Sunday observance by the revival of a territorial Sunday law that is in direct conflict with the state constitution in letter and spirit.

As the matter now stands, the police judge has decided that the word "trade" in the Sunday law does not apply to handicraft, mechanical labor, or ordinary lawful work or occupation, but to the sale or barter of goods or merchandise. The superior court has decided it has no jurisdiction in such cases except on appeal from a justice's court, where proceedings must be commenced, and in the justice's courts here, as at Spokane Falls, the jury promptly acquitted the accused. Thus our victory is so far complete, and the fanatics are utterly routed. We would have preferred that a case should be carried to the supreme court, and be decided, but we can well afford to rest content. Fanatics in some parts of the state may annoy by causing arrests for work or business done on Sunday, but as all such arrests will inevitably result in acquittal, not many prosecutions will be attempted. Thus justice will triumph.

Those who think it wrong to keep places of business open on Sunday can carefully keep their places closed; and those who think it wrong to buy and sell on Sunday only need to keep away from open stores. As an answer to the pretense that Christians are disturbed, and cannot enjoy their religious wor-

mark this

ship on Sunday because some are quietly following business or amusement, we call attention to the fact that Jews, Seventh-day Adventists, and Seventh-day Baptists always worship on Saturday, "the only true sabbath of God, Christ and the Bible," yet they find no difficulty in enjoying their worship, though Saturday is the very busiest day of all the week.

The W. S. U. can now give undivided attention to the question of "Religious exercises in our public schools." There have been many vexatious delays in getting a test case before the courts. No mandamus can be obtained until proof is furnished that the applicant for relief has made appeal to the school board, and has been refused. Our president, Mr. Richard Winsor, and myself, have attended school boards only to find no quorum or a rush of business so we could not be heard. In this city, after several vain efforts, we thought we had a sure hearing, when the term of some members expired, and an election had to be held and a new board organized. We are hopeful of securing a hearing before the school board of this city on next Monday evening.

The Annual Congress of the Washington Secular Union, at which officers will be elected for the ensuing year, is appointed for February 22, 1891—Washington's Birthday—changed from January 29 on account of the very disagreeable weather usual at that time. All members will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

C. B. REYNOLDS,

2104 Sixth st., Seattle, Wash.

Sec'y W. S. U.

MORAL PURITY.

The editor of FREETHOUGHT invites contributors to discuss this subject briefly; and I wish to have it understood that I write in sincere respect for the people with whose opinions I must differ.

Morality means to me simply conformity to the conditions of social existence and progress. Conduct which promotes civilization is morally right; and actions which retard it are morally wrong. Conscience has been created by the efforts of fathers of families, priests, kings, legislators, and others in authority, to encourage actions thought beneficial to civilization, and check those considered injurious. Conscience has always laid great stress on matrimonial fidelity; and this is largely because children need so many years of parental care as to make permanence of family relations absolutely necessary, not only for progress in civilization, but even for the continued existence of mankind. This fact makes matrimonial fidelity a duty which becomes more and more important as the progress of civilization lengthens the period during which children need to be educated and otherwise cared for. To have marriage contracts generally of brief duration would be bad for the children and therefore for the next generation.

I fully admit that divorce ought to be easy enough to enable women to protect themselves against cruelty and tyranny, and that the power given by the writer of 1 Corinthians vii, 4, is shamefully despotic, but I do not wish to have it made any more easy than at present for husbands to desert their wives. It should also be remembered that a divorced woman is subjected to much opprobrium by the existing state of public opinion, and that public opinion on this subject is to a great extent justified by the importance of keeping together the family. It may be added that one reason why the standard of fidelity is made higher for the wife than for the husband, is that her transgression is more likely than his to make continuance of the family impossible, for a man has a right to object to the burden of other men's offspring.

Illicit relations between unmarried men and women may be justly censured, because those who indulge in them are apt to form similar relations with married people also. The woman who has improper relations with men finds her conscience, if she has any, condemns her so severely as to destroy her self-respect; and in actual fact, lewd women are generally immoral in other ways also. A man's conscience is usually made less sensitive than a woman's by the greater strength of his passions; but the very fact that his passions are so strong makes the habit of indulging them freely incompatible with the highest intellectual and moral excellence. Excessive growth of any part of our nature must be at the expense of other parts; and it is peculiarly the duty of those who

hold advanced views to encourage the supremacy of intellect and conscience by keeping the animal passions in check.

F. M. HOLLAND.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

In the November Forum, W. Blackburn Harte, a newspaper writer of Canada, has an article on "French Canada and the Dominion" in which some surprising, not to say startling, statements are made relative to the attitude of the French Catholics toward the Dominion government. Other Canadian writers have hinted at the strained relations existing between the French and the English speaking classes in the lower provinces of the Dominion, but none of these has pictured so clearly the situation. The avowed purpose of the French Catholic leaders including the clergy, says the article, is to establish a Catholic French state within the Dominion boundaries that will be independent of the civil government. To such an extent has this sentiment developed that a race war is impending in the province of Quebec.

The Roman Catholic church in Canada, says Mr. Harte, is only nominally a religious institution. Its chief function appears to be political, and while the English speaking Canadians have no quarrel with the Catholic church as a religious body, they demand that it shall not become a militant system of politics. It is the determination of the people of the English-speaking provinces to prevent the further usurpation of the functions of government by the church that has precipitated the trouble. If the French Catholics were loyal to the government, and worked in harmony with the inhabitants of the other provinces for the general good, the existing bad feeling between the races would not have been engendered. But, says Mr. Harte, the French Canadians are entirely ignorant of their duty to the commonwealth. In this respect, he says, they have no principle whatever. The church dictates in what direction they shall vote, and they vote with the Liberals in the provincial elections, and with the Conservatives in the Dominion elections. The extent to which clerical influence is exercised was shown in 1889, when the question of granting \$400,000 to the Jesuits was before Parliament. M. Mercier, the premier, publicly threatened the Roman Catholic members of the legislature with the pains and penalties of the church if they should refuse to vote for the measure.

In the province of Quebec, Mr. Harte states, there are a few thousands more than a million of Catholics, yet there are 7,500 persons, not including bishops, engaged in the service of the church, and the church property of the province has a value of \$120,000,000. Thus there is one clergyman to every 130 Catholics, and the church holds untaxed property to the amount of \$120 for each Catholic. "The state collects the church's tithes and assessments," says Mr. Harte, "allows her to handle directly and indirectly about one-fifth of the provincial revenue, and gives her the absolute control of public education, but is not permitted to inquire into her financial concerns, or to interfere in the conduct of the schools."

With such political power it would seem that the ambition of the church might be satisfied, but instead of being so the church is openly fostering a sentiment of disloyalty in order to secure absolute control of the government; or, in other words, to establish a Catholic state. If the facts stated by Mr. Harte were not matters of record, and his conclusions supported by the facts, he might be considered an alarmist when he predicts a race war as a consequence of the aggressive policy of the French Catholics. An insurrection, he declares, must come sooner or later, and, if necessary, Canada will cease to be British in order to release herself from church control. The most alarming feature of the situation to the people of the English-speaking provinces is the disposition of the Dominion government to grant every demand made by the church. The church looks upon every legislative measure as having a bearing upon its interests, and therefore does not confine its interference to measures affecting directly church interests. Every bill that comes up must meet the approval of the clerical party or it goes down.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SEE the advertisement of C. F. Burgman, the tailor, and go to him for a holiday suit.

MIRACLES DEFENDED.

Agnostics declare a miracle to be a transgression of the unalterable laws of nature, and therefore not possible under any circumstances. But no one can prove that natural laws are so inflexible that the creator would not, for a special purpose, violate them. Their violation is not to remedy any defect in nature, as some objectors assert, but to serve as an attestation that certain persons have been entrusted with a message from God to men. A divine revelation must come well attested. Unless a person, professing to have such, perform miracles as proof that God has sent him, no one would be able to judge as to the truth or falsity of his assertion.

It has been assumed by many theologians that a miracle is no more a violation or suspension of natural laws than is the lifting of a book or the throwing of a stone. As we lift a book without disturbing the laws of nature, so also may God uplift a mountain or give life to the dead. On this point, F. W. Guest, F. G. S., in "A Young Man's Perils," uses the following language: "There are no laws of the universe except the direct agency of God. If, then, he interposes to arrest a subject-law, there is no suspension of the laws of nature; it is still the supreme law in operation. For example: By the law of gravitation, a ball dropped from the top of a tower falls to the earth. But suppose a man catches it in his hand, is the law of gravitation suspended? Not at all. A controlling law is brought into operation to which this law is obedient. Thus you have the agency of God in miracles."

The evidence on which the historic reality of the gospel miracles rests is perfect, as every honest student of history must admit. Even Rousseau, the great skeptic, once acknowledged that if the miracles did not occur, then the existence of the vast amount of evidence in their favor is more miraculous than the miracles themselves.

Let us examine, briefly, the evidence in support of that great miracle on which Christianity is founded—the resurrection of Jesus Christ. First, we have the testimony of four independent witnesses who sacrificed home, reputation, and even life itself, as proof that they sincerely believed in that event. It is asserted by skeptics that the four accounts of the resurrection are irreconcilable, but a careful investigation will convince the honest inquirer that they are "various but not contradictory. They are capable of perfectly easy and perfectly natural reconciliation, and are a valuable proof of independence" (Cambridge Bible).

We have also the evidence of Paul to the resurrection. In fact, we have the testimony of every member of the early Christian church. For that the early Christians believed that Christ rose from the dead is proved from the fact that they accepted the gospels and epistles as inspired books. No matter what may be said concerning the authenticity of some of the books of the New Testament, it is admitted by the Freethinkers themselves that four of Paul's epistles are genuine, so strong is the evidence in support of that fact. Why, then, were these epistles received by the early Christians unless Paul's testimony to the resurrection, which appears on every page of that great apostle's writings, were fully believed? There was no chance to deceive these people, for they themselves were able to perform miracles as proof that Christ had risen. T. DARLEY ALLEN.

Kingston, Ont.

THE GOD OF THE FAITHFUL.

To imagine a man born with all the possibilities of his nature fully developed, would be considered irrational. It requires growth and time and knowledge derived from experience and constant diligence and application to produce a specimen answering faintly to the above description.

Infinitely more irrational appears to be, to the reflecting mind, the conception of an eternal and uncreated being existing of his own volition, omniprevaling in space, and supposed to be endowed by his own might with the powers of omniscience and omnipotence and all the wisdom and virtue incarnate, attained incipiently and without any experience whatsoever; a being, in fact, instantaneously possessed of the above enumerated attributes, perfection throughout. A human being imagined as having acquired all the knowledge his nature is capable of, and so having

made the utmost use thereof, and probably by being satiated with all the pleasures of this world, or if you will, with all the misery thereof, would naturally wish to die, not finding any further use to retain his life. Perchance in hopes of future bliss, he may, with some delight, embrace the thought of death; whichever way, he had an object for living, and equally so an object for dying, with or without any future expectations.

The being called God, as contemplated by the faithful of the human race, the supposed creator of the universe, in view of his eternal life and his perfection, can never cherish any satisfaction or hopes. Another world he cannot conquer or create, for want of more material and for the lack of space, for his creations, as conceived, compass all matter and infinity, and, by being the possessor and the genius of creation, he cannot crave for greater power or greater ingenuity; for the totality of present, past, and future, with all the infinitude of wonderful creations and their changes, are by right his own handiwork from and for all eternity, and by his omnipotence, at will and instantaneously, before his vision or otherwise created, and nothing new is left to him, which naturally included the varying ingenuity as displayed by all the sentient beings of his own make. Domestic felicity he does not enjoy, for the one-god idea would be destroyed, and endless other gods, and probably some aspiring goddesses, might fight for superiority, a too disastrous calamity to be admitted as pertaining to the eternal harmony of all creation, and one which never can be entertained; and otherwise the story of his own begotten son, the Jesus Christ of Nazareth, or any other pagan notion regarding the family affairs of that supposed deity, is too preposterous a fiction, aside from lacking sense in application to his might and powers. Friendless, then, and unappreciated for want of a befitting equal in the universe, alone in his inconceivable grandeur, his life portrays the utmost isolation, for the thought that such tremendous deity should ever find his satisfaction or happiness in the constant praise and adoration of puny beings of his own make, or silently behold with satisfaction the wonders of his great creation, is too ridiculous to entertain; it is contradictory in its nature to his supposed attributes, it would be but self-glorification extended to eternity, prolonged by infinity. How listless, then, and cheerless and probably annoyed must be his feeling and his attitude towards his own accomplished work, not mentioning the stereotyped pleadings and everlasting supplications or prayers for all eternity. No change for him, in spite of all the changes; it is constant looking in the looking-glass to see his own self portrayed. What horror of existence, what monstrous life for a divinity, baffling all description, more than any god should suffer. Though happily his absolute perfection is the redeemer of his doleful life; he did not make a thing short of this great perfection, for otherwise he would not be a god, but simply one like any other erring, faltering being, who has to remodel his work, his fiat spoken, which is but one of meaning or power with that deity; the universe, his work, sprang into life, perfect throughout and with all the wonders and the beauties and all the horrors in existence, and all their predestined changes infinite, including all the sentient beings and their changes for all eternity.

Its whirling on with that perfection that everlasting universe, away along for all eternity, away along in wondrous infinity: The powers changed the mastership, the workings of the universe attained an automatic action. Jehovah rests! robbed of further usefulness by his own perfect creation. ROBERT NAGLER.

PUTNAM IN ARIZONA.

From the Phoenix (A. T.) Republican, Nov. 30.

The opera house was filled last night to hear S. P. Putnam lecture on "Freethought and Morality," the subject announced the evening before.

L. H. Hawkings made some remarks introductory of the subject and the speaker, after which he presented Mr. Putnam, who said, in part: "Self-respect is the grand sentiment of Freethought. We should teach self-respect. From self-respect emanates dignity, and dignity is the quality of man. Orthodoxy teaches us that man is a miserable sinner; that he was born into this world sinful from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and that man must cringe before the majesty of God. Freethought

teaches sympathy; sympathy is the brotherhood of mankind—a universal good-will unprejudiced by sectarian bounds.”

The speaker expatiated upon the church practice of sending money to convert the heathen, and advised the application of the money at home for the upbuilding of morals and the proper education of men. “The heathen, by the teaching, gets but one theological notion in his head in the place of another. What we want is proper education, the education of the physical; we are to recognize the supremacy of the world; that is, to become perfect in the world; to reach to perfection and glory in the world. The education of humanity is, first, to teach the laws of physical health; secondly, to train the young to act, to do something, an industrial education. The grandest glory of a man or woman is to be a working man or woman. A college graduate who could calculate an eclipse and could not calculate a good dinner was one of the inconsistencies.

“The teaching of Freethought is the advancement of civilization, and civilization is the effect of man’s will. While orthodoxy teaches that the crown of glory and immeasurable happiness are in heaven, none of the believers want to go there. They prefer to remain here.”

Illustrating, the speaker told of the clergyman on the sinking ship, who asked the captain if they must sink, and when told by the captain that he would be an angel in another minute, said “God forbid.”

The speaker, in closing, explained the organization of Freethought societies, national, state, and municipal, and urged the formation of a county society at Phoenix. He was compelled to leave to-morrow, but expected to return in January next.

Chairman Hawkins followed Mr. Putnam with a few further remarks, in which he offered the courtesy of the rostrum and the audience to any one desiring to answer Mr. Putnam or to discuss the questions involved in the Liberal theory, and offered himself to meet any speaker in joint discussion at any future time. Dr. Hughes was called, and arose in the audience. He regretted that the lateness of the hour prevented any discussion, and said the Freethinkers generally think but one way. He, however, would be glad to shake hands with any man who advances the theory of human sympathy and advancement of civilization.

THE POETRY OF NATURE.

Far away, in a land unknown, in Nature’s most secluded spot, in a vale which no man hath ever trod, is the home of Poesy. From this mysterious spot are the fairy elves sent out on a grand mission—to create, without the aid of man, the glorious poetry of Nature. Their little poems lie round about us, but their intense beauty is veiled to many. It is only the rare, exceedingly sensitive minds that can fully appreciate what is written in the rosebud or the violet, in the murmuring rivulet, in the ocean’s roar, or on the towering mountain.

And it may be better so, for once under its fairy-like spell, the mind is wafted into the dreamy dimness of a temporary Elysium. Perhaps, however, the bees and the birds and the butterflies, and all the myriad colored insects that skim across our horizon, some so bright and so dainty that ofttimes we think we have seen the poet fays themselves; perhaps this poetry is for them.

Nature through all her depths is full of it—varied but ever suggestive to the imagination. We feel it in the early morning when the sky is just touched with roses, and the stars sparkle and fade away in the brilliancy of the advancing sun; when the dew glitters on every twig and blade of grass, and the flowers give forth their sweetest odors. We feel it in the heat of mid-day; we feel it in the hush of quiet night, when the cricket sings his merry, chirping song, and the night winds moan and sob. Who has not heard these “wild and mighty and mysterious singers,” these voices of the night?

Then in the pleasant spring time, when little feathery birds charm us with their impromptu songs, their little poems, when the trees hang out their white or pink spangles, too many of us miss the glow of emotion which hovers in the air. And as the season advances and wild flowers adorn each meadow, do we all catch the low music into which the sounds of the earth blend? But autumn is most truly the poet’s season; when the leaves be-

gin to turn bright yellow, red, and brown, and are falling, falling, falling, the atmosphere becomes full of mellow beauty and subdued melodies, the sweeter for the sad farewell they convey.

As the winter time approaches, these wailing sounds are echoed and re-echoed everywhere. Everything is being prepared for the reception of the Winter King. It is seldom that he tarries long on the way, and only in a favored spot, like our own Garden City, is he unattended by Jack Frost, snow fairies, and ice gnomes. The frozen poetry—if we may so call it—of Master Frost’s elves is very pleasing, for they, like all poets, try to reproduce the beautiful.

Aye, poetry is truly a celestial gift, yet it is not difficult for those who love it to find it everywhere. In wandering through the woods, one is often attracted by the low, faint sounds which the wind seems to shake from the trees. In the words of the poet:

“The soft winds wake
Till every sound in Nature’s solemn lyre
Is touched to answer; its most secret tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath
Whispers all its own.”

These whispers are so soothing that, for the time being, all thoughts of the outside world, its petty worries, its strifes, are forgotten. The spell which seems to have been laid on the Greenwood is still more enhanced by the sounds of a rippling stream, at the foot of a rocky ravine. The frail violets and ferns on its banks seem ever to bend forward to hear the verses it murmurs, as it tells of the wonderland it hath seen, since it left its home on the mountains, and of the shady nooks and tiny cells whose secrets it knows.

Quite different from the thoughts this rivulet awakens is the emotion we feel on the ocean, when the cold mists rise, and hollow mutterings, like the wail of strange sea-beings, reach us. These sounds, and the stillness around, recall to mind Keat’s “Endymion,” and we can easily imagine the Grecian lad wandering in ocean’s coral halls, seeing strange beings, sylphs and sea-nymphs, and strange lights so weird and unearthly. In the meanwhile, a low sound floats to our ear, and visions of mermaids rise before us. The more we listen to the poetry around us, the more beauties do we see. Perhaps we compare some out-of-the-way cave with the curious chamber carpeted with sea-shells, and tapestried with moss, to which Shelley’s old hermit bears the liberated youth. Truly those who live by the sea should read nothing but those grand poems which are in harmony with the world around them.

Naturally, poets have ever been the best interpreters of Nature, and there are many, no doubt, who will agree with us that the finest written verses are those which give to her language, and present the thoughts and feelings she awakens. Indeed, it is one of the duties of the maker of verse, to serve as a medium between the Nature he understands and the mankind who have no access to her. We all can recall certain poems which so truly accord with the natural world that their beauties are enhanced when read in the open air. There is Chaucer, with his frank, child-like affection for flowers and birds, green lanes, and May days; Burns, whom we associate in our minds with mountain daisies; Keats, who displays his almost passionate love for the universe in every one of his works. Then there is the one whose genius and whole being are associated with external nature. If others have surpassed Wordsworth in description, none has entered into her thoughts, and communed so deeply, so tenderly with her.

“His daily teachings had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

There, too, is the bewitching grace of Shelley’s descriptions; Shelley, who was so sensitive to beauty who saw the fleeting things in Nature, which are too delicate for our eyes. He heard her poetry if any one did, and from it he learned that marvelous melody of his verse; from it, his poems caught their unparalleled shades of light and color. Almost as unconscious as Nature’s verse creators, he stands high above all others, as a pure, true poet.

But many, while full of admiration for these men of genius, yet, having never themselves communed with the external world,

consider their works a few frail dreams and fancies. They acknowledge that there is such a thing as beautiful scenery; but as to letting it speak to them, they have no time for such spendthrift thoughts. No time! Yet they have time to enfeeble their health, to grow ill-tempered in their ceaseless striving after gold. No time? No time to feel the joy that arises, the happiness that pervades the whole being in the soul's contact with nature. No time, alas, to live the happiest, the purest of lives!

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this, our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty; and so feed,
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessing"—and poetry.

CLARA VOSTROVSKY.

The Washington County Secular Union.

To the Editors of Freethought:

We have a live organization here, of fifty-three members, and we expect to do some good work the coming year. We had three fine lectures from Mr. Remsburg, October 21, 22, and 23, which were listened to by appreciative audiences. We liked him very much and hope to have the pleasure of greeting him again in the near future. We have heard such eloquent speakers here that a lecturer has to be very good indeed to meet with hearty appreciation. When speakers are obliged to follow such orators as Mr. Putnam and Mrs. Krekel they have to do their best, and we have heard their best here. As Mrs. Krekel has been elected field secretary, we shall devote the most of our lecture fund to her support the coming year, and shall hope to have some splendid work done. She has no superior on this coast, either on the platform, in organizing local Unions, or in missionary work in new fields.

Taxing church property, the Bible in the schools, and the Sunday law are three questions that are agitating our community just now, not a little.

I shall send you a list of subscribers, which I know will be more welcome than gossip. I wish every subscriber would do as well as I have for you this year; there would then be no question, "Will FREETHOUGHT live?" It would be on such a solid financial basis that success would be certain.

I think a good plan to be adopted by the secretaries of our local Unions in Oregon, Washington, and also California, would be to write once a month to FREETHOUGHT "short articles" stating progress, reporting new members, lectures, or whatever they are doing to help on the Liberal work; in this way the interest in each locality would be kept up and a noble ambition to excel in the good cause would stimulate the members to better work. Let us hear from others in regard to this.

Forest Grove, Or.

SARAH C. TODD,

Secretary Washington County Secular Union.

An Acknowledgment.

To the Editors of Freethought:

DEAR FRIENDS: In looking over your estimable paper of last week we noted the kindly word you offered for the part taken in the late campaign through the humble agency of our paper. It is a compliment which we hope is justly earned. Religiously, you need no introduction to our creed, and while our paper has left the discussion of religion entirely alone, I believe there has grown up in our state, in the past two or three years, a little more terror of hell as the result of legal enactments than the kind the preachers talk about, a little more concern in looking after their temporal welfare and running a risk as to the future. In fact, speculation in futures in Kansas is not near the craze it was at one time. You people are doing a grand work along that line, and our old senior publishing "Christna" is also doing a good work in his chosen line, and it remains for the Non-Con. to take in a little wider scope and temper the public mind for the more Radical ideas advanced by yourself and co-workers. The landslide in Kansas is a paralyzer whichever way you look at it, and the fact that nearly every church in the state was preaching and praying the day before election for the success of the Republican

ticket, demonstrates, as we remarked last week, which side of the political house stands best with the court. You hit it about right when you said no county in Kansas would be large enough to hold us; you might have said state. We shall stay with the forthcoming legislature till it completes its work, which, if well done, will very likely be the signal for our changing to a larger city. It is surprising to ourselves, the growth of our house in the twelve years; we receive more subscribers in a single week now than we did the first year; our book-sales are more every month than they were the whole time we were in Tabor. We hope the time will come when it will not be quite so unpopular to handle a wider range of Radical works; we believe it is in the near future.

Again thanking you for your kindly notice and wishing you every prosperity, we are yours for emancipation,
H. AND L. VINCENT.
Winfield, Kansas.

Clerical Mendacity.

To the Editors of Freethought:

The law in California, as I understand it, authorizes judicial officers and regularly ordained ministers of the gospel, and no others, to celebrate marriages, or perform the marriage ceremony, and fixes the fee for the same at \$5, which applies to ministers as well as judicial officers. No judicial officer can accept more than this amount without incurring the penalty of the law. Ministers, however, take no fee, but accept any amount from one to five hundred dollars "as a present," thus evading the law and practicing a fraud upon innocent and unsuspecting people. But this is one of the tricks of the "craft," it is plainly a false pretense and might properly be called, "whipping the devil round the stump." I have not heard that any judicial officer has ever yet adopted this shabby trick. Truly, "mendacity and mendacity go hand in hand."

If I am wrong in any of the above statements, I shall be thankful to have them corrected. If FREETHOUGHT will publish a list of all the special privileges, prerogatives, exemptions, etc., claimed by the clergy, it will confer a favor upon many of its readers.

Turlock, Cal., Nov. 30, 1890.

Kaweah Again!

To the Editors of Freethought:

I am considerably amused and a little interested by the way friend Macdonald comments on the Kaweah Colony "competent," and his magnanimity in observing that this was not a proper time to criticise Kaweah. Then follows a statement that four of the five trustees are under arrest for cutting timber on government land. "Misguided enthusiasts, without warrant for so-doing, were spoiling the scenery along the Kaweah river in Tulare county," . . . "but so long as their right was not legally recognized it was sinful for them to claim the title was clear." "The 'competent' advertise the colony as Bellamy's Dream Realized, and Poverty Abolished, when, in fact, the dwellers on the grounds were the worst poverty-stricken martyrs in the state, according to all reports." And more—but I will not follow all through.

Well, Mr. Editor, did you really mean it when you said this was not a proper time to criticise Kaweah? If you did, why did you; if not, why not? Did you criticise the "competent?" Perhaps you did not, but I have not learned to read you, these long years, if you did not; and pretty caustically, too. But I am not going to find fault with you if you did. Yet I think the "competent" referred to in your "Observations" are more sinned against than sinning.

As I understand, only a part of their lands are in dispute. And only a part, and much the smaller part, of their members are kicking. And, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, one of the five trustees has not been arrested (at least you do not mention him), but the four you mentioned are loyal to the principles laid down in their Constitution and By-laws, and have done all they could to keep the enterprise developing on those lines.

It is admitted that if they had a clear title to their lands they would have a good business enterprise. Here is the kernel to the nut that others want to crack; or perhaps want to keep the colony from cracking.

It is easy to call them "misguided enthusiasts," and to talk of destroying the scenery along the Kaweah River, etc. The colonists were not doing that. On the contrary, it has been their stated policy not to do so.

They were cutting some lumber, it is true, and intended to cut more, I suppose, but it may turn out yet that they had some right at least to do so.

In the first place, those lands were regularly opened for settlement; the colonists filed on them in good faith—settled on those lands—and went to work to secure a good title to them; they did all they could do to secure legal titles, but other interested parties afterward induced the land commissioner at Washington to withdraw said lands from the market, including the lands filed on and settled by the colonists, or at least to hold the titles in abeyance so the colonists could not perfect titles. Now whose fault is it that they do not as yet have good titles? The colonists have done their duty. They have complied with the laws under which they entered their claims, and if justice is done them they will have titles as clear as Uncle Sam ever gave to any citizen of his domain. Besides, these "poverty-stricken martyrs" have built a very good road up to the "scenery," so that the clear-headed public can comfortably ride up to it and dictate to them what to do, etc.

Now if Mr. Leland Stanford or some large lumber monopoly had done what the colonists have done, they would have been eulogized as energetic, enterprising, and public-spirited citizens; and the poor deluded colonists would never have been heard of. But, since they have been wise enough to organize an enterprise that, if left alone by outside selfishness, would pay handsomely in a short time, they are beset on every side by monopoly and news-gatherers, as though they had done some great wrong. They did not expect all who joined them would be able to enter into the spirit of their enterprise or fully comprehend the entire practical workings of such a co-operation, hence the necessity of rules to govern them. Their theory and method being very radical brings them into contempt with older and different reforms, as well as the competitive principle, which they wish to abandon as much as possible. And, since they conceived the plan, formulated the rules, organized the colony, and have made an honest, practical effort to put their principles on a paying and a demonstrated basis, it is unfair to interfere with them by withdrawing their lands from the market and refusing to confirm titles to their land. Arresting these people for cutting timber to improve their homes and claims which they are justly entitled to is wrong. If they had not complied with the law and also over-waited the time in which they should have titles perfected, since it is not their fault that titles are not perfected, where is the justice of withholding titles, or arresting them because they wish to use the timber that is theirs by right if not, as yet, by legal title?

These people are pioneering a movement of great importance to humanity, and it is to the interest of all fair-minded people to sustain them in their effort to prove the truth and value of their principles.

I feel the thrusts, the sneers, the wrongs and falsehoods piled upon the practical reformers in the world, not forgetting our noble FREETHOUGHT, yet it seems to me that it is the irony of fate, or the fate of irony, that tickles the critics of progress and poverty.

Why cannot noble-minded men and women make some allowance for conditions, and bear with their fellows in reform? I do not think the colonists have been kept ignorant of the true condition of affairs at Kaweah. But I do think there are some mistakes made there by others than the "competent."

The very objects Mr. Roscoe desires to secure by his method of single tax, the Kaweahs have organized to secure by theirs. The latter started out to rustle in the wilds of the mountains, while their comrades contribute to their efforts to secure the peaceful homes they picture; these are honest, noble, heroic efforts of men and women to better the condition of humanity; and yet we find our excellent friend Macdonald making fun of them while they are in trouble. Why not turn over the leaf now and read off their virtues, to even up things?

It would seem to me that the ten or a dozen who have gone out to secure claims on this same government land are just as likely to spoil the scenery along the Kaweah River as anybody else. They seem to have gone out on their own "hook." But the chances are that if they read their titles clear to claims among the big trees, it will be no offense to the public-spirited people who want to make a park of the colony claims. You see they can sell their claims to Mr. Monopoly, and the dear people can still pay a high tariff on necessary lumber.

I have said, somewhere in this article, that I did not intend to find fault with your criticism, if such it be, yet it looks a little that way; but what I had in mind was that fair criticism often does good even to the criticised, while it opens the eyes, so to speak, of other people. I would not have taken up the pen to write a word in favor of the trustees of the

colony if my knowledge and experience in dealing with them was such as seems indicated in your article. On the contrary, I have been fairly and honestly and honorably treated by them in all my business and correspondence. Nor have I been "called." J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

A Home Mission Dissolved.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Your correspondent's "Home Mission" at the Campbellite Sunday-school at this place was suddenly terminated last Sunday by circumstances beyond his immediate control. He was shown a copy of the "Christian Leader" of November 11, 1890, published at 178 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio, wherein J. T. Moore and J. A. Cowan, pastors Baptist church, relate how Elder Jones got away with Mr. Putnam at Summerville. No doubt, a very common specimen of pious lying. Some questions are represented to have been asked Mr. Putnam, by Elder Jones, which Putnam confessed he could not answer; and I was asked if I could answer them. After some hesitation I was allowed to take the paper with me, and I promised to return the next Sunday and reply to them, and also to make good my assertion that the Golden Rule was of heathen origin.

I went last Sunday as per agreement, and instead of seeing there some big-gun preacher to smash me into smithereens as I anticipated, all was unusually quiet, and when my time came and I offered to "answer," I was told they had concluded that the Sunday-school was not a place for such discussions, and it would not be allowed. And so, instead of letting my little light shine, they tried to snuff it out or put it under a bushel.

I don't blame them. They were green to let the matter go as far as they did. The only earthly show the Christian has to keep his religion alive is to teach it to children whose minds are as yet undeveloped and who naturally confide in older people; or the weak-minded who are unable to comprehend its ridiculous absurdities; and to keep these from hearing the truth as long as possible. It is a most miserable, mean trick, of course, to take advantage of confiding innocence and teach this fraud to children, but it is the only show they have. And the preacher can get behind his "coward's castle," the pulpit, and throw mud at everyone who tries to tell the truth to these children and give them a show to think for themselves, yet such is Christianity.

But it is doomed. Infidel civilization is driving it from point to point; it has accepted Copernican astronomy; it has accepted evolution; and it is now vainly trying to torture its Genesis to make it conform to geology. It has thrown aside its Apocalypse, and the Old Testament will soon follow. The idea of a local hell is abandoned; and that of a local heaven must go tumbling after. The personal God doctrine is weakening, the Holy Ghost is becoming more and more nebulous year by year, and the personality of Christ will ere many years be a thing of the past. Be of good cheer, fellow-Infidels, light is breaking. Superstition is retiring before it. All we need to do is to stand together. Then we need not fear church persecution. Christianity persecutes most the fearful and the helpless. If Infidels in a community stand together, bid it defiance and give it blow for blow, they have little to fear from this Dragon of seven heads and ten horns. On the other hand, if Christianity finds that you are divided and afraid, it is pretty sure to persecute if it cannot control you.

F. S. M.

Aumsville, Or.

S. P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE APPOINTMENTS IN TEXAS.

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Ft. Worth.....	Dec 18 19	San Antonio.....	Jan 13 14 15
Sunset.....	Dec 20 21	El Paso.....	Jan 17 18
Gainesville.....	Dec 22 23	Tempe, Arizona.....	Jan 21 22
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Denison.....	Dec 29 30	State Convention of Cal.....	Jan 29

GIVE C. F. Burgman, the tailor, a call if you desire a new suit for the holidays.

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A Miss and a Mile.

The hour was late as we stood by the gate, and the last 'bus was coming in sight. If I lingered to talk, she knew I must walk a mile when I bade her good night. As the 'bus jingled by I saw in her eye a sweet little twinkle and smile, and she said with a wink, "You are foolish to think 'a miss is as good as a mile.'"—Chatter.

That Depends.

"Papa, is it correct to say 'the noes has it,' or 'the noes have it?'"

"Depends, my son, on whether you are talking about a vote or a cold in the head."—Light.

Her Notions of Grammar.

Miss de Hub—And those dear little squirrels that sported under the hedge last summer, where are they now?

Miss Rustic—Oh, they're holed up for the winter.

Miss de Hub—Ugh! My dear, your notions of grammar make me shiver; I presume you mean held up.—West Shore.

Same Cause.

Little Roger—What makes you walk lame, Uncle John?

Uncle John—There was an accident on the bridge today, and I got caught in the jam.

Little Roger—I got caught in the jam once, and walked lame for a week.—Puck.

Pat on Optics.

Patrick—I want the strongest spectacles yez be afther havin' in the store. They're for me owld mither in Ireland.

Optician—Are you not afraid that the strongest glasses may injure her eyes?

Patrick—Sure, I am not. It's bloind intirely she is.—Jeweler's Weekly.

On a Cyclone's Wings.

Kaw—He traveled a hundred miles in ten minutes.

Hooks—It must have taken his breath away.

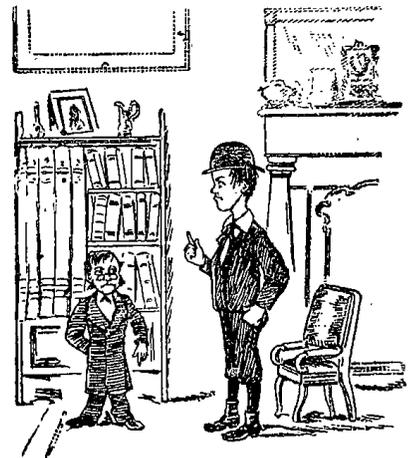
Kaw—Well, he was pretty well blown.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Sad Poet.

"It seems to me I never can get any credit for what I do."

"I should think you would prefer cash."—New York Sun.

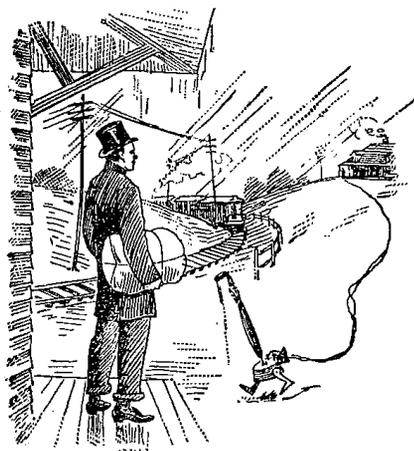
How Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth, Etc.



Maj. Doublethumb (a museum freak, to his eldest born)—Horatio, you're to stay at home to-night. Do you hear?

Horatio—Look here, dad, I don't want to hurt your feelings at all, but if you attempt to interfere with my leaving the house, I'm blown if I won't put you in a cuspidore and stand you on the mantel-piece!—Life.

The Edison Electric Umbrella Walker.



Mr. Paterson—Pauline never forgets me on rainy days.—Life.

An Unexpected Admission.

Mrs. Hubby (a Harvard bride)—It would be useless for me to disguise the fact, Bridget, that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say, "Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin' room!"

Bridget (frankly)—No, ma'am, it don't sound right; but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half hour or so wid my cousin Terence, who is just over. I s'pose that runt of a second girl tattled on me.—Sun and Voice.

Tit for Tat.

Judge—You are accused of ill treating your family doctor.

Prisoner—Well, he did the same thing for me first.—Texas Siftings.

Great Truths.

An empty pocketbook contains "mighty pore readin'."—Washington Star.

We feel sure that if a lady were to offer a gentleman her seat in a crowded car he would say "Thank you" and continue to stand. Now is it not a poor rule that doesn't work both ways?—Judge.

It is pleasant to hear the truth—about other people.—Peck's Sun.

It is true that fine words butter no parsnips, but who wants to butter parsnips?—Judge.

The czar will celebrate his silver wedding Nov. 9, D. P.—Dynamite Permitting.—Washington Post.

A dried apple gets very swell when it gets into the swim.—Washington Star.

'Tis noticed in church this is bound to occur, she looks for the hymn and he looks for the her.—Berkshire News.

How to get ahead of your own shadow—Face the light.—Puck.

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"Billiger! Hark!"
 Mrs. McSwat sat straight up in bed and listened to a noise she seemed to hear down stairs.

"What is it, Lobelia?" inquired Mr. McSwat drowsily.

"It sounds like somebody talking. Listen!"

Mr. McSwat listened. He, too, thought he heard something.

"I will see what it is," he said, speaking very loudly and moving very leisurely. "Don't be alarmed, Lobelia. We are well armed. Beside these two revolvers," he continued, in a high pitched voice intended to terrify any unauthorized persons that might be in the house, "I have a heavy cane and a large glass paper weight. Be calm, Lobelia!"

He crawled out of bed, collected his arsenal, and the procession moved down stairs in the following order:

Mr. McSwat, with revolver in each hand, heavy cane under his arm, and paper weight in pocket of his embroidered robe de nuit.

Mrs. McSwat, ready to scream, with front hair in curl papers, lamp in one hand, and bottle of camphor in the other.

At the landing half way down Mr. McSwat stopped.

"Lobelia," he observed, sternly, "it will be necessary for you to go in front. You have the lamp. I'll protect you."

Mrs. McSwat took her place in front as directed, and the procession moved on again. At the foot of the stairs Billiger stopped and took up a commanding position near the hall rack.

"Now, Lobelia, go ahead with the lamp into this room on the left. I will remain here to see if anybody rushes out. If anybody does rush out," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth in a manner horrible to hear, "I will put fourteen bullets through him, knock him down with this paper weight and break every bone in his body with this cane!"

Mrs. McSwat went into the room on the left and looked around.

"Do you see anything, Lobelia?" asked her husband in a voice of thunder.

"No, Billiger."
 "Go through the other rooms!" he roared, bracing himself firmly against the wall.

While Billiger remained in the hall, armed to the teeth, pale with iron resolution and trembling with ungovernable ferocity, Lobelia explored all the rooms and came back.

"Did you see anything?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, Billiger."
 "Give me the lamp!"

He handed his weapons to Lobelia, took the lamp, and with dauntless bravery went through the rooms himself.

"It wasn't anything, Lobelia," he said, with extreme disgust. "You didn't hear anything or anybody!"

The procession moved up the stairway on the return trip.

"You must try to overcome this timidity of yours, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, as he put down the lamp and relieved his wife of her load of deadly weapons. "If I hadn't been here to protect you," he grumbled, crawling back into bed, "you would have frightened yourself to death."—Chicago Tribune.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 20, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I leave Phoenix, Arizona, at four o'clock on Sunday, November 30. It is twenty-four hours' ride to El Paso, and I am compelled to postpone my lecture there until January 17 and 18. I have the pleasure of meeting Samuel Flint, one of the best workers in the state, for a few minutes, and he is the first Liberal to give me the hand-shake in this great state of Texas. I could not have a more cordial welcome to this new field. From El Paso to San Antonio it is another twenty-four hours' ride, and through a country for the most part uncultivated. San Antonio is the metropolis of this advancing South. It has nearly fifty thousand inhabitants and is rapidly growing. It has a large and fruitful country upon which to depend. I found it one of the busiest marts along the route. The streets are crowded, and there is every indication of prosperity and advancement. It has a curious display of the old and the new. There is more of the Mexican and Spanish fashion in the streets and buildings than in any place I have yet visited, but right in the midst of this is the magnificence of modern life. San Antonio is the largest city in Texas and will undoubtedly continue to be so. Railroads and manufactories will be the source of its wealth and magnitude. There is a fine Liberal element in San Antonio. Dr. York has held a series of successful meetings under the auspices of the Secular Union, and will continue his work through January. Chas. L. Sauer, formerly president of the Union, has been a most active supporter of the cause. J. H. Aycok, now president, is a most energetic officer, a journalist well-known throughout the state, and one who has no such word as failure in his dictionary. I was pleased to meet him; also Charles J. Langholz, treasurer of the Union, an active business man, and Otto Praeger. The Union has just started a movement for the repeal of the Sunday laws of Texas. In spite of many difficulties, the Liberals of San Antonio have accomplished much.

I leave San Antonio Tuesday afternoon and come on to Austin, Texas, where also a Liberal association is formed, with Judge J. P. Richardson, president. As I arrived in the evening and left early the next morning, I had no opportunity to meet the Liberals of this place. I hope that the opportunity will come later.

On Wednesday morning, I come by rail to Burnet, a distance of about fifty miles from Austin. The country through which I pass is somewhat rolling, like that of Kansas and Illinois, although more covered with trees and brushwood. There are no mountains or hills to be seen in any direction until I reach Burnet. The scenery is absolutely different from that of California and Arizona. I begin to feel the cold a bit, and afar off is the breath of the blizzard.

Burnet is a pretty town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, the county seat of Burnet county. The court house is a large building made of stone found in the vicinity. It is erected in the public square, and round about this square are the business blocks of the city. Quite an extensive trade is done in cotton at this point. Some sugar cane is also raised; corn, but not much wheat. There are large mineral resources in the country, and these will eventually make the wealth of this portion of Texas. It is a good stock country. Ten years ago scarcely a fence was to be seen here, now most of the farms are in an improved condition. More miles of railroad have been built in Texas the last decade than in any other state.

There is a staunch Liberal element in Burnet, but there is need of education. Only three or four women attend the first lectures. Evidently Freethought is not understood.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Judge J. T. Woodard and Mrs. Woodard around the sparkling firelight. Thos. Sheppard, 76 years old, is full of Freethought and spiritual philosophy. Samuel E. Holland, of Marble Falls, is the oldest settler in the county, having come here in 1846. Judge D. H. Long, E. T. Thomas, H. Burns, J. E. Babcock, of Strickland, R. H. Flippin, Frank Braezeale and Jeff. Braezeale, Dr. J. L. Hansford, B. T. Timberlake, H. Saunders, and others whom I met, representative men, are Liberals. Gen. A. R. Johnson, blind since the war from a bullet wound, is a remarkable citizen. He is one of the most enterprising men in the community in business and educational matters. His lack of physical vision seems to intensify his intellectual acumen, and no one has a sharper look ahead than he. C. Nauwald, of the Burnet House, is a genial Liberal and gives the best care and attention to his guests.

I have had a delightful time at Burnet. The audience on the last evening—Friday—was double that of the previous evenings, and quite a number of ladies were present. Steps are being taken to form a county organization to work with the state association. Arrangements will also be made for lectures by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Remsburg. The outlook is promising.

On Saturday, I take the stage across the country to Lampasas. It had been fine weather so far, but the clouds were beginning to blow, and it looked as if a "norther" would come down upon me. For a while it was quite threatening, and the rain poured, and I was glad to get behind the canvas of the stage. But the storm ceased in an hour or so, and there was sunlight around the jagged edges of the clouds. The real "norther" did not come;

and I was quite willing to be passed by. I have no desire to encounter this demon of the plains. It does not come so often as it used to, and perhaps it may disappear altogether. It is a curious phenomenon and of deadly peril to the traveler. The only place of safety is a good warm house. If one is unsheltered, destruction is certain. It comes on top of a warm spell. Especially fine weather at this season is called a "weather breeder." One wants to take off his coat and vest. But in the very midst of the heat a vast low cloud is seen along the horizon, dark-blue, with a lurid, brassy appearance, intermixed like fire. It seems to roll along the ground. It is a freezing mist. It envelopes one like a horrible canopy of ice. It cannot be resisted. When emigrants on the plains are caught by these northers they burn wagons, goods, everything to save life. But it is useless. It is like being at the North Pole.

Saturday night, I arrive at Goldthwaite, but not in time for a lecture. The train is due at eight o'clock, but is generally from a half hour to three hours behind time. I give two lectures at the new court house on Sunday. Only one lady is present in the afternoon. There were no ladies in the evening. A fair number of gentlemen attended. A sprinkling of Christians appear, who come, no doubt, from curiosity. Most of my hearers are staunch Liberals. I had a good time with these pioneers. They are determined to push matters, and a meeting will be held a week from next Sunday, Dec. 21, to organize. Goldthwaite was only built about six years ago, but it has a fine appearance, a beautiful court house and school-house. It is the county seat of Mills county. There is a strong element of Liberalism in the vicinity.

A. Lewis, Theo. Bowen, R. B. Hart, Judge H. S. Thomas, and H. K. McLeod are the old guard here and faithful service they have done, and it was a pleasure to meet those brave and generous supporters. The cold weather of Saturday, and the rain, and the threatening aspect Sunday morning, no doubt, prevented the attendance of many from the country. I believe that Goldthwaite is a good point, and with such veterans in the cause as I here find the future will show a great improvement.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THE DEVIL AND THE MILLENNIUM COMING.

Still another prophet has arisen. Mrs. Harriet Van Hoesen, who lives near Syracuse, N. Y., and who is a master or mistress of the otherwise lost art of astrology, has just read the world's horoscope and announced the result. She says that from Adam to the flood was 1800 years; that it was 1800 years from the flood to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; 1800 years from that time to the last ten years of the first century A. D., when three cities were destroyed, and that the next period, now coming to a close, will witness the destruction of the wicked. In February, 1891, the Mormons will rise up against the gentiles and a plague will cut off the wicked, except such as may flee to the house of refuge which she is building for those who will flee to the hills in the time of danger. She says that all ministers and leaders of labor organizations are Mormons secretly. She predicts that there will be only one more presidential election and that Harrison will be elected. The millennium now about to begin will be followed by 800 years during which the devil will have his innings.

This prophecy does not exactly correspond with the programme prepared by Johnson Sides, the Indian messiah; with Dr. Teed's predictions, nor with Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan's "Coming

Cataclysm," but it is as deserving of confidence as any of them.

How suddenly all nonsense might be stopped if ministers, editors, and writers would get in the habit of telling the exact truth. There is no such thing as prophecy, no way of foretelling the future except by reasoning scientifically from cause to effect. There are no messiahs, no devils, no such a thing possible as a millennium. There are no cataclysms in human affairs. Prophets have been prophesying for thousands of years, and Christ thought the world was as near to its end in his day as Mrs. Van Hoesen thinks it is now. If the human mind would grasp more firmly at facts and let humbug alone, there would be no trouble about messiahs, about millenniums, and about cataclysms. Moreover, there would be no Christian religion.

REVERENT AGNOSTICISM.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who, we understand, is something of a sport—if not, may we be forgiven for alluding to it—has sent to General Salvation Army Booth his check for five hundred dollars, or thereabouts, to be used as Booth sees fit. The noble marquis accompanied his gift with the following letter:

"GLENLEE, NEW GALLOWAY, N. B., Nov. 21.

"MY DEAR GENERAL BOOTH: I have read your book, 'In Darkest England,' with the greatest interest, also with thrills of horror that things should be as bad as they are. I send you a check for £100, and shall feel compelled if your scheme is carried out to give you a yearly subscription. You say you want recruits. When I come to town I should very much like to see you to talk this matter over, for I see no cause in which a man could more put his heart and soul into than this one of endeavoring to alleviate this fearful misery of our fellow creatures. I see you quote Carlyle in your book, but is it possible for anyone like myself, who is even more bitterly opposed than he was against what to me is the Christian falsehood, to work with you? We have two things to do as things are at present—first, to endeavor to alleviate the present awful suffering that exists to the best of our abilities, and surely this ought to be a state affair; and, secondly, to get at the roots of the evils, and by changing public opinion gradually develop a different state of things for future generations, when this help will not be so necessary. I do not wish to get into a religious controversy with you on how this is to be brought about, but I tell you I am no Christian and am bitterly opposed to it. A tree, I believe, is to be judged by its fruits. Christianity has been with us many hundreds of years. What can we think of it when its results are as they are at present with the poor, whom Christ, I believe you say, informed us we should always have with us? I know nothing about other worlds, beyond that I see thousands upon thousands around me who I presume look after their own affairs. It appears to me our common and plainest duty to help and to try and change the lot of our suffering fellow creatures here on this earth. You can publish this if you please, but without suppressing any of it. If not, and any notice is given of subscriptions, as I see you are doing, I beg it may be notified that I send this mite as a reverent Agnostic to our common cause of humanity.

Yours faithfully, QUEENSBERRY."

It is not at all likely that the marquis's strictures on the Christian religion will have the slightest effect on the mind of General Booth. The general is not a man who knows or cares whether Christianity is true or false. He is in it for revenue only, and while he might object to hearing the benefits of religion questioned, he certainly has the best of the argument so long as the questioner incloses him a check for half a thousand dollars.

We have heard of "reverent Agnosticism" before. Mr. Samuel Laing, M.P., is afflicted with it, and he has likewise sent General Booth a hundred pounds. It seems to take that shape. The reverent Agnostic gives unbelief his intellectual sympathy and superstition his money. A recently deceased American gentleman, of great wealth, who might have been called a reverent Positivist, was accustomed to pay a large sum annually for a pew

in a fashionable church, and to give a few dollars now and then to the cause of Liberalism. The church took his large offerings, and slandered him after he was dead; the Freethinkers thanked him for his mite, and canonized him and defended his memory. So it will be with these English Freethinkers who pay tribute to popular superstition. There will be no church so poor to do them reverence when they are no longer able to give money. It will be left to the Freethinkers they neglected to do them justice.

An Agnostic can as consistently support foreign missions as the Salvation Army. General Booth is to the Army what the pope is to the Catholic church—the supreme dictator, and likewise the treasurer. His present scheme, if carried out, would give him a temporal power that Rome might look upon with envy. When professed Freethinkers help to maintain religious organizations they make almost as great a mistake as they do when they imagine themselves Freethinkers. Very few intelligent men really believe in the doctrines of the church; the majority of members are hypocrites. They are distinguished from outspoken unbelievers by their dishonesty, and when Agnostics contribute to support doctrines they disbelieve, the line of demarcation is obscured.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, Dec. 21, will be addressed by PROF. W. S. BELL; subject, "Government." Admission is free and all are invited.

AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS.

An Oregon reader asks us to answer the following questions:

1. Is there any proof that men lived to the age of nine hundred years, as recorded in the Bible? If not, what was the age of men living anterior to the Christian era, according to history?

2. Were men in those days bigger and stronger than they are now? I have read somewhere that the armor of the crusaders is too small for the soldiers of this day.

We know of no authority outside of the Bible, Rider Haggard's novel "She," and other works of fiction, for believing that human longevity is on the decline. David the psalmist apparently never heard of the long lives of his ancestors, for he wrote:

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

David did not remark that the days of our years were nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He was arguing the more years the more sorrow, and if he could have held out the possibility of a thousand years of trouble it would have just suited his frame of mind to do so. What induced the early Bible writers to lie so about the age of the patriarchs is not readily understood in our time, when a certain regard for truth is professed. The commentators call it "oriental exaggeration," but it is now known by a shorter name.

Men may have been larger a few thousands years ago than they are now, though it is doubtful. The mummied remains of Egypt's former citizen's are inferior in height to men of the present day, but ancient history, sacred or profane, says nothing about their being under-sized. The old Roman gladiators could not have been stronger than modern pugilists, or they would have killed one another at the first blow with their iron-gloved hands. No nineteenth century pugilist is glutton enough to face an opponent wearing the cestus. It is true that in the Bible we read of a race of giants, but our confidence in the writer's truth-

fulness is shaken by the further declaration that they were sons of God. If the narrator lied about their parentage, he could not consistently tell the truth about their size. These stories were written for men in the child-age of the world, and naturally they resemble the stories, like Jack the Giant-killer, now employed for the amusement of children. The grown people who still believe them are examples of mental reversion to a primitive type.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION.

The California State Liberal Union will hold its annual Convention at Union Square Hall, San Francisco, on Thursday, January 29, 1891, beginning at 10 o'clock A.M. with a business meeting and an opening address by Samuel P. Putnam, president, on "The Dangers Ahead." Particular attention will be paid to the Sabbath legislation now threatened in this state and in Congress. In the afternoon and evening addresses will be made by the best speakers, and the Convention will close with a musical and sociable festival in honor of Thomas Paine's birthday.

Liberals from all parts of the state are invited and expected to be present at this reunion; and the co-operation of those of other states is desired.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary.

IN REPLY TO A CLERGYMAN.

The following letter written to the Portland "Oregonian" by Mr. C. Beal, president of the Oregon Secular Union, explains itself:

At the grand lecture delivered at the tabernacle by William Jackson Armstrong, Tuesday evening, the speaker was introduced by the Rev. Ross C. Houghton, who took advantage of the occasion to say to the audience, including several Liberals and myself, that he "had always understood that the Nihilists stood for Infidelity and many other things which we abhor."

If the honor had fallen on me to introduce this distinguished speaker, it would have been very ungentlemanly for me to have said that I understood the Czar of Russia stood for Christianity. And yet, as a matter of fact, he is literally the absolute head of Greek Christianity with probably a hundred million members. But I will ask my reverend friend why I should not disbelieve when I find that every ceremony and ordinance of his religion were known and practiced by other people and religions long before Christ was born.

Why should I not disbelieve, when 550 years before Christ, Confucius looked into the "Great Book of Learning," and read us the Golden Rule in its negative form?

Why should I not disbelieve when I find that the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ, and the whole plan of salvation was played on the boards of the theatres for a thousand years before Christ was born?

Why should I not disbelieve when I find that out of a hundred thousand ministers in this country, not a score of intelligent ones can be found who will hold a fair and equitable discussion with an intelligent Liberal on the fundamental principles of orthodox Christianity?

Permit me to say that there are as many disbelievers in this country in proportion to the population as there are Nihilists in Russia in proportion to the people there.

Banquo's ghost will not down at your bidding.

C. BEAL.

One of the last acts of the recent convention of the Farmers' Alliance in Florida was the adoption of a resolution that the policy of the Alliance will be to withhold all support from newspapers which do not conduct Alliance departments or at least publish Alliance news regularly. This arrangement, says the report, does not compel the support of Alliance measures or the advocacy of

Alliance demands on the part of these newspapers in their editorial columns, but does compel a certain degree of friendliness on their part, and amounts to an absolute boycott of all newspapers which do not come up to the terms of the resolution. This act will not increase public confidence in opinions put forth by the press, for every paper that favors the Alliance will be accused of doing so because it does not dare to do otherwise. The farmers have found an admirable method to encourage journalistic hypocrisy.

THE "Weekly Star" has dropped the word "weekly" from its name and now appears with twelve pages about the size of FREETHOUGHT, and a cover. It is still published at 429 Montgomery street by James H. Barry, and makes a specialty of throwing its light into the dark caverns of this municipality where the corrupt troglodytes of politics do live and thrive. The "Weekly Nationalist" also takes on a new form—four large pages instead of eight smaller ones. Mr. W. C. Owen, editor and manager, holds that labor should have all it produces, a proposition so reasonable that we do not see how anyone can dispute it. How labor is to get all it produces is a graver question which the Nationalists seek to solve. The paper is published at 628 Clay street at five cents per copy.

THE newspapers print the appended dispatch:

"CHAMBERSBURG, PA., December 10.—Polk Wilson, a well-known character about town, was to-day sent to jail by Justice Hautman, for eighty days for swearing eighty profane oaths. Under the Pennsylvania 'Blue Laws' act of 1794, the penalty for profane swearing is 67 cents for each oath, or in default of payment thereof one day in jail for each oath. Wilson would not pay the \$57.30 for the oaths indulged in, so he went to jail for eighty days."

It is worth while to ask who counted the oaths uttered by Wilson, and whether there is not a possibility of the witness having made a mistake in a "cuss word" or two. Another pertinent question is: Why does a civilized state allow such a law as that under which Wilson is imprisoned to stay on its statute books? Has Pennsylvania made no progress since 1794?

At the beginning of the coming year a new anti-Jewish law will be promulgated in Russia. One of the most important clauses forbids selling, leasing, or mortgaging to Jews any real estate in any part of the empire. Another clause provides that Jews shall be dispossessed of any real estate they may hold. Jewish artisans are also to be deprived of certain rights, and are to be kept strictly within the limits assigned to the Jewish population. Repressive measures will be taken against Jews infringing the new law, as well as against Christians who may be found abetting them. There is no chance that foreign influence can have an effect to mitigate the injustice of the law.

THE Pittsburg, Pa., Presbytery finds five young members guilty of heresy, the accused having followed diverse courses in advocating the admission of members to their congregations and committed other heinous offenses against Calvinism. The young men appeal to the synod, which is much like appealing from the block to the meat-axe. It is a serious matter for a clergyman to be found guilty of heresy. He has been educated for the ministry, and nine times out of ten is fit for nothing else. When he loses his church he loses his bread and butter, which accounts for a great deal of hypocrisy in the pulpit.

It is less than six weeks to January 29, the date of the State Liberal Convention and Paine Celebration, and Liberals through-

out California and adjoining states should begin laying their plans to be present. The Convention will be short and sweet this year, and the day and night will be crowded full of business, addresses, and festivities. The date falls on Thursday, Paine's birthday, and the memory of that great man will be as fittingly honored by a convention of people who meet to vindicate the principles for which he labored, as by the eulogies passed upon him by the orators of the evening.

In the list of Washington's relics now being disposed of at public auction we note "six tickets of the Delaware lottery purchased by Washington." The spectacle of the Father of his country buying lottery tickets is one that has been largely eliminated from our Sunday-school literature. There is a fearful possibility that when discovered on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, Washington was petitioning the throne of grace for information about the winning number.

JOSEPH COOK has been lecturing on the Mormon church and the Woodruff manifesto. He asserts that the Mormons are still bound by polygamy, of the revelations concerning which there has been no revocation or annulment in any part. As a Christian clergyman Cook should know that the Bible is the Mormons' authority for the practice of polygamy, and that they cannot forbid the practice without going back on the book.

THE question "Why are there not more native priests?" is troubling the Catholics of this country. It is a fact worthy of remark that nearly all priests are foreigners, mostly Irish. The Irish native of America takes more kindly to politics than to holy orders, as he thereby gets a position of equal perquisites with less study, and he can do more for his church than by mouthing its mummeries.

THE "Reconstructor" is to be known hereafter as "The Summerland," a name, says the editor, "typical of its spiritual aspirations, and of its nativity in one of the sunniest and most healthy localities," etc. Albert Morton, instead of Dr. Loveland, is now the editor of the paper, which will miss no opportunity to judiciously boom the Ortega ranch as a desirable piece of real estate.

KING HUMBERT of Italy maintains an attitude of defiance toward the Catholic church, and vows that while he will respect the religion of his ancestors he will not allow it to interfere with the state or to establish a temporal sovereignty. It is always gratifying to see two powers like the church and state at odds with each other. The danger comes when they join hands.

HENRY GEORGE announces his withdrawal from the editorship of the "Standard." His successor is Mr. William T. Croasdale, who will issue the paper in a changed form and probably reduced in size. The rewards of journalism are small, for the "Standard," although the leading Single-tax paper of the world, does not pay the expenses of its publication.

PARNELL'S friends account for his strange behavior by pleading that the Irish leader is insane; and they clinch the question of his insanity with the statement that his mother believes in Spiritualism. If the intellectual poverty of his friends could make a man an imbecile, Parnell would be a fool.

THE government has so far failed to prove its claim to the Kaweah Colony lands, which will probably remain in the hands

of the individuals who filed on them. Whether these individuals will transfer their claims to the colony remains to be seen.

KING KALAKAUA sampled another of our churches last Sunday, and went on a yachting excursion in the afternoon. We trust that his majesty will not depart from this coast without attending a meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society.

T. L. GRIGSBY, of Napa City, Cal., has procured in the neighborhood of five hundred signatures to the petition to open the World's Fair on Sunday. Nearly everybody signs it. Let others be encouraged to go and do likewise.

A BILL is likely to pass the national legislature putting a tax of one dollar per head upon immigrants, and to exclude "polygamous persons." The law is favored mainly by foreign residents of the country.

OBSERVATIONS.

There was no void in the hall where the Freethought Society met last Sunday evening. Every chair was competently filled by an intelligent person before 8 o'clock, and when Vice-President Eastman called the meeting to order his face wore a gratified expression which even his newly-acquired but handsome whiskers could not wholly conceal.

Mr. Alfred Cridge was the speaker of the evening; his subject, "Are Men Better or Worse than Institutions?" Mr. Cridge pointed out that the growth of institutions was often an evil much worse than any designed by the men who supported them. For instance, the Christian religion at its start did not contemplate an institution, and was practically harmless; but in the fifth or sixth century the church was organized, with priests and monks, and religious power was embodied in material form. Persecution set in. Hypatia was murdered by an institution of monks. The institution of the Inquisition resulted in the death of thousands. Then followed the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno; and the church to-day by protesting against the erection of a statue to Bruno in Rome, indorses and defends the deep damnation of his taking off. The pope, as the head of this institution, gave Ireland over to English misrule. The church and the English government are in league, and England by providing for the education of Irish priests keeps them in sympathy with her, and they control the Irish masses. But, despite bad institutions, it is a human tendency to improve. Our governmental institutions are worse than the people for the reason that they do not represent them. Our system of voting is a mathematical absurdity. One half of the people—the female half—cannot vote, and less than a half of the male half run the country. Indeed a few hundred politicians may be pointed out who are the government in fact. Officials are not as good as the people. We know that three-fourths of the voters of San Francisco are not thieves, but we know that three-fourths of the men they elect are such. The first government was a military institution; afterwards was added the function of repressing crime, and government became punitive. Next it began to control the affairs of the people in their relations with one another; it established postoffices, courts, and so forth, and became administrative. This was civilized government; but beyond civilization there is a further step—namely, harmonization; and this will be reached when, under some reasonable system of representation, our institutions become a reflex of the people. Then the question whether men are better or worse than institutions will not be asked, for people and government will be one.

Mr. Cridge's address was not half as dry as I have made this synopsis of it. It was touched up occasionally with humor, and portions of it were delivered with an earnestness that amounted to eloquence. At the close the applause was universal, hearty, and prolonged.

After Mr. Lemme and myself had passed our hats among the people, the floor was declared open for speeches of ten minutes each. The Chair suggested that speakers should address themselves to the subject under discussion.

Mr. P. Healy, looking like a Christmas toy, was the first to respond, and received a flattering reception from the young things who are pleased with gewgaws. Disclaiming any title to applause, Mr. Healy proceeded to deny the speaker's statements about Ireland, and to deprecate Home-rule. In discouraging the movement he believed the church acted wisely, for it was the duty of Irishmen to await the result of time, when the English people would become as enlightened as themselves and would grant them Home-rule in the same generous spirit that Ireland now concedes self-government to England.

Mr. Curtis said that whether Pope Adrian actually ceded Ireland to England or not could never be determined to the satisfaction of those who do not desire to believe that he did, but it was the sort of act the popes were in the habit of performing, and there was no reason to doubt that Adrian did that or something worse. Mr. Curtis pointed out that all institutions should not be condemned because some of them are bad. On the one side are religious institutions; and on the other are scientific institutions. The former persecute, the latter do not; the former practice deception, teach falsehood, and shun investigation; the latter cultivate knowledge, discover and teach facts, and challenge refutation; the former enforce upon others what they believe; the latter invite those who would be wise to examine and accept what they know, or reject it if it appears unreasonable. One scientific institution verifies the discoveries of another, while the tenets of one religious institution are denied by all the rest. Mr. Curtis concluded that an institution founded on knowledge and liberty was a good thing, while one founded on belief was promotive of evil.

Mr. Marshal Wheeler followed, and condemned political parties. The man who sported the badge of a party wore the collar of a master. If he swore allegiance to a political institution, he forswore allegiance to himself. Both the great parties were organized for a good end: each had achieved its purpose, and existed only to squabble for the spoils of office. Wherein the audience agreed with Mr. Wheeler.

George Cumming desired to run the word government, and government itself, out of existence, because no self-respecting man wanted to be governed. He would employ another man to attend to affairs which he had not the time to look after, but an employee should not be a ruler. Mr. Cumming expressed other Anarchistic sentiments.

Mr. Cridge briefly reviewed his critics, and one of the most interesting meetings ever held came to a happy close.

Next Sunday Prof. W. S. Bell will give a new lecture on "Government." Mr. Bell is a student of this question; and what is better he is a learner. He holds to ideas only so long as they sustain him, and then replaces them with better ones. He will not permit his audience to slumber. Admission is free and all are invited.

Mr. William W. Wheeler has placed me under a debt of ingratitude by sending to this office, for review, a book entitled "Life: A Novel." The book belongs to that class of works now in fashion, known as novels with a purpose. I classify it as such because I do not know where else to place it. The author drives along for awhile on the road opened up by Edward Bellamy; that is, he has a young man die, apparently, and then resuscitates him; but instead of going to Boston in the year 2000, the hero visits the spirit world. The whole story, so far as it is a narrative, could be told in fifty pages, but the book covers nearly three hundred. I read it resignedly, as in duty bound, until I reached the question which one character is made to ask another: "What is life? What is the nature of it? What is the philosophy and the science of it? Why and what is life?" This aroused my suspicions, but when the interrogated party answered oracularly in italics: "*The life of a human being is an identity of force,*" and a discussion of that proposition began, I put the book away.

The subject is one that I am under compact with myself not to discuss or study. So far as I am concerned it is a closed volume. Years ago I dismissed it. Counsellor Sherman, of New York, who is a consistently religious young man, was in my room, and we were cogitating and remarking upon the begin-

ning of things. I proposed that we should settle the matter before leaving it. He consented, and offered this resolution: "*In the beginning was a jigger.*" I accepted his hypothesis without question, but added, "And the jigger was with God, and the jigger was God." He acknowledged that it was, and after that we talked of other things. Since then volumes have been written, long columns have been printed, large bottles of ink and great think tanks have been exhausted; but who has put forth a better explanation of the universe than this, that in the beginning was a jigger? None, as I view it; and I am content to let the matter rest. Jigger is shorter than "identity or force," and means more or less according to race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

I have experienced great benefit from dismissing the question thus summarily, because I am not now obliged to waste time trying to penetrate millstones with my eye. But a word about novels with a purpose. They are largely humbugs. I prefer those deceptive compositions in the newspapers which begin with philosophical disquisitions and close with an advertisement.

Judge Stephen Brewer, of Ithaca, N. Y., was one of the first subscribers to this paper, and always has the subscription price and a good word ready for the beginning of each year. He now writes:

Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1890.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Inclosed please find two dollars in currency for renewal of subscription to FREETHOUGHT. I see by your statement that, being thus early, I am entitled to Miss Leland's book, which please send me.

I have watched with admiring interest your untiring efforts to establish your excellent journal upon an enduring basis. I sincerely hope you will be triumphant, and make FREETHOUGHT a permanent power for Liberalism on the Pacific coast.

I hope your patrons appreciate your self-sacrificing labors in the common cause, for it is quite evident that the industry and ability displayed in FREETHOUGHT, if turned in the direction of fame and accumulation, would be abundantly rewarded. "Observations" alone ought to be sufficient to swell your subscription list very materially.

Very sincerely, your friend and (not very industrious) co-worker,
S. BREWER.

The third paragraph of Judge Brewer's letter reminds me of something I ought not to conceal if divulging it will do any good. "Observations" is a department of this paper which I started more for diversion than anything else, and I have continued it as a privilege which I take of inflicting myself upon the reader. I have been kindly borne with, and have even been invited to reappear when I have left myself out for a week or two. I find that people who are not interested in the cause of Freethought discover something to arrest their attention in these "Observations." To an extent—a very slight one—newspaper readers and newspaper men see in this department a more popular vein than I have elsewhere struck; hence has arisen the fact of which I thought to speak when I read Judge Brewer's letter. To cut it short, I a few days since received an invitation to transfer my person and my "Observations" from this office to that of a daily newspaper, where readers and remuneration would be several times multiplied. It is pointed out to me by disinterested persons of good judgment that I may work here until my eyebrows are white, and still have neither money nor reputation, while popular journalism offers both. Other considerations are mentioned, even the old, old fallacy of duty to one and another. I so far remain unconvinced. I recognize as clearly as anybody does that the present work holds out no assured rewards, but I hope it will sometime. I take it that Freethinkers are a trifle more exacting than other readers; which is right, for we should demand that our writers do good work. I also entertain the hope that I may improve to such an extent that my work in this field may be thought worthy of the remuneration it has received or might now receive elsewhere. It was agreeable to me to have the occasional contributions I sent, in former years, to papers of some literary pretensions, accepted and paid for. It is gratifying now to meet with an offer such as I have spoken of; and perhaps

some well-wisher may not be displeased at my mentioning it. Our Freethought writers must be judged by the general standard. I hold that they do not suffer by comparison with others outside our ranks, and gladly furnish such testimony as I can to that effect. There is a chance for the introduction of some sentiment in this place. There is opportunity to remark that it is a beautiful sight when devotion to a cause is more powerful than the desire for personal emoluments; but if such is the case it is no more remarkable or worthy of note than the opposite fact. I follow my strongest, and therefore most selfish, inclination, and stick to the text. Be the consequences on my own head.

Moses Hull did not deliver his lecture last Sunday on the "Conflict between Superstition and Science," as he authorized me to announce, but he gave one on the "Past and Present," which answered every purpose. I suffered a tax of ten cents at the door of Washington Hall, and went in just as Moses and Mattie were singing the opening hymn. Mrs. Hull is a girlish-looking lady with a musical little voice. Mr. Hull's voice is also set to music, and with organ accompaniment the two make a joyful noise. Mrs. Hull is likewise a rhymer, and can improvise very good verse without fatigue. She gave a poem of perhaps a hundred lines, which was understood to be inspirational, but to my mind the quality of it attested its mundane origin. I have heard and read a great deal of inspirational poetry turned out by Mrs. Brigham, Mr. Colville, Mrs. Rennell, and others, and it is rather inferior stuff. It never lights anywhere, never applies to anything we care about, and is as unmeaning as the babbling of a brook. It also goes on forever.

Moses is a wonderful talker. He can discuss a subject endlessly. To sit and hear him is like riding in a merry-go-round. You don't have to run to keep up, and you don't have to work to produce the motion. There is no tax on the intellectual faculties. He says everything that the subject suggests, and illustrates with soothing and satisfactory comparisons that leave nothing to be desired. I remember little that he said. He might repeat the discourse to me next Sunday under another name, and I would not detect the repetition. I believe he has discovered the secret of oratorical continuity, and will never talk himself out. I recommend the readers of this journal to go and hear him next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. They will hear some good singing, and escape the cares and troubles and thoughts of the world for an hour.

I wrote the appended thinglet on one blushing morn. It is a sonnet. I might call it an infant son-(net), but do not see how the joke could be conveyed to the reader without taking up too much of his time. To be read with Swinburne's "Love and Sleep" laid away where the young folks cannot get hold of it:

Lying asleep between the sheets of night,
I hear a sound arise beside my bed,
Faint first, but swelling as I lift my head;
And growing fiercer till I strike a light.
It issues from a mouth not made to bite
Nor yet articulate, but small and red,
With voice imperative, which spoke and said
I wist not what, save something to incite
Me to a livelier motion, and I haste,
Without formality of donning shoes
Or coat or vest, or any other clothes,
To warm a quart of milk, in toilet chaste,
Which in a bottle quickly I infuse,
And thrust the same beneath that infant's nose.

The retracy of Henry George from the "Standard" is a severe blow to Single-tax journalism, but it is a benefaction compared with the loss Spiritualism suffers by J. J. Owen's letting go of the "Golden Gate." It is true that Mr. Owen gains something that the cause loses, for he gets the editorial management of a San Jose daily paper, with a good salary understood; but who will write "Editorial Fragments" for the now-to-be-monthly "Golden Gate?" Who will watch my infantile efforts with a father's care and set me on my feet when I stumble over spiritual subjects? I have never met Mr. Owen, but I have read so much of his ill'uminated writing that I didn't think I wanted to. It is not the medium but the manifestations that attest the great truth

of immortality, and what need to enter the editorial cabinet where the veiled prophet sits, when the manifestation comes every week through the mail? It is because of my deep regard for Mr. Owen that I am pained and surprised that he should forsake the sanctum sanctorum to sit in the councils of the ungodly politicians who subsidize worldly newspapers. How often, when a great coarse candidate with cigars in his vest pocket comes into the office of the San Jose daily and inquires "Be you wid us, or be you agin us?" will Mr. Owen wish himself back in the Flood building, on a quiet Sabbath morning, en rapport with that angel world whence come all pure thoughts and noble aspirations!

Here is the last "Fragment" from the regretted weekly G. G.:

The flower that blushes purple and golden in my pathway, the rays of sunshine that fill my room with warmth and glory, the melody and beauty of nature, and the sweet voices of friendship, that thrill my being with the rapture of living, all remind me that there is over and around me that Eternal Something known by many names, but which we call God, Spirit, Eternal, without beginning or ending, the essence of all causation, the source of all life—Thou art in the tempest and in the calm, in gladness and in sorrow, in the sweet sleep of innocence and in the fierce throes of madness, in the cry of the new-born babe and in the unconscious grasp of death. I will abide in Thee and trust Thee forever!

We shall not see its like again. Blushes will not be purple or yellow when he is gone. They will, alas! be red, as when the dictionaries were made. When we blush purple or yellow we shall mistake it for apoplexy or biliousness, and call in the doctor. The Eternal Something, capitalized, will not march through the columns of any San Francisco paper like a drum major going up Market street with a bearskin hat on. None other than he can give us a sentence of a hundred and twenty-five words, and delight us by throwing a dash into the middle of it and walking across the bridge thus formed, from the third person to the second. We may forget, when he is away, that we are coarse Materialists, with no reverence, or respect as he says, "for anything in the universe higher than the intelligence that manifests through mortal brains." We shall see only, as he says we do, "with the eyes of the mole burrowing in the dull earth." The Eternal Something will be hidden from our gaze; and people who do not recognize the Eternal Something, or the Infinite Gi-ascutus, were unnecessarily born.

Geo. E. Macdonald

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The messiah craze is reported to have broken out among the Piutes of Inyo county, Cal. There are 1600 Indians in the county.—Rich deposits of coal are found in Shasta county a few miles from Millville. It is probable that Pennsylvania capital will be brought hither to develop the mines.—A member of Kaweah colony caused the arrest of Burnette G. Haskell last week, charging him with embezzlement.—At the Spanish church in this city last Friday was celebrated the 350th anniversary of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Juan Diego, a native Indian of Quatitlan, near the city of Mexico.—There were 126 deaths in San Francisco last week—17 more than during the same period of 1889.—The supervisors of Humboldt county have accepted the bridge built over Eel river at Alder Point by the San Francisco Bridge Company. It cost \$32,000, and is said to be the longest truss span bridge on the Pacific coast. The total length of the bridge and approaches is 600 feet, including a single span of 360 feet, the floor of which is 70 feet above low water. It is built of iron and wood, and is on the overland road leading to San Francisco.—The finding of the petrified body of a man is reported from Cantua Canyon, 60 miles from Fresno. The man was 6 feet 10 inches in height, and measured 48½ inches around the chest.—Salvationists were arrested at Santa Cruz last Sunday for disturbing the peace.—The California State Woman Suffrage Society met at Washington Hall last Friday afternoon and adopted the report of the committee appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws. Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon was authorized to telegraph the American Federation of Labor, in session at Detroit, and urge the adoption of a resolution favoring woman suffrage. She was also empowered to go before the state legislature and advance the cause the society is

working for.—The Rev. George W. Sloan, a clergyman well-known on the coast, was sent to the asylum from Tacoma December 12, violently insane.—A recount of ballots demanded by Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, candidate for Mayor of San Francisco, began on Monday.—A site for a pesthouse has been purchased by the board of supervisors for \$15,000. It is a part of the tide lands called Shag rock, and was assessed last March at \$275.—Frank M. Pixley and others, candidates on the United Labor ticket at the last general election for members of the first board of supervisors, have filed a petition in the supreme court for a writ of mandamus to compel the board of election commissioners to count the ballots cast for them at the late election and declare them members of the first board of supervisors. Accompanying the petition is a notice that issuance of the mandamus will be asked for on December 23, 1890.—While on his way from North Branch to San Andreas to attend church last Sunday, the Rev. E. Swinford, a Methodist preacher, suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and was found dead two days later.—The preliminary examination of the Kaweah Colony timber cases before Commissioner Van Dyke occurred at Los Angeles on the 16th. The government failed to prove United States title. The colony lands were proved to be sixteen miles distant from Sequoia park. Dillon, the defendants' counsel, moved a dismissal on the government's showing. The commissioner took the motion under advisement.

Mrs. Woodworth, the revivalist, is making lunatics and cataleptics at Muncie, Ind.—Postmaster-General Wanamaker says that the country's ocean postage has netted a profit of over \$2,000,000.—The president will shortly issue a proclamation inviting all nations to participate in the World's Fair at Chicago.—Scores of business failures are announced from eastern cities, and the finance tinkers are trying to devise ways to relieve the stringency.—A movement is in progress among the members-elect of the South Dakota legislature to abolish many of the state offices in the interest of economy. The finances of South Dakota are in bad shape. It is proposed to abolish the offices of commissioner of immigration, railroad commissioners, state veterinary surgeon, and to cut off the militia appropriation, and reduce the legislative expenses from \$125,000 to \$75,000 for the session.—The sale of the valuable collection of effects of George Washington and his executor and nephew, Lawrence Lewis, and grand nephew, Lorenzo Lewis, was begun at Philadelphia Dec. 13. The effects consisted of Washington's private account books, letters, documents, and personal effects kept by relatives as mementoes. A letter from Washington to Lewis brought \$310. The same purchaser paid \$760 for the last memorandum book of Washington, which the general wrote in up to a few days before his death. A letter from Washington advocating the abolition of slavery brought \$380. A smaller memorandum book brought \$400. Six tickets of the Delaware lottery, purchased by Washington, and a memorandum bearing their numbers in Washington's handwriting, brought \$200.—War with the Indians in Dakota and Nebraska is thought to be unavoidable. Gen. Miles is at the scene of hostilities.—The total population of the United States, including the Indians and Alaskans, will reach 64,000,000. The census office has already returned, in round numbers, 315,000 Indians and whites in the Indian Territory. This, with the population of Alaska, which Special Agent Petroff estimates at 38,000, will bring up the total population to 64,000,000, a gain of 13,000,000 for the decade since 1880.—Dr. Koch's lymph was experimented with in New York last week with apparently beneficial effect.—Sitting Bull, the famous Indian warrior, was killed by United States soldiers Dec. 15. His death will probably end the fight.

Parnell has the clergy and bishops of the Catholic church in Ireland against him. The clergy denounced him from the pulpit last Sunday.—Russian journals say that Russia will tolerate no foreign interference with regard to her treatment of the Jews.—While conducting his campaign at Ballinakill last Monday Parnell was struck in the face and his eyesight injured by a bag of lime thrown by a political opponent.

GIVE C. F. Burgman, the tailor, a call if you desire a new suit for the holidays.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

R. B. Westbrook, President, 1707 Oxford st., Philadelphia
 E. B. Foote, Jr., Vice-President, 120 Lexington ave., New York.
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 Columbia ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Treasurer, F. C. Mende 1814 Green st., Philadelphia Pa

CONTRIBUTIONS DURING NOVEMBER, 1890.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., New York City	\$30
Golden Ethical Society, Golden, Iowa, through R. N. Howe	5
T. A. Willson, Reading, Pa.	5
Ingersoll Secular Society, Boston, through G. H. Hill, (charter fee)	5
W. D. Fisher, Attleboro Falls, Mass.	10
Portsmouth, Ohio, Secular Union	500
James Lafferty, Banner, Idaho	2
Charles Seekins, "	2
W. Barnard, "	1
Ulysses Tanner, Cannon Falls, Minn.	1
Carl Edelman, Philadelphia	10
John Downes, Steubenville, Ohio	1
M. H. Lyndall, Columbus, Ohio	1
M. H. Woodbury, Lakewood, Ohio	6
S. W. Davenbaugh, Brimfield, Ind.	11
E. P. Wright, Columbus, Ohio (new member)	1
T. M. Shank, Hurricane, W. Va., "	1
V. D. Manson, Jr., Shreve, Ohio, "	1
W. W. Wilson, Spiceland, Ind. "	20
G. B. Van Ness, Mechanicsburg, Ohio "	1
J. W. Crozier, Pittsburgh "	1
S. G. Sharpless, Chicago "	1
L. Taylor, Rarden, Ohio "	1
B. E. Taylor, Rarden, Ohio "	1
Joseph Simpson, Columbus, Ohio "	1
E. C. Wharton, Philadelphia "	1
Wm. Lorey, Portsmouth, Ohio "	1
J. L. Treuthart, Portsmouth, Ohio "	1
L. K. Washburn, Boston	1
Elizur Wright Secular Society of Alliance, Ohio, by R. G. Smith ..	5
W. J. Dutton, Kilmer, Ohio	1
Massillon, Ohio, Secular Union (charter fee) through F. M. Hopkins	5
Alex Risk, Aurora, Iowa	5
G. A. F. de Lespinasse, M.D., Orange City, Iowa, Guarantee Fund	10
W. F. Lerich, Houtzdale, Pa., Guarantee Fund	21
George P. Dreisbach, Glenn City, Pa.	5

Total \$655
 Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1890. F. C. MENDE, Treas. A. S. U.

SPECIAL CALL FOR GUARANTEE FUND.

The Congress of the American Secular Union, recently held at Portsmouth, Ohio, directed the officers to make, through the Liberal papers, a call upon the friends for the pledge of five thousand dollars (\$5000) to enlarge and carry forward the work of the society. This money is needed to sustain the business of the general office in Philadelphia, and to pay the salaries and traveling expenses of at least two field secretaries, who shall go out to organize auxiliary societies and otherwise labor to promote the cause.

That this is an important movement in the right direction must be obvious to all. Never was there a time when the work of our society was so much in demand; and our one need is the money to carry on that work. Will our friends respond to this call liberally and at once, that we may know what to depend upon?

The president, besides his gratuitous daily work in behalf of the society, offers to be one of twenty to contribute one hundred dollars (\$100) each for this object. Will nineteen others respond to this proposition at once?

How many can pledge \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$1? Let every friend of the cause inform us as soon as possible what he or she is willing to pledge.

Let all Liberal societies, whether auxiliary or not, take up this matter promptly, and inform us what they are willing to do.

The pledges will be published in the "Truth Seeker," "Investigator," FREETHOUGHT, and "Secular Thought" each month. It is understood that the subscriptions may be paid during the

coming year at the convenience of the subscriber, and, if desired, in instalments. All responses to this call should be addressed to the corresponding secretary.

We see no reason why the sum named should not be secured by pledges within thirty days.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President,
 F. C. MENDE, Treasurer,
 IDA C. CRADDOCK, Cor. Sec.

Office S. E. cor. Broad and Columbia avenues, Philadelphia,
 November 11, 1890.

The following pledges for this fund have been received (Where already paid, they will be found counted in with the regular contributions for this month as per above list):

R. B. Westbrook, on condition of nineteen others pledging an equal amount with himself	\$100
Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., New York City	100
G. A. F. de Lespinasse, M.D., Orange City, Iowa [Paid]	10
W. F. Lerich, Houtzdale, Penn. [Paid]	5
W. F. Lerich, Houtzdale, Penn., additional, [Paid]	10
Anton J. Kraft, Grantfork, Ill., [Paid]	5
S. E. Price, Clinton, Mo.	10
Rousseau Hess, Port Custer, Montana	10
George Larson, Levan, Utah	5
Samos Parsons, San Jose, Cal.	10
A. K. and M. J. Olds, McMinnville, Oregon	100
John F. Welin, Spokane Falls, Wash.	3
G. P. Brene, Canon City, Colo.	5
A. I. Rosenberg, Canon City, Col.	5
A Friend in Virginia	25
T. S. Frisbie, Chicago	5

Total pledged to December 8, \$408
 F. C. MENDE, Treasurer, Am. Secular Union.

Philadelphia December 8, 1890.

THE KORESHANITY OF CYRUS R. R. TEED.

The front parlors of a boarding-house at 416 Post street, says a recent issue of the San Francisco "Chronicle," are occupied by a man named R. O. Spear. Mr. Spear is a "professor," and alleges to hail from Chicago. On the front of the building he has posted a large tin sign, which reads as follows: "Chicago World's College of Life, founded in 1886, by Cyrus R. R. Teed, Promulgator of the Doctrines of Koresh. Prof. R. O. Spear, Instructor."

A little more to the background, nailed to the door, appears a second announcement, which details more minutely the business followed by "Professor" Spear. He advertises himself as a practical phranologist, tells how to select a partner or profession; heals the sick by magnetism, and announces for sale a book on "The Plain Road to Health," or how to cure oneself without the use of medicine. He also explains that he applies the finer forces of nature, having made a lifelong study of metaphysics.

"Professor" Spear gives instructions in the new doctrines of Koresh twice a week, on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Last night when a "Chronicle" reporter called at 416 Post street a motley crowd of converts had assembled in the stuffy double parlors. There were thirty or forty women in the audience, three old men and a couple of young fellows. For two hours "Professor" Spear proceeded to lecture, or rather to preach to his congregation. He is not a handsome man, and has a voice like a baseball umpire. He is tall, well-built, and of middle age, and wears black chin whiskers, tinged with gray. His sermon or lecture last night was a combination of theosophy, hypnotism, and the religion of the new Indian messiah, Johnson Sides. None of his hearers could exactly place his new religion on the shelf where it belonged.

Among other things, "Professor" Spear said that he believed in a personal God, but had never been a child of God to his knowledge. Church and state and science and religion had been divorced, and the old heaven and the old earth had passed, or were about to pass away. Christ would appear on earth a second time, and that very soon, and there would be a new heaven and a new earth. He announced that an important ceremony, none other than the marriage of God and man, would soon take place. The people of the world were soon to enter up on a new life in the new heaven and earth.

Strange to say, "Professor" Spear did not offer to take up a collection, but was particular to announce his office hours for private consultation.

"AROUND THE WORLD" AS A PREMIUM.

We are offering as a premium to subscribers to FREETHOUGHT for 1891 "A Woman's Journey Around the World," by Lilian Leland. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, and in that form has heretofore sold at one dollar per copy. We have considered it advisable to furnish no more copies in paper covers at 30 cents—first, because the form is not durable, and second, because there is not a legitimate profit in handling it at that price. Hereafter it will be furnished in cloth covers at 75 cents.

The book makes a splendid premium with FREETHOUGHT, and we invite all to take advantage of the offer. "A Woman's Journey" contains upwards of 350 pages, and, as the Boston "Herald" observes, "it is little short of disgraceful that the condition of the book trade in the United States should necessitate its appearance in paper covers."

On another page will be found a few out of the many well-deserved notices the book has received from the leading journals of the country. As above stated, we offer "A Woman's Journey" as a premium to new subscribers; but any of our present subscribers who desire it may obtain a copy as a premium by renewing between the present time and January 15, 1891. We make this proposition because we need the money to square our accounts at the beginning of the New Year, and because those who stay with us year after year are as deserving of recognition in this way as are new and untried friends.

Please renew at once and receive this valuable premium.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT RUSSIA.

With a territory exceeding that of all other European countries put together, Russia in Europe can only boast of a population of a little under ninety millions.

That population is very unevenly distributed, ranging from 30 to 6,000 a square mile—I mean a Russian square mile, which is equal to sixteen American miles. This varying average of population in different sections of the country is due to the different qualities of the soil, more or less favorable climatic conditions, and to the antiquity of settlement.

Thus the Western Provinces of German origin and those of Poland are most thickly populated, while of course those around the White sea and even all north of the Volga can claim but a very scanty population.

However distributed, ninety millions of human souls are a vast number and must consequently deserve some attention. Although not as definitely divided into castes as the tribes of Hindostan, the Russians are subject to a very determined division into classes. The lowest is that of moujiks or peasants. Once in a while an individual may pass its limits and enter a higher class, either by a great display of valor on the battlefield or by great economy and good husbandry, or at last by becoming a priest with the permission of the government. To understand the change implied in that casual advancement one must be acquainted with the conditions of life of a Russian peasant.

If tolerably lucky, he will by dint of hardest labor possess, if not a house all to himself and family, at least a part of it. And what a house! Its floor will be of clay, its walls of wood, and its roof of straw. It will have but one room, with a loft over it, with one door and one or two windows. It will have a stove to cook on during day and to sleep on at night. And what cooking and what sleeping! The coarsest rye bread is the greatest delicacy, especially when with salt and onions. Then come potatoes, occasionally with bits of bacon, and then follows *shtchi*, a product of cabbage in a liquid state.

As to sleep, its a unique operation, performed without undressing, sometimes in feather beds, the only luxury, necessitated by the severity of the climate, or else on top of the stove, with its latent warmth and with piles of multiform clothing over all as consolation.

It is a life of toil and privations diversified by the traditional bath on Saturday and attending church on Sunday. Further di-

versified by execution for unpaid taxes and by systematic conscription to the army. And when oppressed and trodden down, the Russian peasant has the consolation to appeal to St. Elias or to St. Nicholas or even to Jesus Christ for help and mercy.

Such is the condition of the peasant. No wonder, then, that distinction in the army, which, by earning him the cross of some Russian saint, will make him a *drorianin*, or gentleman, and sometimes even endow him with an estate, is something to strive after. No wonder that he will labor to take possession of land in a distant part of the empire to reap the benefits of cultivation of a virgin soil. No wonder that his parents will undergo all sorts of privations to give him a clerical education, which will enable him to become a priest and enjoy the great salary of two hundred roubles a year and all other appurtenances of the priestly calling.

Let us look now at the working classes in towns. These earn better wages and enjoy greater comforts. A Russian mechanic is not so far behind a German, French, or English as the Russian peasant is behind his brother of those countries.

They even form unions, called *artels*, which, however, have the fault of making men at work support the idle members. Between the peasant and the city laborer there is what the French call *tiers etat*, which in reality comprises a great many separate classes of society. There are artisans, tradesmen (from the smallest to the richest merchant), the white clergy (that is, all the priesthood outside the monasteries), then officials up to a certain class. Those of the highest, the gentry and nobility of the empire, and all the monks, constitute the Russian aristocracy.

The narrow limits of this article do not allow us to treat the conditions of life of the *tiers etat* (middle classes), but, having treated at some length the subject of peasants' life, we shall say a few words about the aristocracy to show the striking contrast, which unhappily exists, more or less glaringly all over the civilized world. From his nursery, where he has every wish gratified, the young Russian noble passes into the hands of French and German governesses. Thus he learns those languages when a small boy. When older he is under care of a tutor (seldom being sent to public schools) until he is of the age to enter the School of Pages—an aristocratic establishment which turns out candidates for officers at court—or else the School of Jurisprudence, which trains future dignitaries of the law. Both those schools are very exclusive, admitting only the scions of the old nobility. The fees there are rather high. There is a stress laid on the irreproachableness of dress and companionship. For instance, the inmates, if attending a theatrical representation, are not permitted to occupy any other than private boxes; and a glove which is not immaculate would be cause for a severe reprimand. Acquaintance with anybody below their station would not be tolerated under any circumstances.

Once through their schooling, they enter a life of pleasure and dissipation, hardly burdened by any duties except those imposed by individual ambition. They travel, "do" Paris, London, and Italy; spend a summer at Trouville, and another at Biarritz. They patronize the arts, ballet girls, and horse races; lose or win fortunes on the turn of a card, and returning *blase* to their hereditary estates for a week's rest, they sometimes try to brace up their nerves by flogging some poor devil of a peasant. And they do own big estates, some of them. Why, the Polish Count Branicki travels a few days behind his trotters through his own domains, if he takes a fancy to shun the railroad. And they enjoy privileges too, some serving only to gratify their vanity; for instance, when the head of the princely family of Golitzyns enters Moscow all the church bells ring to do him honor.

Two classes have existed in the history of almost every nation, their characteristics undergoing a more or less gradual obliteration. Imperial Rome consisted of only two elements: the proletariat and the imperial power; and such is really the condition of the modern Russian empire—masses of down-trodden peasants at the bottom of the structure, and on top the Tzar. And if the surging waves of that living sea of human beings now lift some lucky one to the surface, and then again swallow some disgraced grandee, it matters no more than the rising and falling of the ocean waves. The property and life of every Russian being entirely and constantly subject to the whim of his despot, they all tremble before him alike—metropolitans, senators, generals,

no less than the poorest peasant. To criticise that power is more dangerous than dancing on a box of dynamite. Still the spirit of the times, undaunted by fetters, continues to assert itself in individual or united action, and the world gives its exponents in Russia the much abused and misunderstood name of *Nihilists*.

PIERRE SIEMIONOFF.

A MINISTER'S DREAM.*

BY NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS.

It was nearly eight o'clock in the morning, and the chimes were sending down their sweet tones from the church spires in various parts of the city and telling the people that another week of toil had rolled around and brought Sunday in its train. The rhythmic sounds penetrated even to the luxurious chamber where the Rev. Mr. Pompous lay asleep. At first he couldn't hear them because he was snoring, but presently they began to make an impression on his brain.

He stirred and breathed a bit more lightly, and then, after yawning, and winking, and stretching a good many times, he actually gained courage to crawl out of bed and put on dressing gown and slippers and take his night cap off.

"Ugh!" he murmured with a regretful shiver as he looked about for his shaving apparatus, "vacation is over and I must get into the harness and go to work again. And why, of course," he added, as a thought occurred to him that brightened up his lethargic faculties, "to-day I am to preach my great sermon upon the advisability of closing the Columbian fair on the Sabbath. That is truly an effort of which I may feel proud. I hope that none of the papers will neglect to assign a reporter to the church, and they all should print my words in full. No doubt I shall be criticised by the ungodly, the Infidels and blasphemers, but I can meet opposition, I fancy," and the clerical gentleman lathered his cheeks quite fiercely and smiled in a sanguinary way.

Cheered with these thoughts he went on with his toilet very briskly. He was somewhat vexed, though, to find that his boots, which he had placed outside the door to be cleaned, were untouched and smeared with the traces of yesterday's mud. He threw them in a corner and put on another pair, meditating as he did so a severe reproof to the careless servant whose duty it was to attend to all these matters. Then he dismissed his saintly anger and returned to the reflections which had absorbed his mind.

"It is horrible," he mused as he gave a final shake to his dignified coat tails and slowly descended the stairs; "such lawless and sinful desecration of what should be most sacred. Were I to go out upon the streets now I would doubtless see crowds of people going to the parks, and would hear the unholy jingle of the cable cars. The Sunday paper is already, I suppose, exerting its baleful influence, and in the evening a dozen theaters will present wicked, alluring dramas to corrupt the minds of the young. And now it is proposed, in the summer of ninety-two—but ah, we must prevent that. For it will never do—humph! Well, and what, I wonder, in the name of goodness can the matter be here?"

This exclamation was brought out rather suddenly as the Rev. Mr. Pompous opened the dining-room door. And perhaps it was excusable under the circumstances. For instead of a neat, well-ordered table, with his pretty wife at the head, and a jocund fire crackling on the hearth, and the children daintily dressed and waiting for his appearance—in the place of this pleasant sight, which had met his eyes every morning for the last ten years—he found only a comfortless and deserted apartment. The chairs were dusty and the curtains hung awry, the grate was cold and dark, and a few dishes were huddled disconsolately together on the table, which looked as if it had been dancing a jig.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Pompous remained petrified with amazement; then he recovered his senses and hurried into the kitchen to demand an explanation of the servants. And lo, not one of them was to be seen, but the mistress, her front hair in papers and her wrapper half unbuttoned, was fluttering distractedly around the hot stove. Her two little daughters were there, beating an ecstatic chorus upon some pans and pots, and the

baby was sifting flour in the water pail and getting itself gloriously wet and sticky.

"My dear," cried the minister, rushing forward, "what are you trying—has anything happened? Where is the cook and why isn't breakfast prepared?"

"Oh, Gustavus," said the lady, lifting her flushed face from the rueful contemplation of the omelet which had accidentally fallen in the coal hod, "are you down already? Why, surely, it can't be over seven o'clock now."

"It is nearly time to start for church," answered he, "but tell me, pray, what does all this mean?"

"Well," began Mrs. Pompous, sinking wearily upon the meal chest and pushing back her tangled hair, "the fact is, the servants refuse to work Sundays. They insist that it's wrong and wicked to cook on this day and think we ought to be satisfied, you know, with cold food. And really I couldn't contradict them, but I was afraid your head would ache, dear, if you didn't have some coffee, and so, as Bridget declined to make it, I came and—"

"Where is she now, and what's she doing?" thundered the master.

"Bridget—oh, she's in her room reading prayers, and Nora has just been there, too, singing pious hymns, and Minnie, the nurse, brought the children down, I can't tell how long ago, and went off to early mass," replied Mrs. Pompous, with a little sigh of resignation.

"I will speak to them," said the indignant divine. "Call them in here, if you please," and he took a seat on the edge of the stationary tub, and tried to assume a calm and judicial aspect.

"No—you mustn't," exclaimed his wife, hastily springing up. "At least," she added, in a hesitating voice, "I don't see what in the world you'd say—for it was you, love, who put this idea in their heads. It seems Nora has overheard you talking about Sabbath desecration, and she told Minnie and the others, and they agreed that if it was wrong, as you asserted, for waiters in restaurants to be kept on duty Sundays—why—it wouldn't be right—"

Mrs. Pompous stopped suddenly, but her husband seemed to understand, for he stood quite still, and the faintest possible blush appeared in his face. And then he shrugged his shoulders and turned impatiently aside.

"Ah, well," he remarked, "if they are so stupid as to misinterpret my words in that way I won't try to reason them out of the mistake. There is not the slightest use. Bring on whatever you have to eat, and we'll make the best of it. Hurry up, my dear."

So poor Mrs. Pompous fell to work, and after various ineffectual struggles, in which she and the cooking utensils collided a good many times without any particular result, the meal was put on the table at last. It couldn't be called really a success, though, for the steak was badly burned, the muffins seemed nearly raw, and the coffee tried the patience of the fastidious clergyman to such an extent he certainly would have forgotten to lead in the family prayers only his wife reminded him of the omission.

"By the way," he said, as he pushed back his chair and arose, "where's the paper this morning? I want to see whether my sermon is announced."

"Why, the journals aren't printed on Sunday any more," answered Mrs. Pompous. "The government has just prohibited them, you know, dear; or hadn't you heard about the new law?"

"An't you glad, papa?" little Flossie piped up. "Now perhaps more folks'll go to church. Lottie Benton said her mamma asked her papa why he didn't want to hear you of'ner, an' he told her he'd ravver stay at home an' read 'bout politics, an' base ball, an' the—"

But a warning look from Mrs. Pompous checked further disclosures and then the good lady remarked:

"I'm so sorry, Gustavus, that I can't hear your sermon, but as Minnie refuses to take care of the children to-day I must remain with them."

"Ah, well," said her husband, absently, "did you order Michael to bring around the carriage for me?"

"He won't do it, dear," said Mrs. Pompous, hastily, "and I'm afraid you'll have to ride in a street car, for he, too, has scruples against working—"

* From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"What can have got into these provoking servants—are they mad or simply lazy?" interrupted the divine, testily. "Really, I hope you won't lose any time in getting rid of them, and finding some better, more easily managed ones in their places—for such insubordination and intolerable impertinence can't be endured," and, with a wrathful snort, the Rev. Mr. Pompous bounced into his study to look up the manuscript of the discourse he was to deliver.

A few minutes later he stood upon the corner of the next block waiting for a car, but to his great astonishment none appeared. The familiar jingle and the rattling of the wheels couldn't be detected, and up and down the street, far as he saw, the tracks were vacant and empty. At length a young gentleman approached him with a bow and inquired:

"Are you watching for the grip, my dear sir? They don't run to-day. Perhaps you are not aware that the new law forbidding all traffic on Sunday has just gone into effect." Then he added: "Pardon me, but I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Pompous: You certainly have done much to bring about this happy change. Allow me to congratulate you upon the fact that your untiring labors have borne such fruit, and to hope that you may long be spared to aid in fighting the forces of the wrong."

"Ah, yes," replied the bewildered minister, furtively pinching himself as he spoke to make sure that he was in his senses. "I have been deeply engaged of late, and could not keep informed; however, I thank you. But I am hurried this morning, and must really beg you to excuse me," and with these incoherent words he turned away and went back home at the top of his speed.

"I'll harness the horses and drive to church myself," he thought, as he sneaked around the barn in the rear of the premises; and once and again, as he bungled over refractory traces, and buckles, and straps, he murmured softly:

"What has happened—did the world take a somersault while I was asleep last night, I wonder?"

The immaculate costume he wore was sadly disarranged and soiled by the time the carriage was ready, but he couldn't stop to brush, for it was growing very late. So he hastily clambered in, caught up the ribbons, and started off. But he had driven barely half a mile when suddenly a brawny, red-faced policeman stepped forward and laid a heavy hand upon the bits of his spirited, prancing steeds.

"Now, fellow, what do you want?" demanded the exasperated divine, with an impatient twitch.

"Hit's agin th' rules to ride hon the day o' th' Lord, don't you know, sor?" stupidly responded the blue-coated guardian of the peace. "Th' law say that w'en hit's wrong to work men 'tan't right to use th' osses nor hanimals of hany sort. Them's th' new regilations, as you hought to 'ave heerd on long before now, sor?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't attempt at all to argue the matter; he just sank back on the cushioned seat and permitted his champing steeds to be led ignominiously to their stables by the officer, who kindly helped him to unhitch. Then, with a sigh of resignation and a furtive look at the house to make sure that his wife wasn't peeking, he set bravely out to walk, since there could be no other available mode of reaching his destination.

Concluded Next Week.

THE WHIPPING POST.

The first person publicly whipped in America was a Quakeress named Mary Clark, who was given twenty stripes for preaching in Boston, in 1657. The next to suffer in this manner were Christopher Holden and John Copeland, both flogged on account of their religious belief by the Puritans in Boston, and within the next year twelve persons were publicly whipped because they were Quakers.

After the whipping of Copeland many left Massachusetts and settled on Long Island and in the Dutch colonies, but they were treated there in the same way. One Robert Hodshone was accused of holding a meeting at Hempstead. He was brought over to New Amsterdam, dragged through the town at the tail of a cart, and then taken before the town council. He was whipped

inside the fort and fined 600 guilders, and because he could not pay the fine he was unmercifully flogged a second time. The following warrant was issued at Dover, Mass., in 1662:

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Newberry, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, and Dedham: Until the vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction you are to give them sound whippings; you and every one of you are required in the King's Majesty's name to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and to whip them upon their naked backs. Convey them from constable to constable until they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer at your peril; and this shall be your warrant. At Dover, December 22, 1662. Per me, RICHARD WALDEN.

The warrant is still preserved at Boston. A similar commission was issued by John Endicott in 1664 for the flogging of Edward Wharton. Flogging of a similar nature occurred frequently until the Quakers were safely settled in Pennsylvania. The following account of a whipping which took place at Boston in 1734 is taken from an old newspaper published in 1774:

"Capt. St. Leo, commander of a warship then in Boston Harbor, being apprehended for walking on the Lord's Day, was sentenced by a justice of the peace to pay a fine, and on refusing to pay had to sit in the stocks an hour during the day. While in the stocks the good people supplied him with much good advice as to his future conduct on the Sabbath day. After his release the captain expressed great regret for his past transgressions, and declared to them that he was in future resolved to lead a new life. The saints of Boston were, of course, delighted at his sudden reformation, and in order that the captain might still further profit by their good counsel, many of them invited him to dinner. The captain proved to be a most zealous convert. He attended prayer-meeting, and showed every outward mark of grace. At length he was obliged to put to sea, and before the day of departure invited many of the spiritual advisers to dinner aboard the vessel, which lay ready in Nantaket Roads. A capital dinner was provided, at which many bottles were drained to the captain's health. When the after-dinner harmony was at its height a body of sailors burst into the cabin and seized the guests. They were dragged on deck, tied to a grating, and the boatswain and his assistants administered the law of Moses in a most energetic manner, the captain meantime assuring them that the mortification of the flesh tended to the saving of the soul. They were bundled into their boat and the captain immediately set sail."

The only place in the United States where the old idea that whipping is a means of edification is still clung to is in Delaware. In that state there are whipping-posts—one at Dover, one at Georgetown, and another at New Castle.—*New York Times.*

THE ballot in regard to closing the World's Fair on Sunday, which was carried on in the Chicago "Evening Post" for about six weeks, closed November 18, with the result standing thus: For opening on Sunday, 10,316; against opening on Sunday, 5,192.

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THE TRAMP WITH CONSUMPTION.

A Strange Tale of His Thrilling Encounter with the Old Ram.

I was at my uncle's, near Niagara Falls, in Canada, and had hardly arrived when he said:

"Now, neevy, you'll be wandering around more or less, and I want to caution you about an old ram I took up as an estray the other week. He's down in the lot where the gravel pit is, and just as sure as you give him a show he'll be the death of you. I saw him knock a cow off her feet at one bang, and I wouldn't go into the lot for \$50."

Next day I skirted the fences and found the old chap anxious for business. I didn't give him an opening, however, but somebody else did. I was standing in the barn with uncle when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Joseph! but there's a tramp in the gravel pit lot! That ram will smash him to pulp in two minutes!"

He shouted, waved his hat and shouted again, but the tramp was a quarter of a mile away, and walking with his head down. The ram was lying down in the pit, and the yelling brought him out. We saw him scramble up the bank, and my uncle gasped out:

"Git a hoss hitched up to go for the undertaker, for that tramp won't be alive two minutes later!"

He was, though. The ram came at him on an angle, and he caught sight of the animal when about ten rods off. He wheeled to the right, stood still, and the ram got within ten feet, and then sailed through the air on a straight line to strike him. Next instant the tramp had him by the horns, and with a twist and a jerk he broke his neck with a snap. He tarried to be sure that the ram was dead, and then came on, climbed the fence and said to us:

"Gentlemen, you see before you a man who has been unfortunate. I have consumption, and am hardly able to stand. I want to get to a milder climate as soon as possible."—New York Sun.

And She Was Right.

They hadn't been a year married, and while he used to dress up in his best and go out, he never saw that his wife's garments were getting unfashionable, or that she might like to go out, too. Naturally this excited her suspicions.

"James," she sobbed one evening, "do not deny it. You have grown tired. There is one, I am sure, you love better than me."

"Why, Mary, you talk foolish. Who can I love better than you?"

"Yourself, James dear."—Philadelphia Times.

An Accommodating Boy.

City Dame (in the country)—Boy, can't you get me some cat tails?

Country Boy—Yes'm. Long ones?

City Dame—Oh, long or short; whichever are the prettier.

Boy—Well, mum, I guess I'd better just bring you th' cats an' let you cut the tails off to suit y'rself.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Those Terrible Russian Words.

Bronson—Did you hear of the sad fate of poor Offaloffski, the Russian?

Johnson—No; what was it?

Bronson—He got into an altercation with a fellow countryman, and the other fellow pulled out a revolver and made Offaloffski eat his words. It killed him.—Light.

A Giveaway.

Young Wife (Vassar girl, putting hands over her husband's eyes)—You can't guess whom I am.

Husband—My little wify.
 Young Wife—You guessed by my voice.
 Husband—No; by your grammar.—New York Evening Sun.

Domestic Needs.

Husband—Anything you want down town today, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self raising flour?
 Wife—We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self raising servant girl.—New York Weekly.

Plays in Street Parades.

Quizz—What is your friend Jack driving at now?
 Fizz—Oh, he's playing the bass drum in a brass band!
 Quizz—Ah! A professional musician, eh?
 Fizz—No; a professional musician.—Lowell Citizen.

A Wise Bird.

First Bird—See that dog looking at us? He's a pointer, and a city sportsman is back there with a gun.
 Second Bird (of several seasons' experience)—My! my! that dog is in a dangerous position.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Modern Conveniences.

Little Girl (in church)—Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?
 Little Boy—Them's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise.—New York Weekly.

His Peril.

Professor Bumptious—It has been truthfully remarked that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."
 Sophomore (sotto voce)—Wonder if professor realizes the peril he's in!—Boston Courier.

At Midnight.

Staylate—My favorite flower, Miss Amy, is the night blooming cereus.
 Miss Amy—Indeed, Mr. Staylate! I thought it would probably be the morning glory.—West Shore.

Very True.

Cumso—Does it pay a man to be an inventor?
 Banks—Oh, yes; but the man it pays is not the inventor.—Judge.

Answered.

Sophomore—I heard one of the girl undergraduates make a truly womanly answer the other day.
 Junior—Indeed.
 Sophomore—Yes. The professor in astronomy asked her why the earth goes around the sun.
 Junior—What answer did she make?
 Sophomore—Because.—New York Sun.

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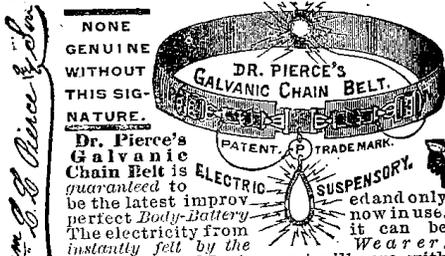
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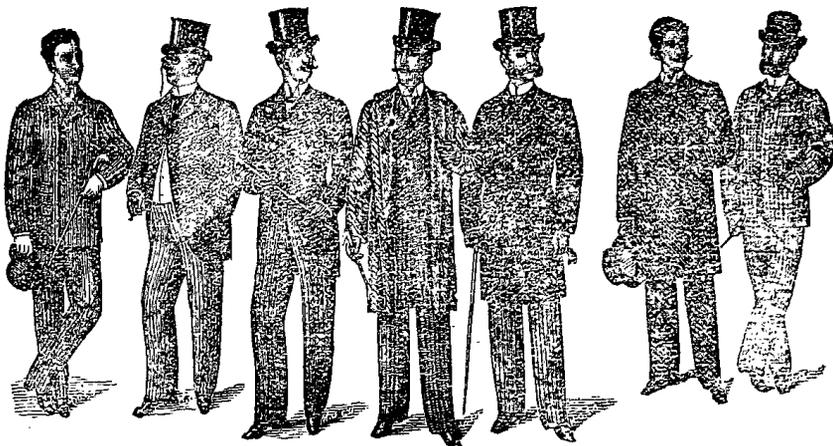
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"No?"

"They are not vicious, but they are without moral obligation. Confound him, he's a thief from head to heel; I never saw an honest nigger yet."

"That's very sweeping, colonel."

"But it's truth. I'll defy you to find me an honest nigger in all Georgia."

"I should say that gray haired darky over on the cotton bales could be trusted to watch a gold mine."

"You would, eh? Heah, boy, come heah!"

"What's wanted, Kurnel Peabody?" asked the old man as he came over with his hat in his hand.

"Say, Eph, I want you to do me a little favor this evening."

"Sartin."

"I'll pay you for doing it."

"Bress you soul, sah."

"I want you to steal me a couple of young chickens and bring 'em to the store at 7 o'clock."

"Steal 'em fur suah?"

"Yes; I'll give you a dollar."

"All right, Mars Peabody, I'll have 'em dare by seben o'clock if I'm alive."

"What do you think of the nigger now?" asked the colonel as the old man moved away.

"I'm astonished."

"Well, you be on hand at 7 o'clock to see the chickens. He'll have 'em here."

So he did. He came to the back door of the store with a couple of pullets in a bag, and as he handed them over he said:

"Ize got 'em fur you, kurnel, an' dey is as fat as butter. Don't reckon you'll neber say nuffin' 'bout it, eh?"

"Not a word, Eph. Here's your dollar."

I had no argument to make that evening. There were the nigger, the chickens and the dollar. What could I say? Next morning I went down to the colonel's office, and I had scarcely stepped inside when he called out:

"What do you think of the nigger now?"

"Anything new happened?"

"I should say so! Where do you think old Eph stole those chickens?"

"I have no idea."

"But I have. The infernal rascal stole 'em from my own coop, and three or four more with 'em!"—New York Sun.

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - DECEMBER 27, 1890

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Norse is a quiet settlement. There is no village; only the store, the post-office, and the school house. The school house is a new and pretty building. I gave two lectures in it—one in the school room Tuesday evening and one in the hall above on Wednesday evening. The hall was not fully completed, and we had to provide seats, put in a stove, etc. Our orthodox friends thought that one Infidel lecture in the school room was all that it could stand, and desiring not to press matters we occupied the hall, which was built over the school room for any public purpose whatsoever. However, as fortune willed it, I gave the first discourse both in the school room and the hall, and therefore had the pleasure of saying that I was dedicating the whole structure to Freethought, top and bottom. Our orthodox friends were astounded at this declaration, for it dawned upon their minds that I had come all the way from San Francisco to Norse to dedicate that building. There was a flutter of excitement, and gathering groups in the "gloaming." I do not know yet whether they have pierced the profundity of that joke. It seemed to be entirely beyond their comprehension, and I rather guess they will go down to their graves with the idea that I did really dedicate that building to Freethought, and that it is "cursed" beyond recovery. It will be haunted hereafter with the awful presence of Infidelity. Even the preacher will tremble in his boots when he undertakes to pray in that building. He will feel that the devil is tugging at his coat-tails. Our orthodox friends of Norse will mournfully sing,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It mightn't have been."

Well, it is a cheering experience once in a while, in this pioneer work, to get the start of "this majestic world" of orthodoxy and capture a school house and "immerse" it in Freethought.

If all the Liberals would speak out, I think Norse would be about equally divided—there would be as many Freethinkers as Christians. The Christians mostly belong to the Lutheran church, as this is a Norwegian settlement. The Colwicks and the Olsons are outspoken and are among the leading citizens of this place. I had the pleasure of staying at the home of O. Olson,

where the big fireside blazes. Mr. Olson has been for many years a staunch supporter of Freethought, in the very citadel of the church itself. Dr. O. M. Olson, his son, is also equally courageous in expressing his convictions. There are four brothers of the Colwicks, and they are a host in themselves. H. W. Ericson is also a fearless ally. The campaign at Norse was favorable. I enjoyed the Liberal spirit of the place, and the cheer of its generous people.

On Wednesday morning, in the bright sunlight, Theo. Colwick and myself take our way across the mountains to Walnut. It took some little time for me to comprehend what was meant by a mountain in this section. What I would call a bluff in California is called a mountain here, although it may not be more than a hundred feet above the valley. The slightest elevation is called a mountain. Before you know it you are on the top of a mountain. The views are extensive, however, from these little elevations. Beautiful valleys appear, pasture lands, fields of corn and cotton, and the green alfalfa. There are wandering herds in every direction. Texas is a comfortable country. The people don't have to work hard. They make a fair living on about six and eight hours a day, where in the East they have to work twelve and fourteen hours. Those who come here like to stay. They very seldom emigrate.

I think the word "rocky" must have originated in Texas, for its roads are the rockiest I ever went over. I never did realize what the term "rocky" meant until I came to Texas and traveled "across country." The rocks are numerous and overwhelming in spots. Fortunately most of these spots are on the "mountains," and as the mountains are not very big, and wide valleys intervene, travel is not very arduous.

Walnut Springs dawns upon the sight as pretty as a picture. The round-house, the college, and the homes of about a thousand people are seen at a glance from the mountain's brow.

Our Liberal friends were not expecting me at this hour. They were looking for me on the next train, and we had to hunt them up. But it did not take long to strike hands. F. H. Dehn is foreman of the railroad shops, and when we met him there was a cordial welcome, not only to Walnut itself but to his own fireside, and here, with his family, Mrs. Dehn and the children, we passed a delightful time. Mr. Dehn is a man of great energy, a skillful mechanic, a public-spirited citizen, and a Freethinker by nature's own heritage. In the afternoon R. H. Kimbrough comes in from his ranch, ten miles away. For many a year he has been in this country, an outspoken Liberal while orthodoxy was rampant and it was not always safe to resist its command.

There is no hall for a lecture in Walnut Springs at present and Mr. Aubrey granted us the use of his machinery room, which makes a very good hall. We have to provide lumber seats, and candles for lights. It was well filled both evenings that I lectured, although the last evening was quite threatening and it looked as if a "norther" was on hand. There is a fine-Liberal

element in Walnut Springs. The college is unsectarian. There have been some revivals here, but those who get revived don't stay so long. They discuss theology vigorously for about a fortnight, and then resume the even tenor of their way.

My friend Wm. Grieve gave me a drive over the country on Thursday, and from the gentle declivities surrounding the town there are fair prospects, in the midst of which the village shines. It is generally called Walnut Springs, for near by are clear springs which furnish excellent water. Around the springs a pavilion has been built, and there are trees, and the streams which have been dammed up make good fishing ponds. The people are wont to gather here for picnics, public celebrations, etc. Walnut Springs is one of the handsomest places in Texas, and has a bright future before it.

Kimbrough took me out to S. H. Moore's where I had the pleasure of meeting his mother, a Liberal in the sunshine of old age. All the Moores are Liberal, I believe.

L. P. Merrill furnished lumber for the hall, which we call Aubrey's hall. I rather hope the Liberals will take hold of this and make a hall of their own. It would be a very convenient place.

Among our other friends at Walnut Springs are George Schubert, J. M. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. M. Harish, Jesse Thomas, Ed. Bartley, P. M. Farrell, Col. J. B. Barry, Wm. Cureton, Kos Barry, John Taylor—of Glen Rose—Doc Walling, etc. I feel that our cause is advancing, and I bid good-bye to comrades hoping that I shall see them again. I am sure they will keep the colors flying.

On Friday, in the somewhat darkening day, with white flakes in the air, my stalwart campaigner, Theo. Colwick, and myself take our way to Clifton, where I am to lecture in the evening. We pass through Meridian, the county-seat. There is a Freethought element here, but not sufficient to guarantee a lecture. We take dinner, and make some acquaintance, and another time the work will be extended to this point.

Leaving Meridian about the middle of the afternoon, there is quite a flutter of snow and it looks as if we were to have a stormy night. But fortune is on our side at length. In the west the clouds brighten up and the glowing sunset flings a cheering ray over the scene. The Liberals of Clifton are quite active. They rig up a hall, put in a stove, seats, etc. The room is well filled, and the only drawback is that I couldn't stop and give two or three more lectures, for the interest is gaining and the Liberals are in earnest now. After the lecture there was a business meeting to take steps for county organization. A committee was appointed to confer with committees from Norse, Meridian, Morgan, and Walnut Springs and call a meeting. I think county organization to co-operate with the State Association is what is needed in Texas. Much more effective work could be done; for the counties could thus work together in arranging for a series of lectures, which could not be done if the towns acted separately. In the place of three or four lectures, a dozen lectures could be given. More money could be raised and a greater number interested, and the work of the State Association be much more effective. The Liberals of Bosque county will make a splendid showing if they thus combine, and I am sure that the movement started in Clifton will not fail of its object.

The Liberals at this point are not afraid to work, and are ready for storm or sunshine. T. A. DeHart generously gave the use of his building, G. J. Gibbs introduced me, Thos. M. Pool was chairman of the business meeting, and W. P. Burch secretary.

O. E. Schow and Albert Kistner are splendid workers, and it was through their efforts, mainly, that the lecture was given. C. O. Nelson and others join the ranks. The outlook is quite favorable.

Saturday morning I say good-bye to these genial and earnest supporters. Theo. Colwick has been with me almost a week in this Bosque county campaign. We have climbed the mountains together, and rode through the valleys, and bunked together, and gathered around the festive board, and it has been a bright and varied journey, and we hope to join forces again.

By way of Morgan and Walnut Springs I come to Alexander, and here take the hack for Stephanville. The day is beautiful, the roads are in fine condition, the horses are sprightly, our good darkey driver is happy and talkative, and it takes only an hour and a half to reach the county-seat of Erath county. It is a bustling place of about 1,200 people. The square about the court-house is crowded with teams and horses from the neighboring country. It looks like a Fair day.

The court is in session and I cannot lecture in the court-house Saturday evening. This somewhat disarranges our plans, but another hall is procured and we make a start with a pretty good number present. I lecture Sunday afternoon and evening in the court-house. In the evening nearly every seat is occupied, and I find that Stephanville has quite a progressive Liberal element.

E. J. Hewlett arranged for the lectures at this place, and he is not afraid to have his opinions known, and to work for them. Judge W. H. Devine, J. T. McMorris, of the veterans; W. A. Dawson, J. B. Barnes, J. B. Walker, G. E. Toliver, J. H. Gage, etc., are among those that can be depended upon for the work here. I was pleased to meet with Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bush, of Granbury, who came to Stephanville on purpose to hear the lecture. These are on the Freethought roll, and also S. O. Berry.

I have thus had quite a week's work, lecturing every night and twice on Sunday, traveling by team and railroad, and meeting many friends and seeing a good deal of the country. I must say that I like Texas and the people. They are progressing. Villages and cities are springing up and advancing with wonderful rapidity. Railroads are putting their iron arms in every direction. Lands are cheap, from \$2 to \$14 an acre. The average production of cotton is about half a bale an acre, which is worth, at present, \$20. Some lands produce a bale an acre; and a bale has been sold as high as \$300 in extraordinary seasons. Cotton has been 60 cents a pound. It is now worth from 8 to 10 cents a pound. Corn is abundant, and in Erath county forty bushels of wheat to the acre have been raised. The farms in Texas are not mortgaged. After a three years' drouth the people come up smiling and out of debt.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

DEFECTIVE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Prof. William James, of Harvard, has reported to the Boston Society for Psychical Research a case that belongs to the Sunday-school more than to an organization of men calling themselves scientific. It is that of a man who was struck senseless for blasphemy. Professor James does not tell the man's name; only that he was a carpenter residing near Pawtucket, R. I., in the year 1857. He was an Atheist, but one day, while walking in the open country, he heard the voice of God, as he supposed, directing him to go to the Christian chapel. The man was on unfriendly terms with the Christian minister, so, instead of obeying the command, he said: "Before I go to that place I hope God will strike me deaf, dumb, and blind." An Atheist hoping a

God whose existence he denied would strike him dead must impress the researcher as a difficult point to explain; but nevertheless he fell to the earth, says the account, "enveloped in darkness and silence, and without the power of speech." On his restoration to consciousness, he embraced religion, forsook his trade, and became a preacher of the gospel, widely known throughout New York state and Western New England, bringing many souls to repentance, and so on.

To the truth of this narrative, we have the testimony of the nameless carpenter and preacher, and nothing more. The yarn of itself is unreasonable and improbable, and has not even the merit of originality, being a copy of the story of Saul of Tarsus. It is related of this carpenter that later he sustained an attack of mental aberration, left his home, went to Norristown, and, under the name of Brown, kept a candy store for six weeks, at the end of which time he suddenly became a carpenter again, with no recollection of his experience as Brown. Now Professor James has hypnotized the carpenter, and when under the mesmeric influence he becomes Brown again, and recalls his experience at Norristown. He is described as a "matter-of-fact, hard-headed Yankee."

The two experiences, that of being rendered unconscious by the power of God, and that of suffering mental aberration, are both given by Professor James with equal solemnity. What the carpenter did while wandering in his mind the mesmerist's influence is capable of drawing from him; but it would be a still more interesting experiment if the subject could be again hypnotized and made to reveal what happened to him while deaf, dumb, and blind. He must assuredly have heard or seen something during that period that he could remember, or he would have been the same Atheist when restored that he was when the power overtook him.

BRUTAL POLICE AND UNJUST COURTS.

W. S. Bell, in his lecture before the Freethought Society last Sunday evening, made some statements with regard to our police and courts which were considered too severe to be accurate by one or two critics; but a case has just come to light in San Francisco that would have justified Mr. Bell in saying much more than he did. The facts are as follows: William Noble, aged twenty-five years, a relative of our friend Noble of Stockton street, is a plumber and conducts the business of plumbing in Oakland. He had recently purchased four brass faucets ordered by a customer, but which for some reason were not used, and Mr. Noble brought them to San Francisco for the purpose of disposing of them. While carrying these faucets through the streets Mr. Noble was stopped by a policeman named McGreavy, who accused him of having stolen the property, called him a liar and a thief when he denied the charge, and then arrested and lodged him in the city prison, where he was booked for petty larceny. The young man's father hastened to appear with bail, which was placed a \$150, but it was twelve hours before the prisoner could be released.

Subsequently the arresting officer withdrew the charge, and the case was dismissed, against the wishes of the prisoner, who desired that the issue should come to trial and that he might be given an honorable acquittal. He had been arrested and published as a petty larcenist, and he believed that the least the court could do would be to vindicate him before the public. This, however, the judge, whose name is Joachimsen, refused to do. From the firm where he had bought the faucets Noble brought a receipt showing beyond question that the property was his and

that it was paid for. The court would not consider the case at all, and the court officers even threatened the elder Noble with arrest if he made further protest.

It seems that outrage could hardly go further. An honest man is assaulted by one of the pope's Irish, charged with theft for having his own property in his possession; hauled through the streets; booked, locked up, and published as a thief; himself put to the expense of employing counsel, and his father to the trouble of furnishing bail; kept in prison twelve hours, and then thrown out upon the street without restitution, vindication, or even an apology. He did not have so much as the negative satisfaction of knowing that the brute who arrested him had received a reprimand.

Probably Mr. Noble will bring a suit against the city for false imprisonment, as the municipality, like other employers, is liable for offenses committed by its employees. His chance of recovering anything, however, is weakened by the fact that the police and the courts imagine that they, instead of the people, constitute the municipality, and that they are responsible to no one but themselves and the politicians.

THE MESSIAH CRAZE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

While a great deal of attention is being paid to the messiah craze among the Sioux Indians, the Piutes, the Mexicans, and the colored people of several localities, the craze that exists close at home appears to have escaped the notice of the chroniclers of contemporary events. Nevertheless the delusion is among us, and is nowhere stronger than in San Francisco.

The root of this folly, according to those who believe in it, was planted several thousand years ago. At that time a character called Jehovah, so the disciples of the craze tell us, created the earth upon which we live, out of his omnipotence. Of the same material he made a pair of perfect human beings plentifully endowed with ignorance, which they were forbidden to replace with knowledge. This first pair, being perfect, were disobedient, and acquired information in a surreptitious way, whereupon their creator cursed them and their descendants forever. But the creator, being unchangeable, shortly changed his mind, and here is where the messiah craze began; for, so the delusion has it, he took it upon himself to beget, out of wedlock, an only son, whom he delivered over to the descendants of the disobedient first pair, to be offered up by them as a sacrifice to himself. The offense committed by the human race in the act of acquiring knowledge was one which the creator could in no wise forgive; but he promised them a show for their lives provided they would, in the goodness of their hearts, put his only begotten son to death in the most ignominious manner then in vogue. The race accepted the proposition, and the son, the messiah, who is called Christ, was crucified; whereupon the creator was so pleased that he offered free grace and pardon to all who should profess a belief in the beneficence of the sacrifice and admit that the murder was necessary to their redemption from sins which they had never committed. As a consequence many believed. But it appeared later that the creator had, after all, been merely playing a trick upon the race. His son, though crucified, did not die. He was not a human being in fact, but the creator himself disguised as a man, and when he had gone through the formality of being crucified and buried, he arose from the grave between two days, startled his acquaintances by appearing among them as a ghost, and then went back to his previous abode, threw off his disguise, and still lives to witness the damnation of the world he died to

save. He is like the conjurer's assistant who is apparently carved to pieces inside a basket, but who appears in the audience while a committee, chosen by the spectators, are removing the basket in order to view his remains.

Belief in this messiah is the craze now prevalent in San Francisco. In spite of his death, the deluded ones hold that he still lives. They have built vast structures in his name, wherein week after week they partake of his body and his blood; and though a thousand times devoured and digested, he remains so far unconsumed that he is expected to revisit the earth and to take as his disciples all those who have eaten him.

Many of those afflicted with the craze regard it as unlawful to be reasonable on the subject, and they would visit with dire penalties all who differ with them in point of sanity. Being deluded themselves, they insist that no one else may rightly be otherwise. A most dangerous phase of the matter is that they desire to crown their messiah as the king of nations in advance of his reappearance, and force every knee to bow before his throne. For this purpose they have organized strongly and seek by legal enactments to suppress all objectors. They have dedicated a day to him, on which they demand that all worldly affairs shall be neglected. They build him temples which the world's people must protect without charge. They engage men to preach about him, and these must be accorded privileges that other men may not enjoy. In fact, wherever a victim of this craze is found, will be found a man or woman who thinks himself or herself superior to the unaffected classes, and in possession of virtues that can be acquired only through belief in the messiah.

The epidemic among the untutored savages and negroes is of little importance, but the delusion that afflicts so large a portion of the people of this city is widespread and powerful for evil. It is filling the world with bigots, impostors, fanatics, and a mischievous superstition against which the march of progress and enlightenment is slow and painful.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION.

The California State Liberal Union will hold its annual Convention at San Francisco, on Thursday, January 29, 1891, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning with a business meeting and an opening address by Samuel P. Putnam, president, on "The Dangers Ahead." Particular attention will be paid to the Sabbath legislation now threatened in this state and in Congress. In the afternoon and evening addresses will be made by the best speakers, and the Convention will close with a musical and sociable festival in honor of Thomas Paine's birthday.

Liberals from all parts of the state are invited and expected to be present at this reunion; and the co-operation of those of other states is desired.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

EMIL S. LEMME, Secretary.

MATERIALISM QUESTIONED.

Our attention has been directed to an article in a Chicago religio-philosophical journal, in which Materialists are called upon to explain how matter could pass from an unconscious to a conscious condition. Following is the portion of the article marked for examination:

"One kind of molecular motion can be replaced by another kind of molecular motion, when the motion known as heat is replaced by the

motion known as electricity; but how can these changes in the motions of material particles generate a new quality, namely, awareness that these changes are taking place?

"What has Materialism to say as to the passage from molecular physics to consciousness? Is there any such passage conceivable? Is such passage provable? Is such passage possible?"

"If material motion is not convertible into mental action, Materialism as a philosophy has no valid basis. If such conversion is a fact of science or is susceptible of any kind of proof, or is conceivable even as a hypothesis, why do not Materialists attempt to show this either by *a priori* or by *a posteriori* reasoning? The fact is, the leading doctrine of Materialism is a mere dogma, as much so as that of the trinity or the incarnation. It is no more provable, no more conceivable, than the doctrine of the creation of something out of nothing."

The writer then proceeds to say that if consciousness cannot be produced by the motions of atoms, then it must have some basis deeper than atomic or molecular motion, and inquires, "What is the basis?" Concluding, we have this:

"Independently of any special manifestations of spirit existence, it is evident that matter is but a manifestation, under the limitations of the organs of sense, of a deeper reality which is clearly identifiable with mind. Spiritualism is therefore justified, apart from merely special manifestations, on strictly scientific and philosophical grounds. Materialism, as a philosophy, is obsolete among thinkers."

The Materialist tells us that consciousness is the phenomenal activity of certain parts or tissues of the brain. This consciousness, according to the theories of some, is latent in all matter; while according to the theories of others, it is the result of atomic union taking place under certain conditions and circumstances. We do not see why the theory that it is latent in matter should not be satisfactory for ordinary working uses to both Spiritualists and Materialists. For if that motion is the true one there would not be any passage from molecular physics to consciousness to account for. It is true that such passage is not conceivable; neither is the passage from consciousness back to unconsciousness conceivable: it is the mystery we call death; yet the passage both ways appears to be made while we wait. For the purposes of this world it is sufficient to know of things as they are. We would not really be any better off if we could prove either by *a priori* or *a posteriori* reasoning, whether life is latent or resultant. There are unclosable gaps all along from dirt to thought. There is a gap between the inorganic soil and the organic plant; between the unconscious plant and the conscious brute; between the conscious brute and the reflective human being—just as wide a gap between these last two as there is between motion and "awareness" that motion is taking place. The fact that the soil produces the plant cannot be proved *a priori* or *a posteriori*, yet agriculture is not thereby robbed of a "valid basis." Observation, in many cases, is more conclusive than philosophizing.

The writer quoted becomes vague when he says that "independently of any special manifestations of spirit existence, it is evident that matter is but a manifestation of a deeper reality identifiable with mind," but the apparent meaning is that our minds, or some mind, can exist apart from our bodies, and are not the result of our physical organizations. On philosophical grounds such a theory might be maintained, because philosophy, like religion, is often independent of facts; but, with special spirit manifestations excluded, where are the strictly scientific grounds on which it is based?

Materialism, as a philosophy, may be obsolete among thinkers. We are not aware that ordinary Materialists regard Materialism as a philosophy at all, nor as a religion: a "theory" is about as attenuated a name as circumstances will justify. The probability

is that Materialism will always remain a theory, as we are drifting every day farther and farther from the date when facts to prove its truth were obtainable; and Spiritualism will doubtless remain a philosophy, for the reason that the facts which would raise it to the dignity of a science are not accessible in this life.

THE FREETHOUGHT SOCIETY.

The meeting of the San Francisco Freethought Society at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, Sunday evening, Dec. 21, will be addressed by MR. C. F. BURGMAN; subject, "Our Common Aim." Admission is free and all are invited.

A CLERGYMAN at Phoenix, Arizona, on the Sunday following S. P. Putnam's lecture at that place, used the following language in his sermon:

"I did not attend the lecture, but I read the report of it in this newspaper here, and I wish to say right here that I do not wish to offend any one, but a paper that will print reports of such lectures should not be taken into your houses."

Mr. Edwin S. Gill, editor of the "Arizona Republican," gives the clergyman a very severe castigation for his exhibition of bigotry, and wants to know if he has so little confidence in his own preaching that he is afraid his parishioners will accept the arguments of the Freethinker, instead of the gospel as he delivers it to them. "It is a sad commentary on one claimed to be ordained of Christ to preach his gospel unto all the world," says Editor Gill, "to virtually say that he is so weak and he considers his hearers so weak in the faith that they cannot 'by sound doctrine both exhort and convince the gainsayers.'"

If the Society for the Suppression of Vice expect to do anything in San Francisco they must get an agent in whom the public and courts have more confidence than they have in C. R. Bennett. This man Bennett lately caused the arrest of a photographer for taking pictures of women; but when the case was brought to trial Prosecuting Attorney Mott, in Department 2 of the police court, declined to conduct it for the people on behalf of Bennett, whom he would not believe under oath. H. A. Egbert, a newspaper man called as a witness in the same matter, shared Attorney Mott's opinion. Another prosecuting attorney was called to take the place of Mr. Mott, and he declared that he would not attempt the defense of Bennett's character, as he knew nothing in its favor. The case was tried and the jury disagreed.

THE sight of a clergyman appearing in court and attempting to secure the release of a criminal by exercising undue influence over a judge would not be an edifying one if the criminal were guilty of injuring anybody; but Rabbi Vivader, of San Francisco, who asked Judge Rix to dismiss the case against Moris Tobin, found with a lottery ticket in his possession, has our sympathy and admiration. Any person who wishes to have, to hold, and to keep a lottery ticket in his possession ought to be allowed that privilege without let or hindrance. Yet such is the wisdom of our courts, that the offense is punished with about twenty-five times the penalty inflicted for carrying deadly weapons concealed about the person.

A CORRESPONDENT of an eastern paper calls attention to this strange state of affairs: "One of the most curious facts so far developed by the returns from South Dakota is that a larger proportion of votes were cast for Indian suffrage than for woman

suffrage. The votes, so far as received, show that of 100 men voting on woman suffrage, 37 voted for, and 63 against the women; while of 100 men voting on Indian suffrage, 45 voted for, and 55 against the Indians. And now, within a month, these very voters are appealing to the United States government for troops to defend them from these very Indians, crazed by fanaticism, who are spending their nights in whetting their tomahawks and in naked ghost-dances on the prairie, and their days in plotting devastation and massacre against their terrified white neighbors."

If the police are organized to protect citizens, why do they not protect the members of the Salvation Army from the assaults of hoodlums? A few evenings ago a band of these religionists at the Mission were made targets for mud and stones thrown by young toughs in the neighborhood of Capp and Sixteenth streets. The police made no attempt to stop the outrageous conduct or to arrest the offenders, and the Army has appealed from the "guardians of the peace" to an enlightened public sentiment, which assuredly ought to respond.

THE Rev. Mr. Yates, of Bonham, Texas, will doubtless have less faith hereafter in the literal validity of scriptural promises than he had a few weeks ago. He read in Mark xiv, 18, that if a believer drank any deadly thing it should not hurt him, and to prove that the Bible meant what it said, and that he was a true believer, he took ten grains of strychnine. A physician, assisted by a stomach pump, saved his life, but he is now willing to concede that the last part of the gospel of Mark is a wicked and fraudulent interpolation, whose author he would be pleased to interview.

WE received too late for publication last week a communication from C. B. Reynolds, of Seattle, which we trust has by this time become outdated. Mr. Reynolds informed us that Mr. George M. Boman, treasurer of the Washington Secular Union, was dangerously sick, and that his recovery was a matter for grave doubt. Mr. Reynolds has been a devoted attendant of Mr. Boman during his illness, and states that his seeming neglect of correspondents is due to that cause. May the next report from the sick man's bedside be more encouraging.

AT Omaha, the other day, a young man named Warbington saw some young ladies looking at a celebrated eighteen-thousand-dollar painting by Bougereau, and believing that their innocence would be corrupted thereby, he struck the offensive painting with a chair, ruining it. He explained that he thought Christ would have done the same if Bougereau had made pictures in his day. He is under arrest and will probably get severely punished for his imitation of Christ.

JUDGE BALDERSON, of Wichita, Kan., has discovered a new method of torturing jurors into agreement. One morning last week, at 3 o'clock, after a jury had been out fifty-two hours, the judge took the Rev. N. E. Harmon into the jury room, where the clergyman, after singing a hymn, delivered an hour's discourse upon the immortality of the soul. The jury at once polled a vote on the case and returned a verdict of guilty. The defense will appeal.

THE "determined effort" to be made to stop the sale of a certain class of novels called "erotic" bodes no good to the liberty of printing. Wanamaker, Anthony Comstock, the White Cross

Society of New York, and a lot of clergymen are behind the effort. These gentlemen seem to think that people don't know what they ought to read, and that it is the duty of the government to instruct them.

News from Santa Barbara under recent date: "There was an animated election to-day to decide whether or not the saloons of this city should be closed Sundays and at 12 o'clock at night on every other day. The result was 465 majority for closing. There was quite an exciting time when one of the saloon-keepers knocked down and punched one of the ministers."

WHEN the banking firm of S. A. Kean & Co., at Chicago, took Mrs. E. M. Culyer in as a partner, the articles of agreement contained the provision that "the business of the firm is to be conducted on strictly Christian principles and according to the teachings of the Bible." Kean & Co. have just failed for a large amount.

MESSRS. CLARK & SPENGLER, publishers of Helen Gardener's book, "A Thoughtless Yes," inform us that they are "entirely out" of the work. We are therefore unable to furnish it, and patrons who have ordered "A Thoughtless Yes" will please advise us what disposition to make of the sum forwarded.

THE Rev. Cephas C. Bateman, of Oregon, has been named by President Harrison for post chaplain. "We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money shall be discontinued."

CARDINAL Gibbons is receiving a good deal of undeserved credit for protesting against the persecutions of Jews in Russia. He is late with his objections. Freethinkers were condemning the oppression of the Jews years ago when Cardinal Gibbons's church was persecuting them.

THE Beethoven Choral Society sang the principal choruses from the oratorio of the Messiah at Metropolitan Hall last Sunday evening. As elsewhere remarked, the messiah craze has a strong hold on San Francisco.

S. P. PUTNAM has a new work under way, to be published early next season. It is a novel and will be entitled, "To Thine Own Self Be True."

OBSERVATIONS.

In his published notice of the Freethought Society's meeting last Sunday evening, Advertising Secretary Curtis announced that Professor Bell would speak on "Government," and that orthodox ministers of good moral character were invited to be present and criticise the lecture. The invitation did not seem to be accepted, for no orthodox ministers attended. There was, however, a hall full of listeners, who were soothed to a receptive state by a piano solo which they owed to Miss Lenont.

Professor Bell had just returned from a tempestuous voyage to Fort Bragg. His address, he said, would be read, and to make it like a sermon he would take a text. This was his text:

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

The speaker proceeded to show that the foregoing is not a candid statement of fact. Its truths were not self-evident for the reason that they were not truths at all. Men are not created equal, for the reason, first, that they are not created, and second, they are unequal intellectually, physically, and socially. They

are not endowed by their creator with inalienable rights, because they have no creator and no natural rights. If they were born with some rights, government has alienated them all. Governments do not derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, as governments have no just powers, and the governed have not consented. Otherwise, it might be remarked, the Declaration quoted was accurate.

Mr. Bell's object was to show that governments, as a rule, do not protect, but invade. Public officers are not servants of the people; on the contrary they are our masters and we are theirs obediently. They can send us to jail or to the cannon's mouth as they see fit. The speaker dealt at length with the Sunday law absurdity, and with the police outrages that we are expected to accept as protection from the government. In conclusion he said: "Government is something we think we need, but when man advances to the point of individualism where he is willing to take the responsibility of his own life, the need of government will fade away. That day is distant, but that should not excuse us from assuming our own personal responsibility."

When the floor was opened for discussion a gentleman wearing a Grand Army button arose to object. He had no fault to find with policemen; they had never clubbed him. As for Sunday laws, though he called himself as firm a Freethinker as anything, he thought Sunday laws a good thing and would have more of them. There ought to be two days in every week instead of one when work should be prohibited. The churches were all right. Had not Cardinal Gibbons just written a letter against Russian persecution of the Jews? When the speaker had filled ten minutes' time with this improving sort of criticism, the chair gave him a furlough.

Mr. Thomas Curtis referred to Cardinal Gibbons and the Jews. He doubted the cardinal's sincerity in objecting to persecution. Mr. Curtis could remember that when Rome was under papal rule no Jews were allowed upon the streets during certain hours under pain of personal violence, and no cardinal protested. By order of a cardinal, not many years ago, a priest who enlisted under Garibaldi was partially skinned alive and then shot to death; but when the same cardinal came to this country to present Gibbons with a picture of the winking virgin, the latter received him with honors.

Mr. Phillips defended government against the criticisms of the speaker of the evening. Admitting that it had some defects, he held that our government was a necessity, and not open to wholesale condemnation.

Mr. Bell, when invited to answer such objections as had been made, replied that the respectful attention his hearers had given his lecture convinced him that they understood it much better than the critics, and that therefore no answer was called for.

Next Sunday evening Mr. C. F. Burgman will open proceedings with a short address on "Our Common Aim." Everybody with a cause to plead is invited to be present and point out its object.

An arrest made in this city last week has raised the question whether or not vegetables in a state of nature are indecent. Daniel Sewell, a school director and a photographer, was taken into custody by C. R. Bennett, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for photographing a nude potato and exhibiting the "lewd, lascivious, and indecent" pictures thereof. A minister in Oakland, whose spine had collapsed at sight of this specimen of the nude in art, made the first complaint. The source of the potato is unknown, but if the agriculturist who dug it up and sold it could be identified he would at once be apprehended by Bennett. Furthermore, as Ambrose Bierce has pointed out, the creator who made the potato should likewise be arrested and his career of crime brought to a speedy close. I confess to having witnessed a copy of the photograph. There is no denying that the potato was undressed when it sat for its picture. It wore a certain form, which may have aroused this Oakland clergyman's envy, but it was otherwise plainly, unblushingly, and glaringly nude. It is perfectly clear to me that this country needs new legislation on the potato problem. If potatoes are allowed to grow in lewd, lascivious, and indecent form, and then come to

the centers of population to be photographed in their skins, with the seed end exposed, what guarantee have we for the preservation of our institutions? None at all. Secretary Bennett must be sustained; nay more, he must be lifted; and may the elevating power necessary to that end be vested in a court officer's boot.

Col. H. L. Knight, one of the best men we had in the Freethought ranks of this city, state, and country, is dead. He died last Sunday at his home. All of Colonel Knight's friends who have met him upon the street or elsewhere since they last saw him upon the platform of the Freethought society, have been shocked by his changed appearance. Then he was hearty and robust, and above the average weight of men. Some insidious disease attacked his blood; his flesh fell away, and he became in a few months a pale yellow shadow of the soldierly figure he had formerly been. Only his bright wit, his clear thought, and his genial nature remained. Colonel Knight was a native of England, a pioneer of California, and a veteran of the Mexican war. He knew more law than most judges, and more theology than the majority of clergymen. The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence were his law and gospel. He would not go back of the Fathers of the Republic and the Constitutional Convention for example or precept. He believed in the existence of a God, whom he hoped to meet on equal terms, but he declined to worship. The first overture must come from the other direction. He was a prolific writer, a fair poet, and made his living with his pen. In life he was temperate, modest, and gentle, and he often declared that though mental independence had kept him poor, he could not do differently were it given him to relive his whole career. There is no stain upon his integrity; he harbored no enmity against any man. He was a character never to be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His death is one of the inevitable misfortunes, softened only by the memory of his good and useful life. Even in his grave he will be thought of as he was seen among us, manly and soldierly, taking his rest with his martial cloak around him.

The publisher of the "Twentieth Century" sends the publisher of FREETHOUGHT copy for an advertisement which he desires to have inserted in this paper. The party of the first part stipulates that the advertisement is to be printed "some half a dozen" times, well displayed, and "in such position as will insure results." In return for which the party aforesaid will put this journal on its exchange list for another year.

The offer appears flattering at first, because the "Twentieth Century" is one of the most valuable papers printed, but after due consideration I find that the best interests of all concerned will not allow of its acceptance. The advertisement, well displayed, would occupy two inches of space at least, and could not be put in type for less than fifty cents. Its continued insertion for six weeks would be worth several dollars. It will therefore be seen that if I found the "Twentieth Century" absolutely indispensable to the publication of this paper it would be much cheaper for me to become a subscriber at the regular rates. The Twentieth Century Publishing Company returns thanks for the favor in advance, which recalls to my mind the anticipative Irishman who laughed so heartily that he rolled on the ground in contemplation of the fun he would have catching a bull by the horns and rubbing the animal's nose in the dust. After he had tried the experiment and been projected over the fence into a deep ditch, he collected himself and observed that it was lucky he had his laugh first. So I am glad to get the thanks now.

The amount of literature this journal could collect by giving away its advertising space would furnish a library; but it is found more judicious to sell the space to those who want it, and to obtain by other methods such literature as is desired.

The advertisement in question is much more attractive to the public than to the printer. It offers a six pound volume on the natural history of Mammalia, with five hundred illustrations, interesting alike to old and young, and worth \$6; together with a picture in oil of Rosa Bonheur's great fifty thousand dollar painting, size 132x20 inches, worth \$4; and also a year's subscription

to the "Twentieth Century," the weekly magazine devoted to human rights and worth \$2—total, \$12—all for \$380, delivered free of charge. Address the Twentieth Century Pub. Co., 4 Warren street, New York.

The "Twentieth Century" may, if it pleases Mr. Pentecost to do so, announce that FREETHOUGHT gives as a premium to new and old subscribers alike a copy of "A Woman's Journey Around the World," not purchasable otherwise for less than 75 cents. It contains a likeness of the author, inspiring to the young and rejuvenating to the old, and which is worth more to the esthetic of the race than all the "Lions at Home" ever painted by a woman in trousers. This offer gives the reader FREETHOUGHT for a whole year for the humiliatingly low price of one dollar and two bits.

Mrs. Gertie de Force-Cluff, of the Lodi "Valley Review," was among the callers at this office last week. She is a talented conversationalist, besides being a journalist, and adds to her gifts the merit of being an inventor. Few women can invent mechanical things, but Mrs. de Force-Cluff has produced a little device that promises to revolutionize the world's thought and materially advance civilization. It is a simple garment fastener, and takes the place of pins, strings, and shingle nails as substitutes for buttons. It is merely a piece of plated spring brass, with a slot in each end, into which a bight of cloth can be so inserted that it will never come out without design and malice aforethought. If your shirt sleeve is too long, clap one of those things on, and it is shortened and held. When it is desired to lengthen the sleeve again take the fastener off. If a female acquaintance loses a garter, draw the top of the stocking tightly around the limb, or allow her to do so, insert the slack in the garment fastener, and you have placed her under a debt of gratitude that no agent will ever be able to collect. It will loop dresses and lambrequins; festoon flags, secure the most frequently-changed garment of an infant so that it will not fall off, or hold the buttonless undershirt across your manly chest. It will grab a horseblanket or a curtain, and can be used with good effect as a clothespin. It will extend a helping hand anywhere, so I am told and believe, among the mysterious recesses of female apparel. It does not rust, break, or cut in the eye. It has all the virtues mentioned in the Ten Commandments, the Moral Code, and the Institutes of Menu. It can be addressed in care of Mrs. de Force-Cluff, Lodi, San Walkin county, California.

THE TEXAS SUNDAY LAW.

This item of news from the San Antonio, Tex., "Daily Express" of December 2, shows that the Liberals of that locality are active:

The committee appointed by the San Antonio Society to prepare a petition to the next legislature asking the repeal of all laws relating to the observance of Sunday as a legal requirement, held a meeting at Turner Hall last night and adopted the following document:

Realizing the pernicious evils that have blemished the history of the nations of the old world by the combining of church and state, and fully appreciating the sublime wisdom of the founders of the country in their unmistakable condemnation and inhibition of such an evil.

Therefore we, the undersigned, citizens of Texas, would most respectfully represent that nothing is more obvious than that all Sunday laws contained in our statute books are infringements upon our liberties and natural rights as defined by our fathers and clearly set forth in the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States, and we most respectfully petition your honorable body to repeal all laws requiring the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, or tending to that end.

[Signed.]

CHAS. RUNGE, Chairman,
T. A. HARRISON,
T. A. KITTRIDGE,
CHAS. J. LANGHOLTZ,
A. CHAPMAN,
J. H. AYCOCK,
W. J. LOCKE,
Committee.

Several thousand copies of these documents will be printed and circulated for signatures throughout the state, to be returned to this society on or before February 1, 1891.

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,

R. B. WESTBROOK, PRESIDENT.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

R. B. Westbrook, President, 1707 Oxford st., Philadelphia
E. B. Foote, Jr., Vice-President, 120 Lexington ave., New York.
T. B. Wakeman, Vice-President, 93 Nassau st., New York.
T. Morris Parot, Vice-President, Philadelphia. Pa.
J. O. Bentley, Vice-President, Philadelphia. Pa.
Corresponding Secretary, Ida C. Craddock, S. E. corner of Broad and
Columbia ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Treasurer, F. C. Mende, 1814 Green st., Philadelphia Pa

THE "NINE DEMANDS," WHAT DO THEY IMPLY?

To the Editors of Freethought:

The rapid progress within the last few years of Secular principles on the continent makes it more than ever necessary that those engaged in the public advocacy of our views should have a clear and intelligent conception of the policy to be adopted in their work. The question requiring serious consideration now is, how far is an aggressive policy desirable? While not in any way disapproving of destructive efforts, the early exponents of Secularism did not make that their primary aim. Of course, every new truth taught must destroy the error which it seeks to supplant; but it is one thing to replace error with truth, and quite another to crush the error and leave the spot which it occupied a blank. Many persons think that the time has arrived when the conditions are more favorable for the existence of an organization more positive and more practical in its operations than was possible in the past.

In Canada the question of propagandist policy has been settled for the present by the acceptance of six Secular principles as the basis of and guide in our advocacy. In the United States, however, such a settlement appears not to have been reached. In connection with the American Secular Union there are two principal lines of policy advocated by its members. The one is that the work of the Union shall be confined to the effort of securing the entire separation of church and state, or in more explicit language, the Secularization of the state. The other policy suggested is, that, allied with the above effort, an aggressive warfare should be carried on against theology in general. Now, the question is, which of the two policies is the better? And further, is it not possible to blend the two so as to realize the advantage of each without having the drawbacks which are alleged to be associated with both? Frankly, I do not personally regard the two as being necessarily antagonistic, so far as the operations of the Union are concerned. The idea that they are so has doubtless arisen through a misconception as to their mutual relations.

The basis of the Union's operations is acknowledged to be the "Nine Demands." Let us, therefore, ascertain what these logically imply. Consistent adherence to the teaching of these "Demands" requires that it should be shown: (1) That the church has exceeded its legitimate function, made itself an unjust burden to the state, and an incubus upon the people. (2) That public education is fettered with theological teachings and marred in its nature through the false idea that the Bible is a necessity in our schools. (3) That Sunday is not a divine institution and that its observance should not be enforced by law. (4) That it is wrong for the public funds to be used for religious purposes. (5) That fast days and religious festivals should have no official sanction from the government. (6) That affirmation should be substituted for judicial oaths, and that a person's belief or disbelief should be no impediment to his or her liberty in the exercise of political and social rights.

Such, briefly, in my opinion, is what the "Nine Demands" fairly imply, and the work provided for those who undertake their promulgation. Now, I am forced to admit that I fail to see how such work can be properly and efficiently done without dealing in some way with the claims of theology. For instance, to justify the "Demands" from a reasonable standpoint, it must be demonstrated that the church is not a necessity to the state; that the Bible is not a suitable book to be taught in the public schools; that Sunday has no other than an ecclesiastical sanction; that morality is possible without theology; and that the obligation to do right is not confined to a supernatural religion.

Will it not be apparent even to the ordinary mind that to take the course here indicated makes a resort to the anti-theological policy a logical necessity?

But, then, it should be remembered that to condemn theological encroachments need not mean a reckless onslaught on the truth of religion in general, which is a question that the Union has nothing to do with. To expound the "Nine Demands" does not render it necessary to allege that all religion is false, or that Materialism is superior to Supernaturalism, and that Christian doctrines are absurd. It may or may not be so, but to decide whether or not it is, does not, at least in my opinion, come within the province of the exponent of the "Nine Demands." The common ground for the advocates of the Union to take is to protest against the church interfering in Secular matters and the enforcement of religious forms upon any member of the community. Mental liberty is our watchword and to demand that it should be faithfully carried out in all sections—religious and non-religious—of society is the duty of the Union.

Of course it is right to welcome the co-operation of "advanced believers." They constitute a very numerous class, and, if we do not utilize their efforts, we shall prove ourselves guilty of a great want of wisdom. For, so far as all positive work is concerned in resisting the authority of the church, most of them are at one with us, having similar aims, and differing but slightly, if at all, as to the methods by which the results sought for should be attained. With these we desire to find a common basis of action, and our united efforts will certainly do more to oust the general foe from his position than either they or we could accomplish single-handed. The churches are honeycombed with men who have long ceased to believe in the traditions of their faith. They remain in the fold, not because the menial atmosphere is congenial to their taste, but because they are the victims either of custom, or of fashion, or of necessity, or of the three combined. Let the principles of the American Secular Union become more thoroughly understood, and its exchequer be well filled, and then an exodus from the churches will in all probability be witnessed the equal of which has not been seen during the present generation. It is necessary, however, to distinguish between these "advanced believers" and the old orthodox theologians, with whom we can have no part; they are our avowed enemies, and to coquette with them would be worse than a mistake—it would be a crime against the ancestral glories of our cause. My experience, however, forbids me to expect much assistance from any Christian organization as a body, let it proclaim itself ever so liberal. The aid gained from such a source will be more individually than collectively, and this I think can be secured by a judicious and dignified advocacy upon the part of the exponents of the "Nine Demands." It can be proved that the attitude of the church in relation to the state and the people is wrong without indulging in extravagant invectives against all religious teachings. To plead for a free Sunday does not require that all Sunday observers should be denounced as either fools or knaves, and to contend for Secular education does not mean that the Bible should be destroyed. To understand the correct method of conducting a conflict is an important element in securing a victory. No one can question the usefulness of destructive labor; but, serviceable as it has been, it could only prepare the way for something better. Each worker who thought of future results must have foreseen that the time would arrive, sooner or later, when the conductors of those scattered forces would feel the necessity of uniting together, taking as a basis for their operations some point or points upon which they were all agreed, and thus presenting a bold front to the common enemy.

Thus, in response to an invitation to give my opinion upon the two methods of advocacy contended for by the Liberals of the United States, I have stated how I think it possible for both parties to work together. The most persistent opponent of theology can help the Union because it seeks to resist extravagant and unjust theological claims, while all who deserve the name of Liberals can support an organization whose object is to secure a just and equally-balanced national taxation; to insist that those who require religious instruction shall be alone responsible for the expense of its teaching; to abolish all government patronage of

any and all religious forms; to substitute affirmation in our legal practice for the present absurd custom of swearing; to obtain the repeal of all laws that interfere with the free and intellectual use of Sunday; to show that high-toned morality is not confined to the church or to any faith, but that it is allied with the humanity of man; and finally to protest against advantages being shown to a professor of religion that are denied to a Secularist. This is a platform sufficiently broad for all who are willing to do good practical work.

CHARLES WATTS.

"THE BEAK AND CLAW."

Reference has been made in FREETHOUGHT to a lecture delivered at Knight's Ferry by the Hon. A. Schell. Following is a portion of the address:

In my peregrinations o'er earth, like Childe Harold, the wandering child of destiny, I have seen several curious and mysterious things. I was sitting near the shores of a placid sheet of water in the sunshine of a beautiful morning, when I observed a flamingo alight on its banks and stealthily wade into the lake in quest of his prey. Presently it struck the water with its beak, with great force, and brought to the surface a fish which it devoured. I shot the bird, and in its craw I found the fish; and in the stomach of the fish I found a small fish, which apparently the big fish had just swallowed. I sat down, meditated, reflected, soliloquized. Why was this bird furnished with two long legs, that it might walk into the water; and with strong beak, that it might capture the fish upon which it fed? And why was this big fish permitted to swallow the little one? Was it through the guidance and manipulation of an All-wise Providence that the bird should eat the fish and the fish his fellow? If so, will some one of my hearers, at the close of my lecture, point out where the goodness of God comes in?

I passed on, and while my mind was yet occupied with the scene just described, I saw numbers of turtle doves feeding upon the seeds of wild flowers and berries that grew in the neighborhood, unconscious of remote or proximate danger, when suddenly a great disturbance and commotion occurred in their midst, some flying hither, some thither, in wild confusion. The next instant a hawk swooped down from the sky, struck one of their number, and in his claws bore off his victim to a short distance, where he alighted on the ground and with claw and beak tore away skin and feathers, and devoured the quivering flesh of his victim.

Again I was puzzled in thought; my mind could not solve the problem. Why was this ravenous bird furnished with claw and beak? Why was it that the carnivora among the bird family was so superior in its physical structure to the graminivora against which the innocent, harmless, and amiable dove had been provided with no means of defense except in flight? Who will answer? Again, where does the goodness of God come in?

I strolled into the land of the shepherd; I saw the grazing of his flock on the hillside; witnessed the gambols of the sportive little lambs and heard the bleating mothers call to their truant offspring, that had rambled away from their maternal care, to come back; when from a little clump of bushes where he had been concealed a cougar suddenly sprang and seizing a sheep by the throat drank its life blood, and then as suddenly skipped away and disappeared in the jungle.

Here, again, the sharp tooth and claw of the carnivora had slain the hoof and blunted tooth of the helpless herbivora.

Is there any one in this audience so rash, so inconsiderate, so benighted, as to tell us that this is the arrangement made by an all-wise, kind, and benevolent God? If so, will he or they be so kind as to tell us where the benevolence and goodness of God come in?

I concluded to stroll no farther and brought my peregrinations to a close.

Although my wanderings have been made in imagination, you all know that the pen pictures just made by me are the stern realities of truth—that the flamingo eats the fish, the big fish swallows the little one, the hawk kills the dove, and the cougar drinks the blood of his victim—you are all reasoning and intelligent

beings, and I leave you to make your own application, and to reconcile, if you can, the existence of things as you find them here on earth, with intelligent design coupled with infinite goodness. Reconcile intelligent design in creating the flamingo with two long legs and strong beak, with infinite goodness in creating the fish to be devoured by the bird; the hawk with claw and beak to kill the dove; the cougar, armed with claw and tooth, to drink the blood of the helpless, inoffensive sheep. A. SCHELL.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS.

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR NOVEMBER.

During the month, forty membership certificates were issued, making a total of 1238 members. The new members are from Kansas, Washington, Port of Spain, Trinidad, Washington, D. C., Ohio, California, Missouri, Texas, Michigan, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Idaho, and New York. F. H. RAU, Sec'y.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Balance from October, \$105.80; G. P. Dreisbach, Pa., \$1; Charles Lambert, Mo., \$1; W. D. Mackenzie, D. C., 25 cents; S. A. Roach, Trinidad Island, 25 cents; C. A. Meltz, Trinidad Island, 25 cents; J. A. Crichlow, 25 cents; L. R. T. and E. M., 10 cents each. Total, \$109. Mailing constitution, etc., \$4.05; appropriated to aid Ella E. Gibson in her effort to start a Brotherhood paper, \$35. Total, \$39.05—balance, \$69.95.

A. R. AYRES, Treas.

A MINISTER'S DREAM.*

BY NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS.

Concluded.

It was a long and weary tramp, for instead of preaching at his own church, near which he lived, he had exchanged that morning with a minister whose charge lay in a distant part of the city. He was tired and warm and so preoccupied that he could not even stop to enjoy the unusual air of stillness that seemed to brood over the deserted streets. Once, growing thirsty, he decided to ask for a drink of soda water at the drug store he was passing, but the door was tightly locked and a bystander informed the divine that nothing of any sort could be purchased there on Sunday.

And, strange to say, the announcement which certainly should have filled him with delight and gratification had the astounding effect of increasing his vexation. Indeed he actually was guilty of muttering a mild imprecation deep in the farthest recesses of his saintly heart.

Presently, as he strode along, he found himself in a dingy, squalid alley, lined and overhung with rickety tenements. These were not quiet. Ah, no! They fairly swarmed with loud-voiced men, and quarreling children, and mothers with haggard faces and torn and dirty clothes. One group attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Pompous. It was a woman—a pale, disconsolate creature—sitting upon some broken steps with a baby in her lap and several little tots clustered around her. They all seemed so fretful that involuntarily he bent down and asked the mother what it was that ailed them.

"They do be cryin' 'cause we can't go to the park, sir," she answered, patiently. "Generally we spends Sunday under the trees, and we takes our bit o' dinner and eats it on the grass. But now the cars don't run, and it's so far we can't walk, and we just has to keep at home all day."

"H'm. Why don't you attend divine service, then? Wouldn't that solace you and be better than picnicking to-day?" the Rev. Mr. Pompous inquired, clearing his throat in rather a doubtful way.

"Well," the woman answered, "there is a mission church on the next street, built for the likes of us, but it don't rest me, sir, to go there, for the preacher he sort o' talks in a style I can't understand. So me an' th' children, we'd rather go to the park, after being cooped up the whole week."

"An' I'm hungry," sobbed the tattered urchin at her side, "an' I saved my pennies to get suthin' to eat to-day, an' now th' shops won't sell a bite—not one o' them."

* From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Is that true?" asked the Rev. Mr. Pompous, turning to the mother.

"Yes, sir," she said, "it's the law, an' I can't buy so much as a drop o' milk for th' baby this morning, or meat, or bread, or anything at all. I would ha' got some yesterday," she added quickly, "but we don't have ice, like the rich folks, an' such things they won't hardly keep over night, sir."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't say one more word; he just turned away, and despite the hurry he was in he walked slowly, and was evidently wrapped in thought. When he finally reached the church it was long after the hour set for service, but the members of the congregation had found great difficulty in getting there, and he was not much behind them. So he climbed into the pulpit and delivered his sermon about the World's Fair and the importance and necessity of closing it on the day of the Lord. Somehow, though, he couldn't speak with the fervor and eloquence that usually possessed him, and the hearers, he noticed, were singularly inattentive and restless and preoccupied.

As he was just leaving for home at the end he saw among the friends who had waited to greet him a certain prominent and influential editor, and as he shook hands with the latter he made haste to propound a query which had been troubling him very much the past two hours.

"Mr. dear Mr. Quilpen," he said, "is it possible my discourse won't be printed? I've looked in vain for the reporters here to-day and I began to fear—"

"Would you have the poor fellows labor on the holy Sabbath?" broke in the other reproachfully. "Besides, there won't be any paper to-morrow. The government has forbidden it, don't you know?"

"Why—but I thought—I heard it was the Sunday issue that was prohibited," stammered the Rev. Mr. Pompous, getting more bewildered and perplexed.

"Yes, that is, too," said Mr. Quilpen in a cheerful way, "but I believe it has been decided that the publication of the Monday paper involves more flagrant desecration altogether. You see every bit of work done on it—the picking up news, the writing, and even the setting of type—had to be done the day before, and so if the employees cherished any religious scruples it was pretty hard on them, of course. The Sunday journal prepared on Saturday wasn't half so mischievous or bad. Don't you agree with me?"

But the Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't answer, he just opened his mouth, stared about vacantly, and then plunged silently down the steps and hurried away, sorely puzzled to account for this odd and unexpected change in the condition of affairs. He was soon shaken out of his thoughtful mood, though, for all at once he noticed that a policeman was shadowing him, creeping along behind him in a very mysterious way. He quickened his pace, but the officer walked more rapidly, too, and by degrees approached his side and laid a firm grasp upon his arm.

"You have made a mistake; let me go directly, fellow," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, as he drew himself up haughtily and struggled to get free. "What do you mean by assaulting me, a minister of the gospel? I have committed no crime—leave me alone."

"Ah, didn't you, though," rejoined his captor, sarcastically. "Perhaps you never heard of the law agin performin' labor on th' Sabbath day, eh? Then you'll have some information 'f you come up f'r trial."

"Well, at least," said the Rev. Mr. Pompous, seeing that remonstrance was useless, "allow me to telephone to my wife—"

"You couldn't send a message to-day through any wire, an' you ought to be ashamed f'r wantin' to," interrupted the officer. "Now, be you a-comin' along?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous pulled himself together, feeling thankful that none of his friends was likely to meet them, and so he was hauled to the stationhouse and incarcerated, in due time, in one of the cells. It was a long and dreary night he spent there, a prey to countless, torturing doubts and perplexities and fears, and the next morning, just out of pure loneliness, he fell to conversing with another prisoner, a shabby fellow, arrested for some petty misdemeanor. He told the sad tale of his grievances, expecting to get lots of sympathy, but to his great surprise, the listener only waited till he was through and then said quietly:

"Ah, well, you have secured just what you wanted—the ideal Sabbath—and now I hope you feel satisfied. And next you will try to close the Columbian exposition each and every Sunday. Why, have you considered what a wonderful thing that stupendous, immense show will be—a means of education and culture for the masses, who cannot afford to go to Europe when they wish—and do you know that many thousands of people labor all the week and have but the one day they can devote to relaxation? And upon that day you would shut the gates of the Fair, and what can you offer in its place?"

"They should attend divine service, of course. We have plenty of churches here," muttered the Rev. Mr. Pompous. "It would be better than jaunting and junketing, I'm inclined to think, on such a day."

"Yes, now we reach the bottom of the matter, the root of the thing," said the mysterious stranger, in rather a mocking satirical tone. "You are a clergyman, and you desire plenty of hearers, for it is out of the congregation that your salary is got. And the church, like any other concern, is apt to flourish most finely when there is no competition, and so you want all places of innocent amusement closed Sunday, that you, the preacher, may have full sway. Perhaps I'm unjust, but really, since you affirm that you'd not open such a thing as the World's Fair on the Sabbath, I can but conclude that ministers, like other people, are sometimes influenced by motives of personal gain and selfish greed."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous felt very uncomfortable at the end of these curt and stinging remarks, and he was heartily glad when, in the course of twenty minutes or so, the summons came for for him to appear in court. The dignified old justice looked at him sharply as he marched inside the railing, and turned a questioning glance at the policeman—for it was the one who, the day before, had arrested the unfortunate divine and now stood up to testify against him.

"Accused of desecrating the holy Sabbath, your honor," said that officer, "and I found him workin' precious hard—perched in th' pulpit, a-sawin' the air with his hands and yellin' and hol-lerin' till he was just red in the face."

"Really, this is the most shocking outrage, an insult, not only to me but the sacred cause I represent," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, angrily.

"Do you claim that you are not guilty of laboring on Sunday?" inquired the justice. "What were you doing then?"

"I was preaching, of course," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, in a tone of wrath, mingled with both pity and contempt for the evident stupidity of the questioner.

"And what is the amount of the salary you get?" pursued the justice, in a very methodical way.

"I receive about—" here the nonplused divine stopped, and made as if he intended to swallow the answer, but then he thought better of it, and went on, "I have \$12,000 a year."

"And they give you that for preaching, of course," queried the justice.

"I—that is—why, certainly," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, wondering what in the world this would lead to.

"But you say that preaching isn't labor; that you don't work when you deliver a sermon," continued the justice. "What do you call it—play? Is it possible the church allows you so much money every year for doing nothing at all?"

"Dear me," snapped the Rev. Mr. Pompous, finding himself caught in a net, "if this is a practical joke it has gone far enough. I beg that you will release me directly, for really I'm growing tired—"

"Thirty days and the usual fine," cut in the impatient justice. "These evaders of the law need a lesson. Bring on the next case; there, at once."

At this the Rev. Mr. Pompous became perfectly frantic, and, leaping over the railing, he rushed madly down the aisle. But at the door he was stopped by two brawny policemen who stood guard there, and, after struggling furiously with them for a time, he managed to break loose and dashed into the street, and then— Well, the Rev. Mr. Pompous waked up and found himself in bed, with his wife bending over him and shaking his arm in the most violently perturbed and frightened fashion.

"Gustavus," she cried, "what unearthly, horrible sounds you have been giving vent to in your sleep; you must have dreamed something dreadful. But, now, get up, for it is late, and this morning, you know, you are to preach about the World's Fair, and the importance of closing it on the Sabbath."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous sighed, and, resting his elbow on the pillow, looked steadily at the floor, a long time in silence. Then at last he said, slowly:

"Yes, it was a bad dream, but now I am all right. And, my dear, I wish you'd just go down to my study and hunt up that old sermon of mine about the trinity, I believe I'll use that to-day."

"Why what has made you change so suddenly?" exclaimed his wife.

"I have some new ideas on the question of Sunday closing—that is," added the Rev. Mr. Pompous, hastily, "the discourse I wrote for delivery to-day is imperfect, and must be revised before I can use it at all."

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

After recounting 18,000 votes, Dr. O'Donnell, the defeated candidate for mayor of San Francisco, gives up the contest. He gained 83 votes, but found no indication that he was intentionally defrauded.—But little more than one-half of the taxes in this city, have been paid, although they were due months ago and become delinquent the 29th of November.—The king of the Sandwich Islands attended a Methodist church on Howard street last Sunday morning. The services were described as divine.—There were 118 deaths in this city last week as against ninety-eight for the corresponding week of last year.—Mrs. Stanford will build a museum at Palo Alto. The structure is to be two stories high, with a frontage of 312 feet.—Governor-elect Markham has not enjoyed very good health since his election, but is reported on the mend.—While working on his house at Fairmount, one day last week, the Rev. C. A. Wooley fell from a scaffold to the ground and had two ribs fractured. The incident is believed not to have escaped his father's notice, but the force of the parson's fall was not broken by divine interference.

A grand jury at Hernando, Miss., with more sentiment than sense, refused last Saturday to indict a man named Foster, who shot C. R. Rice because of trouble about Foster's wife. The jury claimed that Foster "acted the part of a sensible and sane man, who vindicated the law and acted in accordance with the sentiments of every honorable, brave, true, noble, and virtuous man"—Dr. Koch admits that in the hands of inexperienced persons his lymph is a dangerous preparation, and warns all but physicians against experimenting with it.—Many failures of banks and business firms are daily reported from the East.—Senator Stanford, on the 19th inst., re-argued his Land Loan bill before the Senate. The measure was referred to the committee on finance.—An important expedition was sent out by Professor Pickering from the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, Dec. 20. The party will go to Peru to observe and photograph the stars and determine their relative brightness. A new station will be founded near Arequipas, Peru, about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.—The negroes of Kansas City, Mo., are going crazy over a black messiah, who prophesies the extinction of the white race, and that the colored people shall inherit the earth.—The American cardinal, Gibbons, is the choice of the French Catholics for the next pope.—Lincoln Gossett, the son of a clergyman, is under arrest at Anderson, Ind., for attempting to murder his grandparents.—Kate Drexel will establish a new religious order to be called Sisters of the Holy Sacrament, and endow it with her seven or eight millions of wealth. The institution will be located at Arundel, near Washington, D. C.—Mormons have bought 3,000,000 acres of land in old Mexico, and will, it is said, colonize the same with 10,000 of the faithful from Utah.

The great strike among Australian workmen and miners has ended in failure, and the men have gone back to work.—Director Illinsky, of the czar of Russia's Holy Synod, is under investigation, being suspected of sympathy for Nihilism. His niece, Olga Ivanovsky, known as the beautiful Nihilist, held a meeting of the fraternity in his house and plotted to overturn the govern-

ment.—Emperor William of Germany this year employs 5,000 workmen to do extra work in the post-office during the holidays instead of using soldiers as clerks as has heretofore been the custom. The soldiers meanwhile continue to be useless.—Seigius Stepniak, the Russian author and Nihilist, will shortly lecture in New York on the wrongs of the czar's subjects.—The different churches of Canada are preparing to send out over 30,000 petitions to be signed and presented to Parliament asking for a prohibitory law.

"AROUND THE WORLD" AS A PREMIUM.

We are offering as a premium to subscribers to FREETHOUGHT for 1891 "A Woman's Journey Around the World," by Lilian Leland. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, and in that form has heretofore sold at one dollar per copy. We have considered it advisable to furnish no more copies in paper covers a 30 cents—first, because the form is not durable, and second, because there is not a legitimate profit in handling it at that price. Hereafter it will be furnished in cloth covers at 75 cents.

The book makes a splendid premium with FREETHOUGHT, and we invite all to take advantage of the offer. "A Woman's Journey" contains upwards of 350 pages, and, as the Boston "Herald" observes, "it is little short of disgraceful that the condition of the book trade in the United States should necessitate its appearance in paper covers."

On another page will be found a few out of the many well-deserved notices the book has received from the leading journals of the country. As above stated, we offer "A Woman's Journey" as a premium to new subscribers; but any of our present subscribers who desire it may obtain a copy as a premium by renewing between the present time and January 15, 1891. We make this proposition because we need the money to square our accounts at the beginning of the New Year, and because those who stay with us year after year are as deserving of recognition in this way as are new and untried friends.

Please renew at once and receive this valuable premium.

For Oregon Liberals.

To the Editors of Freethought:

Through the columns of your paper, let me ask those who have received Mrs. Krekel's circular to take immediate action thereon, so that upon the return of the field secretary from the East arrangements shall have been made to open the campaign. Hundreds of circulars, petitions, and constitutions have now been sent out; you have part of the ammunition, so gather in your forces and rally to the aid of those who will step boldly out amid the shot and shell of the enemy.

Mrs. Krekel must be sustained—she must be encouraged in the noble efforts she is making to advance the cause of Freethought.

We recognize in her one of the finest orators in the country, and one whose work has always reflected credit on the cause.

The Oregon State Secular Union has chosen her as its representative, and now, Liberals of Oregon, give her an opportunity to unfurl the flag in every city, town, and village in the state. Again, do not neglect obtaining as many signatures as possible to the petition demanding the taxation of church property throughout the state, and forwarding them to our president, C. Beal, Portland.

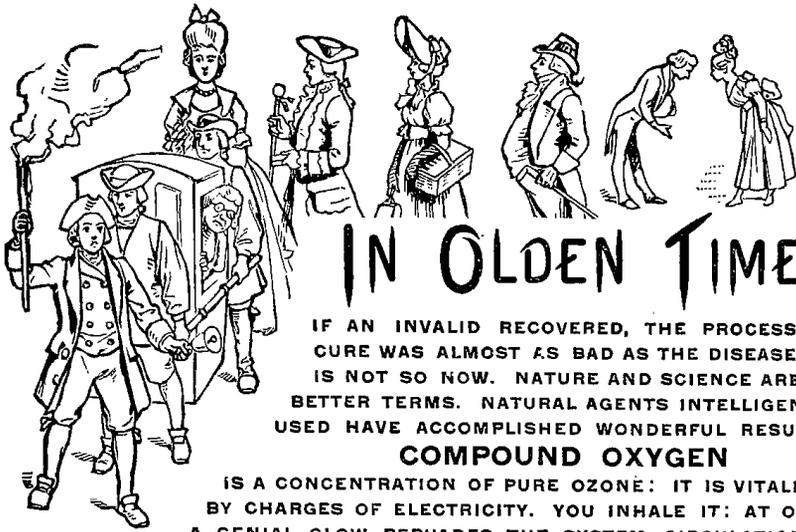
We must attend to this. At the next session of our legislature we want to do some effective work. We want to roll up thousands of names so that our representatives may feel and know that the people of Oregon have awakened to the truth that the exemption of church property from taxation is in violation of every principle of justice. Flood your representatives with letters to this effect until they will stand out boldly for the right.

I wish those of you to whom I have sent no petitions would kindly address me at New Era, that I can forward you copies.

In looking over the roll of members in the Oregon State Secular Union I find the ladies' names are decidedly in the minority. Now, sisters in the cause, this ought not to be so; send in your names, that I can place them on the Roll of Honor.

KATIE KEHM.

New Era, Oregon.



IN OLDEN TIMES

IF AN INVALID RECOVERED, THE PROCESS OF CURE WAS ALMOST AS BAD AS THE DISEASE. IT IS NOT SO NOW. NATURE AND SCIENCE ARE ON BETTER TERMS. NATURAL AGENTS INTELLIGENTLY USED HAVE ACCOMPLISHED WONDERFUL RESULTS.

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Road Agent (gruffly)—Your money, of course!

Pedestrian (handing it over)—Isn't it a good thing that we can both be suited? Now I had much rather have my life.—Puck.

A Rude Awakening.

"Where did you get that hat?"

"Don't you criticise that hat," retorted Duddy; "I got it in London. It was made for the Prince of Wales."

"Did it ever occur to you that the only way you got it was because the prince didn't like it?"

"Baw Jove!" cried Duddy. "I nevah thought of that."—Munsey's Weekly.

An Expensive Age.

Father (looking over the paper)—More bad news! A hitherto unknown frog poud has been discovered in central Africa.

Mother—What is that to us?

Father—What is that to us? It means that every one of our eight children will have to have a new and revised edition of Highprice's geography.—New York Weekly.

Two of a Kind.

Tramp—Parding, but I heard ye say ye lived in Dugout City, Kan., and it had the makin' of a great town.

Kansas Man—Yes, siree. All we want is capital.

Tramp (sadly)—Same way with me.—Street & Smith's Good News.

The Luck of the Ugly Man.

"I have a beautiful wife."

"You have indeed."

"What! Have you seen her?"

"No; but I never saw an ugly man married yet who didn't get the pick of the flock."—New York Sun.

ONE ON WALL STREET.

"Old Shoestrings" Had Its Peculiarities Down Very Fine.

"Shoestrings! shoestrings!" he shouted as he lingered in front of the Stock Exchange in New York. "Only a nickel a pair, gents! warranted all linen! Lace up your shoes, gents; only a nickel a pair!" He is a familiar figure on the street, and many a millionaire gets this cheap but important article of dress from Old Shoestrings and exchanges jokes with him at the same time. It had been dull and hard work to get outsiders to bite on the golden bait for a few days, and in consequence the regular workers had been preying upon each other as much as possible, and Old Shoestrings knew by their faces that times were not easy on the street.

"Shoestrings!" he cried, and a knot of brokers gathered about him and commenced to chaff him.

"Well, how is business?" said one as he winked to the rest.

"It puts me in mind of something that happened on the Central railroad during the strike," said Old Shoestrings.

"How was it?" asked the broker.

"Why, you see, a carload of hogs was side tracked at De Witt and forgotten."

"Well, what has that got to do with Wall street in this pinch?" asked the broker as he winked to the crowd.

"Why, you see," said Old Shoestrings, "after the strike was over they went and looked into that car and discovered that those hogs when they were abandoned by the public turned in and ate each other up and there was nothing left but a basketful of tails. Now, Wall street!"

But a roar of laughter spoiled the explanation, and as the crowd dispersed they heard again, "Shoestrings, gents! all linen; only a nickel a pair!"—A. T. Worden in Judge.

Reasons for Correction.

"I desire to deny the statement in your paper," he said politely to the editor, "that I eloped with Miss Richascream night before last, sir."

"Why?" asked the editor suspiciously.

"Because, sir, I did not elope with her."

"Oh, you didn't?" said the editor, with scornful doubt. "I presume she eloped all by herself."

"No, sir, she did not," and his manner was humbler than ever. "She eloped with the other fellow one hour before my arrival on the spot."—Washington Star.

The Snub Direct.

Jane—Belle, why is it I haven't seen you oftener this season?

Belle—Well, I spend all my time in society, you know.—Munsey's Weekly.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

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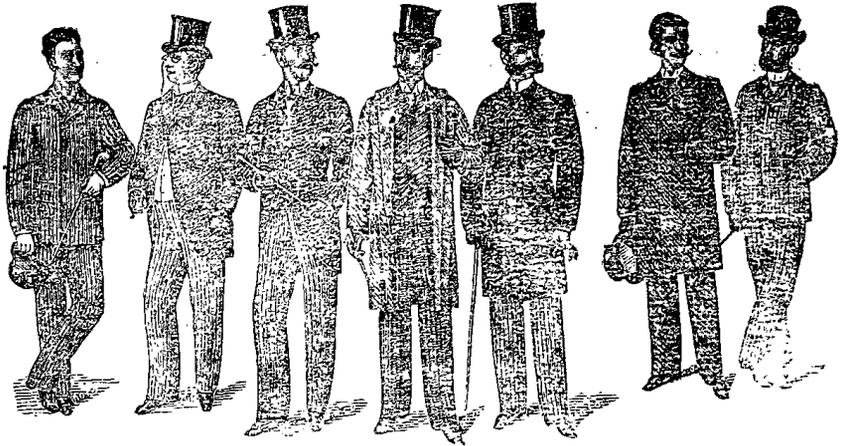
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